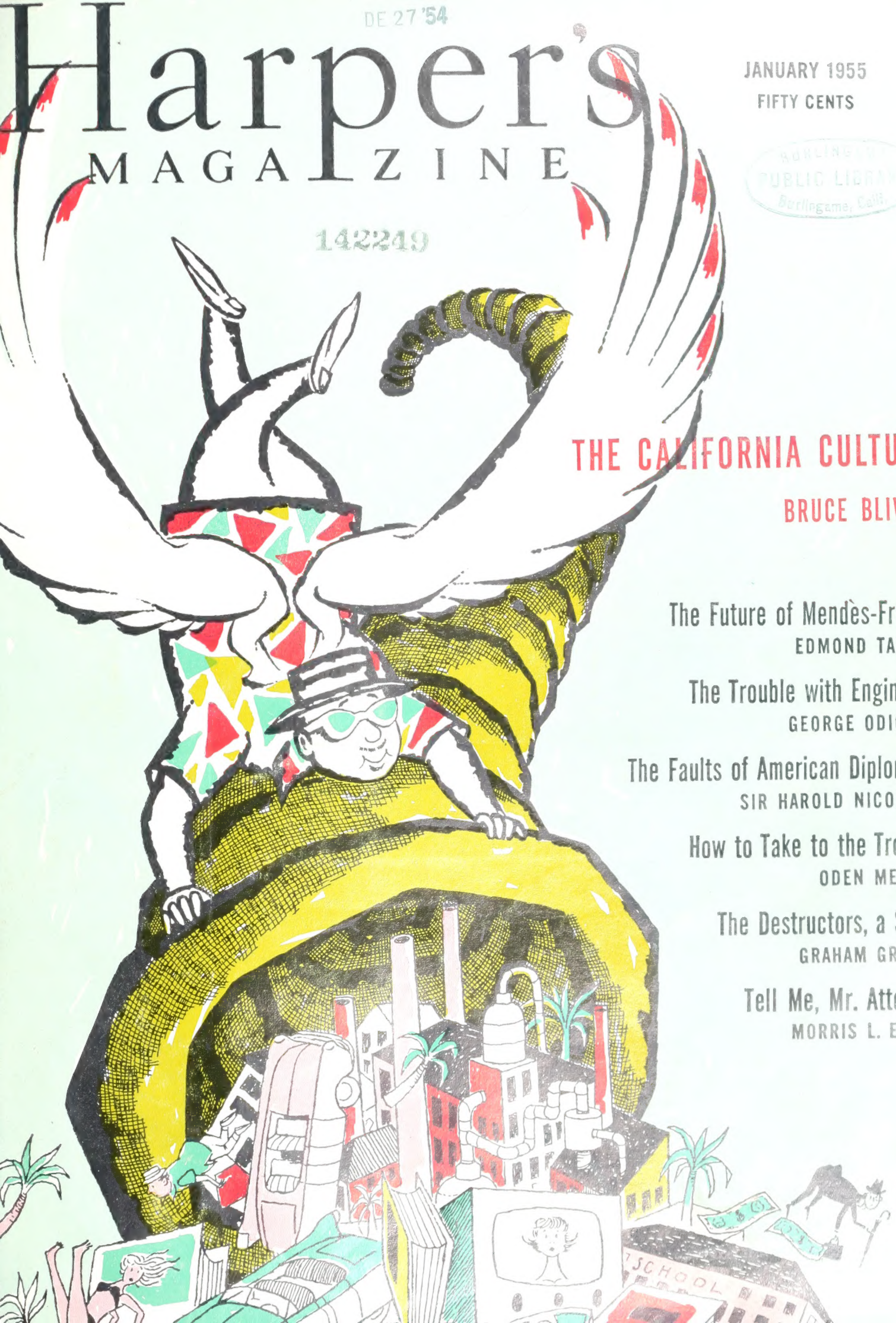
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THE CALIFORNIA CULTURE
BRUCE BLIVEN

The Future of Mendès-France
EDMOND TAYLOR

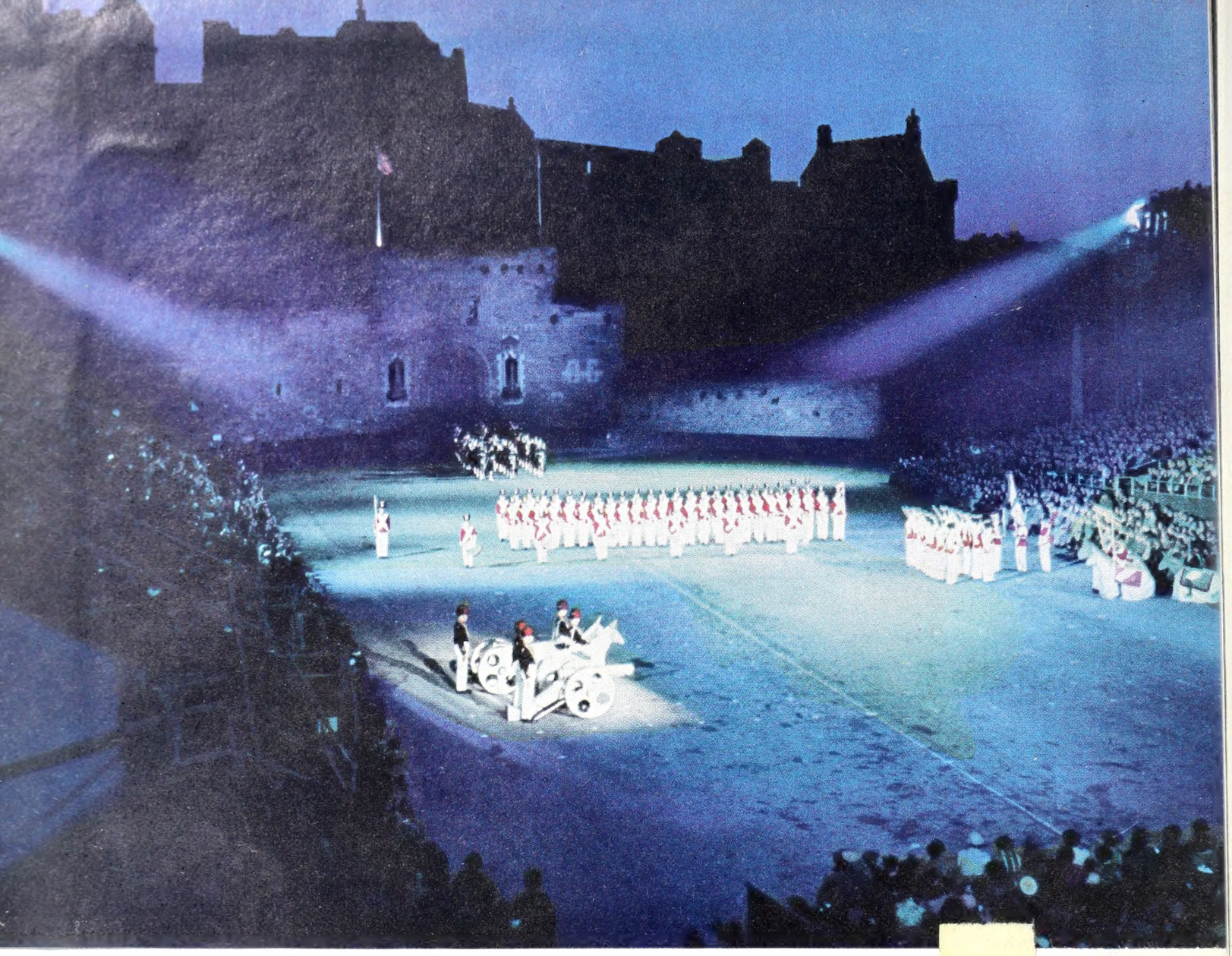
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GEORGE ODIORNE

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SIR HAROLD NICOLSON

How to Take to the Tropics
ODEN MEEKER

The Destructors, a Story
GRAHAM GREENE

Tell Me, Mr. Attorney
MORRIS L. ERNST



This Searchlight Tattoo, with precision drill and massed pipers, hig Edinbur

GUIDE TO BRITISH FES

Whatever your special interest—music, drama, ballet, sport, folk adit
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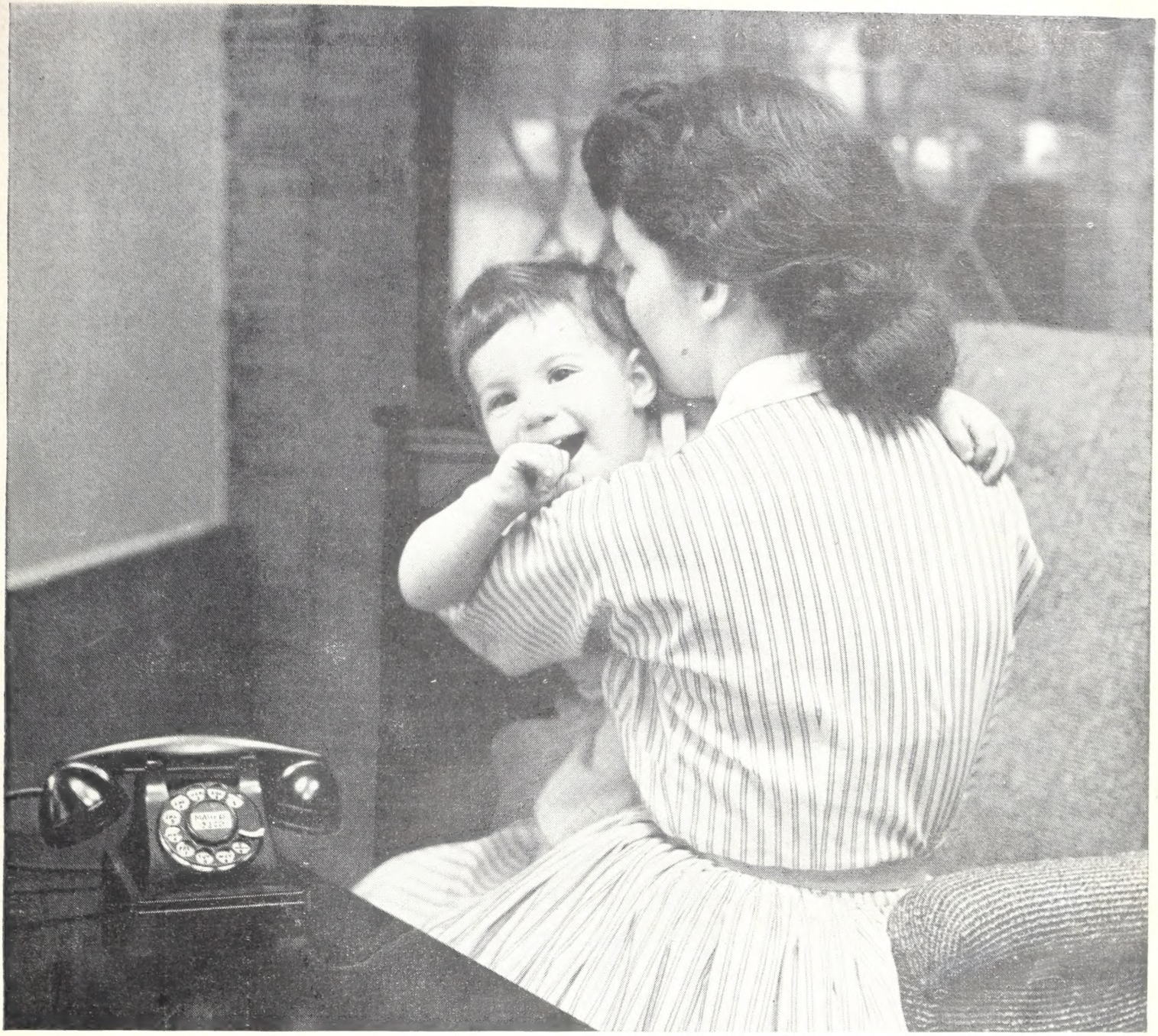
Probably the most famous is the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama in August and September. Here, in Scotland's romantic capital, you will see and hear the world's finest performers. Your days will be a heady round of concerts, plays, opera, ballet and sight-seeing. At night, the Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade will thrill you from start to finish.

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The list of Festivals is London's Albert Hall in J May. Glyndebourne Oper Canterbury Festival, startin National Eisteddfod in August

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Mrs. Donald Cummings, Jr., and her young son Donald

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Harper's MAGAZINE

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Profile of a Cultivated Person

who has fallen into the habit of missing books

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- ☐ SWEET THURSDAY ..... *John Steinbeck*
- ☐ A FABLE ..... *William Faulkner*
- ☐ MY BROTHER'S KEEPER ..... *Marcia Davenport*
- ☐ THE FALL OF A TITAN ..... *Igor Gouzenko*
- ☐ LÉLIA: The Life of George Sand ..... *André Maurois*
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- ☐ THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL *Hermann Hagedorn*
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- ☐ THE REASON WHY ..... *Cecil Woodham-Smith*
- ☐ BHOWANI JUNCTION ..... *John Masters*
- ☐ SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET ..... *Heinrich Harrer*
- ☐ OF WHALES AND MEN ..... *R. B. Robertson*
- ☐ FIRE IN THE ASHES ..... *Theodore H. White*
- ☐ THE AGE OF THE MOGULS ..... *Stewart Holbrook*
- ☐ THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY ..... *Ernest K. Gann*
- ☐ THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST ..... *Sir John Hunt*
- ☐ THE SEA AROUND US ..... *Rachel L. Carson*
- ☐ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA ..... *Ernest Hemingway*
- ☐ THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS ..... *Ewen Montagu*

THE SELF-PORTRAIT you have drawn may reveal a sobering fact: the *extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

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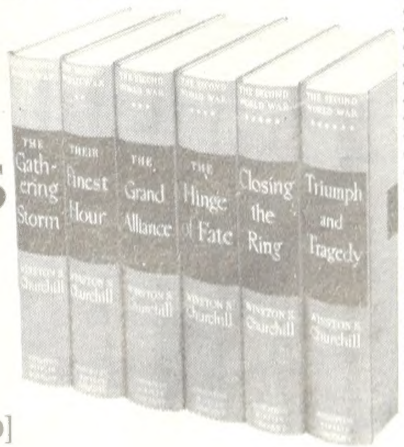
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LETTERS

Literate Teachers—

To the Editors:

I read with interest but some dismay "Can Our Teachers Read and Write?" by James D. Koerner in the November issue. My dismay is not occasioned by the conditions which Mr. Koerner reports, bad as they are, so much as by the fact that he is by implication leading the public to believe that such conditions are typical of our schools at large. I do not believe this.

During the past twenty-five years I have taught graduate courses, largely to secondary school teachers, in six Eastern universities, one of which has drawn students from all over the United States and many foreign countries. I have read papers written by more than 1,500 students. Excluding the foreign students, I have found not more than ten whose level of literacy was comparable to that reported in Mr. Koerner's article. With only one or two exceptions, the students who have been really illiterate have been colored students from the deep South where educational standards are low.

I have also had enough elementary school teachers in my groups to lead me to believe that their level of literacy is not markedly inferior to that of the secondary school teachers. . . .

Mr. Koerner does not state specifically the name of the university in which he was teaching and the area from which his students were drawn. If conditions are as bad in any area as his evidence indicates, the schools and colleges of that area should bear the responsibility. The educational institutions elsewhere should not be expected to share it. . . .

HOWARD G. SPALDING, Principal
A.B. Davis High School
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

To the Editors:

James Koerner may be interested to know that in Scarsdale, N. Y., where public school standards are about as high as one can expect to find them in this country, an eighth-grade teacher recently, explaining government farm support programs, wrote "parody prices" on the blackboard.

Scarsdale, however, has this advantage: one of the more intelligent pupils after considerable discussion prevailed upon the teacher to make the correction, thereby benefiting the class as a whole.

DONALD H. OGILVY
Scarsdale, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Mr. Koerner's article seems slightly unfair in its implications concerning thousands of members of a professional group of people. . . .

Understanding youngsters and giving them a happy, challenging school environment are important to teachers and to students. Correct spelling, standard grammar, adequate vocabulary, and functional punctuation are also important. Seemingly, only those things mentioned in the last sentence interest Mr. Koerner.

MRS. MARY W. STAUFFER
Second Grade Teacher
Garden City, N. Y.

To the Editors:

If Mr. Koerner's students were so bad, why did he "pass 'em"? I guess he thinks they are not fit to be teachers. If so, he had a chance to do something about it. We are still saddled with them. A great help he turned out to be.

LEONARD H. CLARK, Dean
Lyndon Teachers College
Lyndon Center, Vt.

To the Editors:

Mr. Koerner's article brings to mind the story of a man who, having bought an overcoat at a pawn shop, returned to complain that he had found moths in it. "What did you expect for $3.99," asked the salesman, "hummingbirds?"

THOMAS H. BRIGGS
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

James D. Koerner has taken the words right out of my mouth. If I had written an article on this subject, mine would have duplicated his at every point. The Midwest has nothing on the Northwest. . . . I have taught English courses in summer sessions attended by teachers without college degrees. I have shared Mr. Koerner's feelings from horror to hopelessness. I can match his most shocking quotations. I might even add to the nightmare list with the high-school teacher from a neighboring state who declared she saw no use writing in sentences or bothering with grammar when everyone always understood her anyway. . . . And with some shame and sorrow I usually pass them too.

MILDRED WESTON
Spokane, Wash.

THE SECTIONAL DELEGATE ASSEMBLY OF THE KANSAS STATE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION, MEETING AT TOPEKA ON NOVEMBER 3, 1954, CONDEMNS THE ARTICLE BY DR. JAMES D. KOERNER IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE AS BEING UNFAIR, UNETHICAL AND A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION OF THE TEACHING PROFESSION. WE PROTEST THE PUBLICATION OF SUCH ARTICLES TO PROMOTE SALES.

SECTIONAL DELEGATE ASSEMBLY
KANSAS STATE TEACHERS ASSOC.
TOPEKA, KANS.

To the Editors:

The group of teachers of whom Mr. Koerner writes does not, of course, represent all or even the majority of public school teachers. Yet the type is so common that it constitutes a serious problem.

What Mr. Koerner fails to point out is that these teachers themselves have been graduated from public or parochial schools and that they are not one whit less well educated than many of their classmates. To qualify for teaching they have but accumulated further credits in educational institutions, even as they were accumulating one more from Mr. Koerner. . . .

Some day, it is to be hoped, America will get over its naïve belief that attendance for twelve years at school produces literacy. . . .

THEODORE M. PEASE
Ashfield, Mass.

Inside Red China—

To the Editors:

The letter from a Catholic missionary telling "What I Saw in Red China" [November] is one of the most objective and factual accounts of the situation inside China today that I have seen anywhere. It confirms my own report and reinforces my conviction that the present Chinese government is a stable one that is going to be in power for a long time to come.

I completed twenty-three years of missionary work in China under Protestant auspices with nearly two years in Communist jails at Chungking. After a year of residence under the new government, I was arrested in November 1950 and not released until nearly two years later.

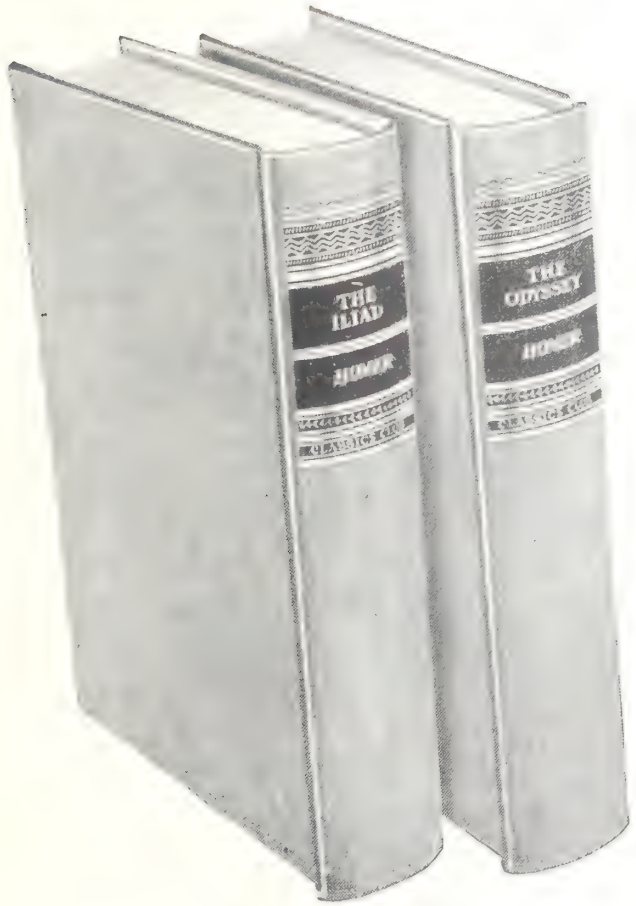
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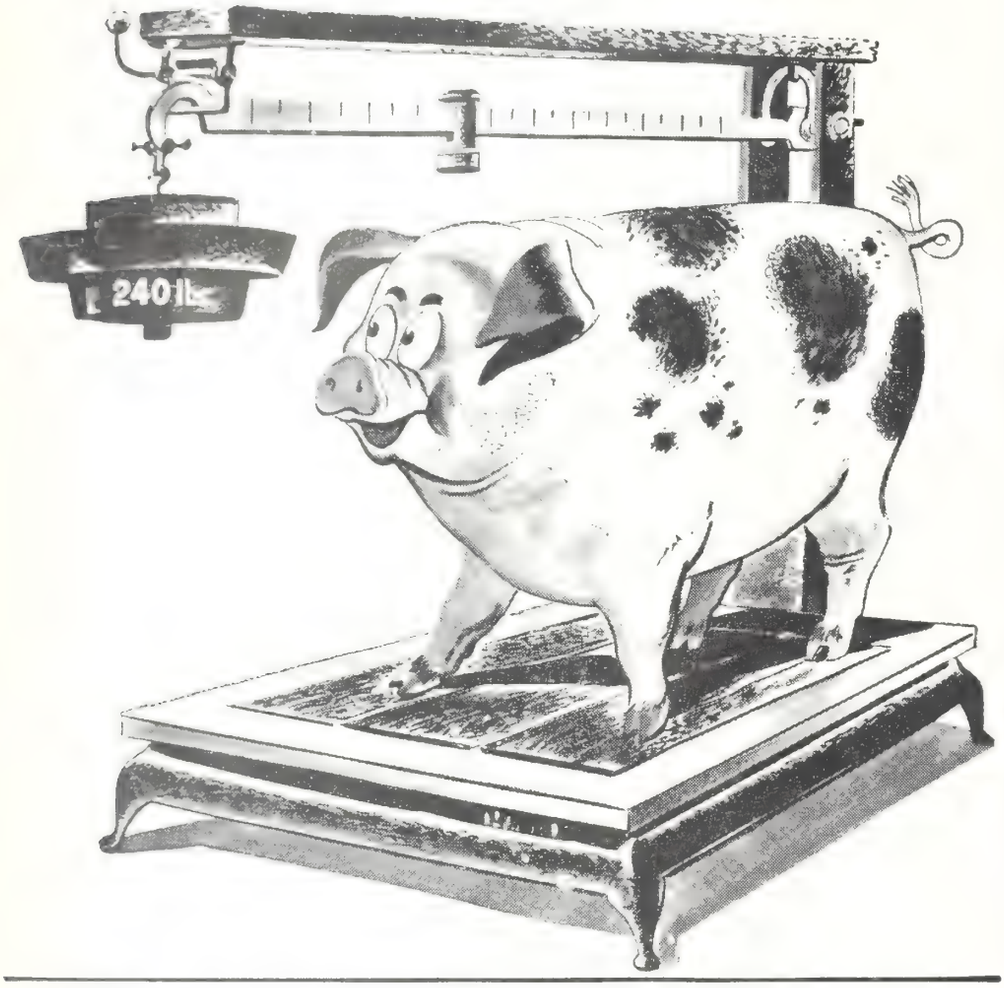
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LETTERS

I agree with this Catholic missionary that the present government in China rests on a tripod of power—a strong and loyal army, a thoroughly indoctrinated people, and positive achievements of the present regime in stopping inflation, dividing up the land, extending communications, reviving industry, and other concrete gains for the common people. The people may not be happy about the abrogation of all freedoms, but they accept the situation and know no alternative.

To deny that this is the situation in China today is to deny the facts. To accept it is to begin to build our Far Eastern policy in a way that will relieve tensions and make co-existence and modification of the present situation possible.

F. OLIN STOCKWELL
Methodist Missionary
Chicago, Ill.

Mondegreens—

To the Editors:

Sylvia Wright's pathetic story of the death of Lady Mondegreen [November] touched me to the heart. I had never heard it before. But I have watched the Donzerly Light many times. It is not a lighthouse, as Miss Wright says, but the mixed red-and-green-and-blue light in the sky from Fourth of July fireworks. It is a fine light, heroic and festive. Mondegreens generally present the world in a fine light. You recall the splendid feast with which men and angels celebrated the birth of Jesus:

> Joyful all ye nations rise,
> Join the triumph of the skies,
> With the jellied toast proclaim
> "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Miss Wright also recalls how Paul Revere set out on his horse. The horse's hoof struck a spark, he was on his way, and there in the darkness, with that great patriotic responsibility resting on him, he had a kind of transcendental experience which I never fully understood, although I was deeply moved by the beauty of Longfellow's language:

> He has left the village and
> mounted the steep,
> And beneath him, tranquil and
> broad and deep,
> The mystic meeting, the ocean
> tides . . .

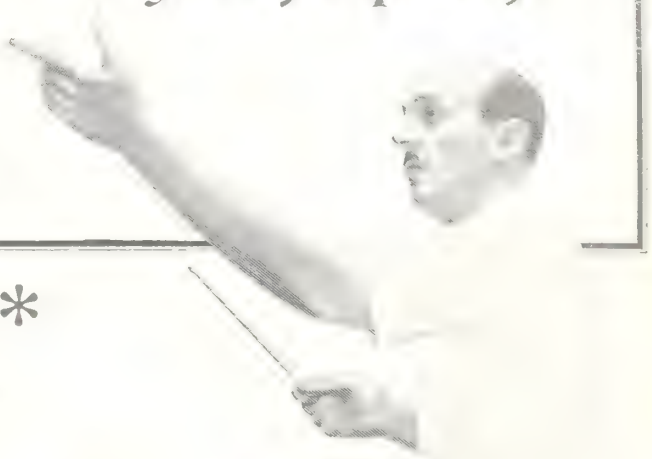
When my father, a native of Boston, described the sluggish, muddy water of the Mystic River, I felt bereaved.

Like mother, like child. My son Tommy has a private devil with a pocketful of matches who burns up bad people. His name, Tommy told me, was Fiery Gasful. Then I heard Tommy singing:

You have heard *Beethoven's Fifth Symphony* countless times...



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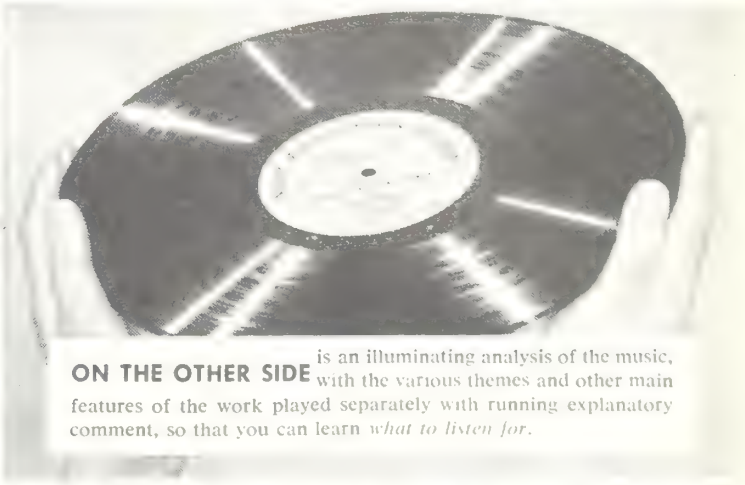
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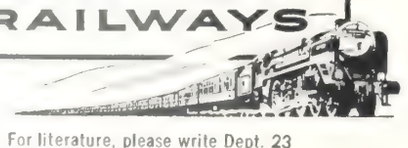
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BARBARA B. STREETER
Plainfield, N. J.

To the Editors:

Lady Mondegreen Wright would have been interested in a radio station advertisement in the trade magazine *Broadcasting-Telecasting* a few months ago which featured a two-page picture of the proverbially rolling New England countryside. Across the top of the picture were the words: "Through every middlesex, village and farm."

Miss Wright omitted my brother-in-law's favorite mondegreen, to be found in a well-known hymn: "Gladly, the cross-eyed bear."

SNOWDEN T. HERRICK
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

In reply to Lady Mondegreen, who may be able to pull the wool over *your* rise, let me tell you a thing or two. . . . First I would like to point out that the Earl's wife is neither wispy nor thin. Fine drawn, perhaps, and slender, which is more than you can say for Lady Mondegreen. As a matter of fact, if Lady Mondegreen keeps on eating all that fancy bread and twilight's last ice-cream, she's going to wind up downright fat. And let me inform her Ladyship, it is not Good Mrs. Murphy who follows you! It is a girl named Shirley Goodis and Mercy (her sister, I think).

Lady Mondegreen can pledge her legions all she wants, but I'll take my country, Tizz, and not for any silly, chauvinistic reasons either! It is a very advanced type, being one nation in dirigibles with liberty, and just is for all. . . .

As for the Earl, I don't think he was really in love with Lady Mondegreen. Infatuated perhaps. . . . But if she had been brought up in a decent country like Tizz where we have beautiful four spacious skies and where we feature motherhood from sea to China Sea, she wouldn't have been so wicked. . . .

Well, anyway she finally got her come-up pants (which are probably too small from the way she's been stuffing herself) and I can't say I am sorry. In fact, when I heard the news I did a Goodrid Dance. . . .

BEATRICE, COUNTESS AMURRAY
(BEATRICE JACKSON LEVIN)
Philadelphia, Pa.

Plain Talk—

To the Editors:

Sylvia Wright's piece in the Novem-

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ber issue ["The Death of Lady Mondegreen"] is blasphemous, isn't it? To speak in an impious or irreverent manner of God is blasphemy according to my dictionary. To nickname God and refer to Him as "Harold" seems to fit that description.

Last month [October] you led off with an article about a self-confessed liar—Oppenheimer. I abhor liars, bright or stupid, and want no truck with them. So I skipped that article.

Professor Koerner [November] deplores the fact we have illiterates teaching in our public schools. He gives the reason in the last line of his article: "I passed 'em." So apparently did all his predecessors. That is why they are teaching school.

He asks the reader what he would have done. I can only answer what I did for over thirty years: I flunked 'em. When students find they *must* work, they will, I found. I recommend this method to Professor Koerner.

But these articles show such low moral standards! They sicken me and depress me no end. It was not so aforetime.

EDNA L. BACON
Dividing Creek, N. J.

Pro Paper-bounds—

To the Editors:

I was for some time an editor of a paper-bound reprint house, so I can laugh heartily at Mr. DeVoto's jokes (in your October issue) about the salaries of those who are thus employed. His gibes at their literateness and at the lack of good titles I leave to be answered by those still in the reprint business.

But there are three points on which I should like to comment. The major portion of Mr. DeVoto's article is not a criticism of paper-bound publishers but of conditions of newsstand distribution, a quite different subject. Can Mr. De Voto get *Harper's* at every drugstore? The average newsstand life of a paper-bound is about three months, but salesmen of regular trade books tell me most bookshops return unsold stock (except best sellers and "standards" like dictionaries) in about six months. This gives hard-bound books twice as long a period of availability as paper-bounds; but this is far from the implication that all good hard-bound books are immediately available in every bookstore.

There are about 100,000 places in this country where you can buy paper-bound books against 1,500 where you can buy hard-bound; and the half-dozen interesting books Mr. DeVoto can find in five minutes in any bookstore are beyond the purses of most of his fellow-citizens. Thus availability and cheapness must be weighed in along with sometimes spotty distribution and rapid turnover.

Mr. DeVoto is angry because when he finds good paper-bounds on sale, they are books he has already read. But surely the point that Mr. Enoch and others in this field have made is that these books are now available to those who have not already read them. It would not be a cultural revolution to bring good books to Mr. DeVoto. . . .

Speaking of original fiction in paper covers, Mr. DeVoto says, "There is nothing to do but throw in your hand." I am the editor of a firm (Ballantine Books) which publishes original work in paper covers—including, for example, *The City of Anger* by William Manchester, *New Short Novels,* edited by Mary Louise Aswell, and *Childhood's End* by Arthur C. Clarke. Mr. DeVoto might not himself like these books, but he might be interested in what—again for example—Orville Prescott said of the first, Charles J. Rolo said of the second, and Gilbert Highet of the third (in *Harper's*!) . . . .

STANLEY KAUFFMAN
New York, N. Y.

Changing Past—

To the Editors:

It was fascinating to observe "The Changing Past" with Lynn White in the November issue. There seems to be little to quarrel with in his contention that Geiger counters and archaeologists are rearranging our historical concepts.

When, however, he begins to plump for an "intuitive perception" and speak of a causal relationship that "cannot be 'proved' but only perceived," the fascination vanishes. His perceptions turn out to be plain old speculations.

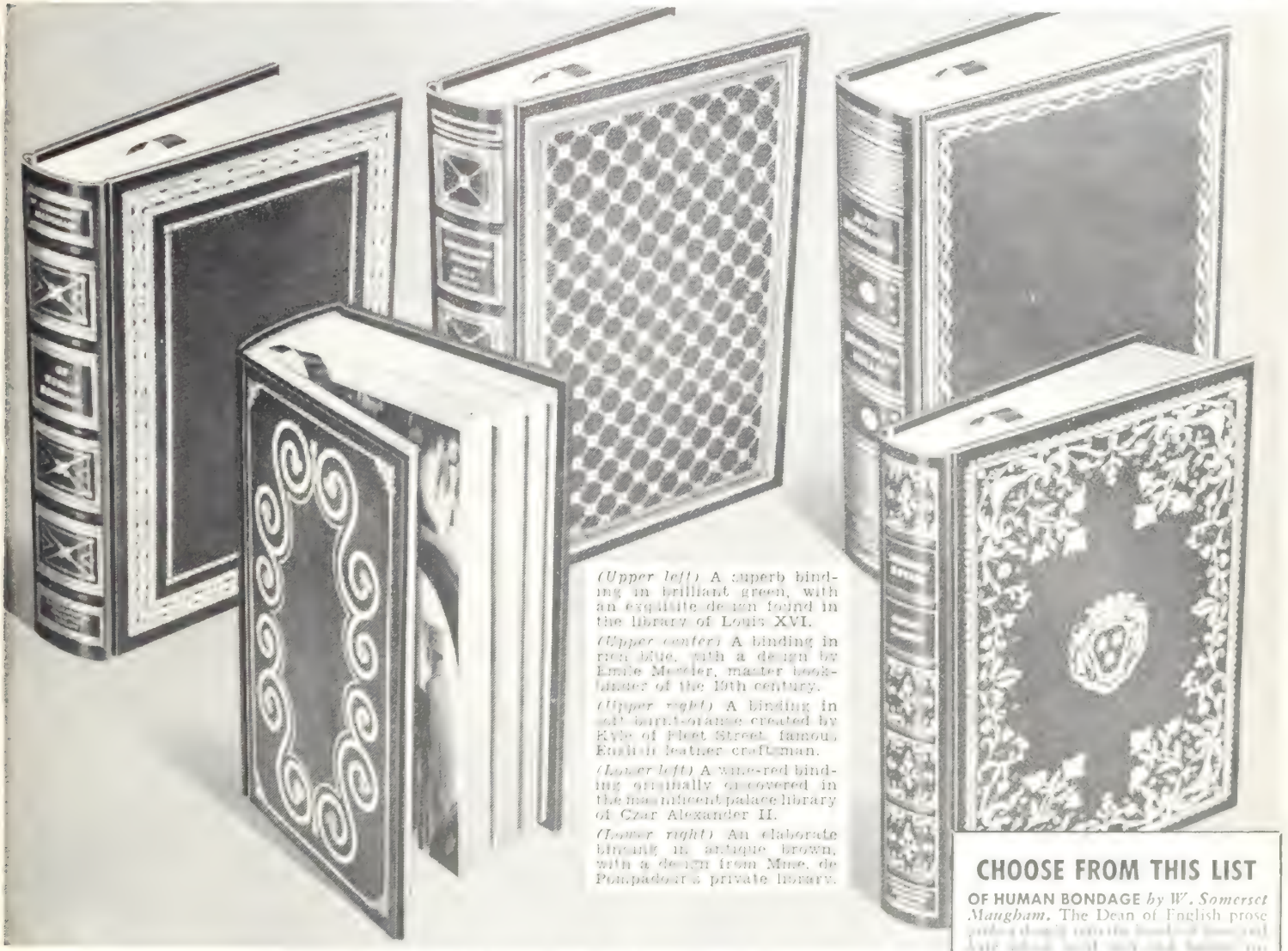
Speculating and theorizing are necessary to the increase of historical knowledge, but they take on their value because they lead us to the facts—what Mr. White would probably call "proofs"—which support them. If perceptions are not productive of supporting evidence, they are useless; one perception becomes no better (and, admittedly, no worse) than another.

Mr. White states that a causal relationship can "scarcely be doubted" between early atomistic theories and the beginning of coin minting. And yet, from the explanations he affords, the only safe conclusion to be drawn is that the appearance of coins caused the use of Heraclitus' gold-goods metaphor, and nothing else. . . .

CHARLES TYNER
Shafter, Calif.

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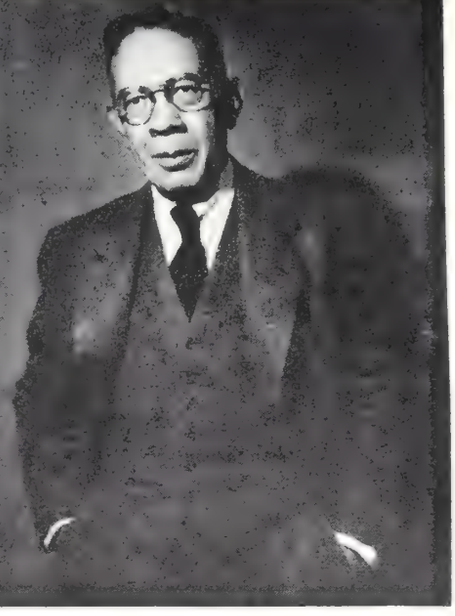
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



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TOWARD the end of the campaign a ranking Administration speaker, referring to some gloomy indications out West, said that if things went the way they seemed to be going the Republican party might "have to rethink the power and resources policy." The verb is from the advertising-agency jargon that the Administration has learned to speak so fluently but it is not likely to mean much. Things went the way indicated but rethinking the power and resources policy won't get farther than some new commercials.

Mr. Richard L. Neuberger's defeat of Senator Cordon has drawn attention away from other signs that point in the same direction. In spite of the Democratic sweep in Pennsylvania, the four Republican Congressmen who broke with the Administration's public lands policy were all re-elected. Congressman Leon H. Gavin was supposed to be in trouble because of severe unemployment in the Twenty-Third District, but his constituents remembered his decisive role in the defeat of the Administration's two grazing bills and its timberlands-exchange bill. The proximity of the Allegheny National Forest had educated them in the issues and they sent Mr. Gavin back to help fight off the next raids. The Twenty-Second District proved to be easy for Mr. John P. Saylor, who had led the fight in the House on Echo Park Dam.

Mr. Saylor will be needed, for the Administration is not going to rethink Echo Park Dam. As I explained in the August *Harper's*, it can enthusiastically support federal dams on the Colorado River, for no utility company will ever want to build there. The Upper Colorado Storage Project would now be on the books if it had dissuaded Utah and Colorado from demanding that the Project continue to include this dam at the site originally selected, which is in Dinosaur National Monument. Conservation forces had beaten it once before and there is no doubt that the purpose it is intended to serve can be served just as well, if not better, by any of several alternatives outside the Monument. But the two states and the Bureau of Reclamation insisted on the original plans straight across the board, the President backed them up with a favorable statement, and the whole Project lost out.

BUT during the campaign the President took a refresher course in hydrology, engineering, and national-parks policy. During his swing through the West, that is, his plane made a detour that took him over Dinosaur Monument, with two representatives of the Bureau of Reclamation at his side. From a mile up it was obvious that the Monument was not worth preserving and that Echo Park was the only satisfactory site for the dam. As a result of this briefing, we are told, the President will send a special message to Congress recommending Echo Park when a new bill to authorize the Upper Colorado Project is introduced. The message will not get the dam authorized. Echo Park Dam will be beaten again and the whole Project will be held up for two more years. That may be time enough for the forces brilliantly represented by Mr. Raymond Moley to stop it for good.

In Idaho Mrs. Gracie Pfost was re-elected; her campaign focused on a single issue, a federal dam in Hell's Canyon. Congressman Lee Metcalf of Montana, the most effective opponent of the Administration resources policy in the last House, won hands down. Congressman Wesley D'Ewart, who had quarterbacked for the Administration in the same House, was defeated for the Senate. This was a vicious and foul campaign, full of slanders against Senator Murray by Madison Avenue's most expert copy-writers,

but it got nowhere. Mr. D'Ewart was defeated on his demerits: on his energetic service to the power and resources policy that the Administration is now supposed to be rethinking.

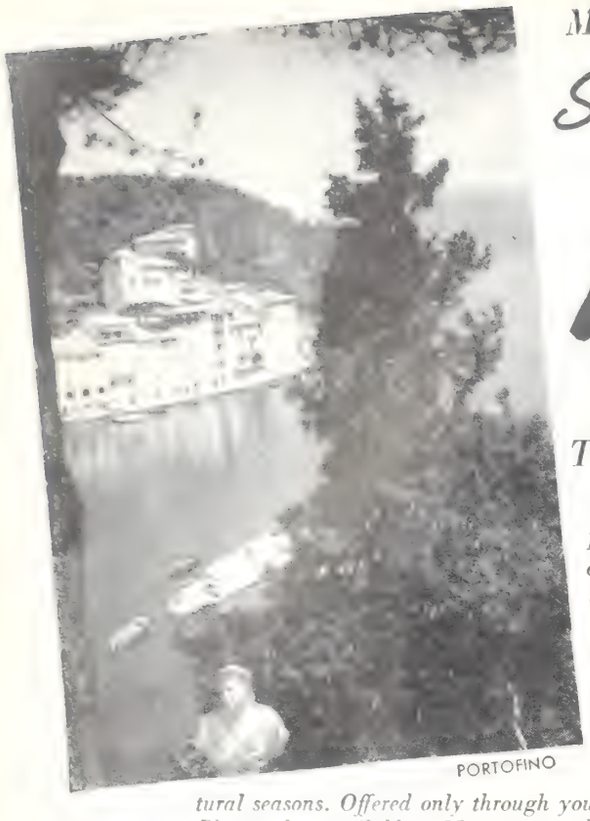
CONSERVATION won further victories with the return of Mr. O'Mahoney to the Senate and the re-election of Senator Anderson. We can take little comfort from the fact that Congressman Engle of California now becomes Chairman of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs and, though Oregon elected a Democratic Congresswoman as an advocate of public power, Congressman Ellsworth, who spends his time assisting attacks on the public lands, survived the campaign. Mr. Ellsworth, however, will occupy the same hot spot as Secretary McKay, who—with Senator Morse on one side of him and Mr. Neuberger on the other—now becomes the most uncomfortable member of the Administration. A very tall pine indeed toppled when Senator Cordon was defeated. Mr. McKay, the giveaway emcee, is understood to have been his appointee and has certainly been his front man. The progressive curtailment of the public-power program has been carried on under his direction; in his quiet backstairs way he has led or helped most of the other giveaways; and no one of his skill at the job is left in either house of Congress. Senator Barrett, the rodeo star from Wyoming, is not first-team material and besides specializes in representing the cowboy lobby and attacking the Forest Service. His score so far is no hits, no runs, and a fistful of errors.

The meaning of Mr. Neuberger's victory is unmistakable and it is national. Oregon, which is as incorrigibly Republican as Vermont, had had enough of the principal Congressional architect of the Administration's resources policy. He had spent two years utilizing the golden opportunity which the Republican victory of 1952 provided to destroy our historic and once bipartisan policy of federal conservation; Mr. Neuberger stood squarely on that historic policy. Senator Cordon's managers had at their disposal as much money as they might need. Billboards advertising his achievements in burnished B.B.D.&O. slogans were on every road into and out of every town in Oregon. Radio and television programs practically used up the propaganda that had been stored in utility company safes. At one time seven Republican Senators, all irreproachably reactionary, were in the state campaigning for him. And as a climactic assist the President went to McNary Dam, where as a local wisecrack said at least the fifth generator was Republican, and delivered a funeral oration over public power.

Prematurely. The President's speech was most helpful to Mr. Neuberger. It was an exercise in creative imagination which, as Governor Stevenson promptly said, set up a straw man and knocked it flat. The President discovered a wholly non-existent intention by persons not named (but obviously including the voters of the Northwest) to create a federal power monopoly, which happens to be not only undesired by anyone but impossible as well. He described several other bugs and hobgoblins and made a number of severe statements about them that were simply not so, that the Northwest knew were not so. It was a nonsensical speech at an injudiciously chosen site. All the audience had to do was to take a look at the dam the President was dedicating. It did so and Oregon voted Mr. Neuberger in.

The defeat of Senator Cordon and Congressman D'Ewart, the re-election of Senator Anderson, Mrs. Pfost, Mr. Metcalf, and the Pennsylvania conservationists, the election of Mr. O'Mahoney, the House seat picked up in Oregon—they make as complete a repudiation of the Administration resources policy as could be achieved at a mid-term election. As I write, it is not entirely sure that the Democrats will organize the Senate but the House is theirs and, with the help of the Pennsylvania Republicans, they should be able to stop the giveaways. So far, that is, as Congress can stop a process so much of which can be continued by administrative ruling in the Executive departments and agencies. We may reasonably expect that the forays against the national forests by the cowboys and the trade associations of the lumber manufacturers will be stopped even colder than they have been up to now, that the Bureau of Reclamation will be kept out of Dinosaur Monument, and that a half-dozen other current or planned raids on various national parks will get nowhere. The loan and operating funds of REA will be increased but we can only speculate about the other nooses that the Administration has knotted round its neck, the contracts that limit the sale of federal power to rural co-operatives and the process of forcing them to raise their rates.

SO FAR the Administration has been able to conduct the assault on REA and the public-power program without much reference to Congress. It is always possible to pass another semantic miracle and renegotiate the already renegotiated contracts, or possibly Congress can void them. Indeed the Administration might call on semantics to make clear that it is much more in favor of public power than has been suspected. Even before the election, though with the election in view, trumpets were blown for Libby Dam on the Kutenai River. It was a safe and inexpensive fanfare, for the dam cannot be built now and maybe never can be built. The future of REA depends in part too on the investigation of the Dixon-Yates affair that Congress is certain to make. So does the immediate future of TVA, though the effort to [illegible] strangulation has been at least temporarily interrupted. The House now [illegible]


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to produce fireworks. It will go into the workings of the Holding Companies Act and it may very well embarrass the Securities and Exchange Commission. We are going to hear a lot of ingenious semantics.

Of course, we may get in the end nothing but some more slogans, a mass-medium campaign in "consumer education" as silly as the President's speech at McNary Dam. And there is another possibility: the boys may decide that they are on the way out, that they won't be around after 1956, and so had better get rid of as many public assets as they can in the remaining two years. The new Hoover Commission is about ready to recommend the abolition of the Twentieth Century by proclamation, the sale not only of the federal dams but of the reclamation projects, the national forests, and all other federal holdings except, possibly, the national parks.

So much the better; the recommendation will get things in the open where everyone can see them. It won't get to first base in the 84th Congress, or in any later one, but the trade associations and the utility companies will have to stop working both sides of the street. This is their Commission and they will have to line up beside it.

CONSERVATION proved to be a winning issue for the Democrats. It will be even more important in 1956 and the Democratic party had better spend the next two years working out a co-ordinated program. In the campaign just finished the defense of the public lands, public power, and the related values was extemporized and essentially a rebuttal. No doubt it had to be, for the Administration attack had been piecemeal and in part by stealth. But we know now both where the Administration stands and where the voters stand. It is possible to abandon the defensive policy of merely holding the line and to plan positively.

In some areas of conservation, thinking has long been static; it badly needs revision and invigoration. As a single example, reclamation. The most urgent reality in the West is the need of metropolitan and industrial complexes for water. We are now put to the expensive subterfuge of assuring such water supplies

as a secondary result of spending five hundred dollars an acre to make two-dollar land worth forty dollars. This concept, which was sound and much less expensive in 1902, needs modernization. Also, I for one can tranquilly contemplate abandoning, in some specific areas and under intelligent safeguards, the concept of multiple use. National forests near Los Angeles, Denver, and Salt Lake City are now used by several million people a year; once remote and difficult of access, they are now practically in the suburbs. The basic necessity will always be to protect the watersheds; but it seems clear that, this being assured, sizable areas must be devoted to the purposes unsatisfactorily called "recreation" and that other uses, grazing and timber-cutting among them, must be restricted or prohibited in those areas.

Again, there should be a strenuous counter-attack on the foolish allegation that REA, TVA, and the public-power program are "socialistic." These are no more socialistic than the Post Office Department or a church supper. On the strictest theory of classic capitalism they are capitalistic instruments, far more so than the private collectivism of the holding companies, as conveniently illustrated by Dixon-Yates. Finally, if it is desirable to have the federal government generate 15 per cent of our electric power, instead of the 10 per cent it now generates, or to have what the Chamber of Commerce calls "a land-hungry bureaucracy" buy up another million acres of cut-over and eroding timberland in the East and South, there is no reason to be defensive. Add such measures to the program and start fighting for them.

THE principles behind these remarks apply, I believe, to the entire Democratic preparation for the campaign of 1956. National campaigns by a major party cannot be fitted together as perfectly as a watch, but they need not be as spasmodic and unco-ordinated as those of 1952 and 1954. Governor Stevenson, for instance, emerged from the recent one with notably increased stature, influence, and power but he was used haphazardly. He was a lead-off man and both a cleanup hitter and a pinch-hitter as well, and though he

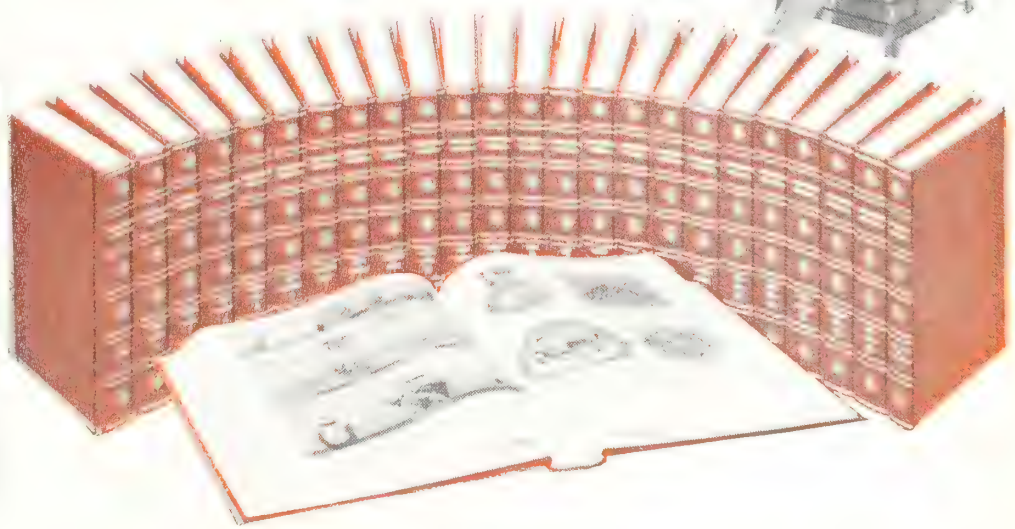
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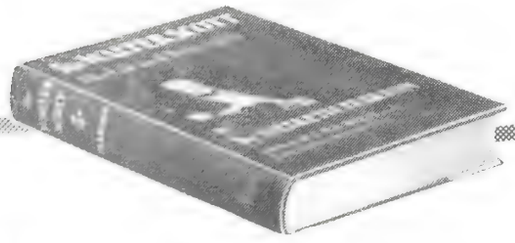
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was effective in all three roles it was an inefficient use of talent. The idea seems to have been to have him speak as often and in as many places as possible, without regard to the cumulative effect that might have been secured by programing his campaign. It would have been much better to provide a planned structure, so that his speeches could have constantly gathered momentum and ended in a climax that would have unified the whole Democratic campaign. It would also have been sagacious to provide him with a larger staff.

The election established that there is a Democratic drift but clearly it is not one that can be increased or even maintained without strenuous labor. The Democratic party is now on the hot spot. As the opposition it could be opportunistic and *ad hoc*; as a party which is in control of Congress under a Republican Executive, it has got to have a coherent, planned program. And as with the resources problem, the program has got to be more than one of holding the line and re-establishing it where the trade associations have broken through. Simply standing on the achievements from 1932 to 1952 could be as disastrous as looking back to 1896 has proved to be for the Republicans this year. The program has got to be progressive, and progressive not only in agreeable generalizations but in concrete measures to which the party will commit itself.

This year and in the 1952 campaign as well there was too much extemporization and too little co-ordination. There has been too much undirected amateur effort. There has been too little co-operation among the state organizations and too little teamwork between Congressional leaders and such leaders who do not hold office, as Governor Stevenson and, before the election, Mr. Harriman. Almost no use has been made of the remarkable capacities manifested in 1952 by the people who temporarily organized themselves as the Volunteers for Stevenson. They are a reservoir of very willing, very useful, and often very talented people positively crying aloud to be used. The organization was properly dissolved after the 1952 election; but something could have been done to incorporate its members in the regular organizations, which uttered some perfunctory and usually unfelt expressions of good will and dropped the matter. But the professional organizations need more renewal than they have had and the best source of renewal is this unused group, which contains most of the independents who voted Democratic in 1952 and a great majority of the eggheads. The eggheads are indispensable to the Democratic party; let's face it, they will provide most of the outline, at least, of the program that is going to be developed, as in fact they have always done. A scarcity of eggheads is one of the signal weaknesses of the Republicans.

The need for co-ordination of the various elements of Democratic strength is highlighted by the capture of seven state legislatures and eight governorships. They are as important for 1956 as control of Congress, very likely more important. The party needs a mechanism for assuring continuous liaison among its various power sources. Each house of Congress has a committee that is supposed to do that job incidentally to many others. The National Committee is in the same situation; its paramount duties leave it too little time. A new body is called for, designed for this sole purpose. I do not pretend to say how large it should be or who should compose it, but it ought to contain Senators and Congressmen, Governors, representatives of the National Committee and of the state organizations, and representatives of the Volunteers for Stevenson, who were amateurs in 1952 but do not all have to retain their amateur status in the 1956 campaign. It should be organized right now and get about its arduous job.

Providing a coherent, specific, progressive program is a job for all elements of the party, but such a board as I suggest could give it the maximum cumulative effect through the next two years. The board should not, however, be called a general staff or a team; in the established semantics those terms have come to mean advertising copy and the Democratic party has no need for it.

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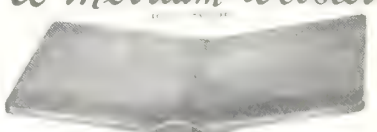
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The Corporate Alumnus Program

A New Plan for College Giving

by Philip D. Reed

Chairman of the Trustees
General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund

What can industry do to aid education? Gifts to colleges are one answer, but they raise another question: how to choose which institutions to support? The General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund has conceived a new plan that is generous, flexible, and fair. It will be put into practice during the coming year.

On November 15, 1954, the Trustees of the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund established, for the year 1955, a new program of financial aid to colleges and universities.

It is called the Corporate Alumnus Program because, under its provisions, the Fund joins with employees of General Electric in the support of the colleges and universities at which these employees received their higher education. Within the limits of the plan, gifts will be made from the Fund in amounts equal to those made by any individual employee-alumnus.

The Colleges Need More Help

Up to now, the pattern of corporate assistance to higher education has been fairly well established. In the case of General Electric, it has taken the forms of gifts and endowments, grants-in-aid, equipment for instructional purposes, scholarships, graduate fellowships, and various kinds of co-operative undertakings. The long-range objectives of these programs have been the fostering of an adequate supply of educated manpower and the maintenance and improvement of an economic and social climate in which General Electric can continue to do business, progress, and prosper.

Today, America's colleges and universities need increased support. Their costs are higher; their enrollments are higher and will become higher still as larger proportions of an increasing youth population turn to them for general education and professional training. Physical plants are inadequate; teaching staffs are overtaxed and all too often underpaid.

These conditions exist in the face of mounting needs for more educated manpower—and more talented manpower—on the part of business, research, the professions, and government. Our free economy and society depend upon the educational process for survival and growth.

American business and industry have, then, ample reason as good corporate citizens to want to help maintain the financial soundness and continued growth of these educational institutions. One form this support can take is a program of regular, systematic giving.

The Corporate Alumnus

It is not easy to work out an equitable, positive pattern for corporate giving. Should it, for example, give special emphasis to nearby colleges, or honorary degrees to company officers, or curricula tailored to fit a company's recruiting needs? Should it take into account the giving habits of its employee alumni? The characteristics of the company will be a determining factor.

For General Electric, there are no "local" colleges, since it has plants in half the 48 states, and places of business in all of them. It is one of the nation's largest employers of college-trained personnel, outside of government, with upwards of 23,000 holders of degrees from more than 500 colleges and universities. More than 70 per cent of these college people have technical or engineering degrees, yet in most recent years close to 45 per cent hired have been non-technical.

A satisfactory program will share part of the responsibility with those who benefit most. The immediate beneficiary of American higher education is the educated individual, and then through him the organization of which he is a part. Therefore it has seemed appropriate and fair that both the individual alumnus and the employing organization should join, in some fashion, in any giving plan. The Corporate Alumnus Program, initiated by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, a fund created by the General Electric Company, was devised to implement such a joint effort.

Rules of the Corporate Alumnus Program

Here, in official language, are the rules for the Program established by the Trustees of the Fund:

The Corporate Alumnus Program provides that the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund will contribute to any college or university an amount equal to the amount of any contribution, or the total of any contributions, made during the calendar year 1955 and prior to December 15 of that year to the college or university by a General Electric employee who holds an earned degree from that institution, subject to the following conditions:

(1) The employee's contribution, in order to qualify under this Program, must be the personal gift of the employee actually paid to the college or university during the calendar year 1955 and prior to December 15 of that year in cash or in securities having a quoted market value and not merely a pledge.

(2) The college or university to qualify must be a four-year course, degree-granting institution, accredited by the appropriate regional or professional accrediting association and located within the United States or its possessions.

(3) Contributions under the Program shall be employed by the college or university to realize or foster the primary needs and objectives of an institution of higher education, namely, of augmenting the required capital and general operating funds, of providing for expanded student enrollment, of strengthening educational facilities and curricula, and of improving incentives for the highest quality of teaching.

(4) The employee at the time of his or her contribution shall be in the active regular employment of the General Electric Company or one of its wholly-owned subsidiaries and shall have had at least one year of continuous service in such employment.

(5) The total contribution under this Program with respect to the contribution or contributions of any individual employee shall be limited to the sum of $1,000 and the total contributions to be made by the Fund under the Program shall not exceed the amount appropriated by the Trustees of the Fund for this purpose. In the event that total employee contributions otherwise coming within the terms of this Program exceed the amount so appropriated by the Trustees, the contributions to be made by the Fund under this Program may be apportioned by the Trustees in such manner as they may consider equitable and proper.

(6) The Trustees shall be entitled, if they deem it desirable to do so, to suspend, revoke, or terminate this Program at any time with respect to employee contributions thereafter made.

(7) Any question, whether as to the interpretation, application, or administration of the provisions of this Program or otherwise, shall be determined by the Trustees and their decision shall be final.

What Will the Program Accomplish?

The Trustees of the Fund hope that this new program, with its provisions for joint action by alumni and the Fund, will stimulate colleges and universities to work harder to obtain the support of their own alumni. They hope, also, that other companies may find in this "corporate alumnus" idea a pattern appropriate to their own educational programs. It is not competitive, since each company's employees are exclusively its own. If it were to be widely adopted, there are few colleges in America that would not ultimately benefit, both by increased alumni giving and by corporate support from some segments of industry.

The corporate alumnus concept is, as far as General Electric knows, new. Its full success cannot be measured until the end of 1955, so there is very little more information that can now be given about it. But experience gained in the course of the Program will be made available to others who are sincerely interested in similar aid to higher education. Inquiries may be addressed to:

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Personal & Otherwise

The Ghost That Won't Lie Down

Some quiet evening, after his retirement, Mr. John Foster Dulles may find time to relax before a fireplace with a pipe and highball and to look back over his embattled career as Secretary of State. It is a reasonable guess that he may then conclude that November 5, 1954, was his worst day.

For that was the day when he fired John Paton Davies. This was a mistake—as he must recognize already—which will have painful consequences for a long time to come. Already it is making Mr. Dulles' own job infinitely harder; it has done serious damage to the interests of the United States; and it probably will plague future Secretaries for a full generation. Most regrettably of all, it apparently was an entirely unnecessary blunder.

In this case there was no question of loyalty, as Mr. Dulles himself plainly stated. Davies had been praised as "a very loyal and very capable" Foreign Service officer by no less a personage than General Walter Bedell Smith—former Under Secretary of State, director of Central Intelligence, and wartime chief of staff to General Eisenhower. George F. Kennan, the most distinguished of American diplomats, who was intimately familiar with Davies' work, expressed "the greatest respect for his integrity, his judgment, and his insight." (Davies had, in fact, warned against the dangers of Soviet imperialism at a time when such insights were highly unpopular with some top officials of the Truman and Roosevelt Administrations.) Those who had worked most closely with him during his twenty-three years of public service regarded him, with remarkable unanimity, as one of the most brilliant and dedicated men in the government.

Why, then, was Davies fired? Mr. Dulles said, for "lack of judgment, discretion, and reliability."

Honestly translated, this phrase means that Davies dared to tell the truth about Chiang Kai-shek. In 1944 he predicted—with deadly accuracy—that the corruption and inefficiency of the Generalissimo's regime was going to result in the loss of China to the Communists. This judgment was shared by Generals Stilwell and Wedemeyer, who served as commanders of that theater during that period. Davies also disagreed, on a number of matters, with Ambassador Pat Hurley, the cowboy diplomat, who then thought that the Chinese Communists were no different from "Oklahoma Republicans." Disagreement with the Honorable Pat is about the strongest testimonial to any man's judgment and intelligence it would be possible to find.

But in the eyes of the Formosa Wing of the Republican party—Senators Knowland, McCarthy, Bridges, and their China Lobby claque—the very accuracy of Davies' judgment was an unforgivable crime. They are committed to the myth that Chiang is a stainless hero . . . that the loss of China must be blamed, not on him, but on "traitors" in the Democratic Administrations . . . and that the Generalissimo will be capable, some day, of reconquering the Chinese mainland—if only we give him enough help. Anyone who challenges this legend is, to them, an enemy who must be destroyed at any cost.

There are not many of these Formosa Senators. Nothing indicates that they command more than negligible support among the voters. They are, moreover, in open conflict with the announced policy of President Eisenhower. Nevertheless, they are strategically placed on legislative committees; Knowland, indeed, is Republican leader of the Senate. They could still cause Mr. Dulles lots of trouble on The Hill. So he decided, evidently, that it was more prudent to sacrifice Davies than to challenge them to a fight.

Already, however, he is discovering that such appeasement never pays. Since the Administration clearly has no intention of launching a full-scale war to put Chiang back on his throne, nothing Mr. Dulles can do will ever satisfy the Generalissimo's Congressional henchmen. But the price of attempted appeasement—as always—comes disastrously high.

For one thing, it has cost Mr. Dulles the respect of his Foreign Service officers. Many of them had come to regard the Davies proceedings as a test case. Now they are on notice that they cannot count on the support of their Secretary, if their professional duties ever bring them into conflict with a powerful politician.

Coming on top of all the other harassments and persecutions of the last six years, this blow may well complete the wreckage of the Service morale. Kennan's prediction that it would cause "great sadness and discouragement" is an understatement, so far as one can judge from the private conversations of many officers. Literally dozens of our ablest professional diplomats are now looking quietly for other jobs. And young men are understandably wary about enlisting in a profession where a man's career can be abruptly smashed, simply because he has done his duty. In November the Department had only 63 applicants for 400 vacancies.

Worse yet, Mr. Dulles can never again be sure that his diplomats abroad will tell him the truth. He has shown them that honest reporting is dangerous. From now on, the prudent Foreign Service officer will be tempted to play it safe—to keep silent about unpopular facts, to report nothing that might antagonize any Senator, either now or ten years later. Some of them will be courageous enough to resist this temptation—as Davies pleaded in his farewell statement. But others won't. Mr. Dulles has half-blinded our watchmen overseas, at a moment when clear vision was never more needed.

These are the consequences which are so alarming to many of the Administration's staunchest supporters. They are what moved Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* to describe the Davies case as "deplorable," and Roscoe Drummond of the *Herald Tribune* to predict that "if the government keeps this up . . . it won't have a Foreign Service worth the

cable costs to transmit its judgments."

In time, no doubt, the damage can be repaired. But Mr. Dulles can never do it. Even if he were replaced immediately by a Secretary with a firmer spine, it might take twenty years of courageous administration to rebuild a strong diplomatic corps.

As Talleyrand once remarked about a somewhat similar case, what Mr. Dulles has done is worse than a sin: it is a mistake—and it is going to keep haunting him from now on.

Professional Advice

THE flaws in American diplomatic methods which ***Sir Harold Nicolson*** discusses on Page 52 are of a different sort altogether. His criticisms obviously have a good deal of validity. Yet they could only have been written by an Englishman who (perhaps inevitably) cannot quite grasp the nature of our society.

Sir Harold was trained in the classic diplomatic tradition which still has surprising power in Britain. It holds that foreign affairs are so complex and delicate that they can be properly handled only by a tiny elite, selected from the cream of a professional ruling class; and that any public concern with such arcane matters can result only in confusion, emotional blundering, and perhaps disaster. It is the equivalent of that view of military affairs attributed to Admiral Ernest King during the late war: "Tell 'em nothing till it's over. Then tell 'em who won."

The old tradition had its allure; but it doesn't have much relevance here. For better or worse, the American public *is* concerned with foreign affairs—for good reason. After all, it is the public that gets killed if the diplomats make a misstep.

Because it is so hard for the British to understand that popular political debate takes in a far wider range of subject matter here than in England, they repeatedly underestimate the difficulties of any Secretary of State. For he must not only find the right course; he must also persuade some fifty million voters that it is right. He never enjoys the touching faith, still fairly common among British subjects, that "the men in Whitehall know best."

Sir Harold has served in Whitehall

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It certainly is not "un-Scriptural" to recognize that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ. If we are to be truly "Scriptural," we must further acknowledge that Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal Father—a Divine Person who assumed a human nature like ours in all things except sin. And while Mary did not give Jesus His divine nature, the Savior was her Son . . . as truly as anyone is the son of his own mother.

In view of these truths, how can anyone look upon Mary as just another woman, or just another mother? Why should we hesitate to honor one whom God so greatly honored . . . and upon whom He conferred a surpassing holiness and complete freedom from sin? Why should we believe that one so close to the Son of God in his earthly life is not close and dear to Him in His eternal Kingdom?

It is erroneous, of course, to think that Catholics worship Mary as a divine person. But we do love and venerate her for the unique place she occupies in God's plan for our salvation . . . for her intimate association with the all-holy Son of God . . . and for her own holiness.

But, you may say—why should we pray to Mary when we can pray directly to God, as the Scriptures command? The answer is that Catholics do pray to God and they seek from him grace and forgiveness—for these are blessings which only God can grant. But there is no law of God which commands us . . . when we go to Him in prayer . . . that we must go alone.

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as a Member of Parliament and as a diplomat. His many books on diplomatic history are notable both for their cold-eyed wisdom and their cheerfully witty style. A longer version of his article will appear in *The Evolution of Diplomatic Method,* to be published by Macmillan this month.

Joan of Arc in a Homburg Hat

His own peculiar diplomatic methods have been developed by Pierre Mendès-France, to the horror of many an allied statesman. At Geneva, Brussels, and London he hammered away for the things he wanted with a ruthless, single-minded intensity which one British diplomat described as "brutal and terribly upsetting to Sir Anthony." He got them, too. His rugged international manners do not, however, seem to upset his fellow countrymen—many of whom regard him as the modern savior of France.

The portrait of the Premier, and forecast for his future (p. 25), was written by ***Edmond Taylor,*** an American journalist now living in Paris. The author of two books on international affairs, he has been serving as a foreign correspondent since 1928. During the war he directed OSS activities in Southeast Asia.

Makers and Breakers

•••Long a prominent New Yorker, ***Bruce Bliven*** has recently taken up residence at Villa Montalvo in Saratoga, California, which has (Saratogans say) the second-best climate in the world. (The best is in Assouan, Egypt—for your information.) He is working at the Hoover War Library at Stanford University, doing research for a new book in the field of recent history. A first report of his shrewd observations on the culture of his adopted state appears on page 33.

•••***George Odiorne,*** who analyzes "The Trouble with Engineers" (p. 41), is an arbitrator and consultant to management as well as an Associate Extension Specialist at Rutgers University. He worked ten years as a production supervisor at American Can Company and has been an Army officer and newspaper reporter.

•••Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, celebrated in ***Fred Lape's*** poem on page 46, was an intrepid traveler who penetrated Asia in the late nineteenth century when she was middle-aged and older. Mr. Lape is author of *Barnyard Year* and other verse.

•••In "A Slight Case of Adjustment" (p. 47) ***Muriel Resnik*** emphasizes the parent's rather than the child's frustrations in a child-centered world. This is Mrs. Resnik's first published writing and it is, she says, more or less autobiographical.

•••***Oden Meeker,*** who issues the light-hearted advice on "How to Take to the Tropics" (p. 59), is also author of a Guide to Latin American Republics and of *Report on Africa,* which was published last fall by Scribner. Mr. Meeker has traveled in some eighty countries and collected animals and other treasures for the Chicago Zoo and the Chicago Museum of Natural History.

•••"Tell Me, Mr. Attorney . . ." (p. 66) comes from one of the best known lawyers—and conversationalists—in the business: ***Morris L. Ernst.*** Mr. Ernst's published books include *Report on the American Communists, Sexual Behavior and the Kinsey Report,* and many others.

•••***Graham Greene's*** new story, "The Destructors" (p. 68), takes on special interest from a note in the British magazine, the *Economist,* last fall, commenting that the favorite juvenile crime, statistically speaking, is "breaking and entering" and that two-thirds of all of it is perpetrated by children under seventeen.

Mr. Greene is the author of the provocative novel, *The Heart of the Matter,* and many other novels, plays, and movies.

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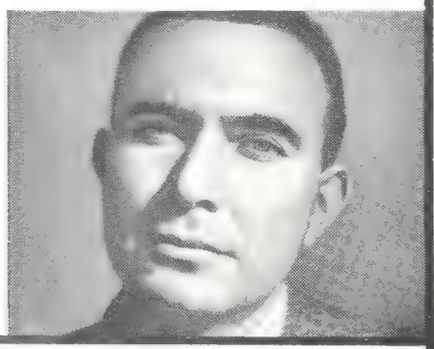
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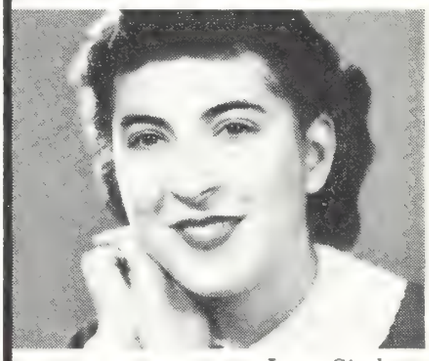
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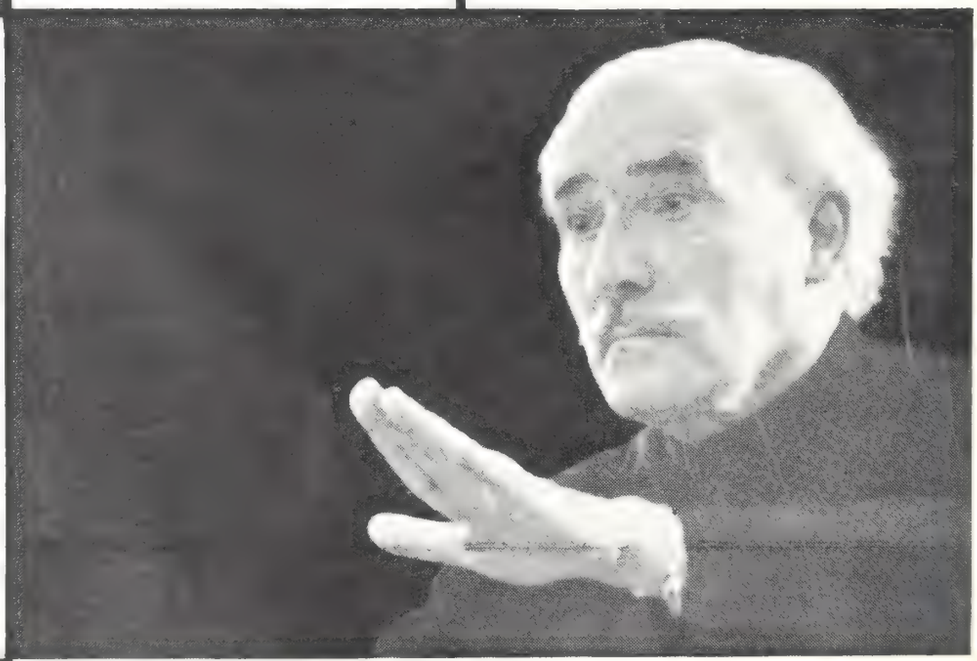


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The Future of Mendès-France

Edmond Taylor

Whether he is in office or out, "PMF" will dominate French politics for a long time to come . . . and his New Deal may pump fresh blood into his country's paralyzed capitalist system.

BEFORE these words reach print, Pierre Mendès-France may be out of office. Already he has been running France a good deal longer than most of his countrymen thought possible when he became premier last June; and it would be almost miraculous if he could hang onto the controls for another six months.

Yet for the past six months this tough little lawyer has specialized in miracles. He has rekindled hope and confidence in a nation which seemed about to drown in cynicism and defeat. He has settled a terrifying array of problems—ranging from Indochina to Germany—which every one of his predecessors for the last ten years had regarded as insoluble. Against bitter opposition, he has made himself the dominant figure in the French political landscape—a dominance he is likely to hold for as long as anyone can now foresee.

Regardless of whether he stays in office, he now seems to have at least an even chance to work the greatest miracle of all: a rearrangement of the whole party system, which will at last give France the possibility of decisive and vigorous government.

Paradoxically, this would be no revolution. It would be the exact opposite—the creation of order out of apparently unmanageable chaos. But Mendès is a man of paradoxes. For example:

(1) He has wrecked long-established American policies in both Asia and Europe, and he has defied the State Department with jaunty self-assurance. Yet he is more popular with the American public (and more respected in Washington) than any French statesman since the war.

(2) His chief aim is to pump new life into French capitalism. Yet he can succeed only with the support of the Socialist party. Moreover, his bitterest enemies—next to the Communists—are the reactionary businessmen. (These do not by any means make up the entire business community; many of the livelier modern-minded businessmen are with him.)

(3) For years French intellectuals have been arguing that Communism can be challenged only by another ideology—or, if you prefer, by another faith—or at least equal emotional pull. Mendès, who is challenging it more successfully than anyone so far, has no ideology. His appeal is deliberately calculated to cut squarely across party lines. He is a

rare specimen in this doctrinaire country: a pragmatist with little time for linespun theories.

4) He has used the nationalistic instincts of the French more shrewdly than any politician of his generation. But he also is the most "American" character in French public life—impatient, practical, bustling with energy, efficient to the verge of brusqueness, ostensibly naked of conventional Gallic charm. His program is in many ways an imitation of the New Deal. (His intimates even call him "PMF," as the White House set once referred to FDR.) All this his countrymen have accepted, in spite of their current anti-American mood. They have even come to smile at his un-French streak of puritanism; he doesn't smoke, rarely drinks, shuns parties, and is trying—not very promisingly—to wean his people away from their excessive devotion to alcohol. (They consume three times as much per capita as Americans do.)

5) Although he has few close friends, little personal warmth, and no great flair for oratory, he has attracted a remarkably dedicated following among the able young men of France; and little by little he is building a unique support among the ordinary people. In time his grip on the imagination of his countrymen may become so firm that he can operate independently of the old parties. Then, perhaps, he will be able to smash any parliamentary roadblocks by carrying the issue directly to the nation in one of his radio fireside chats, over the heads of the party leaders.

That time, however, has not yet arrived. At least for the immediate future Mendès-France will have to depend on an old-fashioned party alliance. Like the New Deal, its course will be slightly left of center. Its chief components—linked in a precarious and informal combination—must be the Radical Socialist party and the Socialists. In spite of their bold names, these are about the most arthritic and tradition-bound political organizations in France. A team more unlikely to carry through a program of thorough and fast-moving change would be hard to find.

Still—for a final paradox—Mendès-France quite possibly will bring it off.

For an explanation of this bundle of apparent contradictions, it may be useful to glance at an incident which happened last October. It throws a significant light on the long-term political outlook for Mendès—and even for France itself.

The Passing of a Scepter

The chieftains of the Radical Socialist party had gathered in Marseilles for their annual congress. They were, for the most part, plump, soberly-groomed gentlemen of a certain age—constituting one of the most essentially conservative groups in France. It used to be a popular quip that their party was neither radical, nor Socialist, nor a party; but in recent years both its conservatism and its tendency to splinter apart have been so patent that the old wheeze has lost its spice. Both the party's popularity and its intellectual prestige had been dropping steadily for at least a quarter of a century. They very nearly reached zero after the liberation, when the Radical Socialists were identified in the public mind with the disgrace of Munich and the disaster of 1940. The party's modest parliamentary recovery since that time had been mainly to the profit of a right-wing faction headed by Martinaud-Deplat.

The climax of the meeting came when Edouard Herriot, the Grand Old Man of French Radicalism, made an emotional speech in praise of Mendès-France. Pointing theatrically at his protégé (who for two decades had been something in between the party's problem child and its child prodigy) Herriot proclaimed:

"I place the future of the party in your hands. At least I can say before I go that I have glimpsed the dawn of a great renewal."

Throughout the smoke-fogged hall, the Radical tear glands—traditionally hyperactive—went into full production. Thunderous applause and vibrant singing of the national anthem seemed to ratify this mystic transfer of leadership from the heavy, rheumatic shoulders of the 82-year-old Lifetime Chairman to the 47-year-old Premier. It was all very moving. In cold reason it was also completely meaningless.

For Herriot, whose unique party title will die with him, has no tangible authority of any kind to pass on. That had been pointedly demonstrated a little earlier, when the con-

gress had re-elected Martinaud-Deplat as administrative secretary. In that job he can come nearer than anybody to the exercise of some real control over the loose-knit organization. He is, of course, an implacable enemy of Mendès-France, whom the same delegates acclaimed as their Peerless Leader.

Mendès-France's acceptance of the mantle of leadership was—in logic—equally ironic. He proudly told the congress that he had never changed his faith since he joined the Radical Socialist party in 1922. Yet all his listeners knew that he had been faithful to the party very much in his own fashion. Before the war he had been a disciple of the Socialist leader, Léon Blum; during and after the war he had followed Charles de Gaulle; and at that very moment he was heading a new movement whose adherents speak with scorn of *all* established French parties.

So it would be easy to dismiss the whole incident as a mere sample of Gallic corn. Indeed some of Mendès' followers—those who dream of disintegrating the old political groups and forming a great, new popular party somewhere in between the Democratic party in America and the Labor party in Britain—were frankly disgusted by such apparent hypocrisy.

"It would be unkind to remind our readers that opportunism has long been the guiding principle of this old party," wrote the ardently pro-Mendès editorialist in the Paris daily *Combat*.

Others suspected that Herriot's oratory disguised a canny attempt to help his party ride back to popularity on Mendès' coattails; and some thought they detected a sinister plot to infiltrate Mendès' New Deal camp with a bunch of crypto-conservatives who would sabotage all progressive measures. Perhaps such suspicions are not completely unfounded; certainly they have precedents in French (and American) political history.

Nevertheless, there are fairly weighty reasons for believing that Mendès-France's investiture as crown prince of the Radical Socialists means something more. For one thing, he still needs the party's help. In his secret heart, he probably would like to destroy it, eventually, along with the other anachronistic political machines which have plagued the nation for so long. At the moment, however, that top-to-bottom realignment of political forces—probably inevitable in the long run—seems to be proceeding much more slowly than Mendès and his friends had hoped.

So far, the only old parliamentary group to break up is the Gaullist bloc. Late in October General de Gaulle tacitly endorsed the Premier and granted his followers permission to become full-fledged adherents of the Mendèsist movement. Not all of them will make the shift. Probably a majority are now discovering, with naïve surprise, that they were elected to parliament by workers' votes, and therefore should never have been classified as belonging to the Right. But a good many others are being drawn into the opposition because of their own conservative or ultra-nationalist backgrounds.

The other Right and Center parties show no signs of any comparable disintegration. One small center group—the Democratic and Socialist Union of the Resistance—has fallen into the control of François Mitterand, Mendès' fiery, brilliant, and energetic Minister of the Interior. (He has been described as being simultaneously the Jim Farley and the Henry Wallace of the French New Deal.) But he has not yet been able to overcome completely the influence here of Mendès' old enemy, former premier René Pleven.

The Catholic party—the MRP or Popular Republican—remains implacably opposed, although a few individuals have defected to Mendès. The Independents and allied groups commanded by former Premier Antoine Pinay are more flexible, but no less determined, in their opposition—despite the presence of several Independents in Mendès' cabinet.

On the Left, the Socialists have voted consistently for Mendès' program; but they have refused, just as consistently, to join his government. Many of them are opposed on principle to the formal sharing of power in any "bourgeois" administration. Consequently their alliance with Mendès-France remains unofficial, uneasy, fragile—and absolutely indispensable if the new movement is to get anywhere. For Mendès can never expect any support from the other big party of the Left —the Communists—and would refuse it if it were offered.

It is hard to tell how durable this curious working relationship with the Socialists may turn out to be. Opinion polls have indicated that Mendès enjoys considerable popularity among all categories of French labor. Consequently, I watched with interest the way in which the working people received him during a recent speaking tour of the industrial areas of northern France, on which I accompanied him along with other members of the press corps.

Everywhere amid the factory chimneys and black slag heaps that break the sodden monotony of the Flanders plain—through the endless, grimy red-brick suburbs of Lille, Roubaix, and Tourcoing, which swarmed with surprisingly well-scrubbed, well-dressed children—the Premier drew mildly curious, quietly friendly crowds. Occasionally a thick Flemish voice would cry out, "*Vive Mendès!*" After each of his speeches—delivered in a hasty, impersonal style in a voice muffled by a bad cold—there was only polite applause.

The relative coolness of this reception in the traditionally undemonstrative North was perhaps less significant than the composition of the crowds. They consisted of medium and small bourgeois, university students, and a sprinkling of that proletarian aristocracy, the new rising class of semi-managerial industrial technicians. But because of the hostility of the Communist machine and the cool reserve of the Socialist leaders, the ordinary workers did not turn out to give the Premier a really rousing welcome.

Probably it is fair to say that most of the working class—including many rank-and-file Communists—are still watching Mendès with an attitude of cautiously hopeful suspended judgment. If his economic programs work out, this *might* change to genuine enthusiasm. Such a shift would constitute a political earthquake; for it has been many years since the average French working man has trusted any bourgeois politician.

The Habits of Elderly Politicians

THERE is a second reason for believing that the emotional scene at the Marseilles congress was not just political hokum. While Mendès is awaiting the break-up and realignment of the old parties, there is a chance that he may be able to carry his own Radical Socialists with him for a surprising distance toward his goal.

Remember that they were not always encrusted conservatives. One of my French friends, born before the turn of the century, remembers that as a child he watched from a balcony as some men marched up the avenue behind a red flag. His aunt called out to his mother:

"Quick—get the child indoors! Those are Radical Socialists!"

Periodically—at least once a generation, and usually toward the end of a Rightist parliament—the elders of the party notice that the rest of the country is swinging left. Then something happens which is as extraordinary, in its own way, as the spawning instinct of the salmon or the migratory habits of the trumpeter swan. Long-dormant memories of their revolutionary youth begin to stir in their breasts. For a while the party takes on an almost crimson hue and joins with the truly Leftist parties to form electoral alliances—which it gradually seeks first to dominate and then to scuttle. Such temporary swings to the left took place, for instance, in 1924 and again in 1936.

When Herriot named Mendès-France as his political heir last fall, he was launching another of these migrations of the party back toward its revolutionary sources. It is not likely to last for long. But while it does—and to the degree that the more conservative members join the procession—the opposition to Mendès' New Deal will be reduced. His need to find some completely new formula on which to base his movement will be reduced accordingly.

ONE of Mendès-France's greatest assets is his luck. He came to power at the precise moment when several strong currents were beginning to flow in the right direction. One example is the shift of his own party toward a more liberal course. Another is an international situation which made possible—which, indeed, demanded—radical decisions. A third is a marked improvement in the French economy.

The international setting, when he walked on the stage, was made to order for a man of his temperament. For years a succession of feeble governments had been evading action on a cluster of interlocking problems—the

Indochina war, unrest in North Africa, the European Defense Community, and a settlement with Germany. By coincidence, all of them came to a head at once; and suddenly everybody realized that decisions could be postponed no longer. The other politicians were, in general, glad enough to let Mendès make them, in the conviction that he would break his political neck.

To their astonishment, he handled the entire rapid succession of foreign crises without once stubbing his toe. Grant him full credit for courage and for superb political adroitness; it is still true that such a spectacular performance was possible only because the time was ripe. A few months earlier—say, before the fall of Dienbienphu—parliament would never have let him get away with it.

MENDES-FRANCE regards his achievements in the foreign field as a merely necessary prelude to his real job. That, as he sees it, is the rebuilding of the French economy. And here, too, the tide is running with him.

He had the good fortune to take office just when the massive Marshall Plan investments were beginning to show tangible results. Inflation has been checked; the French people, as a result, have stopped hoarding their savings under the mattress and are starting to make tentative investments in home industry. Unemployment is negligible, and the national standard of living is slowly rising. Even the chronic deficit in foreign trade is beginning to dwindle; during the first ten months of 1954, it was only half as large as in the same period of the year before. The boom in domestic business, which got under way last spring, shows no sign of a serious slackening. However unevenly and slowly, the French economic machine is beginning to renovate itself.

Enormous tasks remain, of course—but there are no critical emergencies which have to be solved radically and at once in order to avert collapse. Since the general trend is upward, a minor shove by the government from time to time is enough to keep up the momentum.

For example, when the premier decreed a modest increase in minimum wages last October—adding from 3 to 5 per cent onto pay scales which range between $60 and $70 a month—he made a real impact, at least on the economic morale of the country.

The political dividends also were disproportionately large. The fact that Mendès had offered the increase without being pressed by labor gave added weight to a promise he made at the same time. Next April, he said, he would re-examine the wage situation and see to it that the workers got a fair share of any increase in the national income which may have occurred by that date. Most of them appear to believe him. Although it seems scarcely credible, there are well authenticated reports of strikers who are refusing to follow Communist agitators in the factories, on grounds that "There is no need to strike. Mendès France will see that we get our due."

In this heartening atmosphere, the Premier and his New Dealing colleagues are launching a cautious but carefully planned attack on some of the deep-rooted evils of the French economic system. Their methods are perhaps best illustrated by the Battle of the Beets.

Experiment with Competition

FOR thirty years, the French peasants have been growing too many sugar beets. During the world-wide food shortage after the first world war, the government offered extravagant subsidies to encourage a native sugar industry; and the farmers took to the lucrative crop with enthusiasm and stayed with it long after the emergency had passed. Today 800,000 acres, particularly in the north and around Paris, are covered all summer with its dark, weedy foliage. French politicians, like their American counterparts—long ago discovered that separating a farmer from an accustomed subsidy is a delicate and painful business. Consequently, they fell into the habit of converting the surplus beets into industrial alcohol—manufactured in countless inefficient little distilleries scattered throughout the countryside. Although the alcohol soon became surplus too, successive governments have kept on buying it at high support prices. Most of it is diverted, like the American butter, straight into our stockpiles. The rest was forced onto the oil companies (mostly government-owned and therefore politically vulnerable) which were compelled to blend it into their gasoline.

By 1954 this racket had become a mon-

[illegible] The sinister alliance [illegible] and refiners—reinforced by a parasitic private bureaucracy which had grown up around it—had developed into the dominant [illegible] French vested interests. For any [illegible] to lay his hands on the beet-alcohol lobby has long been considered the equivalent of political hara-kiri.

Mendès-France was the first who dared put this axiom to the test. He lowered the price of the current beet-crop—enough to make the peasants howl a little—and ordered a further cut next year. He then diverted most of the harvest to the sugar refineries, paying the distilleries a modest dole to keep their stills cold. The result was an even bigger surplus of sugar: but he handled that by arranging to mix it with milk—also in surplus—and to distribute the sweetened drink free to school children.

Courageous but seldom Quixotic, Mendès did not push his attack on the beet lobby too far. He also took advantage of the discreet support offered by two rival interests—the international oil industry, and the milk producers of Normandy (where he has his own political roots). His complicated juggling with price supports and farm quotas did not entirely solve the beet problem, nor did it add up to any substantial saving for the taxpayers. Nevertheless, it was a step toward a solution—the first in decades. Next year fewer beets will be planted, and a number of distilleries will be converted to other uses. A few years more may see a large sector of the French economy converted from a wasting sore into a national asset.

SIMILAR canny methods characterize Mendès-France's approach to the economy's other chronic ailments. Because the shortage of decent housing is one of the major reasons for working-class discontent, he is trying to reform the archaic construction industry—still operating with pre-Napoleonic methods—and to speed up a program for building low-rent apartments. Moreover, his chief economic aide, Finance Minister Edgar Faure, is encouraging industrialists to adopt American techniques. The results, up to now, are spotty but quite impressive. For example, one clothing manufacturer—the Vestra Company of Strasbourg—managed to increase its output per man hour by 30 per cent simply by following the advice of an American consultant. At the same time it cut its prices 15 per cent, raised its sales by 40 per cent—and, most revolutionary of all for a French business, put through a 15 per cent increase in wages.

The *New York Times* has reported how the same consultant—Mark Shaw, a chain store man from Texas and the Pacific Coast—helped reorganize a good part of the shoe industry with even more spectacular results. Some plants have made a 50 per cent gain in productivity, while raising wages and expanding sales. Not a single employee lost his job in the process; but the Communists did lose control of at least one shoe factory union.

Is He a Conservative?

FOR the early future, the Premier is planning a more far-reaching (and painful) treatment. He intends to expose French industry to the bracing winds of competition, by gradually tearing away its protective walls of tariffs, subsidies, and cartel arrangements. For many years, the typical French capitalists have shunned the rigors of free enterprise, in the American sense of that term. They have found it much more comfortable to vegetate within their hot-house system of limited output, high prices, and sheltered markets. They have been humored in these habits by the government, which has no equivalent of our anti-trust laws or Federal Trade Commission. As one of Mendès-France's young braintrusters, Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, puts it:

"The state has nearly become an agency to stifle competition."

It is inevitable, of course, that some of these pampered industries will not be able to survive such a drastic change in climate. So Mendès is setting up a "reconversion fund" to help them switch over to new methods and new products—and, incidentally, to ease the political pressures which the change is sure to generate.

Behind all these economic schemes lies a single purpose: to make France independently strong. Strong enough to live without American aid . . . strong enough to keep Germany from dominating Europe . . . strong enough to break the hold of the Communists on the French working class and to give France a

voice which must be heard in any future negotiations between East and West.

The unabashed nationalism of these aims has aroused the fiercest opposition to Mendès-France, both at home and abroad. It also has led him into what some of his opponents regard as his most serious mistake.

Most of the men who had directed French policy almost without interruption from 1947 until 1954—Bidault, Schuman and the other leaders of the Catholic party—think of themselves primarily as "Europeans." They doubt whether France, standing alone, can ever regain much real strength. They believe its future must be found in some kind of European federation, which would bind all the nations of Western Europe together into a single economic and political unit. This was the philosophy behind the Schuman Plan for federating the continent's steel and coal industries, and the late-lamented scheme for a supranational European Defense Community. They cannot forgive Mendès for his refusal "to behave like a good European"—and their bitterness is shared by like-minded statesmen in Belgium, Holland, England, and West Germany.

With some reason. In the almost brutal nationalism of his policy toward Germany, Mendès-France may have badly overplayed his hand. During the recent negotiations over the Saar, he forced Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to agree to terms which—many Germans believe—amount to a virtual annexation of that strategic industrial area by France. By so doing, the Premier weakened Adenauer's influence with his own people, inflamed German nationalism, and created a grievance which may embitter Franco-German relationships for years to come.

THERE is no evidence, however, that Mendès-France's harshness toward Germany, or his brusque tone with America and the other allies, has damaged his standing with the French voters. On the contrary. Probably most of them see in the very roughness of his international manners a symbol of recaptured national pride, a renewal of self-respect.

This burgeoning mood of confidence may be both the chief accomplishment of Mendès-France and the most significant clue to his future. He is restoring to the disillusioned French a measure of confidence in the process of government itself—a belief that government can actually accomplish something, that politics can amount to more than a shabby, disreputable charade. But this sprouting faith can continue to grow only if he can keep on doing things which other politicians did not even dare attempt.

"Because Mendès can think, people assume that he is a man of the Left," remarked one of my French friends who himself leans well to the Left of Center. "But that assumption is all wrong. The fact is that he is merely an intelligent Conservative."

No doubt it is a healthy sign when such Frenchmen are willing to admit that there can be such a thing as "an intelligent Conservative." But it seems to me that the term is not quite an accurate label for Mendès-France. He is too captivated by the notion of movement. He knows that he is like a bicycle rider, who can keep from falling only so long as he keeps rolling.

IN MENDES' political theology, therefore, the archfiend, the eternal enemy, is neither reaction nor revolution, neither social injustice nor disorder. It is—in his own phrase—*immobilisme*: that is, immobility or stagnation. When the Socialists were trying to pin him down to a hard-and-fast economic and social program, as a condition for entering his cabinet, he is rumored to have said to one of them: "My program? To keep moving."

The anecdote may not be authentic, but the attitude it reflects certainly is. Beneath this attitude, moreover, may be detected two typically Radical Socialist positions. One is the stubborn Radical refusal ever to give up freedom of action; in essence, it is very similar to the chronic political independence of the old-fashioned American liberal. The other is the typical Radical-Socialist—and liberal—belief in the idea of progress.

The word has been so over-worked, and the idea has been so often betrayed in the Europe of this century, that "progress" no longer is very fashionable. So Mendès uses the word sparingly—but when he talks constantly of "movement" he means the same thing: movement toward a better life for all.

His concept of progress, however, is a highly sophisticated development of the classic Radical Socialist idea. At the root of each is

almost religious belief in science. To the nineteenth-century Radicals, science meant [illegible] sciences and the technology built upon them. To Mendès, it means primarily the social sciences—especially modern post-Keynesian economics—tempered with a strong dash of American pragmatism. He holds that increased productivity is the key to social progress. Like many Americans, he believes in making the pie bigger; and he rejects the Marxist theory that the only question is how the pie should be sliced. At times, indeed, he seems to regard social justice as essentially a question of know-how.

Where he differs from many Conservatives —including some who are supposed to be intelligent—is in his insistence that the know-how be applied, instead of just applauded. This has confused both Americans and Frenchmen, and has resulted in his being called everything from a French Taft to a French Kerensky.

Actually, of course, he is neither. He is simply a twentieth-century Radical Socialist—another of those French miracles. And whether he is in office or out, the movement he has started is likely to set the tone of French political life for many a year to come.

But Would He Fit into the Team?

INDIVIDUALS cannot be classified into neat little bundles and judged wholly on their capacity for adjustment. The other day I took one of the standard psychological testing sheets used so widely now in personnel work and applied it to a rare and highly individualistic American—Benjamin Franklin. Based on what we know of Franklin's character, I could only conclude that he would have had bad luck winning a place for himself today if he were judged on these standards.

Some of the questions are rather interesting. One, for example, asks, "Do you daydream?" Ben, I am afraid, did. An affirmative answer would merit a poor score on the test, although Franklin's daydreams brought useful results in fields ranging from political science to stoves and bifocal spectacles.

"Are you impatient?", another question reads. Ben was—at least, he was impatient with conditions he found unsatisfactory and equally so with the people he thought responsible. "Are you more entertained by books than by companions?" I would guess that he was, at least by some books than by some companions. The response would be held against him presumably on the theory that it is better to be gregarious than to be well-read. On some questions, I must concede I was unable to find any answer. Did he, for example, "get hungry suddenly with a quick pang?" I don't know, nor am I sure what that question is supposed to tell us.

My guess is, too, that Charles Goodyear and Elias Howe would have been rated as impractical dreamers, and Thomas Edison, with a history of insomnia and carelessness in dress, might well have been regarded by the modern personnel manager as an undesirable risk.

From a speech by Crawford H. Greenewalt, president of E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Oct. 20, 1954.

The peculiar civilization of the West Coast has changed a lot recently . . . and it now offers both a warning and a promise to the rest of the country.

The California Culture

Bruce Bliven

Drawings by N. M. Bodecker

If you want to know what the civilization of the United States will be like tomorrow, take a look at California today. Some of the best and worst features of our national life originated in the Golden State, and others occur there in more than life size. Californians are restless and adventurous; their incomes are a fifth higher than the national average; two-thirds of them have lived in their present communities only thirty years or less, and feel little compulsion to be bound by tradition.



Unless you have checked on California conditions quite recently, your concept of life in that state is probably rather out of date. You may be thinking of it as the place where the movie stars practice what might be called consecutive monogamy; where hundreds of thousands of retired Iowans come to warm their aging bones in the hot sunshine and to vote for golden chimeras like the Townsend Plan. The California of your memory is very likely the one where every roadside stand is built in the shape of the product it sells—a giant hot dog if the product is frankfurters, a huge freezer if it is ice cream.

In that nostalgic California, Carmel was the Greenwich Village of the West, home of writers and painters; queer religious sects blossomed along the ocean and on the fringes of the desert; billboards were decorated eight hours a day with living models; Aimee Semple McPherson made evangelism into big business; and ostrich farms and orange groves were conveniently near one another, presumably so that you could feed whole oranges to an ostrich in quick succession, and see them follow one another down his elongated gullet like pearls on a string.

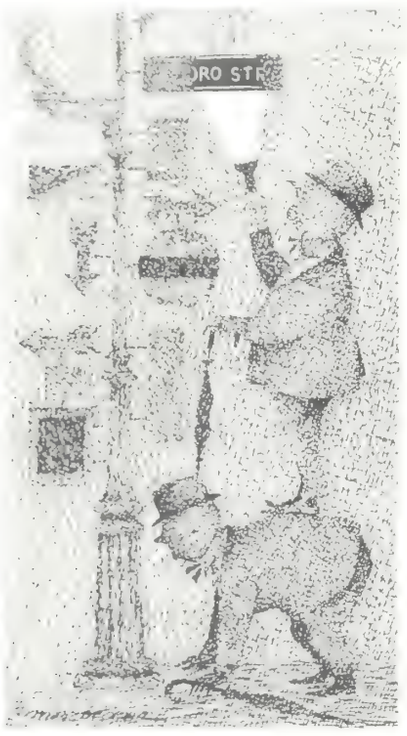
To be sure, some of these aspects of the old California still remain. Nowhere in the United States are home barbecue pits more like the Taj Mahal, or the sayings on barbecue aprons more like Joe Miller's *Joke Book*. The opening of a new supermarket is still an occasion for mass ecstasy, with searchlights and symphony orchestras. Small towns continue to put signs along the highway expressing the jubilation of their inhabitants at being allowed to live in such a blessed spot, jubilation only slightly tainted by the fact that almost every last ranch house and every square inch of vacant land is for sale. You can still find the sort of booster represented by the man who said to a group of Eastern visitors admiring a spectacular sky: "Yes, it *is* a pretty sunset if I do say so myself."

Paradise, Slightly Shopworn

Yet the changes are probably more important than the things that remain unchanged. The Californians have been doing their best to ruin the state as a place in which to live, and over substantial areas have come surprisingly near to succeeding. While the population has been increasing 300 per cent in thirty years, industry has gone up 800 per cent. California is crowded today with steel mills, automobile assembly plants, shipyards, big chemical and oil installations. In the cities, finance has become high

finance: the charcoal flannel suit and the smoke to mean to speak of the black Homburg and the tightly rolled umbrella, are beating back the Hawaiian shirt worn outside the trousers, and the palm-leaf fan advertising the nearest mortuary establishment.

As one town after another has been overrun by industry and therefore largely destroyed as a place for pleasant living, Californians, not unnaturally, display an ambivalence toward the development. A small minority, most of



them already well-to-do, profit directly from the sale of land for factories and from accompanying activities, and are delighted. Another and larger minority find work in the factories; if you assume they would be in California anyhow, and that people cannot prosper indefinitely by taking in one another's washing, it is probably a good thing that they should be kept off the relief rolls. The standard argument is that with a population growing so rapidly, the cost of public services tends to expand in a geometrical ratio (the state government's operating deficit is increasing about $1,250,000 a week). Householders' taxes, it is argued, cannot possibly carry the burden, and bringing industry in is therefore essential, no matter how this may devastate the community landscape. City planners deny this, saying that industry's taxes do no more than cover the added burden it creates, while a well planned residential section also pays its own way; but the notion is now almost universally believed.

An odd mutation of the American Dream is to be seen in the case of the elderly retired person who has bought a small house intending to live out his days in it. The constant pressure of population pushes up real-estate prices almost everywhere, and his house has a steadily increasing book value. He usually doesn't intend to sell it; his taxes keep increasing, which he doesn't like; he is plagued by crowds everywhere—including, as a rule, crowds of automobiles rushing past his home in what was probably, not long ago, a quiet residential street. Yet all this means to him a success story of some sort, and he gives every evidence of being pleased by his misery, even though he won't admit it. (It is standard practice for an old farmer from Iowa to arrive on a Tuesday and next week Thursday to begin inveighing against "the newcomers from Iowa who are spoiling everything.")

The Booster and the Smog

One result of the attempt to make California one vast Pittsburgh with palms has lately made headlines across the country. I had read in the New York papers about smog, but I had no idea what it was like until I arrived in Los Angeles on a breathless August day, to find visibility down almost to zero, and was forced to sit weeping copiously, unable to read or to do anything else involving close use of the eyes, until the visitation lifted. On this day, schools and offices closed shortly after noon; doctors postponed operations; and many people visited oculists for emergency treatment.

Whether California will ever really grapple with the problem remained an open question when these words were written. Unfortunately, there are a number of simultaneous causes for smog and each of them involves a vested interest with political influence. The big refineries and industrial plants, many of them only lately come to California, are naturally reluctant to close down; they are spending a lot of money on smog research without thus far achieving very substantial results. Automobiles, of which Los Angeles has the world's thickest jam, are the basis for the whole economy of the region; thus far, no one has devised an inexpensive trap for

pollutants in the exhaust, or if he has, it is still a secret. Every California backyard contains an incinerator in which the householder burns his trash and sometimes his garbage; collection of these items for disposal elsewhere costs money, and neither the householder nor the municipality wants to pay for it. And even when household refuse is collected, it is standard practice in California to take it a mile or two outside of town and burn it, on the naïve assumption that a cloud of smoke a couple of miles away doesn't matter.

Old-time California boosterism is exhibited in relation to smog. I talked to dozens of people about it, people living in widely separated districts. Each man admitted that it is a terrible problem but in each case, by miraculous coincidence, his own house was exempt, lying in a smog-free enclave of its own. The nasty stuff engulfed his neighbors on all sides; three blocks away it was asphyxiating; but he himself enjoyed ambient air of unparalleled purity.

Los Angeles, which has had smog for years in steadily increasing volume, didn't even consider doing anything effective about it until it was threatened last fall by a Donora-type disaster. The San Francisco Bay region is following precisely the same course, with a lag of a few years. In that part of the state, co-operative action by several counties is required; whenever an attempt is made to bring them together, a cold war starts.

People on the Jump

EVERYBODY knows nowadays about the rapid growth of California's population. The state is increasing at three times the national average, and the rate is accelerating; in the past twelve years alone the number of new Californians has been greater than the total population of 40 of the 48 states, or of Finland, Norway, Denmark, or Switzerland. The Californians, pleased by what is in many aspects a disaster, try to conceal their smiles as they tell you that at certain times population has gone up three times as fast as Texas and four times as fast as Florida.

The growth, slightly more than half of which is by migration and the rest by excess of births over deaths, amounts to about 1,400 a day. This means, among many other things, that the state needs every day a new schoolhouse of thirteen or fourteen rooms. It spends nearly $1 million daily on roads, and is terribly behind. It is also terribly behind on hospitals, jails, drainage and sewer systems, and everything else you can think of. When I arrived in California for a stay of some months, I remarked casually at a dinner party that I should need to make contact with a doctor and a dentist. Promptly my friends began discussing, not the merits of local practitioners of these professions, but how some overworked man could be persuaded to accept me as a patient.

This rapid growth makes California a happy hunting ground for sociological surveys. The tide of population sweeps away many old landmarks, creating, it is said, insecurity, confusion, and some breakdown of standards of behavior. Every politician when he runs for re-election finds quantities of strangers in his district who know of him slightly if at all. Mailing lists more than a few months old are almost unusable.

Not only do people move into the state in fantastic numbers; they are equally restless within its borders. Some of them are yanked back and forth remorselessly by big corporations; others move for any of a variety of reasons, or for none. At a recent party in Los Altos, given to introduce some of the newcomers to older inhabitants—a few of whom had lived there four or five years and were therefore practically prehistoric—a young matron was heard to remark a little wearily that she and her family had moved thirty-nine times in ten years. Her husband works for a big company.

Naturally, moving service is carried to great heights in a state where there is so much of it. One firm that I have heard of will pack all your possessions, move and unpack them, put everything away, cook your first dinner in the new house, and have it smoking hot on the table when you arrive.

The Political Backwash

MANY efforts have been made to explain the ultra-conservative character of certain California communities. Los Angeles shares with Houston, Texas, the dubious honor of being the country's most backward community—in refusing to permit

teachers about the United Nations to be taught in the public schools, and in rejecting an offer of badly needed aid for teachers because it came from one of the great foundations. Fanatics from that city frightened Governor Goodwin Knight into refusing to join the rest of the country in commemorating United Nations Day.

About one-quarter of California's migrants are over sixty-five, almost all of the remainder under thirty-five. Contrary to the common notion, the elderly arrivals do not—or anyway should not—come to California to participate in her generous old-age-pension plan. You cannot benefit from this plan until you have lived in the state five years, and even then, you have to be poor enough to pass a rather drastic means test: you may own only a small amount of property, and if you have relatives who could support you, the state will try to force them to do so.

THE typical elderly migrant is a person who has some money, and it is often said that this makes him unusually conservative politically, but there is actually little evidence of this. California has put through a lot of advanced social legislation, and elderly people seem to have voted for it in the same proportion as younger ones. They have also voted heavily in every election for the Townsend Plan or one of its many variants, which would in all cases put a heavy burden on the tax rates. A better explanation would seem to be that there is a natural westering tropism for crackpots, and that, while comparatively few in number, they are excessively vocal. They shout down the more sensible majority, especially since they always wrap themselves in the flag. If anybody has the courage to say "Boo!" to them, the results are often spectacularly good.

For many years, California elections were simple; until last year you just voted for Earl Warren for Governor on all tickets except the Communist and called it a day. Because of cross-filing a man could win the primary of several parties simultaneously, which is what Warren and a few other people habitually did. California got a reputation for having an enormous independent vote; but then the Legislature modified the law to say that while you could run on as many tickets as you pleased, you had to specify some one party as being your own. With a jerk, the state went back to party regularity. It turned out that the voters hadn't been independent at all; they had just been unable to remember the party affiliations of the dozens of men on the ballot. As soon as they had a chance, they gleefully plumped for the straight ticket.

The Contented Suburbs

ALMOST all of California's newcomers have moved into detached single houses; in only a few places has congestion mounted high enough to warrant apartment houses and—perhaps with an eye on the possibility of earthquakes—even these tend to spread out, low and rambling. The new houses are handsome, if you like modern design. The most vital and characteristic development, the ranch house, has now spread to parts of the country where it is far less appropriate than in the mild winter climate for which it was first intended.

The old people who come to California to retire are unlikely to buy a house in a new tract, but the young family with small children leaps avidly at the chance. The result is that new suburban developments are opened, one after the other, like popcorn over a hot fire. It's not hard to envisage the California of a few years hence as one vast suburb, spreading from the mountains to the sea, from Mexico to Oregon, with all its inhabitants riding around all day in baby-blue four-door sedans at 35 miles an hour, obediently halting for the stop sign at the end of every block.

These communities suffer from the same problems that bedevil the mass-produced suburbs elsewhere. All the adults are about the same age—thirty-five or less; the husbands are away all day; the children never see any old people. If the breadwinner is out of a job for more than a few weeks, the house soon goes back to the bank and is put up for resale; this happened in a lot of cases in the recession of 1953-54. Unwary buyers find they must suddenly join together to arrange—and pay for—schools, parks, sewers, storm drains, even hospitals and fire protection.

While the sociologists wring their hands over these things, I must record that so far as I can discover, the tract-dwellers love their houses and the modern gadgets with which

they are equipped, they don't worry about the future, and they form satisfactory social patterns with the greatest of ease and dexterity.

THE young California matron works a sixteen-hour day and loves it. She is the family chauffeur and the household shopper (nothing is delivered). She patronizes a vast new shopping center, with acres of parking space and a young man in a tower, with microphone and loud-speaker, to guide her to an empty berth for her car. She does all her own work, or nearly all, perhaps having a woman come in once a week. Between times, she is an enthusiastic, active member of the parent-teacher association, the American Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters, and quite possibly two or three local societies with fancy names, which meet to hear visiting lecturers or to have the latest books and plays reviewed by one of their own members.

The young husband is as contented as his wife, even though he rarely sees his home by daylight except on weekends. He does most of the garden work, he tinkers with his car, he is dragged to some of the concerts and woman's-club lectures. In many cases, he came to California in the Armed Services during World War II or the Korean War, and brought his family out to settle there after returning to civilian life. As the one responsible for the move, he is spiritually committed to the state; he has to like it, and he does.

In California—who could have failed to hear?—flowers bloom all the year around and it seems as though even a broom handle thrust into the earth would promptly put forth foliage. I know a man who recently moved from Los Angeles to a suburb near San Francisco by means of six huge vans, five of them full of his camellia plants, an operation which to any California gardener would seem quite normal.

Gardeners visiting one another perform a ritual dance like that of the whooping crane.

"My, my," says a visitor, "what a pretty garden!"

"Yours is pretty, too," says the host, and proceeds to deprecate his own incredibly beautiful precincts.

It is part of the California mores never to



call on anyone without bringing a small gift of home-raised fruit or vegetables. I know a man who complains sadly that in the past three years he has practically never eaten any of his own produce (which he prefers) because the neighbors bring so much, and he has to give away such quantities in return.

Natural Habitat of the Auto

CALIFORNIA didn't invent the automobile, but nowhere else, so far as I know, has its use come to such complete flowering. This was the first state to have enough cars so that every inhabitant could roll simultaneously, and today it has gone far beyond that, in most regions to one car for every adult. For instance:

The town of Burlingame casually passed an ordinance the other day that every three-bedroom house to be erected in the future must be equipped with a two-car garage, and nobody but me thought this at all remarkable, or seemed to be reminded of Herbert Hoover.

Not far from where I am living, there is a family with six adults and six automobiles; they have simply turned part of their front lawn into a parking lot.

A few months ago, an unemployed carpenter in the town of Hayward was refused state unemployment compensation on the sole ground that he did not own an automobile. The state official ruled that without a car, this man was not immediately available for work if it were offered to him.

Even with California's crowded and mostly

inadequate highways, people hop into their cars on the flimsiest excuse, and drive huge distances. A few months ago in the middle of the rainy season, I was invited to lunch in a house reached by several miles of perilous mountain road. There was a cloudburst just as I started, and I was proud of my hardihood in not turning back. A dozen other guests had each come a minimum of fifty miles, and after lunch departed casually—in ten or eleven cars—for the fifty-mile drive home.

Vandals by the Thousands

Among the migrants who are attracted to California are juvenile delinquents of both sexes, helping to make this problem 40 per cent worse than the national average. They pour into the state by the thousands from all over the country; every six months, several trainloads of them are collected and sent back home at a cost of many thousands of dollars. I started to keep a file of news about it (omitting actual crime like rape and robbery) in the immediate vicinity of the place where I happened to be living, but gave up in despair after a few weeks. In that length of time, I collected a grim dossier of which these are a few typical examples:

A group of high-school boys, celebrating a football victory, broke into an unoccupied and valuable house, got drunk, and burned it to the ground.

Another group pulled up all the roadside traffic signs along twenty miles of highway, and piled them in a heap on the lawn of a man whom, apparently, they didn't like.

Several boys and girls, riding in an open car, threw pebbles into the windows of cars passing in the opposite direction, causing at least one bad crash.

Young vandals invaded the old-fashioned estate of a wealthy citizen, whose gardens were decorated with valuable statues, and destroyed as many of these as they could, pulling them from their pedestals and breaking off all breakable parts.

Throughout California, a special problem is Commencement night at the local high school; it is a tradition that the members of the graduating class stay out all night, get drunk, and if possible get themselves killed on the highway. Elaborate plans are now made to circumvent this impulse toward mass suicide. The Commencement dance begins at midnight, lasts all night, and formal dress is obligatory; the idea is to keep the children occupied until dawn, if possible, and to arrange that if they do escape, their dinner jackets and long dresses will notify the bartenders in roadhouses that these customers are under age.

High, Middle, and Lowbrow

Sophisticated writers like Evelyn Waugh and Aldous Huxley who have satirized California civilization overlook the fact that here, as everywhere else in the world, culture exists simultaneously at many levels, which function happily side by side. Most people seek the recreations appropriate to their intellectual capacity. Thus, those who can never hope to break the IQ level of 100 (going up) are presumably the group that is enchanted by a hot-dog stand in the shape of a hot dog, or cheerfully waits for hours in the street at a movie "premeer" to get a glimpse of the stars on their way in.

As Russell Lynes has pointed out, people at each intellectual level tend to show great moral indignation because of the way in which those at a lower level spend their spare time. In fact, the 64 per cent of us who are in the middle intelligence group tend to disapprove in both directions—of the comic-book readers below us and of the Kafka-Kierkegaard Axis above—unless the members of the latter are smart enough, as many of them are, to dissemble their brains.

In California as elsewhere you can find art, literature, music, and drama to suit your own taste. Californians buy one and a half times as many books as their numbers would suggest, and the range of quality is presumably the same as in other parts of the country. They subscribe to highbrow magazines in the same proportion. I have no statistics on art and music, but both of them seem to be flourishing mightily. Every little town has its association of Sunday painters and gives an annual show, with many creditable works—at the level, say, of Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower.

The big cities have good symphony orchestras, and few indeed are the high schools

without an orchestra and a band, each of a hundred pieces. When Carmel gives its annual Bach Festival, every motel for fifty miles around is booked solid. All winter long, touring musicians give concerts throughout the state. For a random example, in the Santa Clara Valley each of eleven small communities is presenting this winter a series of concerts. You buy a season ticket to those in your own community, and this lets you attend those in the other ten towns as well, at an average cost of ten cents per concert, to hear such performers as Risë Stevens, the Robert Shaw Chorale, Camilla Wicks, and the Budapest and Paganini String Quartets.

The theatrical situation is somewhat more complicated. "The road," which is forever dying, has succumbed again, this time under the impact of television, and its place has been taken by a proliferation of little theaters on an amateur or semi-professional basis. In a few cases, they present new plays by local dramatists, but for the most part they stick to the Broadway successes of yesterday, and to the classics. A few of these little theaters are very good indeed; everyone knows about the Pasadena and La Jolla Playhouses, where Hollywood stars, chafing under the restraints of the movies, perform happily for little remuneration or none.

In the typical little theater, however, the situation is more spotty. The direction, acting, scenery, and lighting range from pretty good to pretty awful; on the other hand, the quality of the plays themselves is high. For instance, on a fairly characteristic weekend not long ago, playgoers in the San Francisco Bay region could choose among: "Oedipus," by Sophocles; "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes; "The Madwoman of Chaillot," by Giraudoux; "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward; "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde; "The Play's the Thing," by Molnar; "The Climate of Eden," by Moss Hart; "The Country Girl," by Odets; "Season in the Sun," by Gibbs; "The Happy Time," by Taylor; "Night Must Fall," by Williams; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner," by Kaufman and Hart. This is a far better group of choices than has been simultaneously on display on Broadway in forty years. Californians, perhaps making the best of their situation, have told me they would rather see a mediocre production of a great play than a polished performance of a lot of trash. It is an interesting point.

Writers: Professional and Otherwise

Not only does California consume literature; it produces writing of all types and every quality. Magazine editors know that the Golden State provides far more than its fair proportion of manuscripts that come in unsolicited—"over the transom." The state swarms with amateur writers who go on cheerfully year after year, getting published at long intervals, or not at all. If you



had an eight-line poem in the *Ladies' Home Journal* in 1952, that fact is worth mentioning every time you are introduced at a writers' conference, up to and including 1955. These conferences proliferate like measles spots; sometimes the participants pay a fee, and there is a professional staff, but far more often the writers just gang together for an afternoon of commiseration and reading their own works aloud. Judgments uttered on these occasions are conspicuously gentle; the critic always remembers that it may be his turn next.

Beyond this, there are professional writers, who are at least twice as numerous as the law of averages would suggest. California has a century-old tradition as a spawning ground for authorship, native writers seeking to be called to New York, where they struggle for enough success to go home to California again. Every reader of murder mysteries has noted from internal evidence that at least half of the authors now live in the West; so do a good proportion of creators of every other

type of imaginative work, including the youthful writers of *avant-garde* novels.

California journalism seems to me to be about up to the average level elsewhere in the United States outside New York. Most California papers have little authentic local flavor, but that is true everywhere. Radio and television are about as good and bad as they are in other places; the producing community in Hollywood which now turns out so much of the national television fare is isolated from the rest of the state, and spins its material out of its own inward consciousness; everything goes to New York and then comes back for California listeners and viewers, usually several weeks late. The same thing is true of the movies—they are in California but not of it.

Generalizations about the proportion of support for highbrow and lowbrow activity in any community must of course be carefully checked. There is an important lesson in the experience of the British Broadcasting Company with its Third Program, intended to be the eggheads' delight and to make no compromise with the public taste. When the BBC conducted a survey, however, it found that three out of four of the highbrows were ignoring the program; they never listen to *anything* on the radio, sharing the snobbish attitude of their opposite numbers in this country. On the other hand, among the lowbrows supposed to be hopelessly incapable of enjoying that sort of thing, 10 per cent were habitual devotees. There are so many lowbrows that 10 per cent of them outnumbered 25 per cent of the highbrows sixteen to one.

The Invisible People

DESPITE industrialization, California is still one of the top states in the nation in agricultural production; there is an enormous need for farm labor, much of it migratory workers who move about with the seasons, bringing in crop after crop. The state is ambivalent about the workers, as it is about so many other things. There is hostility to those of Mexican birth or parentage; in Los Angeles it was popular for a long time to blame all trouble with teen-age gangs on the *pachucos*. Californians fulminated against the wetbacks until it began to seem really possible that the supply of them might be choked off by international agreement; then the editorialists hastily reversed. The itinerant agricultural workers—"fruit tramps," they are called—also continue to include a good many of the Okies and Arkies about whom John Steinbeck wrote in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Everyone tells me that conditions for these workers are much better now than they were when his book was published fifteen years ago, and I have no reason to doubt it.

Many thousands of these fruit tramps move about the state, month after month, almost invisibly so far as the bulk of the solid, respectable, middle-class citizens are concerned.

Their cars on the roads are indistinguishable for the most part from those of anyone else. The big ranches and orchards provide inconspicuous living quarters, used only a few weeks of the year, and in other cases the community helps out. Nobody ever talks about this great human tide; it is never mentioned by press or radio. On some morning when any given crop is ready for the harvest, you will suddenly see hundreds of figures in working clothes—men, women, and a plethora of children—clustered over the fields adjacent to the highway; a few days later these same fields are empty again—except for a huge pile of filled boxes waiting for the trucks.

H. G. Wells in his famous book, *The Time Machine*, wrote of a civilization in the distant future in which all work was done by rodent-like human mutants living underground, while the surface dwellers had also degenerated into childlike, happy creatures, totally incapable of taking care of themselves. The analogy is certainly imperfect so far as California's cheerful and competent middle-class society is concerned; but there is a thought here. I'm glad I'm not a fruit tramp.

A similar report on recent changes in the culture of Florida will appear in the **February** *issue.*

A university adviser to industry looks at the "engineer shortage" and at . . .

The Trouble with Engineers

George S. Odiorne

EACH spring, with the coming of the crocus, the campus of every college that can boast an engineering school undergoes its annual invasion. Recruiting agents from large industrial concerns descend on the students with attractive offers of employment; some blue-ribbon institutions receive proposals from a single company to hire the entire senior class. So important are these future engineers to industry that the professional recruiter who can charm large numbers of them into the services of his employer in advance of graduation has become more valuable, and more highly paid, than the engineers he recruits.

There are just not enough engineers in the United States to go round—not enough to meet minimum national needs at present, let alone in the future. During the past four years, in which the shortage has grown acute, the yearly supply of engineering graduates has gone steadily down. Our record sharply contrasts with that of the Soviet Union, where the annual number has been increasing—as Benjamin Fine recently pointed out in the *New York Times*—and is now two and one-half times our own. If the number of engineers is any indication, we are losing the race for technical superiority.

This is the somber reality behind the organized—and often ludicrous—courting of engineering students: the full-page ads in the college newspapers, expense-paid tours of the company plants during winter and spring vacations, and reams of propaganda done up in the glossiest Madison Avenue style. Youngsters with two years' experience at Amalgamated Washnut appear in testimonials, looking relaxed and well fed, to endorse the company. The text suggests that industry has been stagnant, awaiting the arrival of this year's senior, who will immediately on joining Amalgamated find himself on an upward escalator to wealth and prestige.

SUCH is the young engineer's introduction to his profession. During his subsequent period of adjustment to industry, however, the aftereffect of these gaudy techniques may be an unpleasant one. Having overrated his value to society, he may be overly disillusioned when he finds he is less valuable than he thought. And how valuable is he? Obviously the engineer is essential to the industrial scheme of things, but it is not so obvious what he does or why he does it. One of the engineer's worst disillusionments can be his discovery that his function is little understood—either by the public, by his employer, or even by himself.

Not long ago, for example, there was a sharp decline in the performance of a group of electronic engineers in the New Jersey plant of a large television manufacturer. Faced with the problem of firing these scarce men, or keeping drones on the payroll, the company's personnel department decided to hold a grievance session, where at last the engineers confessed the real source of their dissatisfaction. After several years of arduous

effort—and startling improvements in the complicated mechanism they were making—they had suddenly been told that the product was being dropped and that they would be assigned to other work.

These men were bitterly angry at the company, the front office, and the people they called "buckslip shufflers," and soon their complaints at being unappreciated were flying across the table. At some length a company official tried to explain that the item had become economically impracticable to produce and that "cost-regrouping imperatives" required its being dropped. Quite unconvinced, one young scientist hotly announced that he was quitting. He would look for another job, he said, "where I'll have a chance to work on pure engineering without having to worry about these *commercial* problems."

Granted that this unhappy specialist had a case; many companies do for economic or psychological reasons many things their own engineers know to be inefficient. Yet it is a good example of how an industry, crying for engineers, can fail to get the most from its own. This is the real "inefficiency," this abrasive friction that is caused when two conceptions of engineering grate against each other. I am afraid this particular engineer will discover, in the next few years, that the so-called pure technician is becoming an anachronism. And I am afraid that he will not be the only engineer to be embittered and frustrated by that discovery.

ANYONE who doubts the seriousness with which industry takes the engineer shortage need only refer to the Help Wanted–Male section of any large metropolitan newspaper. An informal check I have made of the Sunday *New York Times*, off and on over an extended period, has generally revealed about fifteen columns among the fifty-odd in the classified section to be ads for engineers. This tops even the shortage of salesmen, who rank second with about eleven columns.

Numerous proposals have been made to remedy this situation, most of them by enlarging the supply of engineering manpower. Some have suggested study of the obstacles that turn students away from engineering early in their education. General Leslie R. Groves, the military engineer who ran the wartime atomic-bomb project, has even argued that "failure to teach the fundamentals of arithmetic" is the major cause of trouble and that restoration of corporal punishment in the classroom is the way to remove it. Since the time it takes to train an engineer is so long, however, these solutions can have no immediate effect. Rarely do the most enlightened discussions—including that of the late Dr. Karl T. Compton of MIT, in an issue of the *Scientific American* devoted to the human resources of the United States—raise the question we ought to ask, which is *how to use effectively the engineers we already have.*

THE National Society of Professional Engineers is a notable exception, for a study it has made indicates the serious possibility that we are now wasting our most scarce and expensive manpower. Assuming this is true, the solution would appear to be simple: study what engineers do, identify the non-engineering portions of it, and solve the engineering shortage by eliminating them. Unfortunately this is not so easy as it sounds, for in first asking what an engineer is we will encounter conflicting views.

One is the engineer as society sees him—which is anyone who has accumulated technical knowledge above the workman stage, a definition that could easily include many salesmen and accountants. Second, there is the theoretical scientist's version of the engineer—which pictures him as a watered-down physicist, chemist, or mathematician; a sort of hairy-chested scientist-gone-wrong, who strides aggressively around the factory *pretending* to be a scientist. (Allied with this is the businessman's view of the engineer, which reflects a similar scorn.) Third, and most complicated of all, is the engineer's own view of what he is.

To look at these more closely, let us take them in order—beginning with the social view, or what we might oversimplify by calling the Veblenian engineer. Thorstein Veblen, the aggressively engineering-minded sociologist and economist of the early years of this century, believed that the success of industrial enterprise was not the achievement of financiers, or of "money" interests, but of the tough, "neutral" technicians—whom he thought best qualified to manage society for its own good.

"Without their continued and unremitting

supervision and direction," he wrote in *The Engineers and the Price System* (1921), "the industrial system would cease to be a system at all. . . . And it is obvious that so soon as they shall draw together . . . the situation [will be] ready for a self-selected, but inclusive, Soviet of technicians to take over the economic affairs of the country. . . ."

Who's in Charge Here?

THE Veblenian engineer took an unconscionable time a-dying, if he is dead yet. Shortly after the fall of Paris in 1940, for example, Miss Dorothy Thompson explained in one of her columns why Hitler was winning. "He has been fighting the war with an industrial and engineering economy," she wrote, "while the democracies have been fighting the war with a money or financial economy." Later that year, in *Harper's,* Mr. Carl Dreher forcefully restated the same position, urging the engineers to step into the driver's seat of American business, thus "taking the heavy financial boot off the brakes and letting the productive machinery run freely."

This urgent advice went unheeded throughout the war, while the United States—under the direction of such "engineers" as a mail-order house president and a country lawyer from South Carolina turned politician—spewed forth the deluge of goods which met in a single year not only a domestic demand of a hundred billion dollars but an additional ninety-six billion for the military. In August 1944 President Roosevelt ordered the regular Census of Manufactures moved forward a year in order to tabulate this miracle of production for posterity. Military, fiscal, and business managers—knowing little of the engineering problems involved—had demanded the impossible, and got it.

The engineering achievement was indeed phenomenal. But it was not the result of lifting "the heavy financial boot," or of the concealed fiscal control that Veblen detested. It was brought about by the overt use of all the financial, sales, public-relations, social, psychological, political, legal (and if necessary illegal) devices for driving the economy—above all, by a torrent of money. Companies were spurred into war production by tax advantages on plant and equipment, by guaranteed profits under a system of cost-plus, and by the implicit threat of wage-stabilization and manpower reprisals if they failed to behave. Far from taking over, the "guild of engineers" eagerly knuckled down to meet the quotas set by their entrepreneurial bosses.

Despite this blooming of the economy without benefit of a central board of engineer-commissars, there are still signs of that enthusiasm for engineers which flowered some years before the war under the name of Technocracy. Senator Ralph Flanders, himself no technocrat, expressed the opinion in *Mechanical Engineering* not long ago that engineering techniques can readily be applied to many non-engineering problems. The nature of human beings, he explained, is so similar that they may be classified, arranged, and handled statistically much as the engineer runs correlations or stress analyses. He felt that even social relations and politics, which are but aggregate actions of people, were subject to sound engineering principles. Thus is Veblen kept up to date.

CONCURRENTLY, however, a vigorous debate has been raging within the ranks of engineering societies and in the pages of their journals, with one side arguing not for engineers to broaden their functions but to narrow them. Protests are made that today's engineer is being trained all wrong, and given too many grubby shop skills at the expense of scientific knowledge—which brings us to the theoretical scientist's view of the engineer. This holds that the engineer exists chiefly to convert the findings of pure research into practical applications, and therefore that the best engineer is the one most thoroughly steeped in science.

To the "pure" scientist, the ultimate use of his findings is far less important than the basic research which produced them. The newest electronic device is simply a reshaping of known principles: the latest synthetic raw material is merely an adaptation of something a chemist had long ago learned. Accordingly, the engineer who does the adapting can be only a subordinate on the ladder of science, an intellectual huckster a few stages above the Fuller Brush man but no different in kind.

That this attitude exasperates the engineers is understandable, but its worst effect is on their attitude toward themselves. Guiltily half-convinced of its validity, some engineers

seek to isolate themselves by a similar snobbery from the other end of the scale—where lie such unscientific groups as the psychologists, economists, sales managers, and public-relations counselors. More often than we can afford, this brings about disastrous consequences to research, such as those which overtook the television concern in New Jersey.

Yet, at the same time, from this other end itself, the hapless engineer encounters as much disdain from the "pure" businessman as he gets from "pure" scientists. He is by no means as lavishly paid as his scarcity might lead you to suppose, and even within industries of a highly technical nature his prestige may be far lower than that of the most junior executive. Commenting on a *Fortune* article which stated that the ratio of engineers to non-engineers had risen, the engineering vice president of a large electrical company wrote as follows:

> This results not from an increase in the proportion of engineering work but rather from the fact that engineers, as relatively cheap help, are now used for so many other activities than those for which they were trained. Anyhow, there is a general assumption that you can make more money being a manager. This has gone so far in my company that all engineers in supervisory positions are designated "managers of engineering." If the engineers, instead, were valued highly enough to be provided with secretarial service, draftsmen, technical assistance, skilled mechanics, production chasers, etc., sufficient to free them for the job which they alone can do, then I am sure it would be found not only that they could turn out more and better work but that the number of young men taking engineering training would rise in proportion to the visible rewards. . . .

This engineer's personal plaint brings us closer to the crux of the matter—the demand on engineers for what they often regard as "non-engineering" work. Yet getting other people to do these jobs is not the whole solution, for it means accepting at face value the engineer's view of himself—a view that is not always as clear-cut or as realistic as the engineer himself may think.

Early in his training, the budding engineer is usually given a definition of his objective—to understand the principles of science in order to apply them to the use of Man. It is a challenging conception, implying the mission of this one profession to sustain the industrial world through its special power to convert abstract and impractical ideas into useful and beautiful objects. It demands much in the way of imagination, energy, and creativeness. Psychologically, it offers one of the most satisfying of careers, with a sense of adequacy and balance that is often lacking in other occupations. Yet these are its potentialities rather than its precise condition today; and the contrast—in the light of the current "shortage"—raises essential questions about the engineer's role, and his long-range status in modern society.

The "Engineering Mind"

If you ask the graduate of an engineering college what an engineer is, he will probably tell you that an engineer is the graduate of an engineering college. He and his fellow degree-holders see themselves as the "real" members of the profession, as opposed to the hybrids and parasites who cling about the fringes. The degree-holders compose the influential societies, which in turn have a large influence on the engineering colleges; they make up the voice of engineering.

Unfortunately, it is from these men that the greatest pressure comes for the isolation of engineering from both science and business. Confident that the engineering curriculum is a thing of enduring and beautiful perfection, they attribute to the engineering graduate alone that set of mental habits called the "engineering mind"—a tool so versatile and unique that it confers a virtual monopoly over logical processes to its possessor.

In any society that keeps careers open to all, each professional group has the delicate task of maintaining standards without becoming an exclusive club; the basic demands on engineers will always be that their bridges and buildings stand up, but the idea of any profession as a closed corporation is inevitably frustrating, both to outsiders and to its members. As long as the folklore of the trade pictures the engineer as poised and self-sufficient—evenly balanced between two chasms into which he must never fall—then he will feel a rigid determination not to be tipped too far either way, lest the whole guild come crash-

ing down. And it is such anxiety, in good part, which underlies the overt complaints about salary, job definition, and a higher place in the industrial hierarchy. To their credit, many thoughtful engineers recognize this, and realize also that the solution lies in a voluntary evolution in engineers' ideas about themselves. Much of the "watering-down" of engineering jobs—which I would heartily endorse and prefer to call "blending"—has been brought about at engineers' initiative.

This is not a one-sided affair, however, with engineers doing all the compromising. A major responsibility for the best use of their talent lies with management—not only in organizing their jobs but most especially in the instruction it offers them when they arrive in the plant. Current practice assumes that the way to increase technical efficiency is to increase technical in-plant training. My own conclusion, after some study of the question, is exactly the opposite—that the best case can be made for more exposure of embryo engineers to economics, literature, law, psychology, history, political science, and as much purely general information as they can absorb. This is no educator's plea for the humanities but a genuine conviction on my part that no other device to increase the engineers' efficiency will work. Not only in the universities, but also in the high-powered company training programs, we continue to train them for jobs that in fact no longer exist.

For the present-day engineer, the transition from university to laboratory or factory is easily made—it just means going from one school to another. His first year is frequently spent in what amounts to a post-graduate engineering course at company headquarters, where the general technical principles learned at college are supplemented by the specific information the company requires. It is on graduation from *this* school that the engineer finds adjustment most difficult, for it is here that he must begin the process of "unlearning." Idea by idea, he must clear his mind of "pure" engineering in order to make way for such mundane considerations as cost, marketability, consumer foibles, company folklore, union contracts, and the personality quirks of the chief engineer—in short, all the finely tooled and delicately adjusted machinery that keeps society going. Often his work may consist of a "project" in which he will have to communicate intelligently with other technicians, suppliers, customers, lawyers, advertisers, and laymen. When he is incompetent to handle these relationships his efficiency suffers, and all too often his training has given him little help.

Similar adjustment is demanded of the new engineer if his work happens to lie close to the frontiers of science, where he finds to his dismay that the questions which present themselves are not so categorical as the ones he encountered in the classroom. In fact he discovers that in the very vanguard of science, on the edge of the undiscovered, the "answers" may be as indefinite as the ones he was given in his college courses in economics, sociology, or the arts. If he is unequipped to work in this climate of uncertainty and doubt, then his efficiency suffers further. Here again a great unlearning process must take place before he will be able to plunge, with relish and confidence, into problems that permit of no definite "solution." Inevitably the successful engineer will make this adjustment, but meanwhile time and effort—his own and others'—will have been wasted.

The Skilled Barbarian

The need for engineers in the mid-twentieth century is not merely for more of them, but for more of them who can fit effectively into the non-engineering world. Attempts to force-feed the profession, or artificially to elevate its prestige, can only mean a progressive withdrawal by engineers from society's going concern. Scorn, antipathy, or indifference before the demands of bargaining, persuasion, debate, and compromise will eventually result in a loss both of status and of voice for the very men on whom a technical civilization must heavily depend. Their need is for an ability to visualize the culture in which they live—not as a collection of castes in which theirs alone is custodian of the public weal, but as a moving balance of interests that naturally conflict, intermingle, and change. They must undo the damage of an education which treats engineering as knowledge, and engineers as individuals, as though they could not be identified with the real

needs and aspirations of the rest of society.

Already numerous engineering schools have turned their thoughts in this direction. Among the admirable results has been increasing use of a combined plan by which students can take three years at a liberal arts college and then transfer for the remaining two years to an engineering institution. Each of these graduate schools may associate itself with a number of colleges; as Columbia has done with forty-three, Carnegie Tech with twenty, MIT with fifteen, Rensselaer Polytech with thirteen, Case and Illinois with ten, and so on. The student receives in college enough mathematics and science to prepare him for advanced study, but at the same time he gets the humanities, arts, and social sciences that few specialist schools could possibly provide. At the end of five years, he is given two degrees—a Bachelor of both the Arts and Sciences. This, in the long run, is a more promising solution for the engineer "shortage" than any other I have seen proposed.

Clearly it is not the way to beat the Russians at the game of Who's Got the Most Engineering Graduates? But we have had enough experience with industry to know that mere numbers are not the answer. Technical society is not measured in its productivity of degree-holders, but of goods and services; and no one of its parts is more essential than the interplay of every part with every other. Most important of all, the contest for technical pre-eminence must not lead us into the trap of encouraging that type of technician who has been called the "skilled barbarian"—the specialist tightly fitted into his own slot and serenely indifferent to the "unscientific" turmoil in which the rest of us live. Such a luxury, in 1955, we can ill afford.

Of Mrs. Bird Bishop and The Beyond

FRED LAPE

To most, the impossible dream, the face
beyond all faces unobtainable, the
country
beyond reach; to a few, a glimpse.

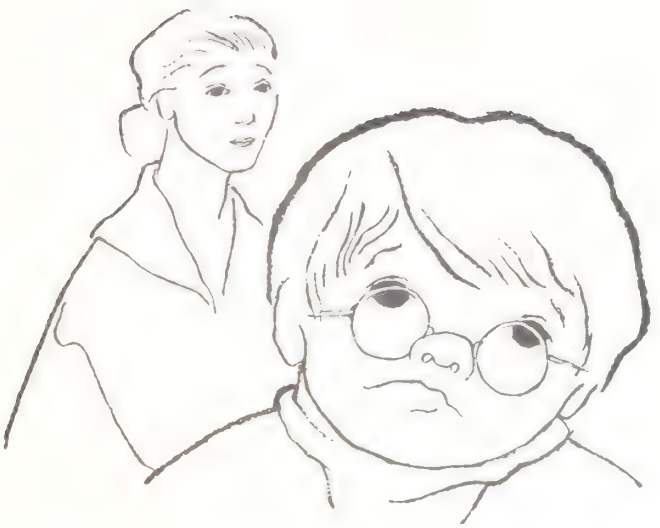
And of all persons, to Mrs. Bird Bishop,
most moral widow, pushing up the Yangtze
in the days of proper Victoria, questioning,
recording dull statistics for her book.
Stranger in a hostile country, the hated one,
in the cities hooted as foreign devil,
pelted with mud and stones, spit at by crowds
standing four deep on the alley streets.

The mandarins set obstacles in her path.
An ordinary woman would have turned
back.
Mrs. B. B. persisted. Still gathering statistics
she moved west among the howling mobs,
writing notes on rice culture and opium,
warning the Manchester weavers to make
better muslin or lose their China trade.

And moved out of the cities, the mass anger,
into the back country, among village folk,
who were gay and kind, who found her
human.
Their headmen were easy to circumvent.
She poked her inquiring nose up the
mountains,
at sixty, her days nearly done, climbed passes,
lost in a blizzard all night, nearly dying,
but resurrected, walked again in sunlight.

She was free now, beyond all officialdom.
Her statistics dwindled, her mind blossomed.
She was a drunken woman, sleeping on
Man-tze roofs,
awakening to sunrise on the Himalayas,
walking down valleys through holly and oak,
past the River of Gold falling in cascades,
under trees twined with roses and clematis;
white peonies in the shade, hanging moss,
yellow jasmine over the feathery maples,
spring sun, sweet air, jeweled water
whose thunder music roared unceasing;
and always above river and trees and
flowers,
fierce in the mind like the ache of desire,
the snow white summits of the Himalayas.

*The land I had dreamed of, brighter than
youth,*
its beauty left nothing to be longed for,
wrote Mrs. B. B., in a chapter called
The Beyond.



A Slight Case of Adjustment

Muriel Resnik

Drawings by Barbara Nordberg

In the fall of 1943 I moved with my two small sons from a tiny fishing village in Connecticut to midtown New York. I anticipated long, happy days shopping for clothes, absorbing culture, and exploring the city, while my offspring were constructively occupied at a good school, returning to me at the end of the day newly able to share their toys and ready for a night of unbroken sleep.

Before we moved I conscientiously investigated several schools, finally choosing the one I felt to be, properly sympathetic with my ideas on child training—which had been formed by studying the works of a master of a certain psychological school of thought on the subject.

Mike, the older boy, was then five years old, with a wistful face that belied his strong will. Hank, at three, was quite rotund and solemn, his owl-like quality accentuated by spectacles worn soiled and askew at the tip of his button nose. He was to enter the advanced nursery group. Mike was found to be eligible for the kindergarten. Advanced nursery, by the way, differed from primary nursery in that its members were expected to stand by themselves and "remain dry" a good part of the time. The school hours were the same for both boys, nine until three, with hot lunch, nap, and afternoon milk included.

The first day of school was brilliantly sunny and comfortably crisp. The park foliage was golden, the sky free of clouds, and a brisk little wind blew us along the street. The schoolhouse was five stories high, limestone outside, marble inside. Great double doors of brass and iron and glass clanged behind us and we entered the hall rather timidly. The shrill voices of children greeting each other after the long holiday, the wailing of the little ones, the scolding, soothing mother voices, the potpourri aroma of chalk dust and soap, furniture polish and Lysol, woolens and vegetable soup, the dankness of the mausoleum-like marble walls and floor, produced in me that long forgotten first-day-of-school sinking in the pit of the stomach. My sons hung on my hands, clasping them convulsively.

I had been told by the billowing chatelaine of the establishment to be prepared to "stay with them" for a short time the first day. It

be a difficult time for all of them, she told me, but particularly for mine. She impressed upon me the grave dangers of the move from our established home to a new environment so completely different, and added that this plus a new school and routine might result in great fears and insecurities. I felt like the next of kin who has authorized an operation that is 90 per cent fatal.

WE CLIMBED the winding marble stairs and found Mike's room at the top. It was a large room with a fireplace, wide windows overlooking a garden, and a clean bare floor. Against the walls were open shelves filled with a variety of fascinating toys. A blackboard covered one wall, original drawings were tacked on the others, and small chairs stood in friendly groups around the low tables. The kindergarten students were busy hanging up jackets, donning smocks, and looting the shelves with a grim single-mindedness. Mike dropped my hand, grabbed his smock, and with a hurried "g'by" to us, wrested a large steam shovel from a bewildered child seated flat on the floor with legs straight out before him. "SEE?" said Mike, manipulating the shovel.

Mike's teacher told us that Hank's group had gone to the roof, so we stepped into the little elevator and rode haltingly to the top. We emerged from the darkness of the hall into the brilliant sunlight. The floor of this playground was covered with gravel and the entire area was enclosed in chicken wire like a large cage. Two of the group sat solidly on tiny chairs. Three were crying on their mother's laps. One small individualist was busily engaged in throwing pebbles onto the street below, aiming at passers-by.



Hank's teacher, a pleasant young woman who asked us to call her Joan, suggested that she tell a story. We drew our little chairs and stools into a circle around her. Joan was a spellbinding storyteller. In a short time the three mothers were able to slip away, unnoticed by their offspring. I unfolded slowly, only to have a small hand dart out to grab my skirt. I caught Joan's eye. She shook her head at me and smiled at Hank. "Mother's here just as long as you want her," she cooed. "Now you just listen to the rest of the story." I settled myself as comfortably as possible on my little stool, staring at the fresh run in my stocking. My back was beginning to ache.

AFTER what seemed to me an interminable time, we all went downstairs to the classroom. Here Hank obligingly draped himself in his little blue smock, smoothed it over his round front and sat down in a small chair, gesturing me into the one next to him. I glanced hopefully at Joan. "That's right," she smiled, "Mommy will sit next to Hank. Isn't that nice?" I looked at my watch. It was ten-thirty. I sat down.

The group sang a little morning song. The group did a little dance of falling leaves. The group beat out a little rhythm on drums, cymbals, a tambourine, and a triangle. Then the group spread themselves around with great sheets of paper and pots of finger-paints. During all this activity Hank and I sat quietly in our chairs. When the mid-morning juice was served he roused from his torpor for a moment. I rose only to be stopped by the tug on my skirt. I sat down, shifting restlessly from haunch to haunch. My legs were numb, my stocking was ruined, New York was waiting. Finally I raised my hand. "Joan, I've got to go home," I said. "I have so much to do. I can't stay here any longer."

"All right," she said soothingly, "you go home now, Mother, and Hank will stay with us—"

Hank rose.

"—and have lots to tell you when you call for him this afternoon—"

Hank hurled his smock to the floor and reached for my hand.

"No?"

Hank had reached the door, dragging me with him.

"Perhaps tomorrow then. We'll see." Joan waved and laughed unconcernedly. "Byeeee. See you tomorrow."

We trudged down the marble steps and strolled out into the street. A week later Joan suggested that perhaps if I showed an interest in the group activities . . .



Two weeks later I knew all the songs, had developed a definite flair for fingerpaints, had made an excellent adjustment to the group, co-operated well with my classmates, always shared my toys, and was by far the most graceful falling leaf. My son observed me with delight as he sat still as a little Buddha.

We went to school each morning and stayed until lunchtime. (That was as long as *I* was willing to stay.) We went directly back to our apartment where we had lunch and a brief rest period. Then we walked to the park where I perched restlessly on the working end of a seesaw.

My dreams of renewed culture were necessarily in abeyance, and I was uncomfortable when seated more than ten inches off the floor. I intimated to Joan that perhaps there might be another method of handling the problem. She murmured something vague about adjustment periods and how some took longer than others and The Move . . . but on my insistence she agreed that I could leave my child in the morning with the promise that if he were "unhappy" the school would call me and I would hasten to retrieve him.

I explained the new system to Hank. "Now that you're accustomed to school," I said, "beginning Monday I will leave you there in the morning and I will come home."

He dropped to the floor like a wounded bird and turned blue.

"If you are not happy at school," I continued rapidly, "Joan will call me on the telephone and I will come back for you. But you will be happy. Your group has such fun."

He released his breath slowly. His expression was thoughtful.

As soon as the big doors closed behind them that Monday morning I skipped lightheartedly down the street, loitering in front of shop windows to scrutinize their contents. I did some marketing, browsed my way through the neighborhood rental library for something to occupy my newly found leisure, and went home humming happily. As I put my key in the door I heard the phone ringing. I crossed the room slowly and picked it up. It was Joan. I think it was Joan. I could barely hear her voice over Hank's roars of grief and indignation.

"All right, all right," I said. "I'll be right there. Tell him I'll be right there."

When I arrived at the school Hank was seated comfortably in the reception room. He seemed calm enough. As soon as he saw me he slid off his chair and took my hand, pulling toward the door. The teacher on duty smiled understandingly. "He was unhappy," she said, "so we thought . . ."

I nodded.

We went home, had lunch and rest period, and again I found myself in the park, bouncing viciously on the seesaw while Hank sat stolidly across from me. This became the pattern of my days. I would leave the boys at school each morning and, returning home, would find my phone ringing. I then retraced my steps to the school, exchanged a few bitter quips with the teacher guarding Hank, and took him home.

It was well on to November when I succeeded in cornering Joan. I suggested that it was up to her ingenuity to find some way to keep this child happily at school. We had made no progress, since, contrary to her expectations but not to mine, Hank refused to increase his waiting period. The duration of his school day was still approximately one half-hour.

Joan and I finally agreed to hold an after-hours conference.

Three days later we met at school in a small office. Joan assured me that Hank was everything charming, bright, unusual, and enduring, and I agreed, wondering how she knew anything of the child, having spent so little time with him.

I LEANED back in my chair studying the dust on the files and the sweet potato growing rampant in the window, wondering about dinner . . . could anything attractive be done with leftover boiled cabbage? . . . listening absently to Joan weave her way in and out of the facts. The move, uprooting . . . young plants . . . tender care and nurturing . . . slowly. . . . The little room was warm and the late afternoon sun beat upon my head. I was fighting to keep my eyes open when I realized that she was waiting for me to reply to something she had just said about Stamford.

"Stamford," I repeated fuzzily.

Joan looked at me archly. "Hank has told me all about it, Mrs. Resnik."

"About what?"

"About the Stamford incident."

I straightened. "I'm sorry. I don't think I understand."

"I do feel quite certain," she continued after a moment, "that careful treatment will gradually eradicate the memory of the Stamford thing and that Hank will regain his feeling of security and faith in you."

I giggled nervously. "But what *are* you talking about? What Stamford—?"

"Mrs. Resnik." She leaned toward me and patted my knee. "My dear, Hank has told me everything. Everything. That you took him to Stamford and left him there promising to return for him, then you didn't and he became so very frightened. You see, his behavior pattern now is the result of your error at that time. Wherever you take him now and attempt to leave him, he will fight you, for he becomes frightened and does not believe that you will come back for him. Now if you will just—"

"Joan, this is incredible," I interrupted. "Hank has never been to Stamford. He's never been there. Hank has *never been* to Stamford."

Her eyes were accusing, fixed on mine.

"I've never gotten off the Parkway . . . we go right past it. I don't know anyone in Stamford." I could feel the warmth rising over my neck and my face was burning. I knew that I looked guilty. She continued to gaze at me with that "out of the mouths of babes" look. I felt even warmer. "But Joan," I faltered. Her expression was sympathetic, even kind, and disappointed. I knew she would never believe me. I stopped and waited for the blush to fade, studying the toe of my right shoe.

"This is not irrevocable," Joan remarked. "You have done harm, thoughtlessly perhaps, but we will be able to repair the damage. You must believe me, however, that the way back is a slow one. We will create a new behavior pattern. You *must* return to the school for him again and again and again until the child feels, eventually, that his faith in his parent is well-founded and he finds security once more. Until he *knows* that if you tell him you will return for him that you will be here. Therefore, that anything you say you will do, you will do, and that anything you say is so, *is* so."

I could hear someone running down a flight of steps with a great echoing clatter. A door opened, a snatch of song burst out, to be hushed when the door swung heavily to. I raised my eyes from my shoe to Joan. "How long"—I cleared my throat. "Excuse me. How long do you think this will take?"

"I really couldn't say. Maybe a month, two months, three"—she waved her hand expansively—"maybe right till the very end of the year."

I swallowed.

"But even if it does take right up to the very last school day, it will be a year well spent," she added enthusiastically, "if we accomplish nothing else. How much more important it is for a youngster to re-establish his faith in his parent than to become proficient in finger-painting or blocks . . . hummm?"

I RETURNED her smile weakly. I thanked her and walked home slowly, thinking. When I closed the door quietly behind me I could hear Mike's voice in the boys' bedroom being very definite about something with the middle-aged sitter I had hired for the occasion. I hung up my coat and rubbed

my numbed hands together. Hank came shuffling into the room, redolent of Johnson and Johnson, cheeks scarlet, light blue bathrobe belted tight across his fat middle, stepping on the feet of his dun-colored sleepers. He stopped dead and peered at me, gauging my mood. I studied his bland face. He whipped his glasses out of his bathrobe pocket, placed them atilt on the end of his nose, and stared up at me. I sat down in a large chair.

"Come here," I said.

He approached me willingly enough and leaned upon my knee, head on hand, fat cheeks pushed out of shape.

"You told Joan I took you to Stamford and left you there."

A small smile played fleetingly with the corners of his mouth.

"Hank, how could you? You know very well you've never been to Stamford. And when did I ever break my word to you? Never."

He remained immobile.

"What ever made you say such a thing?" I waited for his answer.

His lips were sealed but there was a gleam in the back of his eyes.

"All right," I said, finally. "It was not nice of you to tell Joan something that wasn't true. Not nice at all. You embarrassed me, but that's beside the point. It wasn't true and you know it and I know it."

He leaned harder.

"Now you listen to me. I am going to take you to school on Monday and leave you there. And I am not coming home. I will not be here if the telephone rings. It can ring and ring and ring and ring, but I will not be here to answer it."

He looked deep into my eyes.

"But I will come to school in the afternoon and bring you home when I bring Mike home and when all the other mothers and nurses bring the children home. It won't do you any good to say that you're unhappy, because I won't be around to *bring* you *home*."

He tried to stare me down but I refused to lower my eyes. He pulled himself erect with a sigh and stumbled into his room.

We spent a quiet weekend with no mention of the new routine. Monday morning I took my sons to school, fled back to my apartment. I jammed my key in the lock, burst inside, slammed the door, and leaned against it. There was no sound but the pounding of my heart. I sat down and waited. The phone didn't ring.



That afternoon when I called for the children at school I was quiet, relaxed, and content. I had spent the entire day window-shopping Madison Avenue.

Joan smiled at me over the heads of her class. She pushed toward me and whispered, "It worked."

I looked at her, startled.

"I told you," she said, "if you'd only be patient . . . and it happened much sooner than I had expected. Remember I told you it might take months? I am really amazed. Really. No trouble at all this morning. He seemed to be quite happy all day. Not terribly active, but happy." She put her arm around my shoulders. "Happy in his security, Mommy. His faith in you has been restored."

I smiled enigmatically and reached for Hank's hand. He placed it trustingly in mine.

One of England's wisest and wittiest statesmen casts a friendly eye on

The Faults of American Diplomacy

Sir Harold Nicolson

SINCE the close of the first world war, international diplomacy has been dominated—or at least heavily influenced—by what might be called "the American method." It has almost completely replaced the Old Diplomacy—the French method, which was originated by Richelieu and adopted by all European countries during the three centuries that preceded 1919. Yet it would hardly be accurate to speak of a New Diplomacy. I prefer—since the Americans have not yet discovered their own formula—to call it "The Transition between the Old Diplomacy and the New."

The French method, in my opinion, was best adapted to the conduct of relations between civilized states. It was courteous and dignified; it was continuous and gradual; it attached importance to knowledge and experience; it took account of the realities of existing power; and it defined good faith, lucidity, and precision as the qualities essential to any sound negotiation. The mistakes, the follies, and the crimes that during those three hundred years accumulated to the discredit of the old diplomacy can, when examined at their sources, be traced to evil foreign policy rather than to faulty methods of negotiation. It is regrettable that the bad things they did should have dishonored the excellent manner in which they did them.

I am not of course proposing to scrap all existing machinery and to return to the system of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The conditions on which the old diplomacy was based no longer exist. I am suggesting only that as a method of negotiation it was infinitely more efficient than that which we employ today.

Let me therefore consider five of the chief characteristics of the old diplomacy.

IN THE first place Europe was regarded as the most important of all the continents. Asia and Africa were viewed as areas for imperial, commercial, or missionary expansion. Japan, when she arose, appeared an exceptional phenomenon. America, until 1897, remained isolated behind her oceans and her Doctrine. No war, it was felt, could become a major war unless one of the five Great European Powers became involved. It was thus in the chancelleries of Europe alone that the final issue of general peace or war would be decided.

In the second place it was assumed that the Great Powers were greater than the Small Powers, since they possessed a more extended range of interests, wider responsibilities, and, above all, more money and more guns.

The Small Powers were graded in importance according to their military resources, their strategic position, their value as markets or sources of raw material, and their relation to the Balance of Power. There was nothing stable about such categories. At one moment Egypt, at another Afghanistan, at another Albania, would acquire prominence as points of Anglo-French, Anglo-Russian, or Slav-Teuton rivalry; at one moment the Baltic, at

another the Balkans, would become the focus of diplomatic concern. The Small Powers were assessed according to their effect upon the relations between the Great Powers; there was seldom any idea that their interests, their opinions, still less their votes, could affect a policy agreed upon by the Concert of Europe.

This axiom implied a third principle—that the Great Powers possessed a common responsibility for the conduct of the Small Powers and the preservation of peace among them. The principle of intervention was generally accepted. The classic example of joint intervention by the Concert of Europe in a dispute between the Small Powers was the Ambassadors Conference held in London in 1913, at the time of the Balkan Wars. That Conference—which provides the last, as well as the best, example of the old diplomacy in action—prevented a Small-Power crisis from developing into a Great-Power crisis.

Diplomacy by Professionals

The fourth characteristic bequeathed by the French system was the establishment in every European country of a professional diplomatic service on a more or less identical model. These officials representing their government in foreign capitals possessed similar standards of education, similar experience, and a similar aim. They desired the same sort of world. They tended to develop a corporate identity. They had often known each other for years, having served in some post together in their early youth; and they all believed—whatever their governments might believe—that the purpose of diplomacy was the preservation of peace. This professional Freemasonry proved of great value in negotiation.

The Ambassadors, for instance, of France, Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy, who managed to settle the Balkan crisis of 1913, each represented national rivalries that were dangerous and acute. Yet they possessed complete confidence in each other's probity and discretion, had a common standard of professional conduct, and desired above all else to prevent a general conflagration.

It was not the fault of the professional diplomatists that the supremacy of Europe was shattered by the first world war. The misfortune was that the advice of these wise men was disregarded at Vienna and Berlin, that their services were not employed, and that other, nondiplomatic influences and interests assumed control of affairs.

The fifth main characteristic of the old diplomacy was the rule that sound negotiation must be continuous and confidential. It was a principle essentially different from that governing the itinerant public conferences with which we have become familiar since 1919. The Ambassador in a foreign capital who was instructed to negotiate a treaty with the government to which he was accredited was already in possession of certain assets. He was acquainted with the people with whom he had to negotiate; he could in advance assess their strength or weakness, their reliability or the reverse. He was fully informed of local interests, prejudices, or ambitions, of the local reefs and sandbanks, among which he would have to navigate. His repeated interviews with the Foreign Minister attracted no special public attention, since they were taken for granted as visits of routine. Since his conversations were private, they could remain both rational and courteous; since they were confidential, there was no danger of public expectation being aroused while they were still in progress.

Every negotiation consists of stages and a result; if the stages become matters of public controversy before the result has been achieved, the negotiation will almost certainly founder. A negotiation is the subject of concession and counter-concession: if the concession offered is divulged before the public are aware of the corresponding concession to be received, extreme agitation may follow and the negotiation may have to be abandoned. The necessity of negotiation remaining confidential has never been more forcibly expressed than by Jules Cambon—perhaps the best professional diplomatist of this century.

"The day secrecy is abolished," writes M. Cambon, "negotiation of any kind will become impossible."

An ambassador negotiating a treaty according to the methods of the old diplomacy was not pressed for time. Both his own government and the government with whom he was negotiating had ample opportunity for reflection. A negotiation that had reached a dead

could be dropped for a few months without hopes being dashed or speculation aroused. The agreements that in the end resulted were no hasty improvisations or empty formulas, but documents considered and drafted with exact care. We might cite as an example the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907. The negotiation between the Russian Foreign Minister and our Ambassador in St. Petersburg occupied a period of one year and three months; and at no stage was an indiscretion committed or a confidence betrayed.

Vices of the Old Ambassadors

I TRUST that my preference for professional to amateur methods of negotiation will not be ascribed solely to the chance that I was myself born and nurtured in the old diplomacy. I am fully conscious of the many faults that the system encouraged. The axiom that all negotiation must be confidential did certainly create the habit of secretiveness, and did induce men of the highest respectability to enter into commitments which they did not divulge. We must not forget that as late as 1914 the French Assembly was unaware of the secret clauses of the Franco-Russian Alliance or that Sir Edward Grey (a man of scrupulous integrity) did not regard it as wrong to conceal from the Cabinet the exact nature of the military arrangements reached between the French and British General Staffs. Confidential negotiations that lead to secret pledges are worse even than the televised diplomacy that we enjoy today.

Nor am I unaware of the functional defects which the professional diplomatist tends to develop. He has seen human folly or egoism operating in so many different circumstances that he may identify serious passions with transitory feelings and thus underestimate the profound emotion by which whole nations can be swayed. He is so inured to the contrast between those who know the facts and those who do not know the facts, that he forgets that the latter constitute the vast majority and that it is with them that the last decision rests. He may have deduced from experience that time alone is the conciliator, that unimportant things do not matter and that important things settle themselves, that mistakes are the only things that are really effective. He may thus incline to the fallacy that on the whole it is wiser, in all circumstances, to do nothing at all.

He may be a stupid man or complacent; there are few human types more depressing than the self-satisfied diplomatist. He may be of weak character, inclined to report what is agreeable rather than what is true. He may be vain, a defect resulting in disaster to all concerned. And he often becomes denationalized, internationalized, and therefore, an elegant empty husk. A profession should not, however, be judged by its failures.

The speeding up of communications has done much to alter the old methods of negotiation. In former days it took many months before a dispatch could be received and answered, and ambassadors abroad were expected to use their own initiative and judgment in carrying out the policy outlined in the instructions they had received on leaving home. Some ambassadors profited by this latitude to pursue a personal policy.

"I never," wrote Lord Malmesbury, "received an instruction that was worth reading." Other highly gifted ambassadors, such as Sir Hugh Elliott and Sir Henry Bulwer, relished their independence as enabling them to indulge in personal eccentricities and romantic affairs.

Yet these were exceptions. Most ambassadors during the period of slow communications were so terrified of exceeding their instructions or of assuming an initiative that might embarrass their home government, that they adopted a purely passive attitude, missed opportunity after opportunity, and spent their time writing brilliant reports on situations that had entirely altered by the time their dispatches arrived.

TODAY a Foreign Secretary from his desk in Downing Street can telephone to six ambassadors in the course of one morning or can even descend upon them quite suddenly from the sky. Does this mean that a diplomatist today is no more than a clerk at the end of a line? Such an assumption would be much exaggerated. An ambassador in a foreign capital must always be the main source of information, above all the interpreter regarding political conditions, trends, and opinions in the country in which he resides.

In every democracy, in every cabinet or trade union, power at any given moment rests with three or four individuals only. Nobody but a resident ambassador can get to know these individuals intimately or be able to assess the increase or decrease of their influence. It must always be on his reports that the government base their decision about what policy is at the moment practicable and what is not. That in itself is a most important function and responsibility.

But the ambassador also remains the chief channel of communication between his own government and that to which he is accredited. He alone can decide at what moment and in what terms his instructions can best be executed. Moreover he remains the intermediary who alone can explain the purposes and motives of one government to another. If he be foolish, ignorant, vain, or intemperate, great misunderstandings may arise and damaging indiscretions be perpetrated. Important results may depend upon the relations that he has been able to cultivate and maintain, upon the degree of confidence with which he is regarded, upon his skill and tact even in the most incidental negotiation.

Nor is this all. An ambassador should possess sufficient authority with his home government to be able to dissuade it from a course of action which, given the local circumstances, he knows will prove disastrous. Governments who allow themselves to be represented in foreign capitals by ambassadors to whose judgment and advice they pay no attention are wasting their own time and public money. No newspaper, no banking firm, would consider for one instant being represented abroad by a man in whose opinion they placed no confidence.

I do not agree, therefore, that improvements in means of communication have essentially diminished the responsibility of an ambassador, or to any important extent altered the nature of his functions.

Wilson's Dangerous Ideals

No, it was not the telephone that, from 1919 onward, brought about the transition from the old diplomacy to the new. It was the belief that it was possible to apply to the conduct of *external* affairs, the ideas and practices which, in the conduct of *internal* affairs, had for generations been regarded as the essentials of liberal democracy.

It was inevitable, after the first world war, that some such experiment should be made. On the one hand, the ordinary citizen—convinced that the masses in every country shared his own detestation of war—attributed the breach of the peace to the vice or folly of a small minority, which must in future be placed under democratic control. On the other hand, when the Americans arrived as the dominant partners in the coalition, they brought with them their dislike of European institutions, their distrust of diplomacy, and their missionary faith in the equality of man.

President Wilson was an idealist and—what was perhaps more dangerous—a consummate master of English prose. He shared with Robespierre the hallucination that there existed some mystic bond between himself and "The People"—by which he meant not only the American people but the British, French, Italian, Romanian, Yugoslav, Armenian, and even German peoples. If only he could penetrate the fog-barrier of governments, politicians, and officials and convey the sweetness and light of his revelation to the ordinary peasant in the Banat, to the shepherds of Albania, or the dock-hands of Fiume, then reason, concord, and amity would spread in ever widening circles across the earth. He possessed, moreover, the gift of giving to commonplace ideas the resonance and authority of Biblical sentences, and, like all phraseologists, he became mesmerized by the strength and neatness of the phrases that he devised.

During the long months of the Paris Peace Conference, I observed him with interest, admiration, and anxiety, and became convinced that he regarded himself, not as a world statesman, but as a prophet designated to bring light to a dark world. It may have been for this reason that he forgot all about the American Constitution and Senator Lodge.

I have no desire at all to denigrate President Wilson, who was in many ways inspiring and inspired. He assumed a weight of responsibility greater than any single human being is constituted to support, and he was tragically crushed. Yet if we read again the tremendous sermons that he delivered during

1918 we shall find in them the seeds of the jungle of chaos that today impedes and almost obliterates the processes of rational negotiation.

The first of his Fourteen Points of January 8, 1918, provided that in future there should be nothing but "open covenants of peace openly arrived at" and that "diplomacy should proceed always frankly and in the public view." On reaching Paris, President Wilson quickly decided that by "diplomacy" he had not meant "negotiation," but only the results of that negotiation, namely treaties. He also decided that the phrases "openly arrived at" and "in the public view" were relative only and contained nothing that need deter him from conducting prolonged secret negotiations with Lloyd George and Clemenceau—while one American marine stood with fixed bayonet at the study door, and another patrolled the short strip of garden outside. I can well recall how startled I was, on first being admitted to the secret chamber, to discover how original was the President's interpretation of his own first rule. Today, being much older, I realize that the method he adopted was the only possible method which, in the circumstances, could have led to any result.

The general public, however, were not similarly constrained to test the validity of the President's pronouncements against the hard facts of international intercourse. They continued to assume that by "diplomacy" was meant both policy and negotiation, and to conclude that, since secret treaties were demonstrably evil things, negotiation also must never be secret but conducted always "in the public view." This is perhaps the most confusing of all the fallacies that we owe to President Wilson.

In the second of his Four Principles of a month later, the President announced that the system of the Balance of Power was now for ever discredited and that subject populations must be granted their independence, irrespective of the wishes of other states. In the Four Ends of the following July he foreshadowed the creation of a League of Nations which would establish, to quote his words, "the reign of law, based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

He failed to realize that the public is bored by foreign affairs until a crisis arises; and that then it is guided by feelings rather than by thoughts. Nor did he foresee that it would be impossible to organize the same opinion in every country simultaneously—or that the conscience of mankind, as a means of sustenance, might prove inadequate when faced by a dictator controlling all means of information.

In the Five Particulars on September 27 he pronounced that the rule of justice which America must achieve would be one that "plays no favorites and knows no standards but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned." This commandment was subsequently misinterpreted to signify that not the rights merely but also the opinions and the votes of even the tiniest country were of a validity equal to that of a Great Power. Egalitarianism was thus for the first time extended to imply equality among nations—an idea which does not correspond to reality and which creates mixed ideas.

If read as a whole, the successive pronouncements made by President Wilson during those months of 1918, constitute a magnificent gospel. They embody conceptions which no man should either ignore or disdain. The misfortune was that the public imagined that what was intended as a doctrine of perfectability was in fact a statement of American intentions. Thus when America repudiated her own prophet, a regrettable dichotomy was created between the realists and the idealists in every country. The former concluded that the whole of the Wilson doctrine was sentimental nonsense, and the latter floated off into vague imaginings that what they wanted to happen was likely to occur. As the latter were in the majority, the practical politician found himself in an invidious position. It was the endeavor to reconcile the hopes of the many with the doubts of the few that brought such seeming falsity to foreign policy in the twenty years between 1919 and 1939.

The Covenant of the League of Nations was none the less a very sensible document which—had it been applied with consistent strength—might well have established something like the rule of law among nations. The Secretariat created at Geneva was a truly remarkable innovation, which,

had general confidence been maintained, might have provided the world with a machine far preferable to that of the old diplomacy. The trouble was that this fine experiment was based upon a view of human nature which, had it been a correct view, would have rendered any League unnecessary. The ordinary peaceful citizen came to suppose that violence could be restrained by reason; it was not until it was too late that he understood that it could only be restrained by force. The old systems of authority—such as the Balance of Power, the Concert of Europe, and the discipline of the Great Powers—had been discredited. The new theory of reason proved incapable of controlling the unreasonable. In place of the old methods of stability, a new method of the utmost instability was introduced.

Two important changes were introduced into diplomatic method in the period that followed the war of 1914-18. The first was the refusal of the American legislature to ratify a treaty negotiated and signed by their own chief executive in person. That assuredly was an innovation of the utmost significance and one that dealt a heavy blow to the sanctity of contract and the reliability of negotiation.

The Curse of Conferences

The second was the increasing practice of indulging in the method of diplomacy by conference. By that I do not mean merely the several *ad hoc* conferences, such as Spa, Cannes, Genoa, Lausanne, Stresa, and so on: some of these were necessary and some were not. I am referring rather to the permanent state of conference introduced by the League system and later by the United Nations.

These conferences do little to satisfy the vague desire for what is called "open diplomacy." But they do much to diminish the utility of professional diplomatists and, since they entail much publicity, many rumors, and wide speculation—since they tempt politicians to achieve quick, spectacular, and often fictitious results—they tend to promote rather than allay suspicion, and to create those very states of uncertainty which it is the purpose of good diplomatic method to prevent.

The defects (or perhaps I should say the misfortunes) of the new diplomacy are today magnified for us as if on some gigantic screen. The theory that all states are equal, even as all men are equal, has led to lobbies being formed among the smaller countries (as for instance between the Asians and the Latin Americans) the sole unifying principle of which is to offer opposition even to the reasonable suggestions of the Great Powers. The theory that "diplomacy should proceed always frankly and in the public view" has led to negotiation being broadcast and televised, and to all rational discussion being abandoned in favor of interminable propaganda speeches—addressed, not to those with whom the delegate is supposed to be negotiating, but to his own public at home.

I have made but slight reference to the diplomacy of the Soviet Union. Mr. W. P. Potjomkin, in his history of diplomacy, assures us that the Russians possess one powerful weapon denied to their opponents —namely "the scientific dialectic of the Marx-Lenin formula." I have not observed as yet that this dialectic has improved international relationships, or that the Soviet diplomatists and commissars have evolved any system of negotiation that might be called a diplomatic system. Their activity in foreign countries or at the international conferences is formidable, disturbing, compulsive. I do not for one moment underestimate either its potency or its danger. But it is not diplomacy; it is something else. This may be a sad conclusion. But it is not my final conclusion.

It would, in my view, be an error to take as an example of modern diplomatic method the discussions that are conducted in the Security Council and the Assembly of United Nations. We may resent the wastage of time, energy, and money; we may regret that, in transferring to external affairs the system of parliamentary argument, a more efficient type of parliament should not have been chosen as a model. We may deplore that the invectives there exchanged should add to the sum of human tension and bewilderment. Yet it would be incorrect to suppose that these meetings are intended to serve the purpose of negotiation: they are exercises in forensic propaganda and do not even purport to be experiments in diplomatic method. Such negotiation as may occur in New York

is not confined within the walls of the tall building by the East River: it is carried out elsewhere, in accordance with those principles of courtesy, confidence, and discretion which must forever remain the only principles conducive to the peaceful settlement of disputes.

It is not therefore either diplomacy by loud-speaker or diplomacy by insult that we need consider, since these contain a contradiction in terms. It is whether the changes inspired by President Wilson in 1919 do not repeat and emphasize the defects of previous systems and render more difficult what must always remain the chief aim of diplomacy—namely international stability.

Woodrow Wilson, with his academic intelligence and missionary spirit, did not realize that foreign affairs are *foreign* affairs, or that a civilization is not a linotype machine but an organic growth. He believed that the misfortunes of mankind are due to the faults of statesmen and experts and that "the people" were always right: he did not realize that, although it may be difficult to fool all the people all the time, it is easy to fool them for a sufficient period of time to compass their destruction. Thus the "Wilsonian," or the "American," method omits many of the merits of the earlier diplomatic systems and exaggerates many of their faults.

Who Has the Last Word?

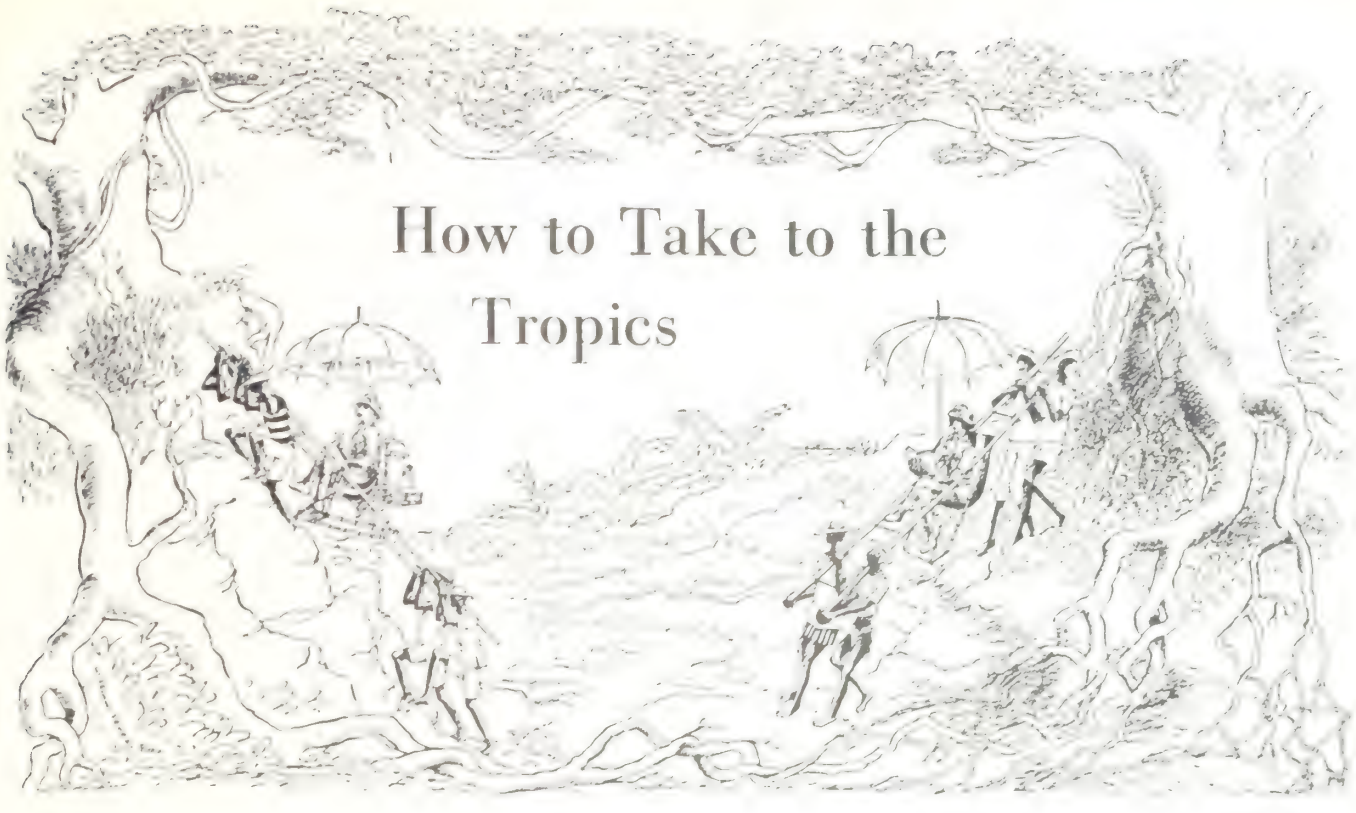
For example, the chief fault of democratic diplomacy as practiced by the Greek City States was its uncertainty. Not only were their diplomatic missions composed of delegates who betrayed each other, but the final decisions rested with an Assembly whose members were ignorant, volatile, impulsive, and swayed by emotions of fear, vanity, and suspicion. No negotiator can succeed unless reasonable certainty exists that his signature will be honored by his own sovereign. If either the conduct or results of negotiation are subject to irresponsible intervention or repudiation on the part of an assembly or even a Congressional Committee —then uncertainty is spread. My first criticism therefore of the American method is that it weakens certainty.

Again, the fault of the method perfected by the Italians of the Renaissance was that it lacked all continuity of purpose and represented a kaleidoscope of shifting combinations. It may be, for all I know, that the President, the State Department, the Pentagon, and Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate, are unanimous regarding the aim to be achieved; but they are not unanimous as to the means to be adopted. The variability of the diplomatic method employed suggests opportunism rather than continuity; this is an unfortunate impression, a Machiavellian impression, for a great good giant to convey.

The French system possessed the great merit of creating a centralized authority for the formation of foreign policy and a professional service of experts through whom that policy could be carried out. The misfortune of the American system is that no foreigner (and few Americans) can be quite positive at any given moment who it is who possesses the first word and who the last. Although the Americans in recent years have been in process of creating an admirable service of professional diplomatists, these experts do not yet possess the necessary influence with their own government or public. The egalitarian illusions of the Americans—or if you prefer it, their "pioneer spirit"—tempts them to distrust the expert and to credit the amateur. I am not just being old-fashioned when I affirm that the amateur in diplomacy is apt to be suspicious.

"Gullibility," as Sir Edward Grey once said to me, "is in diplomacy a defect infinitely preferable to distrust."

Now that the old disciplines of Pope and Emperor, the old correctives of the Concert of Europe and the Balance of Power, have been dispensed with, it is regrettable that the authority exercised by the United States is not more consistent, convincing, and reliable. Yet I am not pessimistic about the evolution of their diplomatic method. I know that the Americans possess more virtue than any giant Power has yet possessed. I know that, although they pretend to deride the lessons of history, they are astonishingly quick at digesting the experience of others. And I believe that the principles of sound diplomacy—which are immutable—will in the end prevail, and thus calm the chaos with which the transition between the old diplomacy and the new has for the moment bewildered the world.



How to Take to the Tropics

What to Expect, and What You Won't Find, in the Hot Countries

by Oden Meeker

Drawings by William Pène duBois

"Oh take me where
Those red bananos grow."

—Debra Rhythm Boys

ARE you a refugee from the glacial North, bound for Rio, Lourenço Marques, or Pago Pago? Well, you know what it's like in the Torrid Zone. Or do you? After some ten years as a part-time tropical tramp, I am not so sure. The passionate northern infatuation—*l'affaire tropicale* ranging from movies to the papaya juice cocktail—has given us all a slight fever and an elaborate tropical mythology that often conflicts with the facts.

North loves South. We soak ourselves in books about the Green Hell of the Upper Amazon, Africa, and Southeast Asia, about the banana republics, and sailing to the Pacific isles on a balsa raft. The newsreels have given us the Queen of England in Ceylon, Tonga, Aden, and Uganda. Pan American World Airways includes in its passionately practical travel guide, *New Horizons*, useful information for customers who would like to leave the beaten path at Dakar and strike inland to Timbuctoo.

The northern fascination with the exotic southlands, which got off to a smoldering start with the eighteenth-century Romantics, has now burst into flame. More banana-drink plantations have sprouted along Broadway during the past couple of decades than the Victorians would have believed possible. Both men and women have taken to Bermuda shorts. Not content with Rudolph Valentino's tango or the Cubanola Glide of 1911, Americans have been learning to mambo, bolero, conga, rumba, stumba, and bumba. We have the undulant tropical shakes.

The tourist who has mastered his dance steps and sets out for the Torrid Zone carries in his head a remarkable montage: sarongs, sombreros, and serapes, and probably types like Tondeleyo, Sadie Thompson, and Mother Goddam . . . planter's punches and Balinese uplift . . . mosquito nets, monsoons, chits, chota pegs, and chili peppers . . . a sprinkling of King Solomon's Mines, Kipling, The White Man's Grave, Sanders of the River, Trader Horn, Dr. Schweitzer . . . "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" . . . and "Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, Boom." And Carmen Miranda with a centerpiece of waxed fruit on her turban.

Most of this marvelous tropical montage

is the dubious legacy of travelers of the nineteenth century—except for The White Man's Grave, which began earlier and lasted later. Even that survives no longer except as a bugaboo and a convenient legend. Let us look at what the Tropics really are.

While it did last, The White Man's Grave of West Africa was no joke. Mungo Park—the small-town Scots doctor who explored the Niger for a London club calling itself the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa—wrote back to his employers in 1795: "I am sorry to say that of the forty-five Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, *viz.* three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself." A German explorer named Röntgen had himself circumcised before leaving home and practiced living on roots, grasshoppers, and spiders. It did no good. In spite of his precautions, he died too, as soon as he reached the Coast.

Mary Kingsley, the irrepressible niece of Charles, who in her early thirties traipsed all over The White Man's Grave in full Victorian costume, reported what an Old Coaster had said to her before leaving:

"When you have made up your mind to go to West Africa, the best thing you can do is to get it unmade again and go to Scotland instead; but if your intelligence is not strong enough to do so, take 4 grains of quinine for a fortnight before you reach the Rivers, and get some introductions to the Wesleyans: they are the only people on the Coast who have got a hearse with feathers."

The West Indies in the early days were nearly as bad. Henry Whistler wrote of Barbados in 1655: "This Illand is a Dunghill wharone England doth cast forth its rubidg." Of nearly twenty thousand men shipped to the British West Indies in 1796, more than 17,000 were dead within five years.

Mad Dogs and Englishmen

But times have changed, though malaria—probably the greatest single scourge the world has known—still takes two million lives a year in the hot countries. It is also true that the tropics are a paradise for parasites, including hookworm, guinea worm, liver flukes, yaws, sleeping sickness, elephantiasis, and yellow fever. Nevertheless, the visitor probably does just as well to ignore them all. Full of shots and armed with paludrine or some other malarial prophylactic, he usually suffers nothing worse than the traveler's occupational disease—known variously as Gyppy tummy, Bogotá belly, tourist's dilemma, and the Aztec curse. You can get dysentery at home, too: witness the fairly recent outbreak of amoebic traced to faulty plumbing in a Chicago hotel.

The sun and the heat, of course, are the legendary tropical enemies. Sir James Alexander tells in his *Transatlantic Sketches* of a portly British major posted to the West Indies in the early nineteenth century who used to spend his days sitting in a tub of cold water, crying, "Damn Columbus! Curse the fellow! Why did he discover these rascally islands!"

The conviction that only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun dies hard. Even the venerated Dr. Schweitzer serves up the traditional cautionary horror tales. In *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest* he tells of the napping trader who was hit on the head by a shaft of sunlight about the size of a fifty cent piece, and went off into delirium. Also about the unfortunate man whose boat upset and whose pith helmet floated away; he quickly climbed up on the keel and covered his head with his jacket, but it was too late—he had a horrible sunstroke.

Since Dr. Schweitzer wrote his book, the thousands of British and American troops who built roads and airfields, stripped to the waist, in the South Pacific and the China-Burma-India theater have put quite a dent in these lurid myths. There are such things as stoker's cramps and heat exhaustion and heat stroke—but as the biologist Marston Bates points out in his delightful and provocative book, *Where Winter Never Comes*, the human heat-control mechanism is so adaptable that such breakdowns are extremely rare. Anyhow, they are more common in the American Midwest than in Equatorial Africa. Most colonial governments, however, haven't yet acquired the degree of sophistication of the New Zealander, off to East Africa on a UN Trust Territories Mission last July, who said as he left:

"Tropical equipment? My dear fellow, I

expect Somaliland to be a lot cooler and pleasanter this time of year than New York. Just a first-aid kit to bash the bugs with is all."

Still, the white man's climatic prejudices linger on, and sometimes the children of the South turn them to their own advantage: a few years ago, some of the African civil servants on the Gold Coast sympathetically agreed that European civil servants stationed there needed a cooling restorative leave in the United Kingdom every once in a while. Then they added that they as Africans suffered just as much as anybody else, and that they wanted to go too.

One of the familiar troubles with the Tropics is that they refuse to stay hot. They are by no means all cinematic jungles festooned with lianas and boa constrictors. The tropics go up and down—and when they get far enough up there is ice and sleet on them, as in the Andes where the inhabitants wear knitted wool stocking caps with earflaps. La Paz—the capital of Bolivia and "The Navel of the Universe"—at better than 12,000 feet above sea level sits a little higher than Lhasa in Tibet.

The lowlands are something else again, as the Spanish Captains-General realized when they built their capitals high in the mountains. Those Spaniards and Portuguese who found themselves in the hot lowlands came to terms with the climate and the inhabitants after the sensible Mediterranean fashion. They lived with the local people and married them, and ate their food. The Portuguese enthusiastically carried the hammock of the Amazonian Caribs to Africa and around the world, and in Brazil it still comes in three sizes—bachelor, couple, and family. In Brazil, provincial businessmen also wear high-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw boaters and maintain two types of pajamas for home and office wear.

Experts in Discomfort

For the burdened white man from the nineteenth-century north, clothing was almost more of a problem than mosquitoes or aborigines. The Anglo-Saxon who lived upriver on the Amazon or the Niger labored under the delusion that he was strengthening his character and accommodating himself to the natural steambath by going around in a black woolen suit, a sola topee, a flannel cholera belt, and a crimson-lined flannel spine protector. He kept out of the sun, and for reasons of caste ate imported tinned beef and biscuits instead of whatever was going locally—palm hearts and tropical fruits, poi or foo-foo, rice, leafy vegetables, *bêche-de-mer*, palolo worms, toasted termites, and other insect delicacies. Instead of palm wine and kaffir beer (which stave off vitamin deficiency diseases, according to the Royal Medical Society), the traders, soldiers, and district officers insisted on gin and whisky. In quantity.

Furthermore, throughout most of the tropics it was below the dignity of the sahib, and especially the memsahib, to do physical labor. So they sat around, taking little or no exercise, cut off from the culture of the people, drinking pink gins, swatting insects, developing nerves and things like "African memory." H. S. Stannus, a British physician writing on "Tropical Neurasthenia" in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene* for 1926-27, presents an unholy picture of the self-administered afflictions of the tropical sojourner:

> exiled from home; often separated from his family, generally unable to make ends meet for some reason or other; suffering in many cases loneliness and uncongenial society; envious of others; disappointed over promotion; with ambition thwarted. Living amongst a native population causes him annoyance at every turn, because he has never troubled to understand its language and its psychology. From early morn till dewy eve he is in a state of unrest—ants at breakfast, flies at lunch, and termites for dinner, with a new species of moth every evening in his coffee. Beset all day by sodden heat, whence there is no escape, and the unceasing attentions of the voracious insect world, he is driven to bed by his lamp being extinguished by the hordes which fly at night, only to be kept awake by the reiterated cry of the brain-fever bird or the local chorus of frogs. Never at rest! Always on-guardedness.

As often as not this wretch was furnished with a company house whose roof was made of what W. M. Hewetson, a student of such things, calls the "satanically convenient, but pernicious and damnable galvanized iron, about the best conceivable material for trans-



mitting heat." He suggested that the coat of arms of Rhodesia should be a sheet of corrugated iron rampant.

Our concept of life in the hot countries is perhaps a little clearer than that of the mediaeval Europeans who were convinced that the Ethiopians had no heads and in summertime cooled themselves with the flesh of dragons. But if there is any common denominator in the northerners' picture of the Tropics it is confusion. Our ideas are in a state of flux. The days of Mary Kingsley dressed up to look the part of a duke's housekeeper" have passed, and so have those of the langorous West Indian creole belles in heavy silks and satins, gold and silver brocade. But we still suffer from a good deal of spine-protector thinking.

Until fairly recently, British civil servants in the blistering Sudan were required on occasion to wear morning coats. The Jordanian soldiers known as Glubb's Girls still wear spikes on top of their topees. The dignified African Speaker of the Gold Coast House of Assembly, the Honorable Sir Emmanuel Quist, O.B.E., wears black judicial robes and a full-bottomed wig. I have seen an ad for the Belgian national airline which reads, "Smart People Fly to the Congo and West Africa via Sabena," and which shows an aristocratic blonde in an ermine wrap presumably embarking for Africa with a distinguished young gentleman in a chesterfield, white silk scarf, and opera hat.

It is true that there is a higher incidence of evening dress in a place like Nairobi than in London or Paris or New York. It is also true that in really hot spots like Singapore and Khartoum (where I have heard 97° Fahrenheit referred to as "cool and crisp"), Britons have taken to wearing evening trousers, shirt sleeves, black tie, and cummerbund in regimental colors. But the intending visitor, disturbed by hazy memories of movies and four-color magazine illustrations, may wonder whether he shouldn't at least invest in a sun helmet. One Viennese immigrant turned up on the balmy north coast of the Dominican Republic with not only the helmet but a waist-length mosquito veil, knee-length anti-snake boots, and a portable water purifier strapped to his back. If it's just the sun helmet you want, surplus ones from Rommel's Afrika Corps are being sold in the United States at bargain rates.



Food and drink in the colonies also are in dismal debt to an earlier age. When I stopped a couple of years ago in Freetown, Sierra Leone, the garden of the rickety hotel there, where Graham Greene wrote his West African novel, *The Heart of the Matter,* was distinguished by flower beds outlined by upturned beer bottles. In the dining room, where the menu read "Fried Omelet, Fried Steak, Tapioca Pudding," little forests of sauce and relish bottles sat on tablecloths richly spotted with curry. In the adjoining bar, an Old Coaster with bleached lemon hair and skin burned a black-brown came through the door, croaked, "Two small whiskies, Alf" in the best novelistic tradition, and fell on his nose.

Babes and Beachcombers

THE idea persists that white men who go to the Tropics go to the dogs. I suspect that it's just that many men who'd like to go to the dogs find this work more agreeable where it's sunny. Certainly eccentricities flourish like lush tropical plants ("I don't suppose you remember old Captain Remington who used to play polo on the back of a giraffe?"). The gaudiest examples used to be the remittance men and the beachcombers, though their day is pretty well over. Some of those who knew the atolls were snapped up by Naval Intelligence during World War II. Most of the rest seem to have drifted into respectability.

Among the few survivors I have met was the retired chief engineer known as the Boiler Inspector who was shacked up with a woman called Victrola on the San Pedro waterfront in San Juan. They had a good thing for a while with a dodge called the Prostitutes' Insurance Company, with full medical coverage for twenty-five cents, but after a few weeks they went bust when all the girls claimed compensation at once.

The Boiler Inspector later turned up in Haiti with one hundred dollars' worth of paints, brushes, and canvas, and announced he was going to paint one hundred pictures. He was completely color blind, but he had purchased a patented cardboard wheel which assured him of 100 per cent contrasts. He went through with it, too. Another friend in Haiti was a tattooed American naturalist and an honorary Seneca Indian who wore a flowered *pareu* and lived with his Tahitian wife and family in a crumbling old French colonial

mansion. He was highly respected at the Smithsonian, and feared at the local American Embassy, which was terrified lest he come and collect his mail in a skirt.

In the bad old days, any beachcomber or remittance man worth his bottle of rum was supposed to have formed a liaison with a suitably dusky local girl. This was true as well of many of the traders and district officers who discovered that delightful linguistic short cut known as the bedroom dictionary, or to the French as the *grammaire moustiquaire*.

Nowadays even the natives of the Tropics have come to accept this calorific evaluation of themselves. I can remember a Panamanian newspaper ad for a resort specializing in the bar girls locally called blue moons, which ran:

Look!—They're Here
The Rivoli *Nite Club*
Takes Pleasure in Announcing
A Very Significant Increase in the
Town's Sugar Supply by the
Arrival of Eleven New Girls
From Sultry Havana, Cuba

Professor Bates is dubious: "Sexual behavior is so strictly conditioned by cultural patterns, that I would expect any racial or climatic influence to be very difficult indeed to demonstrate. Some tropical peoples have elaborate restrictive taboos on intercourse, and the idea of celibacy seems to be tropical, or at least southern. The Eskimos, on the other hand, are said to carry on scandalously in their igloos all winter long, having nothing much else to do."

The arrival of platoons of European wives and children in the previously bachelor colonies has led to a sharp reduction of native mistresses. Of course, it all depends on what interests you: I once observed a ruddy, whiskery Englishman dressed in shorts, drink in hand, in the middle of bosomatic Africa—absorbed in a copy of *Health & Efficiency*, the highly retouched and rather tacky British nudist magazine. There exist urban African sororities which are courtesans' unions, like the Violette, Anonyme, and Diamant which hang out at the Bal Dou-Dou in Brazzaville; but in nearly a year's travel through the continent I met only one colonial who had taken a mistress in the old-fashioned way—an up-country Frenchman who begged me not to tell his friends, "because they think I'm too *négrophile* already." Good linguist, too.

The conversion of the Torrid Zone to safe and sane domesticity has meant that the district officer now has more home life, but also knows less of the people for whom he is responsible. An unusually capable colonial governor once told me that in many respects the older, rougher model—who kept a girl and a bottle and sometimes went to bed with his boots on, but who spent more time on tour among his people in the bush—did a better job than his sober successor.

Living Up to the Legend

The amenities on tap for the tropical tourist are mainly surprising in their familiarity. Kenya manufactures buttons, breakfast cereals, dry ice, aluminum hollow ware, and perfume. Palanquins and rickshas have pretty well died out in the Tropics, and in their place are Hillman Minxes and Dodge station wagons. The *décor* of the airport operated by Pan American in Liberia is handsome neo-Bauhaus out of the Museum of Modern Art. Nairobi supports a Jockey Club, an Arboretum, a Kennel Club, a Shakespeare Festival, and an English public school. Several decades ago, a Uganda Railway poster in London proclaimed:

The Highlands of
British East Africa
as a
Winter Home for Aristocrats
Has Become a Fashion

By now, a good deal of the local color in the hot countries is neon, plastic toiletries, Yo-yos, and air-conditioning.

But just as one comes to the conclusion that the Torrid Zone is a literary creation, where any Kiplingesque patches have long since been tamed by the invasion of nannies and junior executives, then the Tropics fool everybody by reverting to primal form. I can explain this only in terms of an idea I have been working on with a couple of friends named Taras Votichenko and Richard Koch. It is the Votichenko-Meeker-Koch Theory of Improbable Probabilities, or VMK, as it is known in learned circles; it holds that the

third or highest degree of sophistication is often identical with the first, or simplest.

A carnival girlie-show proprietor or a pulp magazine editor, for example, might think up a title like "Ooh, La La, Parce Nites." The second-degree sophisticate is repelled, and refuses to be taken in by this myth, obviously the work of drugstore cowboys in the corn belt. I used to subscribe to this theory, too, until I covered the theater in Paris for a couple of years and discovered that the standard French, non-touristic light comedy there was usually called something like "A Weekend with the Count" or "In the Baroness's Boudoir." VMK accounts not only for this but also for the certifiable fact that you can hear citizens in Rio whistling "Flying Down to Rio," and in Haiti, "Katie Went to Haiti." In the Congo, a popular item is Mr. Crosby's rendering of:

> Bongo, bongo, bongo,
> I don't want to leave the Congo,
> No, no, no, no, no, no!

Thus, the Mountains of the Moon, with their spongy, misty lunar landscapes, really do look like dreams of Mountains of the Moon. Cannibalism—relegated by the second-degree sophisticates to the Sunday supplements—survives sufficiently so that in 1950 a French African senator, home on the Ivory Coast during a recess, was eaten by his constituents.

It turns out that there really *are* such characters after all as Old Africa hands and assorted tropical tramps—as jumpy a collection of odd bods as was ever assembled from Central Casting. I have been in banana port bars that even looked like banana port bars, with rattan blinds and bamboo furniture, rickety fans revolving slowly overhead, cheap rum, coffee-colored wenches screaming like parrots, and beachcombers and soldiers of fortune in crumpled whites. Mumbo Jumbo turns out to be the genuine article—a god in the Mandingo tribe's pantheon—rather than a nice noise invented by Vachel Lindsay.

One most engaging tropical paradox does involve a basic change—clothing. Gradually, the scientist is coming to agree with the untutored savage who wears only a grass skirt or a bunch of leaves rigged fore and aft. Army researchers working on human heat control during World War II came to the conclusion that, if he must be covered at all, the appropriate uniform for a GI in the desert would be the traditional flowing robe. This never caught on like the Eisenhower jacket. But the trend among northern sojourners is to emulate the local population, and shuck.

Meanwhile—a paradox within a paradox—the natives are rapidly catching up with nineteenth-century thinking, and are putting on more and more clothing. The Equatorial African badge of respectability has become the old topee. In the large cities, the African wears lilac-colored zoot suits, maroon suède shoes, and green-tinted aviator's goggles. Really advanced cases buy novelty shirts decorated with photo-montages of newspaper headlines and advertisements for deodorants and mouth washes. At the same time, French colonials have taken up the bikini, a *cache-sexe* not far removed from the heathen's immemorial breech clout.

It's a question of just who is influencing whom. Run-of-the-mill architects in the Latin Americas draw their old colonial inspiration from Californian bastard mission Spanish. Hollywood—from "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa" to "Bomba the Jungle Boy"—has had great missionary influence in persuading the southern peoples to accept the northerners' image of them. The exchange of mythology between the cold people and the hot people is now nearly complete. The Africans have accepted Tarzan, and no doubt small boys on the Dark Continent are learning to give the reverberating call of the bull ape, just as ours do at home.

Indeed, you can read jungle comic books all the way from Dakar to the Cape. One of my favorites, which I picked up somewhere in the Congo, is called "The Morass of Death." The King of the Jungle is a type named Taranga, alias Dan Wayne, who operates in "the steaming deserts and veldts of French Equatorial Africa." Halfway through the story, Dan is set upon by a reptile the size of a three-story building. It goes, "GROOR!" Taranga, or Dan, is well informed and says, "Good Heavens, a ceratosaurus!" The ceratosaurus goes, "GRAAH!" and Taranga says, "This confirms a theory I've always held, that dinosaurs still exist! This climate is a natural breeding ground!"

Perhaps it is.

Morris L. Ernst

reports how he copes with an occupational hazard from which no lawyer can escape:

Tell Me, Mr. Attorney . . .

IT SELDOM happens during the first half-hour of the dinner party. The cocktails are allowed to slip gently down, the conversation centers around last night's opening. The soup is served and the fish course appears. Then it comes. The lady on my left has been talking about Stravinsky and sound money, separately and together. From my right have issued a few remarks about balancing the budget and Walter Lippman. Between me and the charming lady to my right the maid abruptly shoots the heavy silver fish-platter. The lady to my left sways toward me, clears her throat delicately, and says: "You don't mind my asking you a legal question, do you?" And before I can refuse, she continues wistfully, "I know it's unfair, but everybody says you are so smart and obliging."

I find it impossible to divorce the one adjective from the other. I toy with the idea of saying, "Yes, I am smart, but I am not obliging," or, "Come around to my office at eleven tomorrow morning," or, "Why don't you get your husband to go to his attorney?" Meanwhile, I hear my voice responding pleasantly, "Go right ahead, Mrs. Gibson. The law is my only mistress."

I say this because society has established the custom of free advice at dinner parties. A lawyer can no more refuse to answer legal questions than a father confessor could refuse to listen to a penitent.

"Well," continues Mrs. Gibson, "I have a lease for two years on an apartment. . . ."

This dates the dinner party neatly. It is taking place sometime during the months of August, September, or October when rent and tenancy problems are rife. In fact, so constant is the stream of them that I have determined in the future to install an efficiency system. To all introductions between September third and thirtieth I intend henceforward to reply, "Very glad to meet you. Did you bring your lease with you?"

After the rental and renewal-of-lease season we slide quickly into the income-tax season. The kindly old professor leans across the table and says softly, "What shall I do? I have never filed an income-tax return for the state of New York. Each year I am afraid to start in because they may catch me up for failing to file in previous years."

The attractive girl press agent at lunch asks hopefully, "Can't I deduct car fares and entertainment from the fees I take in?" I quickly call for the check to eliminate at least one of her fiscal problems.

Almost as soon as the income-tax season is over the wanderlust season has begun, sometime around the end of March. There is a new quickening of interest in the quaint state of Nevada and romantic Mexico. Although the vast majority of them come to naught, in the spring men's (and women's) fancies seem to turn toward thoughts of divorce. Every day in April I am supposed to know the exact length of residence required for a divorce in every state of the Union, the admissible charges in each, the costs, and such specific details as: "What will happen to the children?" "Can I fix the alimony by separate agreement?"

THERE is no safe place for a lawyer. Symtoms of legal diseases can be trotted out anywhere, at any time. It is often difficult, at a social gathering or in a public place, to display a sore toe or an infected tonsil for gratuitous medical advice. But difficulties with a cook, traffic violations, an argument over a bonus check can pass all barriers.

A short while ago I was coming back from Washington on the Congressional Limited. In the club car men were crying out their simple, cocksure solutions for the United States of America. Suddenly the man near the window perked up and shot me a look that

meant trouble. He had spotted an attorney.

In less than five minutes the conversation had been steered into a hot debate over inheritance taxes. From around the foul-smelling cigar which never left his lips came the declaration: "It's a cinch to beat inheritance laws by getting your lawyer to fix you up a trust. My lawyer rigged me up one and told me I could smash it any time I wanted and even so the government wouldn't get a nickel out of my estate." The cigar tilted sharply in my direction like a ten-inch battleship gun: "You know all about those stunts, don't you?"

I was weary of legal talk. I was weary of talk. I said, "I guess you got good advice."

That didn't stop him. That never stops them. No client is ever entirely secure in his advice. Every client wants free confirmation from the rest of the profession. And my questioner sought to get just that, all the way from Wilmington to North Philadelphia, by a long and tedious discussion of those tedious trusts he had had set up.

You never know what you're getting into. One night late I went into my delicatessen on Sixth Avenue to buy a ham sandwich. There was Max with his knife and apron. Spreading the mustard deliberately he observed, "You're a member of the State Banking Board, I see, Mr. Ernst."

"How did you unearth that secret scandal?" I responded lightly.

"I saw your picture in the paper. Look, Mr. Ernst, you know [I didn't] I bought some of that stock of the bank that busted and now they're suing me. Tell me, why didn't they tell me I was liable for more money? Can they collect that $3,000 again? I paid once, you know. They handed me a summons. What should I do?"

At a formal dinner I might have plunged into the problem of double liability on bank stock and technical defenses based on equitable ownership. Over a snack at midnight I couldn't face it. I pleaded exhaustion and fled.

At a garage or filling station a lawyer is expected to know every single rule of the road throughout every state. In a barber shop he'd better be quick on advice about losses on book-making for horse racing. And if he's confronted by a manufacturer, he should run not walk to the nearest exit.

Manufacturers' conversations with lawyers usually begin, "You know, Mr. Ernst, there are too many laws. Don't you honestly think that all these laws about fireproof exits and a bench for every workman and special working hours for women are going to break down all industry? What should I do about that fireproof door? I got a summons to appear in court tomorrow. . . ." From this point on there's no stopping the requests for advice on how to break health, fire, employment, and tenement-house laws.

I ASSURE the reader that in this plaint there is no exaggeration. Yet I confess that in one particular I have not been strictly honest: the truth is that lawyers love being asked anything, by anyone, at any time. Seldom is advice given, seldomer still is the advice worth anything, and most seldom of all is it followed. All the same, each individual request for it is followed by the same secret glow of pleasure in the lawyer's breast.

To be asked for advice and to accept confessions are the two most flattering occupations of man, and the lawyer is constantly treated to both. Mature businessmen pull him into a corner and whisper their most recent business follies. Foolish married women report their indiscretions—not directly, of course, but as curious episodes that happened years ago to remote acquaintances. This ruse might deceive other listeners, but the lawyer has heard so many case histories that he recognizes the truth at once. This adds to his feeling of superiority and discernment.

It is also true that not only lawyers, but all professional men, suffer from the same onslaught by the general public—and, no doubt, share its gratifications. There are a number of human beings who cannot resist getting advice from every expert they meet. An outstanding example of this species, a friend of mine, is one of the most lovable theatrical producers in New York. I was with him when he was introduced to a Dr. Smith. Immediately my friend's hand slid to his back and he asked the doctor what to do for a slight case of lumbago. With some diffidence Dr. Smith explained that he was not an M.D. but a doctor of economics.

"Ah," said my friend, unabashed, "tell me, will General Motors stock go up with Wilson in the Cabinet?"

The Destructors



A Story by Graham Greene

Drawings by Robert Gill

IT WAS on the eve of August Bank Holiday that the latest recruit became the leader of the Wormsley Common Gang. No one was surprised except Mike, but Mike at the age of nine was surprised by everything. "If you don't shut your mouth," somebody once said to him, "you'll get a frog down it." After that Mike had kept his teeth tightly clamped except when the surprise was too great.

The new recruit had been with the gang since the beginning of the summer holidays, and there were possibilities about his brooding silence that all recognized. He never wasted a word even to tell his name until that was required of him by the rules. When he said "Trevor" it was a statement of fact, not as it would have been with the others a statement of shame or defiance. Nor did anyone laugh except Mike, who finding himself without support and meeting the dark gaze of the newcomer opened his mouth and was quiet again. There was every reason why T., as he was afterwards referred to, should have been an object of mockery—there was his name (and they substituted the initial because otherwise they had no excuse not to laugh at it), the fact that his father, a former architect and present clerk, had "come down in the world" and that his mother considered herself better than the neighbors. What but an odd quality of danger, of the unpredictable, established him in the gang without any ignoble ceremony of initiation?

The gang met every morning in an impromptu car park, the site of the last bomb of the first blitz. The leader, who was known as Blackie, claimed to have heard it fall, and no one was precise enough in his dates to point out that he would have been one year old and fast asleep on the down platform of Wormsley Common Underground Station. On one side of the car park leaned the first occupied house, No. 3, of the shattered Northwood Terrace—literally leaned, for it had suffered from the blast of the bomb and the side walls were supported on wooden struts. A smaller bomb and some incendiaries had fallen beyond, so that the house stuck up like a jagged tooth and carried on the further wall relics of its neighbor, a dado, the remains of a fireplace. T., whose words were almost confined to voting "Yes" or "No" to the plan of operations proposed each day by Blackie, once startled the whole gang by saying broodingly, "Wren built that house, Father says."

"Who's Wren?"

"The man who built St. Paul's."

"Who cares?" Blackie said. "It's only Old Misery's."

Old Misery—whose real name was Thomas —had once been a builder and decorator. He lived alone in the crippled house, doing for himself: once a week you could see him com-

ing back across the common with bread and vegetables and once as the boys played in the car park he put his head over the smashed wall of his garden and looked at them.

"Been to the loo," one of the boys said, for it was common knowledge that since the bombs fell something had gone wrong with the pipes of the house and Old Misery was too mean to spend money on the property. He could do the redecorating himself at cost price, but he had never learned plumbing. The loo was a wooden shed at the bottom of the narrow garden with a star-shaped hole in the door: it had escaped the blast which had smashed the house next door and sucked out the window frames of No. 3.

The next time the gang became aware of Mr. Thomas was more surprising. Blackie, Mike, and a thin yellow boy, who for some reason was called by his surname Summers, met him on the common coming back from the market. Mr. Thomas stopped them. He said glumly, "You belong to the lot that play in the car park?"

Mike was about to answer when Blackie stopped him. As the leader he had responsibilities. "Suppose we are?" he said ambiguously.

"I got some chocolates," Mr. Thomas said. "Don't like 'em myself. Here you are. Not enough to go round, I don't suppose. There never is," he added with somber conviction. He handed over three packets of Smarties.

The gang were puzzled and perturbed by this action and tried to explain it away. "Bet someone dropped them and he picked 'em up," somebody suggested.

"Pinched 'em and then got in a bleeding funk," another thought aloud.

"It's a bribe," Summers said. "He wants us to stop bouncing balls on his wall."

"We'll show him we don't take bribes," Blackie said, and they sacrificed the whole morning to the game of bouncing that only Mike was young enough to enjoy. There was no sign from Mr. Thomas.

NEXT day T. astonished them all. He was late at the rendezvous, and the voting for that day's exploit took place without him. At Blackie's suggestion the gang was to disperse in pairs, take busses at random, and see how many free rides could be snatched from unwary conductors (the operation was to be carried out in pairs to avoid cheating). They were drawing lots for their companions when T. arrived.

"Where you been, T.?" Blackie asked. "You can't vote now. You know the rules."

"I've been *there*," T. said. He looked at the ground, as though he had thoughts to hide.

"Where?"

"At Old Misery's." Mike's mouth opened and then hurriedly closed again with a click. He had remembered the frog.

"At Old Misery's?" Blackie said. There was nothing in the rules against it, but he had a sensation that T. was treading on dangerous ground. He asked hopefully, "Did you break in?"

"No. I rang the bell."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I wanted to see his house."

"What did he do?"

"He showed it me."

"Pinch anything?"

"No."

"What did you do it for then?"

THE GANG had gathered round: it was as though an impromptu court were about to form and to try some case of deviation. T. said, "It's a beautiful house," and still watching the ground, meeting no one's eyes, he licked his lips first one way, then the other.

"What do you mean, a beautiful house?" Blackie asked with scorn.

"It's got a staircase two hundred years old like a corkscrew. Nothing holds it up."

"What do you mean, nothing holds it up? Does it float?"

"It's to do with opposite forces, Old Misery said."

"What else?"

"There's paneling."

"Like in the Blue Boar?"

"Two hundred years old."

"Is Old Misery two hundred years old?"

Mike laughed suddenly and then was quiet again. The meeting was in a serious mood. For the first time since T. had strolled into the car park on the first day of the holidays his position was in danger. It only needed a single use of his real name and the gang would be at his heels.

"What did you do it for?" Blackie asked.

He was just the kid no jealousy, he was anxious to join the gang if he could. It was the word "beautiful" that worried him—that belonged to a class world that you could still see parodied at the Wormsley Common Empire by a man wearing a top hat and a monocle, with a haw-haw accent. He was tempted to say, "My dear Trevor, old chap," and unleash his hell hounds. "If you'd broken in," he said sadly—that indeed would have been an exploit worthy of the gang.

"This was better," T. said. "I found out things." He continued to stare at his feet, not meeting anybody's eye, as though he were absorbed in some dream he was unwilling—or ashamed—to share.



"What things?"

"Old Misery's going to be away all tomorrow and Bank Holiday."

Blackie said with relief, "You mean we could break in?"

"And pinch things?" somebody asked.

Blackie said, "Nobody's going to pinch things. Breaking in—that's good enough, isn't it? We don't want any court stuff."

"I don't want to pinch anything," T. said. "I've got a better idea."

"What is it?"

T. raised eyes, as gray and disturbed as the drab August day. "We'll pull it down," he said. "We'll destroy it."

Blackie gave a single hoot of laughter and then, like Mike, fell quiet, daunted by the serious implacable gaze. "What'd the police be doing all the time?" he said.

"They'd never know. We'd do it from inside. I've found a way in." He said with a sort of intensity, "We'd be like worms, don't you see, in an apple. When we came out again there'd be nothing there, no staircase, no panels, nothing but just walls, and then we'd make the walls fall down—somehow."

"We'd go to jug," Blackie said.

"Who's to prove? and anyway we wouldn't have pinched anything." He added without the smallest flicker of glee, "There wouldn't be anything to pinch after we'd finished."

"I've never heard of going to prison for breaking things," Summers said.

"There wouldn't be time," Blackie said. "I've seen housebreakers at work."

"There are twelve of us," T. said. "We'd organize."

"None of us know how . . ."

"I know," T. said. He looked across at Blackie, "Have you got a better plan?"

"Today," Mike said tactlessly, "we're pinching free rides . . ."

"Free rides," T. said. "You can stand down, Blackie, if you'd rather . . ."

"The gang's got to vote."

"Put it up then."

Blackie said uneasily, "It's proposed that tomorrow and Monday we destroy Old Misery's house."

"Here, here," said a fat boy called Joe.

"Who's in favor?"

T. said, "It's carried."

"How do we start?" Summers asked.

"He'll tell you," Blackie said. It was the end of his leadership. He went away to the back of the car park and began to kick a stone, dribbling it this way and that. There was only one old Morris in the park, for few cars were left there except lorries: without an attendant there was no safety. He took a flying kick at the car and scraped a little paint off the rear mudguard. Beyond, paying no more attention to him than to a stranger, the gang had gathered round T.; Blackie was dimly aware of the fickleness of favor. He thought of going home, of never returning, of letting them all discover the hollowness of T.'s leadership, but suppose after all what T. proposed was possible—nothing like it had ever been done before. The fame of the Wormsley Common car park gang would surely reach around London. There would be headlines in the papers. Even the grown-up gangs who ran the betting at the all-in wrestling and the barrow boys would hear with respect of how Old Misery's house had been destroyed. Driven by the pure, simple, and altruistic ambition of fame for the gang, Blackie came back to where T. stood in the shadow of Misery's wall.

He was giving orders with decision: it was as though this plan had been with him all his life, pondered through the seasons, now in his fifteenth year crystallized with the pain of puberty. "You," he said to Mike, "bring some big nails, the biggest you can find, and a hammer. Anyone else who can, better bring a hammer and a screw driver.

We'll need plenty of them. Chisels too. We can't have too many chisels. Can anybody bring a saw?"

"I can," Mike said.

"Not a child's saw," T. said. "A real saw."

Blackie realized he had raised his hand like any ordinary member of the gang.

"Right, you bring one, Blackie. But now there's a difficulty. We want a hacksaw."

"What's a hacksaw?" someone asked.

"You can get 'em at Woolworth's," Summers said.

The fat boy called Joe said gloomily, "I knew it would end in a collection."

"I'll get one myself," T. said. "I don't want your money. But I can't buy a sledge hammer."

Blackie said, "They are working on No. 15. I know where they'll leave their stuff for Bank Holiday."

"Then that's all," T. said. "We meet here at nine sharp."

"I've got to go to church," Mike said.

"Come over the wall and whistle. We'll let you in."

II

On Sunday morning all were punctual except Blackie, even Mike. Mike had a stroke of luck. His mother felt ill, his father was tired after Saturday night, and he was told to go to church alone with many warnings of what would happen if he strayed. Blackie had difficulty in smuggling out the saw, and then in finding the sledge hammer at the back of No. 15. He approached the house from a lane at the rear of the garden, for fear of the policeman's beat along the main road. The tired evergreens kept off a stormy sun: another wet Bank Holiday was being prepared over the Atlantic, beginning in swirls of dust under the trees. Blackie climbed the wall into Misery's garden.

There was no sign of anybody anywhere. The loo stood like a tomb in a neglected graveyard. The curtains were drawn. The house slept. Blackie lumbered nearer with the saw and the sledge hammer. Perhaps after all nobody had turned up: the plan had been a wild invention: they had woken wiser. But when he came close to the back door he could hear a confusion of sound, hardly louder than a hive in swarm: a clickety-clack, a bang bang bang, a scraping, a creaking, a sudden painful crack. He thought: it's true, and whistled.

They opened the back door to him and he came in. He had at once the impression of organization, very different from the old happy-go-lucky ways under his leadership. For awhile he wandered up and down stairs looking for T. Nobody addressed him: he had a sense of great urgency and already he could begin to see the plan.



The interior of the house was being carefully demolished without touching the outer walls. Summers with hammer and chisel was ripping out the skirting boards in the ground floor dining room: he had already smashed the panels of the door. In the same room Joe was heaving up the parquet blocks, exposing the soft wood floor-boards over the cellar. Coils of wire came out of the damaged skirting and Mike sat happily on the floor, clipping the wires.

On the curved stairs two of the gang were working hard with an inadequate child's saw on the banisters—when they saw Blackie's big saw they signaled for it wordlessly. When he next saw them a quarter of the banisters had been dropped into the hall. He found T. at last in the bathroom—he sat moodily in the least cared for room in the house, listening to the sounds coming up from below.

"You've really done it," Blackie said with awe. "What's going to happen?"

"We've only just begun," T. said. He looked at the sledge hammer and gave his instructions. "You stay here and break the bath and the wash basin. Don't bother about the pipes. They come later."

Mike appeared at the door. "I've finished the wire, T.," he said.

"Good. You've just got to go wandering round now. The kitchen's in the basement. Smash all the china and glass and bottles you can lay hold of. Don't turn on the taps—we don't want a flood—yet. Then go into all the rooms and turn out drawers. If they are locked get one of the others to break them open. Tear up any papers you find and smash all the ornaments. Better take a carving knife with you from the kitchen. The bedroom's opposite here. Open the pillows and tear up the sheets. That's enough for the moment.

And you, Blackie, when you've finished in here crack the plaster in the passage up with your sledge hammer."

"What are you going to do?" Blackie asked.

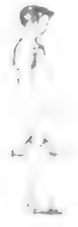
"I'm looking for something special," T. said.

It was nearly lunch time before Blackie had finished and went in search of T. Others had arrived. The kitchen was a shambles of broken glass and china. The dining room was stripped of parquet, the skirting up the door had been taken off its hinges, and the destroyers had moved up a floor. Streaks of light came in through the closed shutters where they worked with the seriousness of creators—and destruction is a form of creation. A kind of imagination had seen this house as it had now become.

Mike said, "I've got to go home for dinner."

"Who else?" T. asked, but all the others on one excuse or another had brought provisions with them.

They squatted in the ruins of the room and swapped unwanted sandwiches. Half an hour for lunch and they were at work again. By the time Mike returned, they were on the top floor, and by six the superficial damage was completed. The doors were all off, all the skirtings raised, the furniture pillaged and ripped and smashed—no one could have slept in the house except on a bed of broken plaster. T. gave his orders—eight o'clock next morning, and to escape notice they climbed singly over the garden wall, into the car park. Only Blackie and T. were left: the light had nearly gone and when they touched a switch, nothing worked—Mike had done his job thoroughly.



"Did you find anything special?" Blackie asked.

T. nodded. "Come over here," he said, "and look." Out of both pockets he drew bundles of pound notes. "Old Misery's savings," he said. "Mike ripped out the mattress, but he missed them."

"What are you going to do? Share them?"

"We aren't thieves," T. said. "Nobody's going to steal anything from this house. I kept these for you and me—a celebration." He knelt down on the floor and counted them out—there were seventy in all. "We'll burn them," he said, "one by one," and taking it in turns they held a note upward and lit the top corner, so that the flame burned slowly toward their fingers. The gray ash floated above them and fell on their heads like age. "I'd like to see Old Misery's face when we are through," T. said.

"You hate him a lot?" Blackie asked.

"Of course I don't hate him," T. said. "There'd be no fun if I hated him." The last burning note illuminated his brooding face. "All this hate and love," he said, "it's soft, it's hooey. There's only things, Blackie," and he looked round the room crowded with the unfamiliar shadows of half things, broken things, former things. "I'll race you home, Blackie," he said.

III

Next morning the serious destruction started. There were two casualties—Mike and another boy whose parents were off to Southend and Brighton in spite of the slow warm drops that had begun to fall and the rumble of thunder in the estuary like the first guns of the old blitz. "We've got to hurry," T. said.

Summers was restive. "Haven't we done enough?" he said. "I've been given a bob for slot machines. This is like work."

"We've hardly started," T. said. "Why, there's all the floors left, and the stairs. We haven't taken out a single window. You voted like the others. We are going to *destroy* this house. There won't be anything left when we've finished."

They began again on the first floor picking up the top floor-boards next the outer wall, leaving the joists exposed. Then they sawed through the joists and retreated into the hall as what was left of the floor heeled and sank. They had learned with practice and the second floor collapsed more easily. By the evening an odd exhilaration seized them as they looked down the great hollow of the house. They ran risks and made mistakes: when they thought of the windows it was too late to reach them. "Cor," Joe said and dropped a penny down into the dry rubble-filled well. It cracked and span among the broken glass.

"Why did we start this?" Summers asked with astonishment; T. was already on the ground, digging at the rubble, clearing a space along the outer wall. "Turn on the

taps," he said. "It's too dark for anyone to see now and in the morning it won't matter." The water overtook them on the stairs and fell through the floorless rooms.

It was then they heard Mike's whistle at the back. "Something's wrong," Blackie said. They could hear his urgent breathing as they unlocked the door.

"The bogies?" Summers asked.

"Old Misery," Mike said. "He's on his way." He put his head between his knees and retched. "Ran all the way," he said with pride.

"But why?" T. said. "He told me . . ." He protested with the fury of the child he had never been, "It isn't fair."

"He was down at Southend," Mike said, "and he was on the train coming back. Said it was too cold and wet." He paused and gazed at the water. "My, you've had a storm here. Is the roof leaking?"

"How long will he be?"

"Five minutes. I gave Ma the slip and ran."

"We better clear," Summers said. "We've done enough anyway."

"Oh no, we haven't. Anybody could do this—" "This" was the shattered hollowed house with nothing left but the walls. Yet walls could be preserved. Façades were valuable. They could build inside again more beautifully than before. This could again be a home. He said angrily, "We've got to finish. Don't move. Let me think."

"There's no time," a boy said.

"There's got to be a way," T. said. "We couldn't have got this far . . ."

"We've done a lot," Blackie said.

"No. No we haven't. Somebody watch the front."

"We can't do any more."

"He may come in at the back."

"Watch the back too." T. began to plead, "Just give me a minute and I'll fix it. I swear I'll fix it." But his authority had gone with his ambiguity. He was only one of the gang. "Please," he said.

"Please," Summers mimicked him and then suddenly struck home with the fatal name. "Run along home, Trevor."

T. stood with his back to the rubble like a boxer knocked groggy against the ropes. He had no words as his dreams shook and slid. Then Blackie acted before the gang had time to laugh, pushing Summers backward. "I'll watch the front, T.," he said, and cautiously he opened the shutters of the hall. The gray wet common stretched ahead, and the lamps gleamed in the puddles. "Someone's coming, T. No, it's not him. What's your plan, T.?"

"Tell Mike to go out to the loo and hide close beside it. When he hears me whistle he's got to count ten and start to shout."

"Shout what?"

"Oh, 'help', anything."

"You hear, Mike," Blackie said. He was the leader again. He took a quick look between the shutters. "He's coming, T."

"Quick, Mike. The loo. Stay here, Blackie, all of you."

"Where are you going, T.?"

"Don't worry. I'll see to this."

Old Misery came limping off the common. He had mud on his shoes and he stopped to scrape them on the pavement's edge. He didn't want to soil his house, which stood jagged and dark between the bomb sites, saved so narrowly as he believed from destruction. Even the fanlight had been left unbroken by the bomb's blast. Somewhere somebody whistled. Old Misery looked sharply round. He didn't trust whistles. A child was shouting: it seemed to come from his own garden. Then a boy ran into the road from the car park. "Mr. Thomas," he called, "Mr. Thomas."



"What is it?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Thomas. One of us got taken short and we thought you wouldn't mind and now he can't get out."

"What do you mean, boy?"

"He's got stuck in your loo."

"He'd no business . . . Haven't I seen you before?"

"You showed me your house."

"So I did. So I did. That doesn't give you the right to . . ."

"Do hurry, Mr. Thomas. He'll suffocate."

"Nonsense. He can't suffocate. Wait till I put my bag in."

"I'll carry your bag."

"Oh no, you don't. I carry my own."

"This way, Mr. Thomas."

"I can't get in the garden that way. I've

Perhaps he's taunted," the boy said.

"Not in my loo. Here, you, come out." Mr. Thomas said and giving a great jerk at the door he nearly fell on his back when it swung easily open. A hand first supported him and then pushed him hard. His head hit the opposite wall and he sat heavily down. His bag hit his feet. A hand whipped the key out of the lock and the door slammed. "Let me out," he called and heard the key turn in the lock. "A serious crash," he thought and felt dithery and confused and old.

A voice spoke to him softly through the star-shaped hole in the door. "Don't worry, Mr. Thomas," it said, "we won't hurt you, not if you stay quiet."

Mr. Thomas put his head between his hands and pondered. He had noticed that there was only one lorry in the car park, and he felt certain that the driver would not come for it before the morning. Nobody could hear him from the road in front, and the lane at the back was seldom used. Anyone who passed there would be hurrying home and would not pause for what they would certainly take to be drunken cries. And if he did call "Help," who, on a lonely Bank Holiday evening, would have the courage to investigate? Mr. Thomas sat on the loo and pondered with the wisdom of age.

After a while it seemed to him that there were sounds in the silence—they were faint and came from the direction of his house. He stood up and peered through the ventilation hole—between the cracks in one of the shutters he saw a light, not the light of a lamp but the wavering light that a candle might give. Then he thought he heard the sound of hammering and scraping and chipping. He thought of burglars—perhaps they had employed the boy as a scout, but why should burglars engage in what sounded more and more like a stealthy form of carpentry? Mr. Thomas let out an experimental yell, but nobody answered. The noise could not even have reached his enemies.

IV

Miss had gone home to bed, but the rest stayed. The question of leadership no longer concerned the gang. With nails, chisels, screw drivers, anything that was sharp and penetrating, they moved

around the inner walls worrying at the mortar between the bricks. They started too high, and it was Blackie who hit on the damp course and realized the work could be halved if they weakened the joints immediately above. It was a long, tiring, unamusing job, but at last, it was finished. The gutted house stood there balanced on a few inches of mortar between the damp course and the bricks.

There remained the most dangerous task of all, out in the open at the edge of the bomb site. Summers was sent to watch the road for passers-by, and Mr. Thomas sitting on the loo heard clearly now the sound of sawing. It no longer came from his house and that a little reassured him. He felt less concerned. Perhaps the other noises too had no significance.

A voice spoke to him through the hole. "Mr. Thomas."

"Let me out." Mr. Thomas said sternly.

"Here's a blanket," the voice said, and a long gray sausage was worked through the hole and fell in swathes over Mr. Thomas' head.

"There's nothing personal," the voice said. "We want you to be comfortable tonight."

"Tonight." Mr. Thomas repeated incredulously.

"Catch." the voice said. "Penny buns—we've buttered them, and sausage rolls. We don't want you to starve, Mr. Thomas."

Mr. Thomas pleaded desperately. "A joke's a joke, boy. Let me out and I won't say a thing. I've got rheumatics. I got to sleep comfortable."

"You wouldn't be comfortable, not in your house, you wouldn't. Not now."

"What do you mean, boy?" but the footsteps receded. There was only the silence of night: no sound of sawing. Mr. Thomas tried one more yell, but he was daunted and rebuked by the silence—a long way away an owl hooted and made off again on its muffled flight through the soundless world.

At seven next morning the driver came to fetch his lorry. He climbed into the seat and tried to start the engine. He was vaguely aware of a voice shouting, but it didn't concern him. At last the engine responded and he backed the lorry until it touched the great wooden shore that supported Mr. Thomas' house. That way he could drive right out and down the street without reversing. The lorry moved forward, was momentarily checked as though something were pulling it from behind, and then went on to the sound of a long rumbling crash. The driver was astonished to see bricks bouncing ahead of him, while stones hit the roof of his cab. He put on his brakes. When he climbed out the whole landscape had suddenly altered. There was no house beside the car park, only a hill of rubble. He went round and examined the back of his car for damage and found a rope tied there that was still twisted at the other end round part of a wooden strut.



The driver became conscious of sombody shouting. It came from the [illegible] which was the nearest thing to a [illegible] mountain of broken brick. The driver climbed the smashed wall and unlocked the door. Mr. Thomas came out of the loo. He was carrying a gray blanket to which flakes of pastry adhered. He gave a sobbing cry. "My house," he said. "Where's my house?"

"Search me," the driver said. His eye lit on the remains of a bath and what had once been a dresser and he began to laugh. There wasn't anything left anywhere.

"How dare you laugh." Mr. Thomas said. "It was my house. My house."

"I'm sorry," the driver said, making heroic efforts, but when he remembered the sudden check to his lorry, the crash of bricks falling, he became convulsed again. One moment the house had stood there with such dignity between the bomb sites like a man in a top hat, and then, bang, crash, there wasn't anything left—not anything. He said "I'm sorry. I can't help it, Mr. Thomas. There's nothing personal, but we'll get [illegible] in a hurry."

Speakable Bâcle

The [illegible] girl often loses her balance
When [illegible] by a man with unusual chalance.

—*Felicia Lamport*

The Jet-Propelled Couch

Part II: Return to Earth

Robert Lindner

Last month, Dr. Lindner, a Baltimore psychoanalyst, described how Kirk Allen, a young research physicist, was sent to him by the doctor at the top-secret installation where Allen worked. Allen suffered from the delusion that he was spending part of his life on another planet. As the first step in his treatment, Dr. Lindner got his life history: Allen was the only child of an elderly father, the U. S. Commissioner of a small Pacific island, and a young mother who neglected him. As a small boy he had an affectionate Polynesian nurse, and at eleven he was prematurely introduced to sex by his white governess. At twelve he stumbled on a series of science-fiction books whose interplanetary hero had the same name as his own. Identifying himself with the legendary Kirk Allen, he began to believe the books were his own life history. Then he invented new adventures for this Kirk Allen which he believed he was "remembering." He continued these fantasies through school and college in America, and even after he became a scientist. At last he found that he could at will "become" the other Kirk Allen. And, his analyst discovered, this conviction had become essential to his

A more extended account of this case history will appear in Dr. Lindner's forthcoming book, The Fifty-Minute Hour.

For many days I pondered the question of how Kirk Allen could be restored to sanity—and yet remain alive. For there seemed to be nothing that could compete with the unending gratifications of his fantasy. Meanwhile Kirk turned over to me all of his records.

It is impossible to convey more than a bare impression of these. There were, to begin with, about 12,000 pages of typescript comprising the amended "biography" of Kirk Allen. This was divided into some 200 chapters and read like fiction. Appended to these pages were approximately 2,000 more of notes in Kirk's handwriting, containing corrections necessitated by his more recent "researches," and a huge bundle of scraps and jottings on envelopes, receipted bills, laundry slips.

There also were a glossary of names and terms that ran to more than 100 pages; 82 full-color maps carefully drawn to scale, 23 of planetary bodies in four projections, 31 of land masses on these planets, 14 labeled "Kirk Allen's Expedition to ——," the remainder of cities on the various planets; 161 architectural sketches and elevations, all carefully scaled and annotated; 12 genealogical tables; an 18-page description of the galactic system in which Kirk Allen's home planet was contained, with four astronomical charts, one for each of the seasons, and nine star-maps of the skies from observatories on other planets in the system; a 200-page history of the empire Kirk Allen ruled, with a three-page table of dates and names of battles or outstanding historical events; a series of 44 folders containing from 2 to 20 pages apiece, each dealing with some aspect—social, economic, or scientific—of the planet over which Kirk Allen ruled. Finally, there were 306 drawings of people, animals, plants, insects, weapons, utensils, machines, articles of clothing, vehicles, instruments, and furniture.

The reader can imagine my dismay at the sheer bulk of this material; I do not know if he can appreciate with what mis-

givings I approached the task of weaning this man from his madness. Aside from everything else, he was my patient under the most inauspicious possible conditions, for he had not come of his own volition. The authorities had sent him, demanding he be treated not only for his sake but because they feared that in his disturbed condition he was a poor security risk who could neither be kept on the job nor discharged.

In his dealings with me Kirk acted the part of a noble opponent who courteously permits his antagonist to choose the time, the place, even the weapons of their encounter. Unfailingly polite, he submitted to my ministrations, attempted to follow my instructions to the letter, and gave me every possible scope for my activities. But I understood at once that his courtesy was only the mask for a deep antagonism—and, perhaps, fear. In a dim way, I saw, Kirk too appreciated that his very life depended upon the maintenance of his psychosis. The small doubt implanted by the action of the authorities as well as my decision to treat him threatened the structure essential to his existence.

So far as I could, I tried to avoid giving Kirk any impression that I was entering the lists with him to prove that he was psychotic. Instead, because it was obvious that both his temperament and training were scientific, I set myself to capitalize on the one quality he had shown throughout his life: curiosity.

On the pretext of discovering how he did all the remarkable things he reported and just why it was he, Kirk Allen, to whom these special gifts were given, I strove to enlist his active participation in treatment. This meant, of course, that at least for the time being I "accepted" the validity of his experiences, and the "truth" of the material in the records. When Kirk appreciated that we had achieved a common ground where we could work together on a problem that intrigued him, he dropped his defenses and fell to the mutual task with enthusiasm.

For many months we progressed swiftly toward the goal we had set ourselves: to find out what had happened to Kirk to render him "sensitive" to the extraordinary experiences he reported. Our emphasis was on his actual biography, on the formative events, relationships, and associations of his childhood and adolescence. Nevertheless, so that he should know that no detail was being overlooked, I consented to—as a matter of fact, urged him toward—the exploration of additional means of discovering the source or sources of his "sensitivity."

Accordingly, from time to time Kirk submitted to various examinations I arranged for him. Under an assumed name he put himself through the Diagnostic Clinic at the Johns Hopkins Hospital; received a thoroughgoing neurological examination including electroencephalogram, air injection engrams, and X-ray studies of his cranium from an outstanding neurologist of my acquaintance; was surveyed thoroughly by an endocrinologist; and even studied in meticulous detail by a physical anthropologist. The outcome of all these elaborate tests was nil: in every respect save the psychological Kirk was distressingly average.

By the end of the first months of Kirk's treatment I was in a position to formulate, at least to my own satisfaction, the underlying psychic factors in his psychosis. Quite likely the incident that was to prove traumatic for him and determine, to a great extent, his future pattern, occurred when his family so abruptly severed his almost symbiotic relationship with the Polynesian nurse, Myna. Until then all his needs, biological and emotional, had been gratified. After the separation he was not only denied access to what had become the fountainhead of his security, but also lost the pivotal point of his contact with the universe. He could not even communicate with others, or employ any of his former techniques of behavior to obtain what he—like any child—required for normal development. His infant mind, threatened with permanent engulfment, strained to master it by the only means available at that stage: fantasy.

The first world Kirk built for himself was constructed at an age when most children are consolidating the gains of infancy and passing into a childhood in which the chief mental operation is the testing of reality. This was a phase through which Kirk never went; and it left him with a stunted capacity to distinguish between the real world and his own fantasies.

What followed generated the elements

[illegible] characteristic qualities of his fantasying: the [illegible]

[illegible] island coincided, and were followed in relative succession by Kirk's mother's virtual retirement and Myna's death.

Frustrated in all of his affectional aspirations, Kirk began to nourish intense feelings of hatred which rapidly declared themselves in destructive fantasies. Because he could not tolerate the devastating emotions to which the continual denial of his natural needs gave birth—emotions that provoked urges to aggress, to hate, and to destroy—he began to employ, first, distance, and, later, time, as the central features of his fantasies. By converting his inner turmoil and accompanying negative feelings to the stuff of fantasy and then projecting such fantasies to distant scenes and other times he found he could tolerate his impulses.

His premature sexual experiences with Miss Lilian increased his burden of inner hostility, his smoldering aggressiveness, and his destructive urgings. The capacity to divert these thoughts and feelings through fantasy projection was breaking down—not because he lacked imaginative invention but simply because no fantasy structure he could then envision was powerful enough to carry the tremendous weight of his negative impulses. The discovery of the "biographical" books was a life-saving accident.

It needed no more than the fortuitous correspondence of names to create the bridge across which Kirk traveled from painful reality to all-satisfying fantasy. And in the years to come, he needed these light-years of distance, these eons of time; for, after his father's death, during the lonely period that followed, his inner rage, bitterness, and fury grew to frightening proportions.

The shift from merely recalling what had been written in his "biography" to amending it by imaginative excursion beyond the confines of the books was, his analysis revealed, a natural psychic consequence of his strange development. The "biography" was unable to supply all his requirements for discharging anxiety and mastering experience, and when he reached this point he was forced to invent new material that would take more adequate account of his needs.

The discovery of this mental "gimmick" carried us far along the path of reconstructing Kirk's life in its finest details, for with this insight employed as a skeleton key to his past, it became possible to show him, eventually, how (and why) an almost one-to-one correspondence existed between his fantasy inventions and his actual past experience: in order to relieve its anxious consequences, he had *transformed* each significant event of his life into a bit of fantasy.

His second shift in technique—from recall of the future beyond the "biography's" scope to a sense of actual experience—was also a defensive psychic maneuver, necessitated by a new element that entered his life soon after he settled in his job at X Reservation.

The Miss Lilian episode was Kirk's first and only venture into sexual relations. Following his shattering encounter with her, he avoided, as much as he could, all relationships with women. In his fantasy life, however, he was not only sexually alert but a notorious and successful lover.

Among the scientists working with him on the project at X was an attractive geologist, recently divorced. She was slightly older than Kirk, intelligent, vivacious, and internationally famous for her work. The only unattached female member of the scientific staff, she was in great demand among the men, most of whom were bachelors. Nevertheless, it was Kirk on whom she exerted all her charm. Soon they were meeting frequently, attending occasional social functions together, and sharing as a couple whatever entertainments the isolated community had to offer. Kirk regarded this association as a pleasant companionship in which the gender of his partner was incidental; the girl had other plans. She began to behave in a manner that awakened once more his dread of sex. The more reticent he acted, the bolder her advances became. Kirk tried to dissolve the relationship, but she pursued him relentlessly.

On the night Kirk achieved for the first time the illusion of actually being the future Kirk Allen on another planet, he had dined with her in her apartment, and after dinner she had made a frank sexual overture which literally scared him out of his wits. In great

agitation he fled to his own room and, in an effort to calm himself, turned to his "records." The solution of complete flight into unreality suddenly appeared as the best available means whereby his threatened self could be preserved, and he unconsciously seized upon it. Thereafter, it became his "escape hatch" from intolerable actuality.

What is of great interest to the psychoanalyst is the fact that the solution of total flight into fantasy occurred to Kirk while he was consciously engaged in the preparation of a map. It is notorious that maps, charts, architectural plans, and similar materials are often symbols of the human form, especially of curiosity or perplexity regarding sexual details. In the incident that precipitated the new pattern of Kirk's fantasying, the remarkable effectiveness of fantasy as a defense against unconscious pressures can be seen with unusual clarity: not only are problems or strains relegated to a time and place that render them harmless, but there, in addition, they are solved or relieved.

By the end of the first year of analysis, Kirk and I had been able to work out the entire mechanics of his gigantic fantasy; had traced its sources to their roots; and had even elaborated, in meticulous detail, the one-to-one correspondence of experienced fact with imaginative feature. But none of this affected my patient's behavior to the slightest degree. Although he conceded that the foundations of his psychosis (which we still avoided calling by this name) rested in the past, although he recognized it as a self-salvaging maneuver of escape from reality, although he understood as well as I the why and how of its operation—he showed no inclination to abandon it. Almost daily he entered the strange realm of his elaborate preoccupation, returning therefrom each time with some exciting bit of news or some colorful item to add to the "records."

Outwardly he maintained the facade of an integrated and well-functioning person. To keep himself busy he attended lectures at the universities in and near Baltimore, made acquaintances among the scientists there, and participated casually in the intellectual life of the community. In sum, he was quite content. I, on the other hand, was perplexed as I had never been before about a patient. The only success I had had—if, indeed, this paltry accomplishment could be attributed to the analysis—was the minor one of holding my patient in treatment and keeping his condition relatively stable.

For weeks I wrestled with the problem of what to do. In rapid succession I ran through every technique, device, even trick of therapy I knew or had heard or read about. More and more, between the times we met for his hours, I was preoccupied with Kirk's analysis.

Some readers may wonder why I did not admit failure and refer Kirk to a psychiatrist who might employ one of the more drastic methods such as shock treatment. This I could not do, because I could not conscientiously expose this patient (or, indeed, any other) either to the experience of such treatment or to its possible negative effects. I am one of the more vocal antagonists of such "heroic" measures. And especially in Kirk's case would I regard their use with abhorrence. His psychosis notwithstanding, he had a fine brain, a basically well-motivated personality, and showed promise of being—when freed from the debilitation of his disorder—one of those valuable persons on whom the future of our civilization depends.

Why, then, other readers may ask, did I not employ hypnosis? Because Kirk's hold on reality was tenuous enough as it was, and I frankly feared hypnosis might break the thin thread by which his connection with this world was maintained.

During one of Kirk's hours at the time of my deepest despair it came to me in a sudden flash of inspiration that to separate Kirk from his madness I must enter his fantasy and, from that position, pry him loose from the psychosis.

This idea of participating in a psychosis is not new. Such brilliant workers as John Rosen, Milton Wexler, and others have formulated the principles of the technique and described its mode of operation, and I had read their papers with more than usual interest. But I had never utilized the method myself, nor had I as yet observed the work. Equipped, therefore, with only a handful of general propositions, I took my first steps.

I began by steeping myself in Kirk's "records." Intensive study brought to light many inconsistencies, and with these I

started again my new assault on his psychosis.

One morning when Kirk came into my office for his regular appointment, I was sitting at the desk studying his two astronomical charts and nine star maps, and the section of his "records" dealing with astronomical research. Since we were not using the couch in this phase of our work, he drew up a chair. My silent concentration on the materials before me eventually produced—as I knew it would—sufficient tension to cause him to break the quiet.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Plenty," I replied. "These distances are all fouled up. Either your astronomical projection from Srom Norbra X is wrong or the star maps are way off. They just don't make sense. Look here . . ."

For the next quarter hour I reviewed an error in distance between certain suns in the fanciful galaxy where Kirk Allen's home planet was located—an error I had happily discovered the previous evening—and showed him that his maps could not possibly be correct in view of this mistake. He was very upset by this and made many rapid calculations on the back of one of the maps.

"I don't understand it," he said. "I could swear I copied those maps exactly from the originals at the Institute."

"Maybe," I suggested, "you made your mistake in translating from Olmayan measurements to miles."

He shook his head.

"How were the distances measured in the first place?" I asked.

"Well, until we had the Stardrive and could actually get close to some of these suns we used ordinary methods—you know, spectroscopic analysis of light and so on. But after the 'Age of Interstellar Flight' the errors were corrected by direct instrument readings."

"How are the instruments calibrated? In miles, kilometers, or what?"

"The basic unit," he said pedantically, "is the 'ecapalim,' an Olmayan word corresponding to our mile, actually about a mile and five-sixteenths. But because of the immense distances, instruments on space-ships register in 'tonacapalim,' or units of about 160,000 miles." He thought a while, then, "Here, let me see if it's just an error in translating to miles." He worked rapidly and soon covered the back of the map with numbers. Finally, with a grunt of disgust, he tossed his pencil on the desk and paced the room.

"That's not it," he said. "There's something fundamentally wrong."

"Well," I comforted, "it's not very serious."

"Not serious!" he exploded. "Why, man, these maps are used by my pilots. No wonder I've lost so many ships!"

"Have you lost very many?" I asked innocently.

He passed a trembling hand over his face and muttered some words I couldn't hear. Then he returned to his chair and collapsed on it. I repeated the question: "Have you really lost many ships?"

"I . . . I don't know," he faltered. "I'll have to check on it when I go back."

We sat in silence again. I had the almost telepathic impression that Kirk's mind was a turmoil of questions about me. Heretofore, he had merely accepted my acceptance of his fantasy. Now, with his own faith in it slightly shaken and mine apparently unruffled, he was perplexed.

I picked up the maps and charts from the desk and examined them closely. When I felt his attention was sufficiently aroused, I asked, "Do you remember when you made these?"

"No," Kirk replied. "Why?"

"Well, it occurred to me you might have marked a date on them. It would help."

"How?"

"It's just an idea," I said casually. "I thought if they were dated you could find out when you examined the originals at the Institute."

"What good would that do?"

"Probably none," I said, "except that it's possible these maps are based on information obtained before the 'Age of Interstellar Flight.' That may be what's wrong."

His eyes brightened. "You mean," he said, "that maybe these maps are based on old ones and my pilots are using corrected charts?"

"Sure," I said. "After all, if you'd been losing many ships you'd have heard about it long before this."

"That's easy to check on," Kirk said cheerfully.

"Of course," I agreed. "When you go back, get in touch with the Institute."

I rose to signal the end of our hour. As Kirk was about to depart he paused in the

doorway, and his eyes swept over me in a long, slow, quizzical gaze. I knew then that my participation in the fantasy, the evidence I had just given of total acceptance—even of conspiracy—had, for the first time, made him question it. On the following day, when he announced that during the night he had journeyed to Srom Olma and had found, as I predicted, that his maps were based on calculations made before the "Age of Interstellar Flight," there was a new hesitant note in his voice. Further evidence that he was shaken accumulated during subsequent days. Despite my urging, he never got around to preparing new star maps, although he agreed with me that the job had to be done for the sake of maintaining the completeness and correctness of the "records."

While this particular episode was crucial, it was merely one of many, each of which contributed a little more leverage for prying my patient out of his madness. It was as if his delusion had room in it for only one person at one time. Psychotic structures, too, may be rigidly circumscribed as to "living space." When another person invades the delusion, the original occupant finds himself literally forced to give way.

Some years before, I had observed the same thing while I was on the staff of a psychiatric sanitarium in Maryland. We had a middle-aged paranoid woman there who clung to the delusion that she was Mary, Mother of God. Months after she came to the hospital, we admitted another patient with the same delusion. Both patients were mild-mannered, Catholic, and from similar socio-economic levels. On the lawn one day, happily in the presence of another staff member and myself, the two deluded women met. Before long each had revealed her "secret" identity.

The first, our "older" patient, received the information with visible perturbation. "Why you can't be, my dear," she said. "You must be crazy. *I* am the Mother of God." The new patient regarded her companion sorrowfully and, in a voice resonant with pity, said, "I'm afraid it's you who are mixed up: *I* am Mary." There followed a brief but polite argument, then a long silence during which the antagonists inspected each other warily. Finally, the "older" patient beckoned to the doctor standing with me. "Dr. S.," she asked, "what was the name of Our Blessed Mary's Mother?"

"I think it was Anne," he replied.

At once this patient turned to the other, her face glowing. "If you're Mary," she declared, "*I* must be Anne, your mother." And the two women embraced.

As a postscript to this story, it should be recorded that the woman who surrendered her Mother of God delusion thereafter responded rapidly to treatment and was soon discharged.

Participation also serves another purpose. To paraphrase Dr. John N. Rosen, when the therapist engages in the same behavior as the patient—and expresses the same ideas in the same language—the patient's own image and activities are projected before him as on a screen. He is thus, in one bold maneuver, thrust to the side of reality, forced to take up a critical position vis-à-vis what he observes, *i.e.* his own behavior, and compelled to adopt an attitude. This attitude is soon transformed into a therapeutic tool with which the clinician refashions the patient's psychic structure.

These principles operated on Kirk and slowly but surely edged him out of his psychosis. Meanwhile, strange things were happening to me, his psychoanalyst (or, better, his psychotherapist, since the method I was employing was no longer strictly that of psychoanalysis); and it is to these unforeseen personal effects that I now wish to turn.

Like any other profession, the practice of psychoanalysis has its share of drawbacks and dissatisfactions. There are long plateaus of dullness and routine that tend to arouse all-too-human discontents. I have often thought that these occasional limbo-like periods—when daily journeys through the unconscious seem so tame—would be more tolerable were it not for the additional occupational discomforts of satiation and confinement.

In his work, moment after moment, an analyst lives intimately with the human passions, and the consequence of this incessant exposure is a feeling of satiety. An analyst reaches a satiation point where only a "surprise"—a sudden, unpredictable event—can restore the quickening of interest and sensitivity he must have if he is to perform efficiently. Fortunately, such "surprises" are not lacking.

Occupational psychoanalysts suffer from the [illegible] of enforced immobility. Everything we do takes place in the consulting room. The many dreams of which we partake, the tremendous conflicts, the shattering experiences, come to the rooms in which we spend [illegible] Literally, we are spectators—rather, auditors. Sometimes, it cannot be [illegible] rails against the sheer physical constriction of such a life. Finally, one tires of words, words, words.

When I made the decision to participate in Kirk's psychosis, I was in such a period of emotional satiation and bored with my work. I had not then the wit to comprehend that my boredom was a defense against unresolved personal conflicts, that I was placing a screen between myself and the emotional turmoil of my patients in order to protect myself from constant emotional stimulation. Moreover, I was physically restless. Always a rather vigorous person, I contemplated with angry disgust the slow but progressive degeneration of my flesh and muscle from long hours of sitting.

Yet these two factors do not, by themselves, even begin to explain the extraordinary thing that happened to me. There were other factors, too, at work—my fondness for fantasy, my taste for science fiction, and certain temperamental qualities that contribute to the making of my personality.

I have always been given to an active fantasy life, whose roots are to be found in a childhood solitude comparable, but not similar, to Kirk's. Mine was more psychological than actual. Nor was my fantasying like Kirk's, but rather of the common Walter Mitty type. As a child and adolescent it offered gratifications withheld by the tedious reality of school and middle-class family life. As an adult it provided—and still does—those harmless outlets for life's ordinary frustrations that take the sting from events and can, if employed properly, be creative. Until the episode with Kirk, however, I had no idea what a double-edged tool it could be.

As for science fiction, I have always been an [illegible] of the genre and at forty I remain a rather reluctant addict.

From the moment I made its acquaintance Kirk's case fascinated me. The dictionary meaning of the word "fascinate" "to bewitch, to enchant, to cast a spell over, etc."—perfectly describes my state. As my participation in Kirk's grandiose delusion increased through the deliberate efforts I have described, the sharply defined edges of reality began to fade and I entered part way into the incredible universe of Kirk's design.

In the beginning it was a game. My wholesale acceptance of the fantasy was no more than a device I had seized upon to try to save Kirk. But eventually it ceased to be a game, and the moves, maneuvers, and manipulations of the pieces passed from my hands to become the tools of forces of which I was then hardly aware.

I became intrigued by the prospect Kirk's fantasy presented for realizing my dearest wish: to have sufficient time to know, to do, and to be all the wonderful things denied me and all men by temporal limitations. I possess a curiosity beyond the average, an almost boundless appetite for knowing and experiencing. My life does not provide sufficient scope to satisfy this hunger, but Kirk's intricate fabrication did. By engaging in it, I could obtain the illusion of gratifying my immense curiosity. With but a small step of an already lively imagination, I could escape from the prison of time.

And there was yet another charm for me. My ego has more than a modest share of a need to assert itself in creative ways, and the opportunities that this unique situation offered were tempting. While the position of "Lord of a Planet" had already been preempted, my peculiar function, once I had forced my way into Kirk's romantic creation, gave free play to every inventive whim, inspiration, and demiurgic notion I ever hope to have. The materials of Kirk's psychosis and the Achilles heel of my personality met and meshed like the gears of a clock.

The early signs of my disorder consisted, by and large, of an increased interest in the details of the fantasy and a mild but persistent anxiousness about them. This interest and anxiety were no longer so much for the sake of the therapy as in the service of the fantasy itself. I continued my intense pursuit of error and inconsistency in the "records," with the obsessive aim of "setting them straight."

Sometimes a problem about the "records" could not be settled in discussions with Kirk,

and I seemed to be compelled by rising anxiety to work out a solution on my own. When I managed such a solution the relief it afforded me was intense—so was the pleasure I took in Kirk's liberal congratulations. Often, too, when neither discussion with Kirk nor the efforts I made on my own sufficed to clarify some point, I found it "necessary" for him to obtain the required information by "journeying" to the place where it could be discovered.

On occasions of this kind, I actually ordered Kirk to make these excursions into the fantasy, then discovered myself awaiting his "return" with extraordinary eagerness.

At this point I find it necessary to assure the reader that, despite the foregoing, I never myself became psychotic. My condition throughout was that of enchantment developing toward obsession. I never lost sight of the fact that the "trips" Kirk made were impossible. But, in my preoccupation with the fantasy as such, I found it convenient to overlook, so far as *I* was concerned, the manner in which its wonderful details were made available to me.

As the days passed, my symptoms increased in number and intensity. Whereas the fantasy had previously beckoned only when I was actually with Kirk, or in my spare time, it now intruded itself into moments when I was not fully engaged otherwise, and even, on occasion, when I was attending to affairs far removed from Kirk. I found myself, for example, translating certain words into the "Olmayan" language. Phrases in this weird tongue, unannounced and unbidden, often came into my thoughts and remained there like a haunting melody until I set them down on paper and transposed them into English.

When I recall this period now it becomes obvious to me how I employed the rationalization of clinical altruism for personal ends and thus fell into a trap that awaits all unwary therapists of the mind. I remember clearly how, in those interim moments when I paused to ask myself what I was doing or to question the validity of my thoughts and feelings, I deliberately dismissed the evidence that I was succumbing to a potentially fatal fascination by referring my behavior to the therapeutic gambit necessitated by my patient's disorder.

Finally a moment arrived when I could not ignore the telltale signs of obsession. This crucial period was signalized by an exacerbation of my symptoms to the point where they became psychically painful. My anxiety, for example, could no longer be passed off as inner excitement: it rose to a pitch of aching apprehension where it demanded recognition. The amount of my preoccupation with the fantasy, the time I had to spend on its details, and the efforts I was forced to expend for its sake, enlarged to a point where other areas of my existence were invaded.

The transformation of fascination into psychic distress alarmed me sufficiently to make me take the necessary steps for extricating myself from my predicament. It acted, first, as a spur to self-analysis. Gradually, by the use of this accustomed tool, I was able to allay the more acute symptoms and to initiate those insightful processes that lead to recovery. But before I had completed this task, an amazing event occurred which, in the space of one hour, not only broke what remained of my spell, but marked the successful conclusion of Kirk's treatment.

The scene was the same: my office, high above the noisy streets of Baltimore. Outside there was a flurry of snow; inside it was warm and quiet. I sat at the desk, preparing for my session with Kirk by studying some drawings he had made. Suddenly, to the accompaniment of a pleasant tinkle of chimes, the door to the hallway opened and I knew that Kirk had arrived for his hour. I was eager to see him, for on the previous day I had sent him on a "mission" and had since been awaiting his report.

Kirk entered and took his accustomed place in the chair by my desk. We grunted our usual greetings; then, without preliminary, urged by now familiar tensions, I began: "Did you get the information?"

He nodded, and took from his pocket a leather-bound notebook which he opened and placed on the desk. Quickly I thumbed through the pages. So absolute was my absorption that I did not notice when Kirk left his chair and stood by the window. When I turned to him, intending to make some comment, he was staring down at me with an expression of concern.

"Something wrong?" I asked.

"No," he replied.

"Then why are you standing there? Don't you want to work on this with me?"

Not especially.

"That's odd," I commented. "This material on Olmayan ethnic types is particularly interesting. . . . Don't you find it so?"

He shrugged.

For the next quarter hour we "worked" together: I with lively absorption, he in a desultory fashion. Finally he again left his chair and began to pace the room.

"Kirk," I said, "what's wrong? Why are you so . . . restless?"

"Oh, it's just —" his arms described a gesture of weary despair—"just that I've got something to tell you—and I can't seem to get it out."

"Something you haven't told me?"

He nodded.

"Something about yourself, or the work?"

"About both, I guess."

"Well," I said, "after all this time I shouldn't think you'd have any trouble telling me what's on your mind."

"I don't usually. But this is different."

"Tell me anyhow," I urged.

"All right," he said. "I'll tell you—but you're not going to like it. . . . I've been lying to you."

"Lying to me? What about?"

He leaned across and picked up the note book. "About this," he said, "and this," indicating the papers on the desk, "and all the stuff I've been giving you these last few weeks. It's a lie, all of it. I've been making it up . . . inventing all that—that—nonsense!"

I tried not to show what I was feeling—the disappointment and the triumph, the concern and the relief.

"You've been making it all up?" I asked.

"All of it."

"Even the . . . trips?"

"Trips!" he snorted. "What trips? It's been weeks since I gave up that foolishness."

He seated himself on the edge of his chair, his whole body rigid. "I know what I've been telling you," he said earnestly. "But, believe me, I've been pretending for a long time. There've been no trips. I saw through all that stuff, weeks ago."

"What do you mean—you saw through?"

"I realized I was crazy. I realized I've been deluding myself for years; that there never have been any 'trips,' that it was all just—just insanity."

"Then why," I asked, "did you pretend? Why did you keep on telling me . . . ?"

"Because I felt I had to," he said. "Because I felt *you wanted me to!*"

The last words echoed and re-echoed in the silent room. For many minutes I seemed to hear them. Then I rose and walked to my chair behind the couch. There I seated myself and indicated to Kirk that he should lie down. When he had settled himself on it, I said, "Tell me about it, Kirk."

KIRK'S abandonment of his psychosis had not been a sudden thing, but the result of a dawning understanding that he had begun to develop from the moment he became aware I was sharing—or at least appearing to share—his delusion. From that time forward the gratifications it gave him lacked their former charge of excitement. With this reduction in the fantasy's appeal, the insights gained—but not employed—during the long months of our dynamic exploration of Kirk's past at last came into their own. Slowly the whole amazing defense collapsed or, better, decayed, to be replaced, item for item, by reality.

But in these latter weeks, while he was daily becoming freer of his delusion, Kirk, so he now told me, was still obliged to concern himself with it *for my sake*. My enchantment and preoccupation with the fantasy not only puzzled him, they created a real dilemma. While *he* no longer believed in it, he thought *I* did, and his friendly concern for me was such that he could not bring himself to disclose his lack of faith for fear of "hurting" me.

Until Kirk Allen came into my life I had never doubted my own stability. Now, as I listen from my chair behind the couch, I know that the chair and the couch are separated by only a thin line; that only a happier combination of accidents determines who shall lie on the couch and who shall sit behind.

It has been years since I saw Kirk Allen, but I think of him often, especially on summer nights on Long Island, when the sky over Peconic Bay is bright with stars. And sometimes, as I gaze above, I smile to myself and whisper: "How goes it with the Crystopeds? How are things in Seraneb?"

After Hours



To the Barricades

This seems to be the season for tearing down buildings. New York—which has been destroying and reconstructing itself at a rate unheard-of even for this most changeable of cities—has now achieved a record in architectural inconstancy, knocking down a part of Rockefeller Center (the Center Theater) scarcely a dozen years after it was built. Back in those dim and distant thirties, times were at least bad enough (and enough good architects were unemployed) to make good architecture possible. Today, and more typically, the building boom coincides precisely with a surplus of fully available mediocrity. Running wild in mid-town, the likes of Emery Roth and Sylvan Bien have designed enough identical new office buildings to insure a permanent place in history for the Weimar Republic style of New York architecture. They have almost succeeded in bringing Park and Madison Avenues abreast of Munich in 1926, or what Munich would have looked like then if anyone had thought it worth the trouble.

And now the boys with the sledge hammers and crowbars have a new target: the next proposal is to tear down Grand Central Station, on the grounds that it is uneconomical. Railroads have to lose money to come into New York while the airlines use publicly owned facilities. Grand Central loses, in fact, $24 million a year. It would be possible to continue to let people get to and from the trains but to fill the air over them, as the architects of the terminal originally planned, with an office building tall enough to make up the loss. On the other hand, it would also mean increasing congestion in a most crowded quarter and sacrificing—unless some compromise were reached—one of the city's most characteristic landmarks: the Concourse, the large room with the tall windows that means New York to so many travelers. The result has been a storm of protest, including an open letter to the New York Central and New Haven railroads signed by more than two hundred modern architects.

> This great room [they write] is noble in its proportions, alive in the way the various passages work in and out of it, sturdy and reassuring in its construction, splendid in its materials. . . . Gentlemen, we plead that you not tear it down, that you not let yourselves to replace it. . . . To throw away a known masterpiece of architecture, tested and loved; to remove an important link between the city and its history; to grow careless with the evidence of past greatness, would be an adventure attended with great risk. . . .

The signers are not notably sentimentalists; certainly few of them normally identify themselves with "traditional" buildings like Grand Central or with the Past against the Future. Nor do all modern architects necessarily agree with them. But on a question that is not noted for unanimity, it is remarkable enough to encounter a petition signed by so many names, let alone names as various as John Lloyd Wright and Eero

[illegible] Philip Johnson and Royal Barry Wills. Charles Eames and Eero Saarinen. Talbot Hamlin and Robert Law Weed, or George Nelson and Henry Dreyfuss. The *Architectural* [illegible] the latter is well entitled to its claim of a phenomenal majority" of its [illegible] of the Concourse. "We feel secure in saying," the editors add, "that it represents the community of those who believe in architecture, the art that creates our cities."

WHEN even architects get a fund started to save an architectural monument if the circumstances are sufficiently newsworthy. The National Council for Historic Sites and Buildings and others had been trying for years to get people interested in the deteriorating condition of Boston's Old North Church, but it was only after a hurricane came along and knocked off the steeple in front of a passing photographer that they had any success. In New York last year, Greenwich Village—after great agony, circulation of petitions, and ardent fund drives—gave up one of its several Mark Twain houses to the wreckers, an act of cultural barbarism that was promptly reported in the Moscow newspapers. The tragedy was less than it seemed, however, at least to the extent that the house was one Twain detested and occupied no longer than he had to. But that didn't concern either Moscow or Greenwich Village; the house was a certified tradition, and cursed be he who touched a single brick.

That is what troubles me about the zeal of Grand Central's defenders. It is too fortuitous; it is more dramatic than necessary; and it rests more on the argument of popular familiarity than that of merit. Grand Central, they say, "belongs in fact to the nation." So indeed do many buildings, and many of far greater importance that are in greater danger of destruction. These campaigns are always impromptu, nearly always after the fact, and for the most part unrelated to one another. Each tends to be fought in a vacuum, without consideration for the relative value of other admirable structures, and there are few comprehensive lists of them like the one the Municipal Art Society and the Society of Architectural Historians have compiled for New York City.

[illegible] building is imperiled now in Pittsburgh that has not caused a ripple, as far as I have seen, in the architectural press. It is a jail and courthouse designed by H. H. Richardson, the man who started the revolution in American [illegible] continued by Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright. Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, [illegible] monumental book on Richardson, called it "the most magnificent and imposing of his works." But that was in 1888. Today we know better. Years of exhortation were needed [illegible] the people of Pittsburgh would tear down the rat's nest of slums on their Golden Triangle where the Ohio River begins, but once they got the hang of it they hated to stop.

A county commissioner has hinted that parties unnamed are interested in replacing the jail with "a modern structure, perhaps a hotel," and the *Post-Gazette* has belatedly discovered what is and isn't proper for an enterprising community:

> The architecture of the Alleghany County jail would be more appropriate to the old section of Nuremberg than to a modern American city like Pittsburgh. This gloomy stone pile has long contributed to the medieval appearance of the upper area of the Triangle, which is at odds with the general urban redevelopment program.

RICHARDSON AND SULLIVAN are at best an architect's fashion, and many of their works are now to be found—surrounded by concentric circles of indifference—in localities collectively ignorant of their own architectural possessions. How many people in Albany think of Richardson's city hall as architecture? How many residents of Wyoming know who designed the Ames monument; or of Boston, the stone bridge in the Fenway? Sever Hall in Cambridge? The Chestnut Hill railroad station? How many, even of those who know that most of American heavy-redstone Romanesque is Richardson imitation, can separate the durable originals from the dated fakes? If there are any who do in your town, you are better off than Pittsburgh, which would gladly exchange its Richardson for a Statler.

Sullivan has fared even worse. Often his office buildings were in the "downtown" of the time, the old mercantile centers that have been increasingly abandoned to marginal enterprises—and look it. The owners of Sullivan office buildings, ashamed to be thought out-of-date, have therefore "improved" on him. In the downstairs lobbies of the Wainwright building in St. Louis, the Prudential building in Buffalo, and 65 Bleecker Street, the sole Sullivan building in New York, the decorative ornament that was his unique accomplishment has been smeared over with plaster, second-rate marble, glass-and-chromium doors, or layer on layer of gooey paint. Carson, Pirie, & Scott in Chicago used to have a wooden screen by Sullivan in their ladies' writing room, but they had to throw it out a few years ago—needed room for a travel agency. Nearby, the last time my wife was there, the Sullivan auditorium that made Chicago a convention city was serving as a television warehouse.

Time passes. There is no room on earth for all our objects. If each generation did not select and discard we would be up to our elbows in junk. "Our art is for the day," said Sullivan in 1885, "is suited to the day, and will also change as the day changes." Society saves what it learns to value, and to save artificially is merely to post-

pone decision. But if architects are going to fuss, let them fuss about the buildings that matter. It is ridiculous to spring too often into the breach, to sound the trumpet too loudly for anything but the first-rate, and to exhaust the moral authority of the profession in trivial enterprises. I do not love Grand Central the less in saying that I think the rumors of its demise have been exaggerated. For the lifeworks of Sullivan and Richardson, on the other hand, there is weaker and less vocal support. They need architects to speak up for them, continuously and in volume, as long as they rest in the hands of those who frankly do not give a damn.

Opera Season, to Taste

DURING a good part of a screening of the new Italian opera epic, "Aïda"—a chopped down film version of the Verdi original—I had the uneasy feeling that it was all meant to be a joke. Any minute I expected Ben Turpin to bound in, clad in the robes of the high priest, or to see the Keystone cops arrest Radames, played by Buster Keaton. No such luck, however, awaits viewers of this super-pretentious movie, which is being presented in the United States by Sol Hurok. Maybe it's a good idea to have the princess momentarily enter a milk bath—but it is ridiculous to ruin Verdi's ending with a gratuitous ballet, resembling a high-school pageant, and to mutilate the libretto so that the dialogue, in some places, becomes a running *non sequitur*.



All this has been done by the Rome Opera and Cinemacittà Studios in the name of fidelity to Giuseppe Verdi. Fortunately, in his wonderfully successful screen treatment of "Carmen," Oscar Hammerstein II has said to hell with fidelity. "Carmen Jones," the stage musical of eleven years back and the movie of today, is real Bizet and the real "Carmen," in spite of the fact that Hammerstein wrenched it completely out of the nineteenth century, provided an all-Negro cast, and set it in America.

The result is the best that Hollywood can do—a fast, colorful film, superb acting and singing, with more impact and drama than any but the finest stage performances of the opera can have. You don't have to be an opera fan to enjoy this "Carmen." You should indeed be an "Aïda" addict in the last throes of the disease to tolerate much of what the Italians have done with their own grandest opera. It's a pity that the Italians, who gave the film business such a real shot in the arm immediately after the war, have never been able to think of anything better to do in filming their own operas than compress them into 95 minutes, hire hack extras, and let the cameras spin without imagination or intelligence.

Meanwhile, any American chauvinist who wants to compare the two movies can find plenty of ammunition in "Carmen Jones." But what I liked best about it was the fact that Hollywood, looking for a mass market with an operatic movie, didn't underestimate the taste of their audience. Maybe it didn't have any reverence for Bizet, but if grave-spinning is going to happen in either case, I'd give Giuseppe 1,000 r.p.m. over Georges.

Small Jars and Bottles

I HAVE heard, though on how good authority I am not sure, that the social sciences are being given a high level brush-off in universities and that the humanities are coming back into their own. I'm all for the humanities, but it seems to me there are still a great many things I would like to know about human beings that the sociologists are more likely to find out for me than scholars of art, literature, and history.

I wish for example that someone would make a report on the bathroom shelf and its implications for American culture. You'd never find a humanist doing this but you might just find a sociologist who would. I should like to propose as a thesis topic "Some Aspects of the Relationships Between the Contents of Family Medicine Cabinets and the *Zeitgeist* of the Age of Anxiety." That's a topic big enough to drive a seminar through and not touch on either side. It could easily be reduced to more manageable proportions by limiting it to "A Study of the Relation of Small Jars and Bottles to the Normal Personality."

It has long seemed to me that a quick look around a friend's bathroom tells you more about him than years of casual acquaintance. Take a simple object like a razor, for example. You can tell at a glance whether a man is a die-hard traditionalist (straight razor), a man of more moderate but persistent habits (an old safety razor), or a technocrat (electric shaver). You can corroborate these findings by a study of his shaving soap—does he use a brush and bowl, and if so has he a pure badger brush, and does he hang it

[illegible] it will do properly. If he does, he is also probably a man who takes excellent care of his guns, oils his golf clubs, has his car greased every thousand miles, and remembers his wife's birthday. Electric razor types, on the other hand, may have either excessively tender skin or a morbid aversion to water. Someone might look into the relationship between users of electric razors and alcoholism. There ought to be a Foundation grant lying around somewhere for just such a study, and the Schick people can then set up another foundation to prove that alcoholism is the [illegible] of efficiency.

The razor is a universal implement among men (and less obviously so among women, though to the eternal fury of many men their wives use their husbands' razors and forget to change the blades), and though it provides a workaday yardstick of a sort, combinations of bathroom items that are peculiar to certain families offer richer possibilities for speculation.

WHAT sort of family is it, for example, that has a medicine closet so full that when you open it something always falls out? It is likely to be a family given to experimentation. You will nearly always find three bottles of different medicines all intended to accomplish the same purpose . . . three cough syrups, for example, or three kinds of headache remedies. Sometimes you will find three bottles of the same medicament such as iodine or Merthiolate, a sure sign that there are young children in the home and that their mother is both conscientious and absent-minded. Every time she stops at the drug store she thinks it must be time to get another bottle.



From the dates on the prescriptions of medicines it is possible to chart not only the peaks and abysses of the family health but to measure the degree of family hypochondria. Since the name of the patient is always on the bottle, one can tell which member of the family has not only the largest number of bottles of pills with his or her name on it, but whether he actually needed many of the pills. An almost full bottle is a fairly sure sign of a very brief illness; an almost full bottle with an old date on it means that though the illness was brief the patient is afraid that there may be a recurrence. If the date goes back a few years he has probably forgotten what illness the pill was for, but (and here is another characteristic come to light) since he is economical almost to the point of stinginess he can't bear to throw it away. Sizes say something too. How big is the box of bicarb? Does aspirin sit on the shelf in a bottle meant for twenty-five pills or a hundred? Large bottles may mean large trouble, but they are more likely to mean a lack of optimism.

Fortunately for the student of behavior, medicaments account for a relatively small part of the items that fill the cabinet. Some are utilitarian, such as cleaning fluid or white shoe polish, but most of the others have to do with male or, more likely, female vanity. In my house, for example, there are five bottles of five different colors of nail polish. I find that understandable, but there are also four bottles in varying degrees of fullness of something called "oily polish remover." I assume that this is because my wife on her way to keep an appointment looks at her nail polish and decides that it had better come off; so she stops in the nearest drug store and buys a bottle of remover, removes the offending enamel, drops the bottle in her bag and eventually it turns up in the cabinet. The same thing is true in our house of Johnson's baby oil, though we haven't had a baby in the house for years.

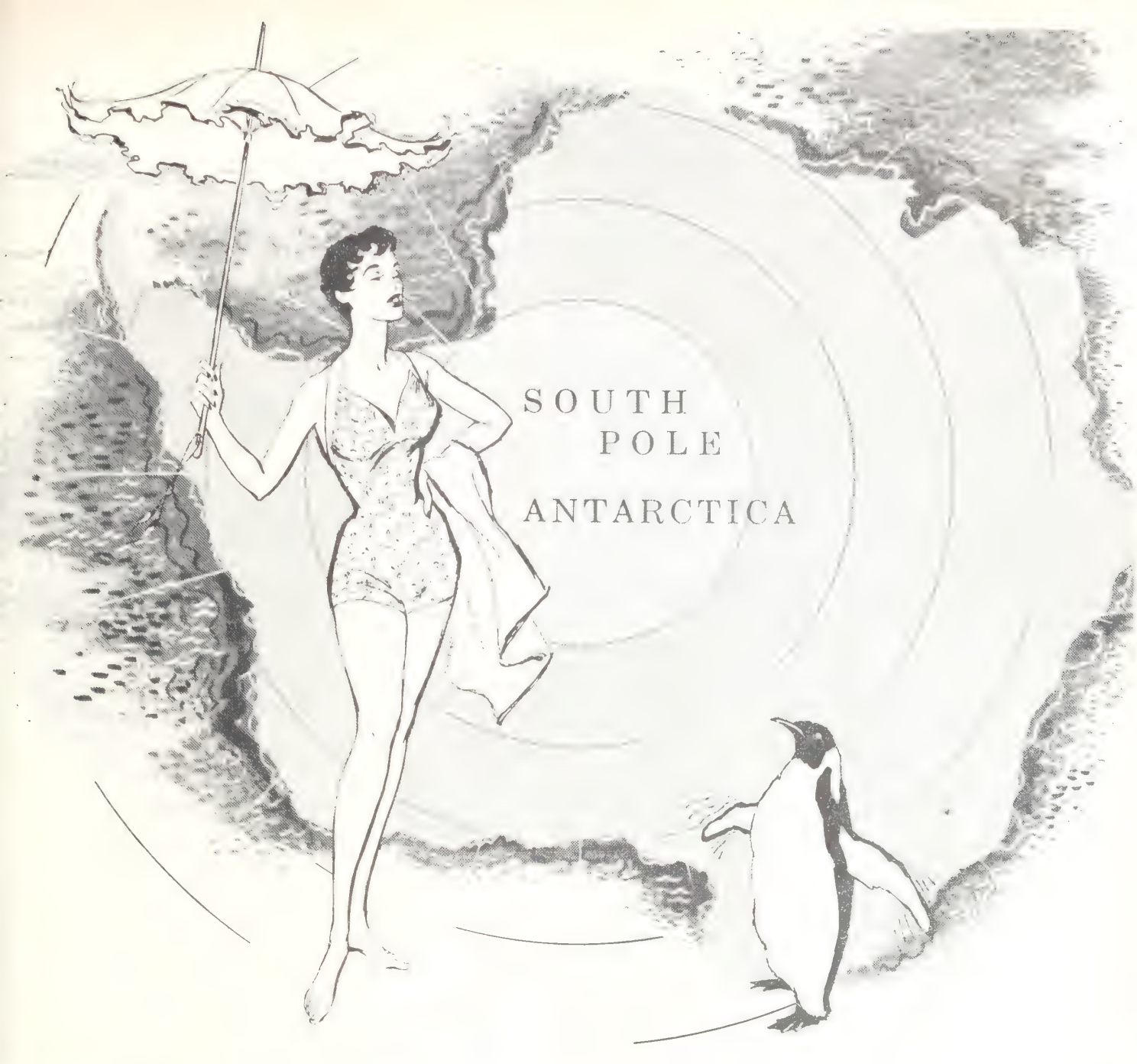
We have baby oil in all sizes from large-economy to small-extravagant. It is for protection against sunburn. We could be accurately diagnosed as a family that would like to be in the sun more than it is, forgets to take its oil with it when it does have a chance to get into the sun, and then has to pick up a bottle on the way to the beach.

I COUNTED nine different perfumes on a lady's dressing table recently, and if I hadn't known her to be an attractive, relaxed, happily married woman, I might have put her down as a potential siren, or a disappointed glamor girl, or a woman who couldn't make up her mind about her personality or at least how she wanted to smell.

It easily could be, of course, that trying to analyze the individual by what is in the bathroom is extremely misleading. How do you account for three scarcely used bottles of after-shaving lotion? It probably tells you nothing about the man on whose shelf they sit, but it could tell you something about the desperation of his children at birthday and Christmas times, or about the salesmanship of the man who runs the corner drugstore.

What, I should like to know, does a bottle about the size of an iodine bottle but round, not square, with a rubber nipple on it and the words "Lynn Doll Nurser" pressed on its side, tell you about a man with two teen-agers to his credit, if you should find it in his medicine cabinet? I would beg you to beg the question. I have just found one in mine.

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Particle and Pattern

Paul Pickrel

Toward an Elegant Universe

THE most striking characteristic of contemporary intellectual life is its preoccupation with pattern, with relationships, with how things go together. Whether a man is writing a history of railroad executives or studying life on the bottom of a lake, he is looking for a pattern that makes sense of the elements of his study. In almost every field of learning and speculation this search for relationship goes on.

There seems to be no name for the current fascination with relationship. It certainly is not *relativism* as that word is popularly used, meaning that one thing is as good as another. It may be that the best word to describe it is *contextualism*. We have reached a point where to be concerned with the free-wheeling particle is not enough. A patternless society of particles is an invitation to totalitarianism; a patternless intellectual life concerned with particles makes of the mind a Tower of Babel; a patternless universe of particles makes of man a homesick and heartsick animal, marooned on a dark and cooling star. To put our works and days in context, to see our fellow men and the physical universe contextually, is the great felt need of the age.

The interest of scientists in pattern has been obscured and possibly delayed by the sensational success physicists have had in recent years in their work with smaller and smaller particles. And in general there can be no doubt that the great advances of science have come from concentration on particles rather than on pattern. But in ***Accent on Form*** (Harper, $2.75) Lancelot Law Whyte argues that the next major development in science will be marked by a concentration on pattern, on how particles go together.

Whyte's book is exciting and disappointing in not quite equal parts. It is disappointing because it is such a mixture—analysis is so intermingled with phantasy and prophecy and speculation that the reader without scientific training cannot tell where one leaves off and the other begins. Perhaps it is simply impossible to write an imaginative book on the frontiers of science for laymen who are not yet acquainted with the heartland of the subject, though surely the argument could be a little more rigorous than this.

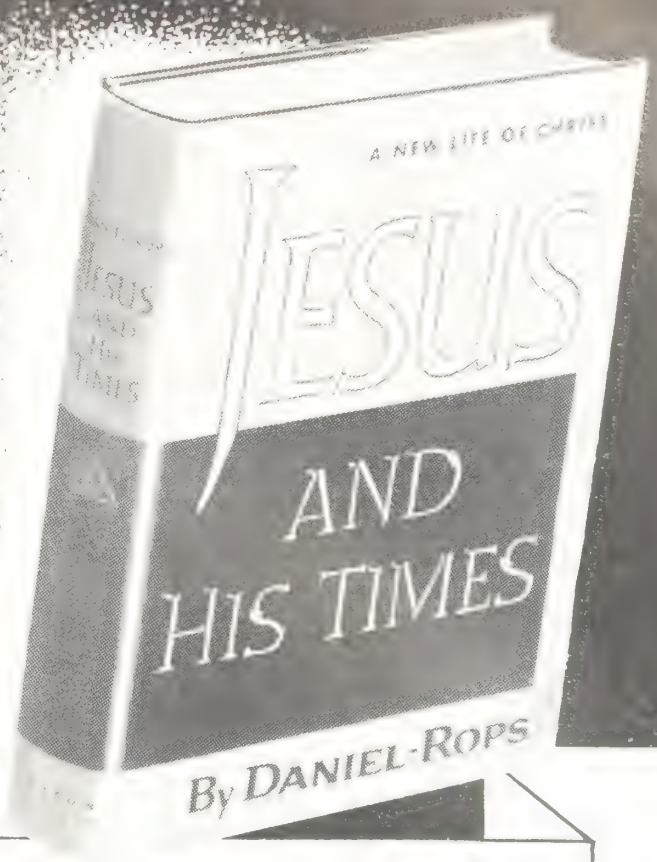
But the curious thing is that you need not believe much of what Whyte says to find parts of his book exciting, for it is a clear call for a contexualist picture of the universe, even though it does little to answer its own challenge. In fact the best Whyte can do is to suggest that there is in the universe some Principle of Elegant Structure. This leaves the problem about where it has been left by the amateurs—Goethe, Smuts, Samuel Butler, Bernard Shaw. If Shaw's Life Force is a kind of dumb god working through the universe toward understanding, then Whyte's Principle of Elegant Structure is a kind of clod-hopper god working through the universe toward style. I doubt that either concept is precise enough to be of much use to working scientists, or scientific enough to recommend itself to the layman trying to understand the world he lives in.

Accent on Form is a book about a book we need, rather than that book itself. But there is a good deal to be said for a man who is ready to point out what we need even though he cannot supply it.

Backward, Turn Backward

IN ***A Program for Conservatives*** (Henry Regnery, $4), Russell Kirk argues (to put it very briefly) that the way to restore a sense of context to men and society is to revivify the concept of the Great Chain of Being. Actually he never names that concept, but you cannot understand what he has to say unless you have in the back of your mind a picture of the Creator and all creation arranged in a divinely-established hierarchical order, from the Highest to the lowest, with certain privileges and responsibilities appropriate to each rank, and all linked together by reverence, piety, loyalty, and love. When Kirk defines social justice as "To each

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many of his otherwise inexplicable positions explain themselves. Take his attitude toward observation. A real conservative values observation highly. Since he wants to build society in accordance with the facts of human nature, in the belief that only a society so constructed can endure, he wants to know what those facts are. But observation is the enemy of the utopian; it mars the grand simplicity of his designs.

Almost any attempt at systematic observation fills Kirk with something like rage. He never tires of lambasting Kinsey and Riesman, for instance. In his references to them he seems not even to recognize observation as an independent human activity, let alone a legitimate one. A reader would have considerable difficulty in guessing from the many references to Kinsey's books that, whatever their unfortunate lapses into editorializing, they are primarily an attempt to describe how people do behave, not to prescribe how they ought to behave.

Kirk rises to shrill italics in condemning Riesman because "he has no *ends*." On one page Kirk censures Americans for believing that "all peoples ought to *think* as we do," yet only a few pages earlier he pours scorn on "professors of the social sciences [who] have been embarking for the islands of the antipodes and returning with blazing revelations for our enlightenment, such as the disclosure that the marriage rites of Papua differ from those of Springfield, Illinois." Now if we Americans really do believe that other peoples ought to think as we do, then surely the observation that Papuans and Springfielders think differently about so important an institution as marriage ought to have been good for us. And, as a matter of fact, it has been.

Kirk's own observation is often faulty or lacking. For instance, he tells us that we Americans ought to make some use of our leisure, such as devoting it to "the improvement of our homes." As it happens, improving our homes is already something like a national mania. It is said that last year 88 per cent of the paint sold in this country was put on by amateurs; whether that figure is right or not, more than enough Americans are doing their own painting to cause the painters' unions very serious concern. Kirk has glanced at the magazine racks in drugstores long enough to be appalled by what he saw, but not long enough to notice the batch of magazines concerned with home improvement, the fix-it-yourself, do-it-yourself publications that flourish in abundance. Apparently he has never hung around a hardware store long enough to see the young fathers buying everything from brads to power tools.

Kirk raises the gravest questions, he has real moral fervor; he is far better educated, far more literate, than most contemporary writers on politics and society. It is too bad that he found all the answers so early in his career. If he could

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admit to his argument some of the doubt and bafflement masked by the feverish insistence of his prose, and if he could settle down long enough to get a good look at how people really live (it is curious that a man so eager for tranquillity in society should convey in his own writing such a sense of restlessness), then he might make a unique contribution to the political and social thought of this age, not by drafting programs (he doesn't have that kind of mind), but by raising the tone of discussion. But usually a utopian spends his life writing the same book over and over.

THE man who can tell us how to help the uprooted Southern boy in Flint to a richer life will not be a utopian. He will start by recognizing that the boy is in Flint and that probably not even a major depression would send him back home. Then he will recognize that the boy is not altogether contextless—he works with other men, he belongs to a union, he eats at some table or counter, sleeps in some bed, goes somewhere Saturday night, winks at some cashier in the cafeteria, and probably sends money home to somebody on pay day. You can go on from there with the noble principles of Edmund Burke if you know how, but that is where you start.

Possibly you may recognize too that even the passion for social context can be carried too far. Not all human values arise from the security of tradition and repetition any more than all arise from the security of the welfare state. Anyone who has been friendless and poor and ignorant in a great city will be reluctant to wish that fate for another human being, yet would he have missed it for himself? To stand alone in an unknown city street at night and hear in the very wind that stirs the trash in the gutter the great chord of life's possibilities—that is something, even after you learn that few or none of those possibilities is possible for you. We live in a land peopled only because many men and women were ready to accept separation and loss on the chance that they could realize for themselves or their posterity possibilities that they could not realize by staying home. Reverence, piety, loyalty, and love are great virtues, but courage is a virtue too.

We Can Join Together

ONE very important way in which Americans give pattern and order to their lives without sacrificing freedom is by forming voluntary organizations. Kirk dismisses such organizations in a sentence, but they have been made the subject of an entire book by Bradford Smith, ***A Dangerous Freedom*** (Lippincott, $3.95). Smith takes his title from Tocqueville's characterization of the right of assembly guaranteed by the Constitution: "Thus it is by the enjoyment of a dangerous freedom that the Americans learn the art of rendering the dangers of freedom less formidable."

It is a large subject, and we should no doubt be grateful to Smith for giving it a popular treatment that can be read by anyone faintly literate, though some readers may wish for a more serious and critical consideration. Certainly, since his subject is so extensive, Smith cannot be criticized for limiting himself to the voluntary organizations formed for social action, to the neglect of the simple interest-groups that play so large a part in the pattern of diversity in our culture—everything from learned academies to Perry Como fan clubs, from organizations of potato-chip manufacturers to folk-dancing groups.

But Smith can be criticized for failing to notice that the freedom to join together can be, as Tocqueville called it, dangerous; except for one reference in a footnote to the Ku Klux Klan he neglects the large number of voluntary organizations devoted to suppression and hatred. There is no mention of that troublesome point at which voluntary organizations cease to be voluntary, as certain unions and professional organizations have ceased to be. Smith's remarks on the need for voluntary organizations in large cities hardly goes beyond recognizing that the need exists. There is no standard for evaluating the worth of a voluntary organization, no suggestion that there are areas of American life where new organizations are needed. (I think we very badly need a voluntary organization of laymen



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CARIBBEAN There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the Island's chief official gets only $240 a month. Or, Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek 'from rainbo'." There, for $12 a week, you can rent a 3-bed-room house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner. Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price—keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

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India. Migrating [illegible] from New York to Ceylon, India, or Malaya is about $350. Transhipping in England, you can make the trip by luxury liner (tourist class) for $319. Go to the lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir, where a furnished houseboat with four turbaned servants rents for $70 a month. Total cost for a couple [illegible] a month—in the most beautiful spot on earth.

South Seas. You can still live the life of a Tahitian beachcomber—but not in Tahiti, which has found out about the Yankee dollar. Instead, drowse on brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or watch [illegible] crash on reef-girt Norfolk or Lord Howe Islands. (You can reach the South Seas by [illegible] from the U. S.)

Africa. Perhaps the biggest travel bargain today is a 70-day luxury cruise around the Dark Continent, calling at a score of colorful ports like Dar-es-Salaam, for $660, round trip from London. (Combine this with a low cost tour of England.)

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Atlantic Islands. Greca cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic—[illegible] the Azores and the Canaries. Fragrant flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old [illegible] are combined here—with rates of $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week and servants $5 a month each.

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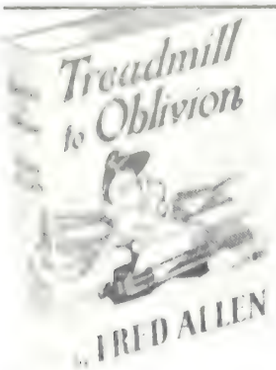
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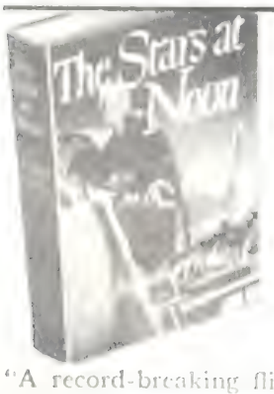
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to build a bridge between society and science and to serve as science's social critic.)

Nevertheless Bradford Smith has called our attention to one of our major freedoms and he has collected some interesting material about how that freedom has been used and is being used.

Urn of Gold

In *People of Plenty* (University of Chicago Press, $3.50), David M. Potter traces another pattern through American life: the pattern of economic abundance or available wealth (natural resources plus the institutional and technological means of utilizing them). To trace this pattern he works in two dimensions: in one dimension he shows how abundance has influenced public and collective behavior, in such episodes as the opening up of Western lands; in the other he shows how it influences private and individual behavior, as by making men more competitive (and therefore less secure) than they might be if they lived where there is less to compete for.

All is grist to Potter's mill, from the age at which Americans are housebroken to the age at which they marry. (He argues—convincingly—that abundance has raised the first and lowered the second.) He re-examines Turner's hypothesis of the frontier as the formative influence in American history (hasn't the real frontier been available wealth in any form rather than simply free land?). He looks at advertising as the evangelical institution of an economy where goods are so plentiful that they have to go after consumers. He questions any foreign policy based on the supposition that because we can afford certain kinds of political institutions, less prosperous nations can afford them too.

Since Potter does all this and more in 200 pages, *People of Plenty* is a busy little book, and the casual reader may have difficulty in finding his bearings. Such a reader might do well to postpone the first two chapters until the end, though those chapters—a wary and shrewdly analytical re-examination of the concept of national character—should be required reading for all visiting French intellectuals.

Actually the book is unified by its interest in finding the answer to a single question: can you write a history of the United States of America? By *history* Potter does not mean simply a chronicle; obviously you can compile a table of events. What he wants to know is whether there can be a real unity in such an account, and if so, where does that unity come from? Most people who have tried to write histories of America have achieved unity by assuming that there is something special about Americans (national character) or something special about what happened to them (destiny, manifest or otherwise) or something special about their physical environment. By using the concept of the "secondary environment"—not nature in the raw but nature as she is seen and used by men—Potter achieves a new unity that relates what kind of people we are with where we live and what happens to us.

I am not sure that I like the label "economic abundance" for this secondary environment. It suggests an economic determinism that Potter obviously does not believe in. He is too much the product of the abundance he has studied to see in an economic situation an iron law of necessity. Rather he sees in such a situation a set of possibilities. To me freedom to choose among the possibilities seems at least as central to American life as the possibilities themselves, important as they are.

The fact of the matter is that *People of Plenty* does not really deal with causes or explanations, though Potter's language may occasionally lead the reader into supposing that it does. The unique contribution of the book lies in its attempt to see the whole American experience, past and present, as a unified context.

Creative Contextualism

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT's new book —***The Natural House*** (Horizon Press, $6.50)—is a collection of his essays, some old, some new, on small houses, and a collection of photographs of small houses he has designed. A good many pages are devoted to explaining a kind of house that Wright thinks we can all build for ourselves. For the sake of the scenery I rather hope that we

The Swivel Chair



Late in December when the living is high and the book gift certificate still uncashed but warming in the wallet we sing of two books that neatly box a diverting literary range. One is non-fiction, though that is a tame slow word for such pyrotechnics of life between wings as **Song of the Sky** by **Guy Murchie** ($5.00). This is an exploration of that ocean of air which is our new world to conquer. It is a book off to the rocketing start that it deserves. Reading it for the *Atlantic*, Editor Weeks says, "We cruised through the galley proofs of Guy Murchie's book, *Song of the Sky*, in search of an ideal excerpt for the *Atlantic*. He writes as a navigator who guided transport planes during the war and whose curiosity about space, clouds, storms, wind, birds, and aircraft have led him further and further in his reading and writing. There is everything under the sun in his book."



Introducing it as the December Book-of-the-Month Club selection, Clifton Fadiman says, "A description of an airplane in terms that really make it live for us old-fashioned land animals; a narrative of peril, suspense and beauty . . . a charting of the ocean of the sky, its winds, clouds, thunderstorms, rain, snow, fog, weather, airy inhabitants and strange sounds . . . the story of the development of flight; a collection of the legends, the tall tales, the folklore of modern flying; and a statement, sometimes beautiful, sometimes wild and full of furious fancies, of the mystical philosophy of an airman for whom the real world begins above the clouds . . . What *The Sea Around Us* did for the watery world it does for the aerial world. It is science, anecdote, suspense-narrative all in one. It will stand, I believe, with Lindbergh's great book and the unforgettable work of Saint Exupéry as part of the already emergent classic literature of the air. Once caught in its pages — you are aloft."



Speaking for the trade, Francis Ludlow makes it Editor's Choice in *The Retail Bookseller:* — "A sort of scientific poem, a joyous study of transportation and communication, and a thousand incidental mysteries." And Virginia Kirkus rates it high indeed: "Out of the invisible, intactile substance around us, the simple air, Guy Murchie has written a wonderful documentary, which stands up to comparison with Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* and rivals in quality St. Exupéry's *Wind, Sand and Stars*." That is full circle, pre-publication.



If *Song of the Sky* makes fact vastly more entertaining than fiction, its counterpart comes readily to hand in **The Fellowship of the Ring** ($5.00). In its richly detailed history, geography, ethnology and folklore a new country comes to living history. **J. R. R. Tolkien,** a Cambridge professor, began to spin the story of this world several years ago in a delightful book, *The Hobbit*. This was for children whenever they could get it away from their parents. As Tolkien continued to explore his newfound land he conceived a trilogy, written for adults. It requires a good bit of the reader and rewards him with true delight and some memorable intimations of what power does to its possessor. The reviewers have found it provocative, obviously: "No fiction I have read in the last five years has given me more joy than *The Fellowship of the Ring*." — *W. H. Auden, N. Y. Times*



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"A romantic fantasy about a perilous journey, many exciting adventures and many very great magics. Its prose style is grave and beautiful. Its imaginative inventiveness is delightful. It is genuinely exciting in many episodes. It is richly decorated with lyrical passages and with an astounding number and variety of lordly proper names. Some of its verses, songs sung by the various characters, are charming, some nonsensical and some gruesome. Open this huge volume nearly anywhere and you will find a lovely passage, an enchanting sub-plot or a chilling supernatural horror." — *Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times*



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can't, but the scheme has a powerful Thoreau-like appeal to the whole independent, self-helping, cranky, tinkering, ingenuity-loving side of the American temperament that is almost irresistible, even though the finished house has a good deal the look of having been built out of Nabiscos.

Beyond the fascination of Wright's particular plans and schemes, *The Natural House* has the interest of being a restatement of the principles underlying his work. These principles are by this time pretty generally understood, but they deserve restatement because together they suggest a kind of program for creative contextualism.

Wright seems to be little aware of the broader implications of his ideas. His contextualism is itself contextual: it has grown out of his day-to-day struggle, carried on over more than half a century, to design buildings. It has little of the abstractness of the theoretician, and in fact Wright hates the abstract and the arbitrary. He vigorously dissociates himself from architects who want to design "machines for living," from the International Style with its arbitrary cubes plunked down on the landscape like so many blocks of salt for any passing cow to lick, from what he calls "modernistic." Though Wright loves simplicity, he hates plainness. He wisely remarks that elimination may be just as meaningless as elaboration, or more so.

IN DESIGNING a house Wright starts with the site, the context of the building. He does not believe that nature is something to be eradicated by the bulldozer, but rather that nature and architecture should live together, to their mutual enhancement. And as he regards the uniqueness of the site as an opportunity rather than a dead weight, so he deals with his materials: stone, steel, glass, wood—their differences are to be respected, they are to be treated by the architect as what they are, the beauty in their relationship arising not from some principle of indiscriminateness by which wood, say, is treated as if it were concrete, either in structure or in appearance, but from allowing each material to speak for itself, to make to the building whatever contribution it can, and in its own way.

By respecting his materials Wright made his great discovery about structure: that massive walls and heavy beams are not the only way to keep a building from falling down; it can be done more elegantly and flexibly and less expensively by using materials in tension. That is the way nature has been doing it all along, as d'Arcy Thompson has shown: the human skeleton and the leaf derive their strength and stability and flexibility not from mass, like a pyramid, but from an intricate structure in tension. (Compare Kirk's hierarchical society and Smith's society of voluntary association.)

Wright insists upon the wholeness, the oneness, and the uniqueness of the building. (Compare Potter's approach to the "secondary environment.") Given the site, the materials, the use, and the users, under the architect's hand the building unfolds like a flower, with the aesthetic inevitability of "imagination giving natural pattern to structure."

None of Wright's principles is new. The Pennsylvania German farmer knew about relating his barn to the site two hundred years ago. The old village basket-maker knew that you have to respect your materials, that oak and hickory have to be worked differently and are good for different things. The principle of using materials in tension Wright himself discovers in Brooklyn Bridge; others have found it earlier. Wright's contribution lies in the shrewd observation that rediscovered these old principles and in the bold imagination that created with their guidance new forms to utilize the materials and fit the human needs of the present. His life work is a metaphor of our social task.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

The Searchers, by Alan LeMay. As a rule I can't be lured into reading about Indians and massacres but, once started on this story of a post-Civil War Comanche raid on frontier Texans and the six-year search for a little girl, I couldn't possibly stop. One becomes involved at once with

all the people: the chase is exciting and absorbing (a map of that then unmapped country would have helped) and one becomes extremely proud again of these not-so-remote ancestors. If there are faults they are minor: The search seems to go on too long for the novel's sake. There are smatterings of modern psychology that seem laid on. A Freudian echo here:

> Perhaps he should have known by this time that what the Indians call medicine is three-fourths the compelling ghosts of early associations, long forgotten . . .

Or a brain-washing reference in the story of a sixteen year old girl who has been six years a captive of the Indians:

> "She believes them, not us. Like as if they took out her brain and put in an Indian brain instead."

And one wonders about that too. Would a ten-year-old girl who could read and write have forgotten her own language in six years? But these are the most minor quibbles. It is a splendid novel. Harper, $3

High Water, by Richard Bissell.
A fine racy story about a Mississippi river boat and her motley crew pushing eight coal barges up-river from St. Louis in flood time. There's a dead-pan hero, a villain, a girl rescued from a rooftop with nothing on but a pair of dungarees, and lots of matey river talk mixed in with all the excitement, of which there is plenty. Quite funny, as one would expect from the author of *A Stretch on the River* and "The Pajama Game," now playing on Broadway.
Little, Brown, $3.75

NON-FICTION

He Was Not My Son, by Madeleine Joye.
In a hospital in Switzerland on a July night some thirteen years ago, three baby boys were born to two mothers—a set of twins to one, a single boy to the other. The mothers didn't know each other; each went home supposedly with her proper offspring. Gradually it became more and more apparent (all the boys went to the same school) that a mistake had been made. Elaborate blood and skin tests and examination of the hospital records made the dreadful truth certain: the boys who had been brought up as twins were not brothers; the single child brought up by another family was the other identical twin. The courts decreed a switch and although each mother regained her flesh and blood son, each lost forever the child she had cherished as her own for seven years—and each child lost his mother. This true story is movingly but quietly told by the mother of the twins. It is not a literary masterpiece, but it is an extraordinary tale of human anguish in many dimensions, set as right as possible by good will, love, and determined wisdom.
Rinehart, $3

An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor, by Bennett Cerf.
It is Mr. Cerf's belief that since *A Subtreasury of American Humor* by Katherine and E. B. White was published thirteen years ago a whole new set of American humorists has emerged. As he says, "Thomas Heggen, Max Shulman, Russell Lynes, Cleveland Amory, H. Allen Smith, John Crosby, and Art Buchwald are only a few of them." Here he has collected samples of the works of each as well as of the older favorites and grouped them under six geographical headings and "This Side of Parodies," "The Next Verse You Hear," "A Whiff of Grease Paint," "Growing Pains," and "Beyond the Twelve Mile Limit." Under these various categories he offers the reader nearly 700 pages of nonsense, wisdom, and delight.
Hanover House, $3.95

From Missouri, by Thad Snow.
American farmers are not, traditionally, supposed to be articulate, but Thad Snow has broken a lot of rules in his life. An Indiana boy who made a fortune working South Missouri land with the help of Negro sharecroppers, he was in the forefront of the fight for the rights of those sharecroppers, earning thereby the heartfelt animosity of his fellow landowners. These recollections and anecdotes of his unconventional Hoosier boyhood, of his experiences with dogs, mules, hogs, cotton, floods, and politics (his chapter on mules appeared in our November issue) show, all through, his affection and respect

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for the human race. It is a pleasant mixture of the essence of Will Rogers, Mark Twain, and an amiable something quite the author's own. Houghton Mifflin, $4

Screen People Between Covers
Three stage, screen, and radio personalities now provide entertainment in another dimension—in the stories of their lives.

King of Comedy, by Mack Sennett, as told to Cameron Shipp.
Mr. Shipp, who is an old hand at making stage biographies interesting, does it again in this nostalgic story of the early days of the movies with illustrations to match. The old pie-throwing, bathing-beauty comedies live again as seen through the eyes and recollections of their troubled creator. ("Burlesque," he writes, "is satire with a bed slat.") And if one's interest in the latter half of the book is side-tracked from Mack Sennett to the tragic story of Mabel Normand, the girl he wanted to marry, it is still part of the picture and an absorbing murder mystery besides. Doubleday, $4.50

Have Tux, Will Travel: Bob Hope's Own Story, as told to Pete Martin.
The funnier someone is in person the harder it must be to make him convincingly funny and real on paper. Here is Bob Hope—good guy, father of four adopted children, supporter of good causes all round, and hardly funny at all. Perhaps all I'm complaining about is that comedians should have private characters at all. One is impressed but uneasy in this paper presence—an unlikely and undeserved fate for Bob Hope.
Simon & Schuster, $3.50 (cloth)
$1 (paper)

Life With Groucho: A Son's Eye View, by Arthur Marx.
And here, instead of the fellow we're used to in "Animal Crackers" or "A Night at the Opera" or quipping his way through radio or TV shows, is an insecure, nervous insomniac wondering whether he won't someday be all washed up and end his days in a home for aged actors. At least this was true before his radio-TV show, "You Bet Your Life," became such a success. But here also is a vital, affectionate, witty man whose quoted wisecracks and actual footnotes add a tonic fillip to his son's book.
Simon & Schuster, $3.50

The Edwardian Era
Three current books serve to highlight this many-faceted decade when the century was young.

The Age of Extravagance, an Edwardian Reader, edited by Mary Elizabeth Edes and Dudley Frasier. Here is the story of Edward's coronation told by Dorothy Brett, whose father was responsible for planning much of it. Here is Henry Seidel Canby writing with great charm and nostalgia about the American college town of his boyhood. Here is, of course, an excerpt from V. Sackville West's *The Edwardians,* and Somerset Maugham on Henry James. Here are Cecil Beaton, Charles Dobie, and a selection from a novel by Saki. And Edith Wharton, Osbert Lancaster, Ellen Glasgow, Sir Osbert Sitwell, and many others. With photographs and drawings, it makes a very charming book. Rinehart, $5

Mr. Maugham Himself: A Collection of Writings, by Somerset Maugham. Edited by John Beecroft. In this selection of autobiographical writings there is much that reflects a less glamorous side of that extravagant era (all of *Of Human Bondage* is here) but much that glitters too—"Some Novelists I Have Known" from *The Vagrant Mood,* two short stories, and an essay on El Greco as well as the much later *The Summing Up.* A rich volume.
Doubleday, $5.95

Old Men Forget, the autobiography of Duff Cooper.
Perhaps it is a mistake to include in a discussion of the Edwardian era a book by a man who until his death year before last was so much a part of all twentieth-century eras. Yet I can't think of anyone who better exemplified the Edwardian virtues or who has written more engagingly of its joys and enthusiasms, or more touchingly of the deaths in the first world war of those young Englishmen, his friends, who enjoyed that era to the full. This book is a delight for many reasons, not the least of which is that Viscount Norwich wrote so well. I won't pretend to go

into the political history which he reveals. He was first in the Foreign Office, then a member of Parliament, a staunch defender of the League of Nations when it was not popular to be one. He was secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty—a position he resigned as a protest against Munich. He was Minister of Information in World War II, informal Ambassador to many parts of the world, and finally after the war, British Ambassador to France. He was a distinguished author whose *Talleyrand* and *Haig* and *Sergeant Shakespeare* and *Operation Heartbreak* are well known. And he and his wife, the beautiful and talented Lady Diana Manners, knew nearly everyone involved in twentieth-century European history. He didn't pretend not to love the good things of life and his page-long panegyric on wine (Hilaire Belloc dedicated his poem on wine to Duff Cooper) will enchant all those who love the grape. He loved good food, good talk. On meeting Lascelles during World War I he wrote succinctly in his diary: "He is cultivated. We talked about wine, books, pedigrees, and old houses." He acknowledged, indeed he boasted of a belief in class distinctions: "There are even those who would, if they could, create a classless society. If such a society were possible it would be as useless as a rankless army and as dull as a wine-list that gave neither the names of the vineyard nor the dates of the vintages." In the book, he is never sentimental about his marriage but the depth of the relationship is evident in little things on every page. It is a great relief as well as a very vital experience to read a book of such historic importance in which a basic gaiety of spirit pervades all but the most tragic moments and in the end enriches even those.

Dutton, $5

In next month's Harper's

Why Communism Will Fail, or Marx Was a City Boy
by ***W. W. Rostow***

A sharp look at the weak link in the Communist appeal

Also—They Made the Cigar Respectable
by ***Keith Monroe***

And—The Man Who Reads Corpses
by ***Robert Bendiner***

FORECAST

Men and Adventure

Speleology is a word that until recently most vocabularies got along very happily without. But these days the exploration of caves whether actual or vicarious has become a popular pastime. In January Holt will publish *The Darkness Under the Earth* by ***Norbert Casteret,*** who last year explored the deepest cave in the world. And in February Harper will present on a much broader canvas this same spirit of exploration and adventure that inspired men of ancient times to feats of discovery that have made our world. The book is called *Conquest by Man,* by ***Paul Hermann*** and is the Book-of-the-Month choice for March.

Novels in 1955

Adventure, too, is the theme of a January novel, a Literary Guild choice, which Little, Brown will publish. Indeed it is called *The Adventurers* and was written by ***Ernest Haycox*** shortly before his death. Persistent courage in another field, that of the theater, is the subject of a January novel, *Among the Daughters,* by the dancer ***Agna Enters.*** Coward-McCann will publish it. In *The Four Winds* to be published on January 20 by Morrow (Literary Guild choice for February) ***David Beaty*** writes an exciting novel of life behind the scenes in commercial aviation. As a complete change of pace, there will appear on February 4 what the publisher, Dutton, calls "a masterpiece of humor," *This is Sylvia,* by ***Sandy Wilson,*** author of the current musical "The Boy Friend." On February 24, from Little, Brown, comes the always exciting publication of a new novel by ***John P. Marquand,*** *Sincerely, Willis Wade.* And fittingly, later on toward spring, Doubleday is publishing "a love story of our time," the new novel by the author of *The Caine Mutiny.* We give you *Marjorie Morningstar,* by ***Herman Wouk.***

You Hear Strange Things About Catholics

- That Catholics oppose public schools
- That Catholics are forbidden to read the Bible
- That Catholics have "changed" the Bible
- That Catholics worship statues
- That the Catholic Church is against democracy
- That Catholics believe the Pope can do no wrong
- That Catholics must pay their priests for forgiveness of sins

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A distinguished American writer, Virgil A. Kelly, has written a book that sets the record straight on what Catholics believe, and why so many of the stories circulated about them are false. Here is what Catholics believe about the Pope, and what they do *not* believe about him . . . why Catholics do not consider the Bible the only rule of faith . . . why Latin, bells, incense, and candles are used in Catholic ceremonies . . . what the Catholic Church really teaches about the Virgin Mary and the Saints . . . the true meaning and purpose of the Mass and Confession

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About the author

Virgil A. Kelly is the creator of the magnificent series of advertisements, sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, which have won the acclaim of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. He has received [illegible] letters [illegible] people who have been inspired by his message. In this book he answers their requests for a full and clear explanation of Catholicism. *Just published,* $2.75

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

Sound-Spaces: I. The Listening Window

We hear much these days about bringing the concert hall right into the living-room, via hi-fi records and equipment. A pleasant thought, if obviously quite impractical—even in the imagination.

But if we can't imagine an orchestra literally in our room, there is a much more satisfactory aural concept which explains the way in which we do enjoy big music from big spaces in little rooms. We bring those vast spaces not *into* but *next to* our listening room—just outside its walls.

We are normally aware, you see, of two sound-spaces as we listen. The first is the actual listening place in which we are, so to speak, immersed; the other is the sound-space of the concert hall or recording studio, in which the music itself is immersed. We hear both of these as we listen, but we keep them mentally separate.

Thus in effect we seem to listen from inside space number 1 through a kind of aural "window" in our own living-room wall into space number 2 with the music inside it.

In poor listening situations that window is a mere peephole and the sound forced through it is squeezed and distorted, the recreated space behind it warped and unconvincing. But in a really good listening room we have a huge "window," a wall-sized array of wide-open French doors, perhaps, opening out grandly in the ear's imagination, right into the concert hall, unobstructed.

Now this is a useful conception for two good reasons. First, it neatly eliminates the apparent contradiction in size—for through the audible "window" you may listen *into* as vast a space as you wish, without worrying at all about the smallness of your listening room. And secondly, because we re-create that larger space from very particular clues that come to us in the sound of the recorded music, this is no free-imagination process. Our imagination depends strictly upon the recorded sound.

Clues to the concert hall (or other) sound-space come to us on the record, in the form of room echo, reverberation, or, more properly, *liveness*.

There is tremendous variety, of course, in the audible liveness of the many kinds of music-spaces, ranging from the deadly padded studio to the resonant insides of a cathedral. Added to this, on records, is the flexibility with which microphones can be placed to alter the natural acoustics—and, recently, the bizarre tricks of liveness added artificially by the engineers.

But however ingenious the recording technique, the fact remains that

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Verdi: Requiem. A. Toscanini: Shaw Chorale, NBC Symphony. RCA Victor LM 6018 (2). B. Fricsay: St. Hedwig's Choir, RIAS Symphony. Decca DX 118 (2). C. De Sabata: La Scala Cho. and Orch. Angel 3520-B (2).

Bach: B Minor Mass. Solos, Cho., Orch. Radio Berlin, Fritz Lehmann. Urania URLP 236 (2).

Handel: Messiah. Huddersfield Cho. Soc., Liverpool Philh., Sargent. Angel 3510-C (3).

Mozart: Masonic Music (complete). Solos, Vienna Symphony, Chamber Choir, Paumgartner. Epic LC 3062.

The Art of Roland Hayes (Six Centuries of Song). Vanguard VRS 448/9 (2).

Mozart: Complete Piano Works. Walter Gieseking. Angel (11 LPs).

Torelli: Twelve Violin Concerti. Op. 8. Barchet, Beh, Pro Musica Orch., Reinhart. Vox DL 113 (3).

Music of the Baroque Era for Harpsichord and Clavichord. Erwin Bodky. Unicorn UN 1002.

we infer a room sound directly from whatever "echo" may surround the recorded music; without it we are wholly unable to reconstruct that second sound-space which makes small-room listening to big symphonies possible. What we want—and get for good listening is an illusion of presence and immediacy in sound-space number 2 and the musicians who perform in it.

But there is another way to record, of limited but most interesting application. Call it Absolute Recording, where the recorded instruments or voices are reproduced literally and exactly, *inside* your own listening space—not next to it. For the clarifying light it throws on "normal" recording, I'll discuss this Absolute Recording in next month's column.

Stravinsky and Bartok

Among the big composers of the twentieth century, Bartok and Stravinsky complement one another in their offerings to the musical ear and mind. Both belong to what might loosely be called the "American-International" category, both of them having begun as Europeans and local nationalists, to turn eventually into Americans. Both are in the strictest sense classicists: both carry forward the great wealth of accumulated Western tradition in the musical language, adapting it to personal ends and to contemporary ways of speech without self-conscious revolution. No matter that both have been thought of as revolutionists in the past; neither is that.

Stravinsky represents the best in a formalized kind of classicism, one that not only consciously explores the past for new material but puts aside the Romantic idea of free personal expression, preferring to build musical designs that are themselves expressive. Bartok by contrast is another Beethoven, writing works of the highest kind of organization that are nevertheless violently personal and deeply, directly emotional.

This isn't to suggest that either composer lacks emotional power. But the Bartok expression is remarkably different from the Stravinsky and the two attract listeners—trained or untrained—in a complementary way: those who by their own temperament prefer the powerfully expressive reserve, the carefully worked out designs of Stravinsky, and those who like the more open, direct violence—and gentleness—of Bartok.

Stravinsky: Symphony in C (1940); Cantata (1952). Cleveland Orchestra, Stravinsky; Philh. Chamber Ensemble, N. Y. Concert Choir, Tourel, Cuenod, dir. Stravinsky. Col. ML 4899.

Perhaps the symphony as a form is dying, but most of us still feel more comfortable judging a composer by a work labeled "symphony" than by the other less familiar forms that are now increasingly used. Here is the symphonic answer in Stravinsky's mature language, and it is surely one of the most "listenable" scores the composer has written. If you are not quite certain what a symphony is today, you'll find that Stravinsky tells you, with that sure sense for style and form that are so much his *forte*. Good listening for anybody—not only beginners.

The Cantata is a tougher proposition—though many will fall for it at once without necessarily making sense of the involved mathematics in its construction and its conscious use of antiquarian material. It is a setting of old English anonymous poetry (coming after Stravinsky's "Rake's Progress," an opera with English text by Auden) in that peculiar instrumental style that he has developed for the use of words. A lovely, dignified antique-sounding refrain, with long solo passages in between its reappearances. Authentic and convincing performances under the composer's direction.

Stravinsky: Danses Concertantes; Dumbarton Oaks Concerto; Concertino and Three Pieces for String Quartet. Rochester Chamber Orch., Hull. The Gordon String Quartet. Concert Hall CHS-1229.

Again the remarkable Stravinsky sense of style makes these two works for smaller orchestra quite unlike the full-orchestra symphony above. These are more intimate, more direct, more colorful; "Dumbarton Oaks" is a good-humored modern Brandenburg Concerto, somewhat after the Bach-type original; the "Danses" are composed for a varied small orchestra, unified by the Stravinsky "feel" for dance music. (This score has been used as a ballet though it was not composed directly for the stage.) A jerky, high-tension work with many internal subdivisions, in the dance manner.

The early bits for quartet are raucously dissonant but solve quite extraordinary stylistic problems and are thus



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highly significant in Stravinsky's development. Fine performance and recording. (The quartet recordings are almost a decade old but are still technically excellent.)

Stravinsky: Concerto in D for String Orch.; Bach: Brandenburg Concerto #3, Suite for Strings (arr. Bachrich); Villa-Lobos: Bachianas Brasileiras. Orch. Soc. of Boston, Page; Phyllis Curtin, sop. Cook LP 1062.

A TENUOUS connection holds these works together, and few listeners will enjoy all of them. The Stravinsky is a prize, though a virtuoso string work technically similar to the all-string Brandenburg #3 on the same record; both are orchestral concertos, the orchestra providing its own "soloists" within itself, subdivided (see also Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, Bloch's Concerto Grosso, and many others). The Cook recording technique, hitherto reserved for assorted stunt sound effects, is unreservedly fine and these members of the Boston Symphony play splendidly. One of a series by this group that bears watching.

Bartok: Piano Concerti #2, # 3. Edith Fernadi; Vienna State Opera Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WL 5249.

HI-FI Bartok, one of the most sensational examples of hi-fi recording technique here applied to appropriate modern music. The tempestuously energetic Second Concerto, full of brass and percussion, has its first really effective "sonic" presentation here; on good equipment the sound is electrifying and wholly authentic, though the performance *per se* is not as strong nor as well-shaped as the earlier Foldes version (Vox).

The milder, sweeter late Third Concerto is better played, less sensational as to sound. If you like raucous brass, of the big-band popular type, you'll enjoy this music endlessly.

Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. Mercury MG 500.33.

THIS recording fits in a similar category, the first to equal in recorded sound the peculiar potency of Bartok's orchestration and so a landmark. (The pre-tape Reiner version, on Columbia LP, has similarly right acoustics, but is technically out of date.) Yet the performance itself is not of top quality. Dorati knows the style, does not "Romanticize" or soften the crystalline outlines (as does Ansermet), but his musical approach is hard and unpliant. Nevertheless, this is a disc to be experienced with awe, on good equipment.

Bartok: For Children, vols. 1, 2. Tibor Kozma, piano. Bartok BR 919/920.

ANOTHER sympathetic and beautiful performance of these graded little children's pieces, tiny works, the earlier ones almost one-finger, but unforgettable music even so. An earlier and equally good recording is that by Manahem Pressler on M-G-M, also two separate discs. (Columbia's new LP by Gyorgy Sandor that includes about half of these is not, for my ear, in a class musically with the above two.) Good listening, and for serious beginning piano students, children or adult, these make wonderfully revealing study material. Try one of each version, for an interesting comparison in detail. And play them yourself!

Bartok: Songs, Opus 16; Hungarian Folk Songs. Magda Laszlo, sop., F. Holetschek, pf. Westminster WL 5283.

ASIDE from the excellence of the singing and the playing here, this disc illustrates an interesting musical point, the difference between "art" song and "folk" song, so well understood by the composer (a pioneer collector of folk music). The two sides are utterly different though they are equally dissonant. In the Bartok settings the folk songs are immediately understandable to almost any ear, as folk song is by its nature. (Good folk-song setting, no matter how dissonant, need not alter this "universality.") The art songs, on the other hand, require some special musical background and experience for enjoyment.

To most casual listeners these will seem pretty unintelligible, but for those who are well up on their art singing they are of great interest.

(Note that many *Lieder* in the German tradition are at the border between these types—hence the easy popularity of many Schubert and Brahms songs.)

Bartok: The Wooden Prince. (Ballet, 1916). New Symphony, Susskind. Bartok BR 308 (2).

ANOTHER hi-fi Bartok, a very long, turgidly orchestrated early work; it may appeal to those who love big, florid Romantic ballet scores, Strauss tone poems, Tchaikowsky symphonies, or "The Fire Bird." Gorgeous sound but I find it interminably complex and dated as ballet music. The later works are really much easier to take.





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William L. Rivers

MAN WHO READS CORPSES
Robert Bendiner

CHING UP THE PARTNERSHIP
H BRITAIN
Alastair Buchan

AT HAPPENED TO
HAEL ARLEN?
Alec Waugh

Y MADE THE CIGAR
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Keith Monroe

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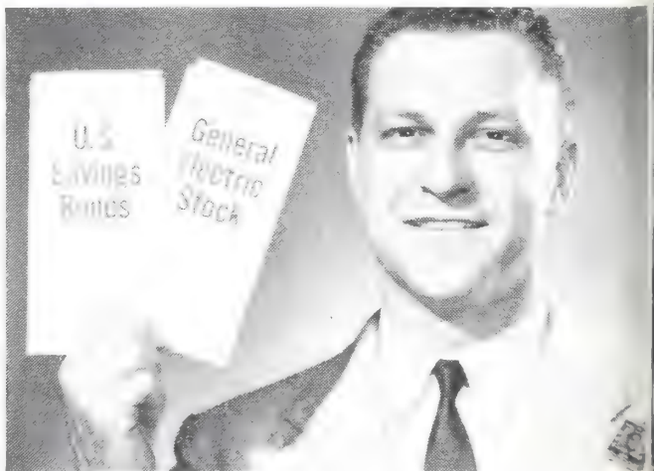
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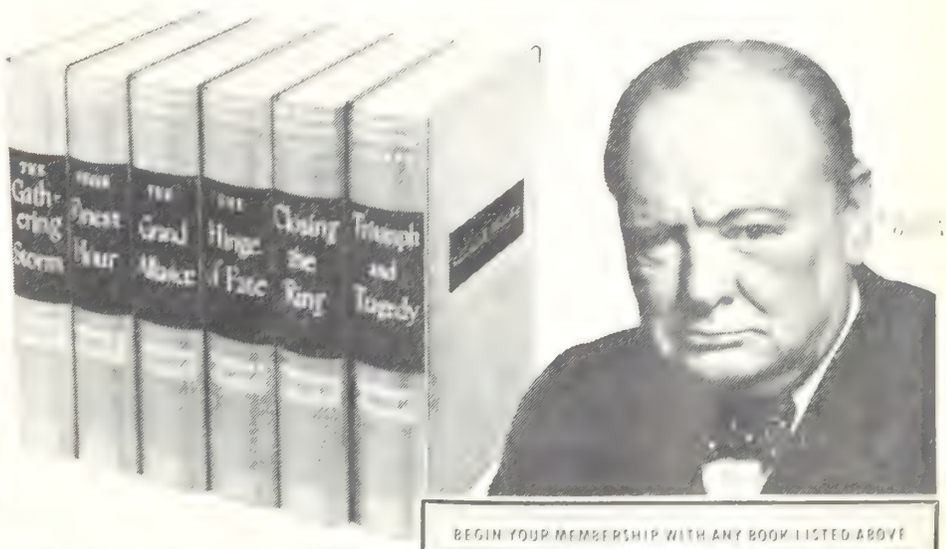
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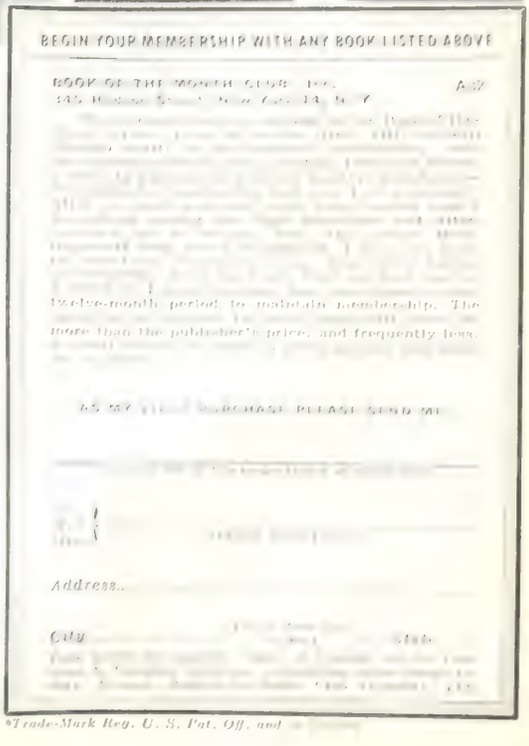
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LETTERS

The Nazarene Gospel—

[illegible] Mr. Dwight Macdonald, reviewing Robert Graves' *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* in the December issue, is [illegible] less a universalist non-believer than he fancies himself. One can assume that he had a firm Christian upbringing, but one that was clearly narrow and self-contained. There is no evidence of intellectual curiosity about ethical, social, or cultural values of Judaism. . . .

Mr. Macdonald does not seem to be aware that Judaism has been and is a growing and changing thing, and that one of the reasons for its growth and survival has always been the emphasis on interpretation and selection of the meaningful core. . . .

F. Gordon
Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors:

It is a pity that Mr. Dwight Macdonald devotes so many lines of good writing to an ironic exposé of so unscholarly and uninspired a literary fabrication as the "Gravespodro Anti-Christ." . . .

It is undeniable that Jesus of Nazareth voiced the protest of his Prophetic forebears against narrow ritualism and particularism, but it must not be overlooked that the sublime Sermon and the profoundly wise Parables stem in essence from the faith that Jesus absorbed from the heritage of Judaism.

Joseph Krimsky, M.D.
Huntington, West Va.

In the Library—

I have to thank *Harper's* for the interesting and darkly illuminating article by Dwight Macdonald on Robert Graves' "Anti Christ." . . .

God gave us free will and therefore I cannot believe in the Virgin Birth or the Miracles as set down in the New Testament. God did not lay down Natural Laws to break them in A.D. One. . . .

[illegible] as the noblest approach to the Almighty that our limited intelligences can attain? And in looking up to him realize that his teaching that God is Love is the thread we have to hold on to if we wish to seek for the true exit from this maze we call Life? . . .

David Juliue
Bethlehem, Pa.

To the Editors:

The main value to me of the "Gravespodro" speculations is that they button up with numerous instances the truth that very little in the teaching of Jesus was original with him. . . .

Toward the end of his attack on the authors of *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*, Mr. Macdonald falls into one of the most ancient of all booby traps, the Stoic identification of truth with widespread acceptance. He complains that "Gravespodro" fail to account for the 'universal influence" of Jesus' teaching. The present plight of Western man does not seem to indicate that the influence of Jesus has been anything approaching universality. The plain fact is that the overwhelming majority of mankind do not believe that Jesus is either God or Saviour. Moreover, during the past thirteen centuries, whole peoples in Europe, Africa, and Asia have been converted from Christianity to Islam; yet one would hardly suggest that this established the truth of the Islamic revelation. . . .

Byron D. Stokes
Pasadena, Calif.

"Maintenance"—

To the Editors:

The story "The Young Man Who Came to Visit" by Gretchen Finletter in the December issue was delightful for its light humor and the underlying character portrayals. But what intrigued me was the juxtaposition of the article "The Passionate State of Mind," for, as I read it, I was thinking that if Mr. Eric Hoffer could have graced the table of the family where Mr. Bowie Norman was putting up with the "maintenance" conversation of his girl's father, the level of conversation would have really developed into "a meeting of mind," the absence of which in the Western World for two hundred years the bright young man was bewailing.

John Culloton
Mountain View, Calif.

Tough Racket—

To the Editors:

"Protection for a Tough Racket" [December] strikes a bell in my mind—it is vaguely similar to the situation in my school. Let the psychologists cry "reason with them," but the good, old-fashioned "hit 'em before they hit you" is the only way to get some knowledge into their reluctant little noggins. The best teachers are those who recognize this; psychology is a farce—at least when used in the education of teen-agers.

Maybe some scars will be left on personalities from being swatted down once in a while, but the only thing most kids understand is a swift kick when and where it will do the most good.

The most successful teachers in my school are those who can shout louder than the students. It is not a reform school either; it is a high school in a better-than-average neighborhood.

If teachers would teach more as they did years ago, kids would learn more. And I'm no disgruntled grandmother who looks back continually to the "good old days." I'm a teen-ager myself and write this letter from my own experiences.

Burke S. Arehart
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

To the Editors:

The Seattle Association of Classroom Teachers would like to express to you its appreciation for your publishing of the article, "Protection for a Tough Racket" by Cordelia Baird Gross.

Miss Gross writes in a refreshing fashion and is delightfully graphic in relating her experiences, both as a teacher in the Manhattan Public Schools and as an "errand girl and part-time secretary" in Tony and Nick's night club.

We appreciate the fact that she took the extra job because of her small salary. Many and many a teacher is doing just that.

Most of us have rather placid classrooms, and while our pupils may not always be eager for knowledge, they are at least physically co-operative. Teaching is usually a rewarding experience, although like all vocations it has its hazards, and apparently they vary!

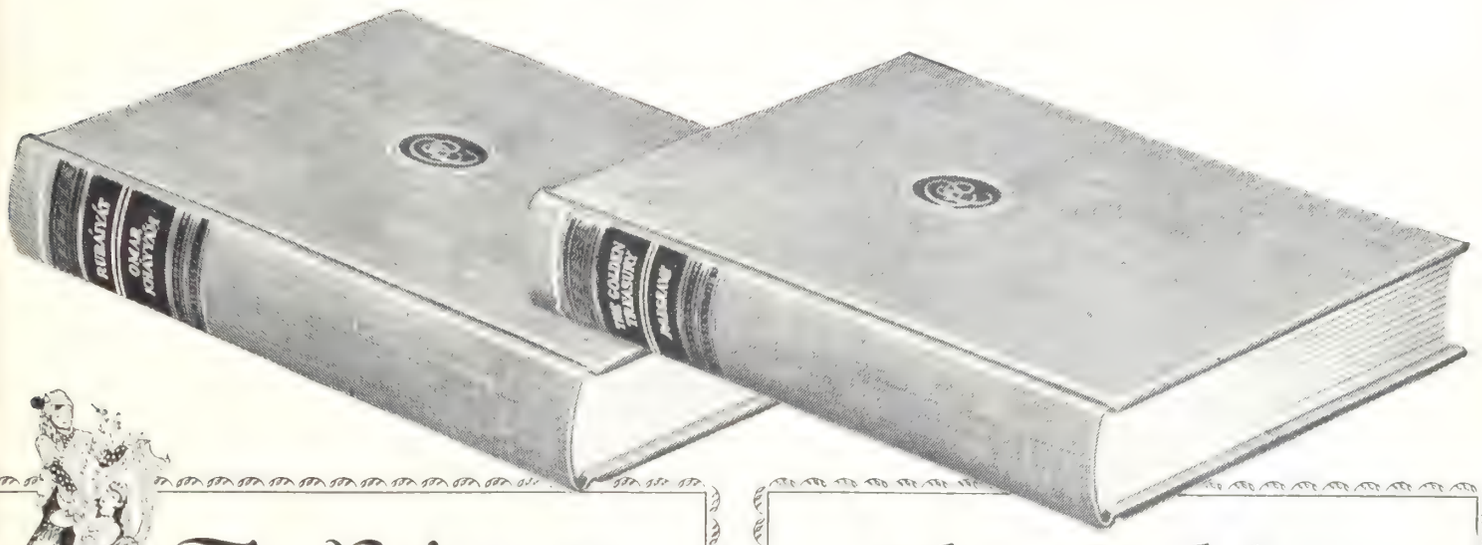
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Corresponding Secretary
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Commercial Carols—

To the Editors:

Mr. Harper's note in December regarding the neglect of Christmas carols as a basis for singing commercials overlooks the fact that one such was current in the days when the advertiser provided the text and you merely did your own singing.

I seem to recall the use, by the company whose profits have made possible the choleric existence of one of the great contemporary symphony conductors, of the jingle:

> Hark the herald angels sing
> Beecham's pills are just the thing;
> Peace on earth and mercy mild,
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As an alternate third line I have heard: "Fast relief and action mild."

GEORGE F. JONES
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Banks and Banking—

To the Editors:

Your eponymous Mr. Harper, in his comments on the Manufacturers Trust building in December, shows an admirable understanding of banks and banking; however his architecture is pretty shaky. What he calls "underconsumption of space" may be motivated by ostentation; but if it is, then what we need is bigger and better ostentation. . . . In the New York of today it is a terrible and inexcusable thing to use space economically, as the clogged and gloomy canyons of Wall Street ought to remind us.

STUART R. SHEEDY
Jericho, N. Y.

To the Editors:

For the first time I have been more impressed with the writing of an advertiser than with that of Mr. Harper.

Mr. Nathaniel V. Davis, president of Aluminum, Ltd., had something important to say ["Canada: Aluminum Supplier for the U.S.A.," December] and presented his arguments intelligently and clearly.

Whether Mr. Harper had anything to say in his After Hours on the Manufacturers Trust Bank is debatable. In any event, two of his basic assumptions are not warranted by the facts:

1) That the "activity charge" of a depositor is profitable to a bank. Fact: the "activity charge" generally pays only for the direct cost of handling; only the account with a minus "activity charge" and/or a borrowing account is profitable.

2) That the new Manufacturers' building represents a "playful satire on sound renting practice." Fact: Manufacturers, being a National Bank, cannot rent to others any part of a building which is owned and occupied by the bank itself.

EDWIN S. GOZONSKY
Laconia, N. H.

Mr. Harper responds: "According to Manufacturers' Trust, they are not *a National Bank. Of course, as I was careful to say, banks expect little profit from small depositors, just as railroads expect little from passengers. The question is what total performance the total profits pay for—in the case of banks: luxury, advertising, and ill manners."*

Teachers Again—

AS A COLLEGE PROFESSOR I STRONGLY RESENT THE RECENT STATEMENT MADE BY THE SECTIONAL DELEGATE ASSEMBLY OF THE KANSAS STATE TEACHERS ASSOCIATION [Letters Column, January]. IT SMACKS OF HYPOCRISY TO SHOUT THAT DR. KOERNER'S ARTICLE WAS UNFAIR, UNETHICAL, AND A GROSS MISREPRESENTATION OF THE TEACHING PROFESSION. THE TRUTH, WHICH THE GENERAL PUBLIC IS NOT REALLY COGNIZANT OF, IS THAT THE UNAPPRECIATED BUT EXCELLENT WORK AND THE END RESULTS OF A FEW GOOD TEACHER COLLEGES ARE BEING HIGHLY DILUTED BY THOSE INSTITUTIONS WHO STUFF THEIR CLASSES WITH STUDENTS SEEKING WATERED-DOWN SUBJECT MATERIAL. UNFORTUNATELY DR. KOERNER IS PROBABLY A MARKED MAN NOW AND WILL BE KNOWN AS A RADICAL. TOO BAD WHEN IN THE LAST HALF OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY AN EDUCATOR IS CONDEMNED BECAUSE HE SEEKS TO SPEAK WITH FORTHRIGHT HONESTY.

RAYMOND D. CHEYDLEUR
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Big Bang—

To the Editors:

Re your After Hours item, "The Big Bang" [November]:

> Perhaps a prescient knowledge was given
> To foresee this age in which we are liven;
> Perchance the author of "Chicken Little" knew
> That big Oak Ridges from little acorns grew.

ELEANOR GOULD
Santa Monica, Calif.

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More Mondegreens—

To the Editors:

If Sylvia Wright ["The Death of Lady Mondegreen," November] does not already have the following in her collection of mondegreens, may we suggest these, gleaned from our memories of Sunday School hymn-singing days: "Fight in the corner where you are," . . . and, "With the cross old Jesus marching on before." . . .

ROSALIND and HAROLD WATKIN
San Anselmo, Calif.

To the Editors:

Up the Mondegreens, a family that has done more for the appreciation of English literature than all the critics put end to end. May I contribute a few details of the British branch?

Over here, Our Father is not called Harold, but Harrods. As this is also the name of London's largest department stores, it lends added urgency to our supplications around Christmas. But we are not wholly selfish. Those who were taught to pray to "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" are reminded of the need to "pity mice implicity." . . .

E. M. HUGH-JONES
Oxford, England

To the Editors:

Perhaps Sylvia Wright and other mondegreen fans would like to add to their collection the following: "The Lord makes preserves and redeems us," "While shepherds washed their socks by night," and my own child's version of "Deck the hall with bills from Halle's."

SARA C. WALTHER
Lakewood, Ohio

To the Editors:

. . . With all respect I do not see how Sylvia Wright could walk right over Lars Porcelain of Clusium as she did and not notice him.

I predict that the mondegreen will take its place among the classic figures of speech, along with the metaphor, the simile, and the schenectady.

DAVID H. SCULL
Annandale, Va.

County Unit System—

To the Editors:

In an otherwise admirable article on Herman Talmadge in your December issue it is stated that Georgia is the only state of the union having a county unit system in its primary elections. Unhappily this is not the case; we have a very similar system in Maryland.

As recently as 1950, two primary candidates who won majorities in the state-

wide popular vote nevertheless failed to be nominated. In the Republican Senatorial primary, D. John Markey with 51.4 per cent of the popular vote lost the nomination to John M. Butler, who went on to win the general election. In the Democratic race for governor, George P. Mahoney, with 50.3 per cent of the popular vote, lost to William P. Lane, who received only 45.7 per cent (the rest went to three minor candidates).

In both these cases it was the county units, not the total ballot count, that determined the winner. . . .

MORTON S. RAFF
Silver Spring, Md.

Cigarettes and Candy—

To the Editors:

Now that I've read several well written articles defending those who are going to smoke cigarettes no matter what the American Cancer Society says (including *Harper's* "Do We Have to Give Up Smoking?" in December), couldn't some slightly obese writer come forward with a defense for us fat people who are going to eat no matter what the insurance statistics prove? And a pediatrician has suggested to me that there may be a case for the children with dental caries who still want their sweets.

Won't it be just dandy if we find we can prove that nothing causes anything?

ERNESTINE LEAS
Fresno, Calif.

Merriam of Chicago—

To the Editors:

Congratulations on your excellent report of Chicago politician Robert Merriam and his crusading activities [November]. Oh for more men like him with enough guts to oppose a corrupt but powerful political machine! For too many years unscrupulous politicians have run the affairs of otherwise decent communities. The only way their power can be broken is by such fearless action as initiated by Merriam.

JAMES I. MORTON
Berrien Springs, Mich.

To the Editors:

As residents and citizens of Chicago, members of our family have read with *great* interest your article on Merriam. . . . We are glad he has since announced his candidacy for mayor. The article inspired us to the extent that when the primary draws near we would like to help the Merriam cause in some way.

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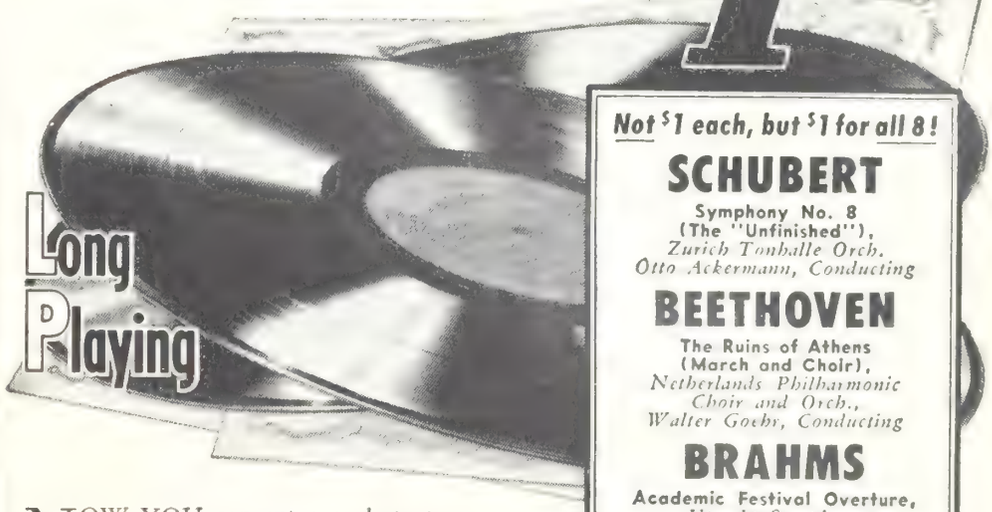
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Otto Ackermann, Conducting

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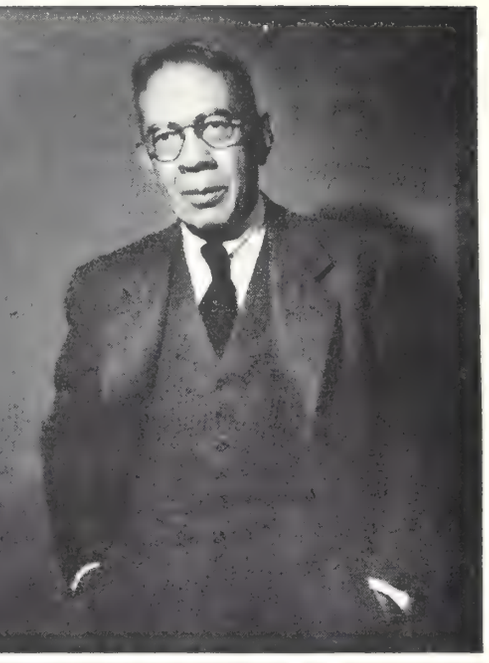
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Service in Four-Color Gravure

THE manager of a hotel at which I spent a couple of days last month has written me a letter. The hotel became so fond of me, he says, that it has been desolate since I left. He and his staff will not know joy again till I come back: pray it be soon. They hope I am looking forward to this something more than home, which is what he calls it, and in the most amorous prose addressed to me for more than thirty years, he sketches the bliss awaiting me when I come. He has done his bit for public relations, which are taking the place of innkeeping all over the United States.

I got to lover-boy's hotel about 9:00 A.M. after a night on the train, unbathed and with the traveler's awareness that I had shaved badly. I had a luncheon scheduled for 12:30 that was important to me and several others; I was to lecture that evening and my uniform had to be pressed. The room clerk, a Southern gentlewoman embittered by the misfortune that had forced her to go to work, recognized me as a Yankee and a vulgarian. She denied that I had a reservation. I produced a letter from the manager who is now yearning to see me. He noted that I would arrive early, guaranteed me a [illegible] to make sure would check me in the night before I was due to arrive. (This expedient allows the hotel to sell the room twice and collect nine bucks extra; it can be helpful to the traveler too. It is no worse extortion than the practice of having only double rooms available when you arrive, two dollars less for single use but two more than a single room.) The letter proved to the lady that I was the one who had dug up her grandmother's silver when Sherman's bummers came through: they had no rooms. Meanwhile, to make sure of me, my bags had been confiscated. I went to my luncheon half-shaved and in a dirty shirt. When I got back at three o'clock, an assistant manager offered to let me put on my dinner jacket in his room. At 5:30 a picturesque parade formed and I was shown to the room which I should have had eight hours before. It was too late to get my pants pressed but at 5:35 a pint of Scotch arrived, compliments of the management. I don't drink Scotch.

GIANT strides in public relations are making the life of the traveler in the United States more laborious every year. I am a veteran and expert traveler, I have mastered all the techniques, I am a tolerably tough organism besides, and I am getting fed to the teeth. In the last fourteen months various jobs have taken me to or across forty-seven states—planning and the favor of Providence enabled me to skip Florida. In that period I crossed the continent twice by train and twice by plane, went to the interior West three times and the South twice, and criss-crossed the East and Middle West so often that I can't sum it up here. Little of that travel was as easy or as pleasant as it ought to be, most of it was unnecessarily annoying, and the shadow of the eight-ball is getting steadily bigger. Few of the people who are supposed to facilitate your journeys know how; fewer still try. You have to work against increasing stupidity, inefficiency, arrogance, and public-relations applesauce and it

is getting to be a tough job. But year by year the advertising brochures get more beautiful.

American culture has made travel by automobile the most satisfactory way and is proceeding to make it impossible. If you have time for it and drive your own car it is still the best bet. It is the only way to suit your convenience and make sure of good lodgings. It provides the greatest comfort and the best chance of finding good food. That is, west of the Mississippi and south of Kentucky. Elsewhere the future has arrived, our mechanical and engineering genius has undone us, and all the institutions of the automobile age are approaching paralysis.

For make no mistake about it, the throughways and toll roads are putting an end to what the ads call happy motoring. The density of the traffic and the speed at which it moves destroy the comfort and the ease of mind that have hitherto commended automobile travel. In the East and the Southeast the billboards that direct you to go by Pullman are offering sound advice. For what it turns out to be worth

It is the traveler's hard luck that these are the areas where the institutions of our automobile culture have won their most complete victory over the railroads. Getting from the Atlantic coast to Chicago, St. Louis, or New Orleans is dreary and uncomfortable; all the more so, and slower than it ought to be as well, if you go from Boston. The best trains are second-rate compared to those available from there on. As for service, the roads have thrown in their hands.

West of Chicago you are all right so long as you stick to main lines, long runs, and streamliners, and provided that you travel by bedroom. The new roomettes are less embarrassing than the early ones but they remain upended coffins with insufficient room for your overcoat and your bags. Nothing can be said for the double-decker ones except that they are better than the traditional Pullman berths, which must be the payoff on American business and the Americans who travel. Only the dreamy chuckleheadedness called know-how, which thinks of improvement as advertising copy, would have preserved the antique berth over the generations. Only intimidated people and those who don't mind avoidable punishment would use it. Sleeping in a chair car is not my idea of comfort but it is better than sleeping in a berth.

Because the one idyllic portion of my childhood was spent beside its tracks, I tend to think that the Union Pacific is the best railroad in the world; I own ten shares as a symbol of my loyalty. Its streamliners *are* good, its dining cars are at least better than most, and all its trains run on a roadbed you would like to call to the attention of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. The Southern Pacific streamliners along the coast—I think they are called the Shasta Limited and the Lark—are first-rate trains; either those on its southern route are a little dispirited or I have had some bad breaks. The Burlington and the Rock Island meet the competition. I haven't chanced to take the Santa Fe's Super Chief. The Chief is nothing much, presumably because the equipment goes to the better-advertised train. But it serves pretty good meals and it still exhilarates you when, having come down from Raton Pass, it takes off across the Colorado plains.

So to a train which I had never ridden on till this year, the Great Northern's Empire Builder. I took it all the way to Seattle and was on it again twice for fifteen hours each time. It is by a good deal the best train I have ever traveled on; if there were more like it nobody could kick about mainline travel; and why aren't there? It is marvelously comfortable and smooth-running; it vibrates very little; it is clean and quiet. Its colors are subdued, its decorative scheme pleasing. You get from its crew the courtesy that has almost disappeared from travel in America. To say that its dining-car service is the best in the country is insufficient praise, for the competition is not formidable. It serves meals comparable with those served by good metropolitan restaurants, and there is no other railroad of which that is true. Moreover, the management has made an innovation so intelligent that it is clearly unbusinesslike and without public-relations value. When you go aboard you are offered three different dinner hours and given a card according to your choice, so that when you go to the dining car a place is waiting for you. I hope that when the super-highways have made automobile traffic obsolete the Great Northern will take over the railroad system of the United States.

On this mere matter of standing in line alone, the roads ought to lose all the money they claim to lose on their dining cars. It is so infuriating that you start forward for dinner at 5:15 after a premature cocktail, and find the car full already, or wait till 8:30 and find most of the menu used up. The effect is enhanced if you have crossed to a new time zone during the afternoon. It is almost impossible to get a light lunch. Fruit salad is from a can, though I found a genuine and good one last month on the Southern (which also serves good sausage). Other salads grade downward from depressed heart of iceberg lettuce; the Pennsylvania has a good French dressing. Cooking seldom rises to mediocrity and there is what

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amounts to a standard transcontinental menu. It is so stereotyped and consists so exclusively of freezer stuff that you marvel and rejoice when you strike a pot roast or finnan haddie.

You end by deciding, correctly, that the steak is your best choice. At $4.50 to $5.50, a metropolitan price, it ought to be a good deal larger and better than it is. Like everything else, it is accompanied by watery spinach or beans and potatoes that are less than warm.

The universal trouble is tastelessness; what you get is mere fodder. No one expects a dining car to be the Oak Room at the Plaza and anyone can take a day of railroad food without much resentment, which appears to be the operating principle. But a week of it brings you close to obsessive melancholia. Is this one more problem too great for American know-how to solve, or is it another instance of substituting advertising for resourcefulness? The railroads are a basic part of the great, intricately organized system that enables every corner tea shoppe and one-arm lunch to serve better meals than they do. Everything that cost-accounting, efficiency engineering, and four-color printing can do for the traveler has been done with great good will, but what he wants is a meal he can enjoy eating. He doesn't get it.

I HAVE been talking about the best trains. Short hauls and branch lines are not merely annoying, they are grueling. Their Pullmans date back to the first world war; they are rough, noisy, and unbelievably grimy. You shave looking over someone's shoulder while someone else looks over yours. If there is a diner on the train when you get up, it is only one-third of a diner, being part lounge car and part sleeping car as well. The chef has to be a porter and bartender, and he has neither kitchen equipment nor pantry to work with. Bacon was fried hard long ago and has congealed; toast is burned but cold and has hunks of cold butter on it; orange juice has been centrifuged. But they may have dropped the diner during the night, in which case they won't pick up another one for three hours. You chain-smoke cigarettes for three hours, admiring the triumphs of our mechanized civilization and the will to perfection that makes us demand so much more than lesser peoples get.

Another delight is to get off at dawn and wait for a connection at a station (frequently locked up) without a lunch counter and miles from an all-night restaurant. In fact a traveler who gets off a train anywhere early in the morning is out of luck. Unless it is a big city you may have to wait up to a half-hour for a taxi. Small-town restaurants observe small-town hours, but at that they open earlier than the dining-room of a city hotel. If you do manage to get breakfast at that hotel, then what? Neither pull nor prayer will get you a room before noon, or more likely late afternoon. Offices, business houses, museums, movies, libraries will not open till nine o'clock. The majestic and expertly advertised services whose sole desire is to put our Byzantine luxury at the traveler's disposal bring him a climactic opportunity to watch a porter push a mop around the lobby floor.

SO YOU take a plane? Its speed does compensate for many drawbacks and it is a fine way to travel if the weather is good. With the same reservation, it is the most comfortable way so long as you are in the air, though a transcontinental crossing by plane seems almost as long as one by train and, I do not know why, tires you considerably more. Nobody expects good food and nobody gets it. I have never yet had a decent meal on a plane, I have not had one that was even warm. (In the remotest portions of the Rocky Mountains the U. S. Forest Service, which has to get there by plane, parachutes to its firefighters meals that are decently cooked, savory, and hot. It appears to lack know-how and public relations.) Usually you have to face only two meals on a plane, however, and they do break the monotony. But, though we cannot hold the airlines accountable for the air, surely American know-how is up to devising a reasonably safe coffee mug. Twice in the last year a hostess emptied a full mug on me because we hit a rough patch at the wrong moment. I have had the experience half a dozen times and seen it often; it is discon-

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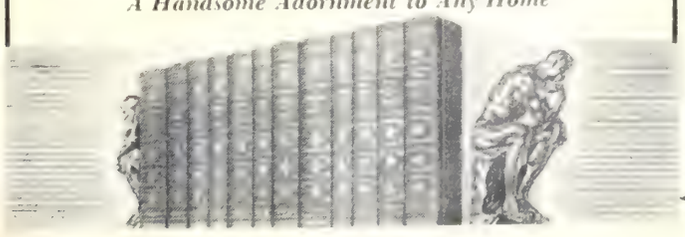
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certing, especially if you are not carrying another suit. Worse still if it happens on Friday, for your hotel will have no valet service till Monday.

In bad weather—and I don't mean rough air, which is all right with me —travel by plane is the worst of all forms. Fog or widespread storms may project the traveler all the way back to the era of the canal boat. His flight may be held up for hours, it may be canceled, it may land him hundreds of miles from his destination; at best he is certain to miss any connections he may have. In the winter months you cannot risk an outbound trip by air if you have fixed engagements to meet; I have grown reluctant to risk one at any time except in the summer. A grounded passenger has decisions and rearrangements to make and here a chronic grievance against the airlines becomes acute. At any other time he may want information but now he has got to have it—and he can't get it. Guile, anger, tantrums will get him nothing but a run-around. Meanwhile at an airport far from town or means of amusement, he is wailed at by unintelligible public-address systems and hazed about by courteous but intractable herdsmen. And such system as there may be goes to pieces if the airline has to send him to a hotel or a train. Nobody is prepared for that, including the hotel and the railroad.

You learn not to deal with representatives of airlines in small towns. They were chosen for their looks and have taken courses in charm but they misinform you about routes and connections, which may throw your whole trip off or lengthen it 50 per cent, and the reservations they make may not stick. The triumph of considerate service, however, is the asininity called "reconfirmation." You are tolerably safe if you "reconfirm" at the point of departure, again at your first destination, and a third time some hours before you are due to take off again. But you can never be sure. Last year I was twice thrown off planes on which the airlines had contracted to fly me because the gate had no record of my reconfirmation, though I did. American bumped me in particularly annoying circumstances, giving me

the bum's rush at LaGuardia and so making me a day late for an important meeting, while it sent my bags on to Knoxville and left me to spend a night in New York without pajamas. My reconfirmation was acknowledged in grease pencil on my ticket-envelope but we had no record of it, sir, and would I please step over with the stand-bys and stop holding up the line. At Knoxville the next day I reconfirmed to Washington when I landed and two days later the boys pulled the same gag on me. This time I blew up and bad temper got me on the plane.

Blowing up, by everyone on every occasion, may be the answer—so far as there is one, which is probably not very far. Business management's first solution to every problem, frequently its only one, is to increase the budget for advertising and public relations. (Public relations means sending a bottle of Scotch up to the room which you had contracted to give to the patron eight hours earlier than you did give it to him.) The airlines spend more on the universal answer than the railroads and hotels do but they all believe it is sovereign. The principle is that if you keep on saying your service is magnificent, the sucker will believe you against the testimony of experience. The millions of dollars spent on the traveler's credulity would be better spent getting him where he wants to go with reasonable dispatch and in reasonable comfort and providing palatable food for him en route, but the loss to the advertising agencies might endanger the economic structure and you can always write the traveler a follow-up letter telling him what a fine time he had. Or so the majestic agencies that serve the traveler appear to believe.

They may be right. People who travel as a regular part of their job, salesmen, district managers, field inspectors, and the like become increasingly profane as travel gets steadily harder to bear. But there are not enough of them to count and no one else appears to care about avoidable indignity and discomfort so long as the advertising that accompanies it is prettily printed. Is transportation a gauge of civilization and does travel enrich one's personality? It say so here in four colors.

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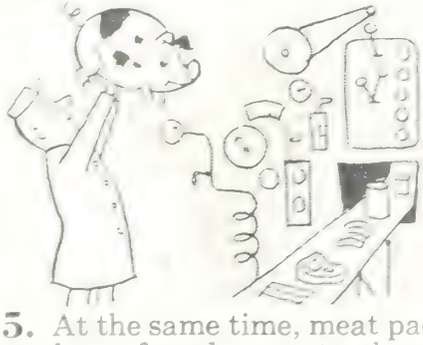
2. In one generation Americans have upped their meat eating by 26 lbs. per person—to 155 lbs. in 1954. That's part of our rising standard of living.



3. . . . but on top of that there are now 34 million *more* mouths to feed. At the current rate of consumption that means America is producing about *10 billion more lbs. of meat* per year than we did only 20 years ago.



4. How is all of this accomplished? Farmers are using new scientific methods to raise more animals, faster, and on less feed than ever before.



5. At the same time, meat packers have found ways to shorten processing time—by days—even weeks. This and modernized methods, plants and equipment help them keep up a production record, averaging 66 million pounds a day. That much meat would fill a train 18 miles long!



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Personal and Otherwise

Gone, Wind and All

A couple of weeks ago one of our editors stepped into the Senate press gallery to watch the new Senate knuckle down to its work. He realized at once that something about the place was strange, but for a moment he couldn't figure out what it was. The final snuff boxes were in their niches, the page boys scampered around with their usual adolescent, blue-serged awkwardness, Alben Barkley was still telling that story about the Kentucky moonshiner which he had found so serviceable in 1936. Then dawned the horrid truth: there was nobody on the floor who looked like a Senator.

Politically there is no great difference between this batch of lawmakers and the one before it—but the difference in style is enormous. Indeed, it is probably more significant than any mere passing shift in the balance of parties; for what we have here is the first big change in political fashion in more than a century.

Ever since Webster and Calhoun, the style in Senators has been as rigid, classic, and widely recognized as the Washington Monument. Everybody knew what a proper Senator was supposed to look like: the mane of white hair sweeping down over his collar, the dignified paunch, the black string tie knotted like a Mississippi gambler's, the frock coat, the broad-brimmed Stetson, the mottled jowls, the countenance of a slightly apprehensive Roman emperor. He had been born in a log cabin; his voice sounded like a church organ with the *vox humana* stop pulled out. He walked as if he were leading a parade.

Not every Senator could live up to the pattern, of course, any more than all women can look like Gina Lollobrigida; but most of them tried. Always, until this year, there was at least one perfect specimen to set the standard and keep the tradition pure—Blanton, Watson, Borah, Ashurst, and that flamboyant gem of the collection, Texas' Tom Connally.

But last summer when death got Pat McCarran, the Senate lost its one remaining archetype of Gates-Ajar Gothic. Like the late examples of any great style, he was a trifle decadent and overblown; he lacked the courtliness of a Hoey, the Vandenberg gift for four-color oratory, the awesome righteousness of the elder La Follette. But he was authentic, if a little seedy, and he will be remembered as the relic of a once-mighty species, like the last whooping crane.

Extinction was, no doubt, inevitable. Only one incumbent—Kerr of Oklahoma—claims to have been born in a log cabin, and it is unlikely that any Senator can ever make the claim again. (Though there is some talk in Washington of building a Log Cabin Maternity Home, within easy taxi distance of the Mayflower bar, for the benefit of those parents who might have political ambitions for their offspring.) Not even Kerr fits the classic recipe in any other respect, and at least one newcomer—Kennedy of Massachusetts—flouts tradition to the shocking extreme of a semi-crew haircut.

It can't honestly be said that the current crop have set a new style. They just don't have any style at all. Where you could once spot a Senator as far as you could see him, you would now find it hard to sift one out of a convention of master plumbers, stockbrokers, or YMCA secretaries. The most typical figures in the upper house—Nixon, Johnson, Case, Humphrey, and Knowland, to cite only a few—look like somewhat disillusioned versions of the all-American boy. They are real clean-cut. They obviously know the Boy Scout oath, and—whatever their political differences—they come equipped with similar models of the neon smile, the Junior Executive suit, the sincere handclasp, the engine-turned personality, and the litmus-like sensitivity to public feeling.

Unquestionably they are better public servants than the old boys; they work harder, demagog less, and are on the whole more honest. But it would have been fun if we could have kept one pristine Claghorn-type—perhaps preserved in alcohol, a congenial medium—just for the hell of it, and for the instruction of posterity. They were crusty, bombastical, opinionated, and eye-filling; and they were never dull.

Styles in Nicotine

The new Senators have only one point of style in common with the old-timers; they still brandish cigars. As ***Keith Monroe*** points out on page 37, the cigar went out of fashion for a long while—with nearly everybody, that is, except politicians. Plenty of them will now toy with a cigarette in their lighter moments, but when they settle down to serious politicking nine out of ten still prefer to sink their dog-teeth into a good fat *perfecto*. Exhaustive tests have proved that nothing else will bring a smoke-filled room up to working viscosity quite so fast—and besides the tradition has been sacred ever since Henry Clay went into action with his notorious stogies.

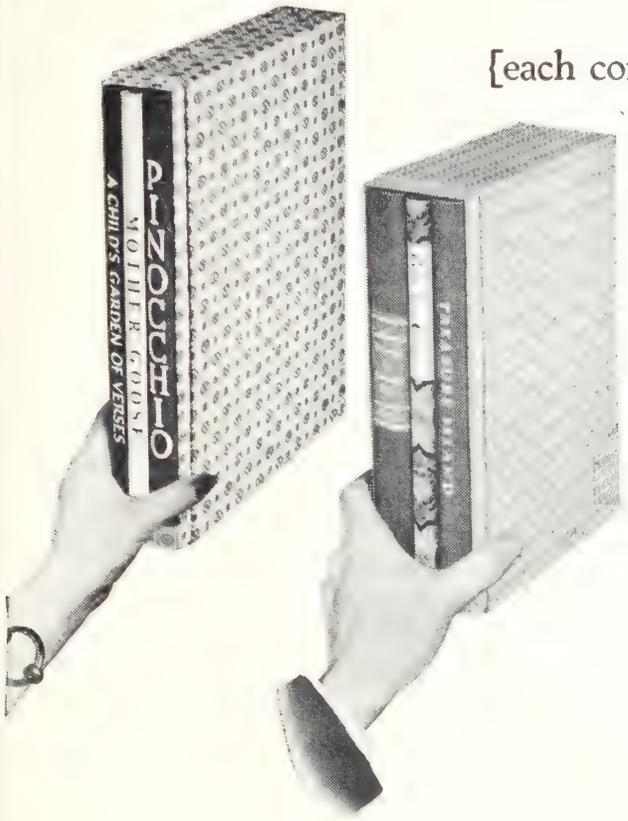
But here, too, the Senators are beginning to look like almost everybody else—for reasons which Mr. Monroe explains. In the course of his researches into the curious renaissance of the cigar, he began to smoke them fairly steadily himself. Earlier he had stuck pretty much to cigarettes—the prescribed form of nicotine for newspaper editors, advertising copy chiefs, public-relations men, and free-lance writers. In his time, Mr. Monroe has tried all those jobs, in that order. He lives in Santa Monica, California, and is now in Central America, on a reporter's collecting trip.

•••Maybe it is just coincidence that the cigar has become a trademark of the British politician who understands Americans best, and who labored hardest to prevent the breakdown in the Anglo-American partnership which seemed so threatening early last year. He won't be around forever; and it is highly unlikely that any other Prime Minister will develop his skill in holding the alliance together. Consequently ***Alastair Buchan*** examines, on page 51, the causes of the recent eruptio

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Thoughts about College, #1

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of mutual irritation: the continuing strains on both sides; and what can be done to ease them. Few Englishmen know this country better than Mr. Buchan, who first came here at the age of seventeen. He is the son of the late John Buchan, author and (as Lord Tweedsmuir) Governor-General of Canada. He married a Canadian girl, served six years in the Canadian army, and has been Washington correspondent of the London *Observer* since 1951.

•••***Walt Whitman Rostow***, who diagnoses the Kremlin's Achilles heel on page 25, got his first experience in finding the vulnerable spots of an enemy during World War II. As an economic intelligence officer, he helped pick targets for our strategic bombers; later he served as an Army major, a State Department representative in Austria, and a professor of American history at both Oxford and Cambridge Universities. He is now with the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he has been making an intensive analysis of the Soviet economy. A Rhodes scholar and a Yale Ph. D., he has been awarded both the Legion of Merit and an honorary Order of the British Empire for military services.

•••The genial little kingdom of Swat, which ***John Sack*** discusses on page 74, may disappear any minute now. The Pakistan government feels that a clutter of such tiny, almost-independent monarchies within its borders is an anachronism and a nuisance, and hints that it may soon merge the whole lot into some more modern form of administration. Progress, maybe; but a pity, like the vanishing of the old-fashioned Senator. Mr. Sack recorded what may be the last days of the Walidom on his way home from a stint of Army duty in Korea; he also stopped at Tokyo, Formosa, Siam, and Paris. His first book, a very funny one, called *From Here to Shimbashi*, will be published in March. He now lives in Albany, N. Y., reporting on the Albanians for the United Press.

•••From "Florida: The State with the Two-Way Stretch" (p. 31) you might think everyone in Florida is a tourist or an invader from the North. Not so: ***William L. Rivers,*** the author of the piece, is a native who grew up in Gainesville and got his A.B. degree at the State University. He has an M.A. from Louisiana State and has been a newspaperman for five years. At present he is working in Washington under the American Political Science Association program for young newspapermen and political science teachers.

•••Growing up in New York's East Side, ***Jerome Weidman*** learned a good deal about immigrants; he has also traveled a lot in Italy and learned more about the people to whom America is "The Half-promised Land"—the subject of his story on page 42. Since the age of nineteen, Mr. Weidman has been writing, even when he had to hide his hand from bosses and law professors. *Traveler's Cheque,* a novel published in 1954 by Doubleday, was his twelfth book.

•••***William Stucky*** was first initiated into "How to Collect Military Information" (p. 58) while serving as an ensign in the Navy's Office of Public Relations in Washington during World War II. He ended up as a lieutenant commander in charge of a destroyer escort, and returned to the newspaper world after the war. He is now Sunday city editor and reporter for the Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

•••Writing customarily about political affairs, ***Robert Bendiner,*** author of "The Man Who Reads Corpses" (p. 62), confesses that after the atmosphere he has breathed in some areas of politics, "there is something almost refreshing about a whiff of formaldehyde from the morgue." Mr. Bendiner has free-lanced since the war; before that he was managing editor of the *Nation* and on the staff of *Yank.*

•••The well seasoned personality of New York's celebrated lawyer, ***Morris L. Ernst,*** flavors his short story, "A Point of Law" (p. 68). Though Mr. Ernst appears more frequently in print or on a lecture platform discussing a wide range of public questions, he has nevertheless written a number of magazine stories. This new one—which the

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•••"The Merciful Tenderizer" (p. 79) is not a product of ***Ralph McGill's*** work as editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* but a by-product of his personal research on the ways of animals and men

•••***Alec Waugh's*** biographical portrait of Michael Arlen (p. 84) is drawn from long personal acquaintance. Mr. Waugh began his writing career with *The Loom of Youth,* which reported his experience as a prisoner of war in 1918. He has been an editor and publisher, has traveled in the South Seas, the Far East, and the West Indies, and has written many books.

•••Born in India, of missionary parents, ***John Loehlin*** came to this country to go to college, sailed on active duty with the Navy, is now studying for a Ph. D. in psychology at the University of California. Out of some aspect of that experience, he wrote the poem, "Cathay" (p. 50).

Andrew and Cathleen, the youngest two of ***George Johnston's*** four children, appear in his poem, "Kind Offices" (p. 73). Mr. Johnston, who was a pilot with the Royal Canadian Air Force for four and a half years, teaches at Carleton College, Ottawa.

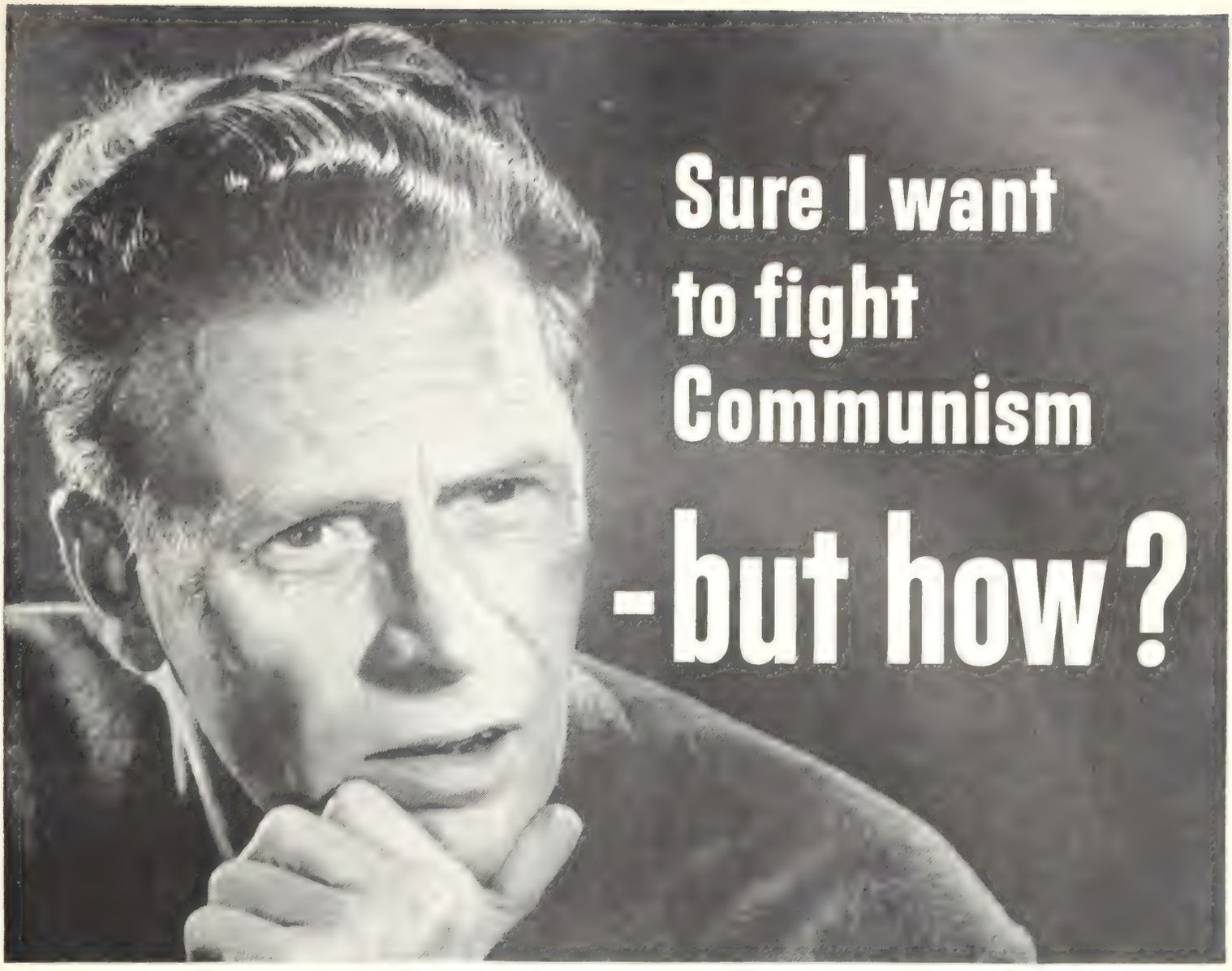
•••***John Brooks,*** who reviews "The New Books" (p. 91) this month, is the author of *The Big Wheel* and *A Pride of Lions.*

Conspicuous Consumers

A TEXAS informant, who keeps us posted from time to time on the culture of that improbable state, reports that Cadillacs are going out of fashion.

"The really *chic* Texans," she explains, "now drive Jaguars, Bentleys, and—if they are rich enough to be ostentatiously unostentatious—Fords or Chevvys. There is a feeling that the Cadillac has become a little vulgar. Too many of them are being driven by gangsters, undertakers, and a lot of cheap little millionaires."

That last phrase, we submit, could not have come from any other state



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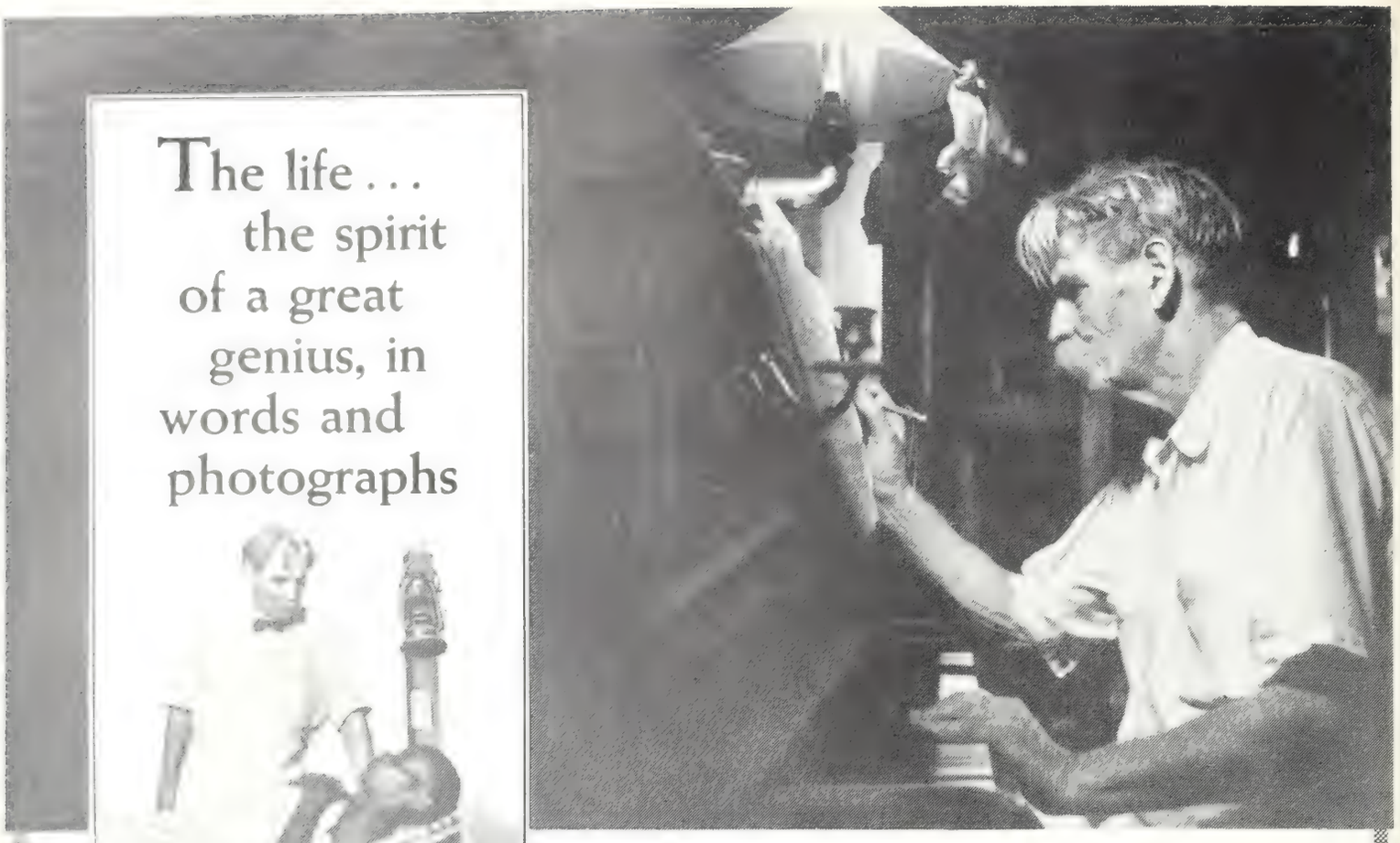
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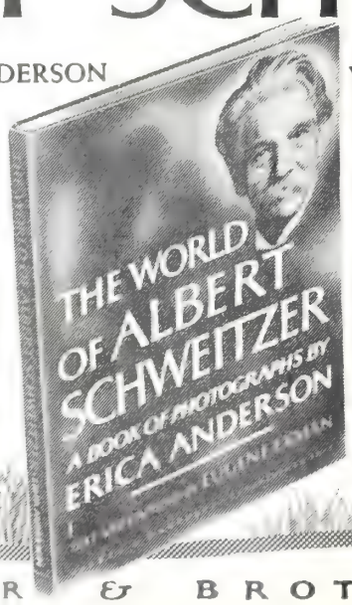
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Marx Was a City Boy

or, Why Communism May Fail

W. W. Rostow

The men in the Kremlin have never liked—or understood—the farmer. A distinguished student of the Soviets explains why the resulting blunders, by Russia and her satellites, might prove fatal to their power.

I AM by profession an economist and economic historian. The bulk of my academic life has been taken up with studying the world's economic development during the nineteenth century. I have just ended three years' work on the Soviet Union and Communist China. The task there was not to study Communist economies but to discern, if possible, the shape and prospects for change in the whole societies now dominated from Moscow and Peking: their politics, social life, foreign policy, and their economies.

The title of this article reflects perhaps the most important single idea about Communism which I have acquired during these three years of study.

I believe that Marx failed to understand the farmer. From that misunderstanding has flowed a century of Communist theory and practice. And, more important, from Communist theory and practice has arisen a set of problems whose solution or failure of solution may well wreck the international Communist movement—or force profound and wholesome change upon it.

Perhaps the most dangerous enemy of Communism is the stoic, passive peasant in Eastern Germany, Poland, the Soviet Union itself, China, and Northern Vietnam. He will certainly not revolt on his own under present circumstances; but even a police state cannot make him increase his output on the scale Communist plans require.

The passive figure of the peasant, trapped in totalitarianism, is joined as a potentially mortal enemy of Communism by the farmer in the Free World—notably in the underdeveloped areas and perhaps most notably, at the moment, by the awakening Indian peasant.

This, in any case, is my theme. I should like to develop it by tracing out how Communism has come to tangle at cross purposes with the peasant: the consequences of this generally quiet struggle: the problems which it creates for the Communist leadership; and the opportunities it opens to the Free World.

The story begins with Marx himself. There is an excellent book by David Mitrany called *Marx Against the Peasant*. Mr. Mitrany's book examines the trouble Communism had from the beginning with agriculture and the farmer. Marx's theory of history—though couched in the heavy and pretentious style of Germanic scholarship—is essentially a simple one. He believed that by an inevitable series

of class struggles, bourgeois capitalism had conquered feudalism, and that the urban working class, created by industrial capitalism, would inevitably inherit power and authority when capitalism had dug its grave.

This theory represented Marx's reading of British history as he looked backward and forward from the middle of the nineteenth century. As he wrote he could see in England a decline of the political power of agriculture and an increasing dependence of Britain on imported rather than home-produced food. This—plus the fact that he was a bookish city fellow—led him to dispose of the farmer, in his theory and his prescriptions for the future, in a highly casual way. For example, the Communist Manifesto of 1848, in making its recommendations for the future, simply had this to say about agriculture:

> The establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture. Combination of agriculture with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population over the country.

In short, Marx's notion was that history would make of the farmer simply an industrial worker of one sort or another; and he could embrace the farmer ultimately in the same formula he mechanically applied to the industrial working class. The farmer, with his passionate desire to own his own piece of land and to till it in his own interest, annoyed Marx. As a theorist of history, Marx found the farmer out of place; and there is a note of human irritation and annoyance in Marx's treatment of him. Marx allowed no special place for him and for agriculture in his major writing.

One can dispose of such matters with ease —in theory. But the practical politics of Marxism, from the very beginning, ran into trouble with the peasant of Central and Eastern Europe. Before the revolutions in Russia of 1917, Marxist politicians had the greatest difficulty in gaining any significant base of support among the peasants. The real discontents of European peasants, focussed on land reform and redistribution, were expressed through peasant parties which grew up in the fifty years or so before the first world war. These parties were generally non-Marxist and, often, anti-Marxist. Except for a brief flirtation with the notion that the Russian village organization—the *mir*—could be built into a Socialist state, Marxist ideas did not harmonize naturally with the impulses of the European peasant. Brushing the peasant aside as a kind of miscast rural industrial worker, Marxism abandoned him to other leaders.

Two Practical Politicians

Now comes a monumental irony of modern history. Without the peasant's unsatisfied desire to own his land, there would not have been a Russian revolution in 1917 and, almost certainly, the Bolsheviks would not have triumphed in the Communist phase of that revolution in November 1917. Not Marxism or Socialism or Communism, but the peasant's great longing for land was the most powerful single engine of the Russian upheaval of 1917.

In 1917 Lenin perceived this fact. He was thoroughly prepared to junk or alter Marxist theory in the interests of the immediate struggle for power. As a practical politician, he managed to harness a good deal of the discontent which had infected the peasant-born Russian armies; and he used this non-Marxist —almost anti-Marxist—motive to seize power.

Lenin's 1917 slogans were: Land, Bread, and Peace. Despite seventy years of Marxism, in the showdown Lenin rated the peasant's desire for land the most effective political force to which he could appeal.

In China the peasant was even more important to Communist victory than he was in Russia. At first, the Chinese Communists sought to achieve power by mobilizing strength in the cities. They organized the industrial workers and infiltrated union organizations in the approved manner. It took a whole series of defeats, starting in 1927, to disabuse them of this strategy.

The emergence of Mao-tse Tung between 1927 and 1935 developed directly from his two perceptions: (1) that the desire of the poor peasant for a bit of land which he could call his own was a powerful political force; and (2) that if he associated the Communist movement with that force, he had a chance to build an effective military establishment in the countryside, with which he might ultimately seize power. This strategy was re-

garded for some time in Moscow as unorthodox.

From a Western point of view, however, there is nothing inconsistent with Communism about it. Lenin in his own way was equally flexible in his Marxism. The underlying truth is, of course, that long before 1917 and long before 1949, when Communism was victorious in China, Communism had ceased to be a philosophy of history and an ideological movement in the Western sense. It had become primarily a tactical conspiracy, by a self-appointed elite, for the pursuit and maintenance of power. As such, it was prepared to make its slogans fit its power requirements. Lenin, Stalin, and Mao all did this when occasion demanded.

We are confronted, then, with a first-class irony of modern history. Marxist theory had —and has—no sympathy or interest in the desires of the farmer. Nevertheless, Communist tacticians in both Russia and China achieved power in large part by harnessing to their purposes the peasant's aspiration for his own land.

WHAT happened to the peasant once the Communists took over? In Russia, Lenin found himself by 1921 in a position of crisis. The cities were not receiving their normal supply of food from the peasants, and famine stalked the land. Under the impact of wartime Communism, industry had fallen to about 20 per cent of prewar output. Perhaps most important, Lenin faced serious opposition within the ranks of his party. There were many in the Communist rank and file who had helped make the revolution of November 1917 but were angry and distressed in 1920 and 1921 to see emerge a bureaucratic dictatorship rather than the humanistic regime for which they had fought. In this period of crisis, Lenin ruthlessly crushed his political opponents, but appeased the peasants—for the moment. He launched a New Economic Policy one of whose aims was to induce the peasant to produce again for the urban market.

Between 1921 and 1929 the Russian peasant was basically free. He operated the land he had gained in the revolutionary year of 1917 for his own benefit and that of his family. He sold his grain on an open market, paying a fixed tax in grain which he generally judged to be fair. The more able and vigorous peasants acquired land and grew relatively well-to-do; and Russian agriculture, sustained by individual incentive, revived.

Miracle by Brute Force

WITH the launching of the First Five Year Plan in 1929 all this changed. Stalin had triumphed as the sole successor to Lenin after four years of bitter infighting within the Communist party. With his personal authority assured he turned to the problem of building a heavy industry in Russia and fastening an effective political control over the country. Whatever Stalin's economic reasons for the collectivization of agriculture may have been, there is no doubt that one of its primary purposes was to guarantee political and social control of the Russian peasantry. From a Communist perspective the Russian peasantry enjoyed an unnatural and dangerous freedom in the 1920s.

The result was, of course, the brutal rapid collectivization during which, on Stalin's testimony to Churchill, ten million Russians died. More than that, there was a 20 per cent fall in agricultural output. And as Khrushchev revealed in September 1953 Soviet farm production has never really recovered from the blow of collectivization.

How could Russia achieve its extraordinary industrial and military growth since 1929 with stagnant or even declining agricultural production? It could do so because Stalin launched industrialization at a peculiar moment in Russian history. The Russia which the Communists inherited was normally a grain-exporting nation. Before the first world war Russian grain exports were as high as 10,000,000 tons, and even in the midst of the First Five Year Plan Stalin could wring 5,000,000 tons of grain exports a year from the Russian soil and—at the cost of some starvation—from its peasants. The Soviet leadership has chosen to eat its way through its natural grain exports since 1929. And it has converted Russia into a country which may import more farm produce than it exports.

A second factor made Stalin's policy workable. Despite its relative poverty, by Western European and American standards, the Russian standard of food consumption as of 1928 could be compressed and reduced without

chronic starvation. This is another margin which the Russian Communists explored.

Third, Russia began in 1929 with a sufficient industrial capacity to avoid the need for an expanding foreign trade during its First Five Year Plan. It could produce a high proportion of what it needed for industrialization from its own plants. A decline in agricultural exports in Russia did not, therefore, make industrialization impossible.

For twenty-five years, then, Russia has been able to afford an unproductive and enslaved agriculture. Now, however, history is beginning to catch up with Stalin's ruthless decisions of 1929. The population in Russia has continued to rise and people have moved into cities. It is clear to Moscow's planners that the smoldering, unproductive peasantry is a serious and costly problem. No issue since Stalin's death has used up as much Soviet newsprint as the agricultural problem. It does not threaten immediate crisis in Russia; but it is evident that the leaders in Moscow no longer feel the same complacency that Stalin did about the consequences of collectivized agriculture.

Much the same is true of Communist-dominated Eastern Europe. There, too, Communist collectivization policies, although somewhat less drastic than Stalin's, have broken the link between the peasant's effort and his return; and agricultural output is sagging. There, too, in the post-Stalin period the newspapers are filled with stories of agricultural shortage and low productivity.

It is symptomatic of the agricultural decline in Russia and Eastern Europe that, after breaking from Moscow in 1948, Tito almost immediately began to back-track on collectivization. There is every evidence that Tito learned rapidly that a system which does not appeal to the peasant's self-interest is a costly totalitarian luxury.

The men in Moscow face, then, a significant dilemma. They know that high agricultural productivity demands that the Russian and Eastern European peasant be given real incentives to work hard and to produce efficiently. More than that, these concessions must appear to the peasant as permanent enough to inspire him to change his whole outlook on production. He has been beaten down and imprisoned for many years by the Communist leadership. He knows all too well the usual tricks of stick and carrot. His productivity cannot be turned on and off like an electric light switch.

But if the peasant is to be given stable incentives, Moscow has to accept two major consequences: (1) The degree of political and social control in the countryside must be lifted so that the peasant can enjoy an important degree of individual freedom. (2) Goods must be produced which the peasant wants to buy and can buy with what he earns. This means that the amount of production going into heavy industry and armaments must be relatively reduced in favor of consumers' goods. Together these decisions involve, if they are taken—and they have not yet been taken—a significant reversal of political, social, and economic policies which Communism has systematically followed wherever it has seized power.

At present Communist leadership in Moscow and Eastern Europe has acknowledged that the problem exists; but it has drawn back from a fundamental solution. Moscow has by no means decided to reverse the process of collectivization and to give the peasant the environment and the incentives he requires if food is to be produced efficiently on the desired scale. Nevertheless the discussion in the Soviet and satellite press reflects a recognition that for the long pull the situation of agriculture under Communism is unsatisfactory, even dangerous to the leadership.

Thus the Russian and Eastern European peasant has demonstrated that he cannot be quickly converted into a rural industrial worker according to Marx's formula, even by the full power of a modern totalitarian state. As Mitrany concluded:

> Marx's analysis of the evolution of agriculture has nowhere been proved right; his prescription for the organization of agricultural production has never come to be practiced as part of a normal economic evolution. The Marxist view of the political standing of the peasants has been made ridiculous by the dependence of the Communist advance on the peasants' revolutionary impetus and action; while its expectation of a natural alliance between proletariat and poor peasants, as a result of

class division in the village, has, in spite of much Communist effort, nowhere come to pass.

The Attack on the Chinese Farmer

In the Far East the Chinese peasant is beginning to make a similar demonstration. This is a different and more serious matter than it is in Europe, where the problem does not threaten an immediate major crisis. Russia and Eastern Europe can, in extremity, produce enough and export enough industrial goods to buy food abroad. To some extent this is what Russia is now doing. It is, of course, grotesque that Russia and Eastern Europe should become food-importing areas; but the situation in China is, from the Communist point of view, vastly more dangerous.

There, too, the Communists, once they had effectively seized power, turned on their peasant support much as Stalin did in 1929. They made good their promise to redistribute land from the rich to the poor peasant in 1949-50. But they did not redivide the land because they wanted a nation of small independent proprietors. They did it in order to wreck the social, economic, and political power of the village gentry and other middle-class elements in China whose income depended on the ownership of substantial amounts of land. In this way, agents of Peking supplanted the complex and diffuse authorities of village life.

When this job was done they began immediately to push the peasant into collectivized farms. The Chinese Communist model is drawn from Eastern Europe rather than the Soviet Union. Its key institution is the producers' co-operative, from whose total output a family receives a share. At first the share is computed according to the amount of land and equipment the family puts into the co-operative, plus the amount of labor contributed. But it is official policy that shares will rapidly become proportional to current labor, not past capital contribution. The family will then lose not only its capital but also its feeling of connection between output and effort. It is a share in the total that each family gets—a total averaging the vigorous and weak, the conscientious and lazy.

The producers' co-operative is buttressed by policies which require the peasant to sell all his marketable output to the government at low fixed prices; which sterilize his cash in government banks; and which limit what he can buy, through the spreading monopoly of government stores. There is not the slightest doubt that the Chinese peasant dislikes this collectivized organization of agriculture; and there is not the slightest doubt that the Chinese Communists have the intention and the ability to complete the process of collectivization they have begun. The latest statements indicate that they expect to place more than half of China's peasants in producers' co-operatives by the end of this decade; and the government monopoly of the grain trade is already a universal fact.

Why have the Chinese Communists betrayed their peasant supporters? Why are they taking risks with the level of agricultural output in China by damaging the peasant's incentive to produce?

They have launched this policy of collectivization for two reasons. First, they feel that unless the peasant is collectivized he will not be under Communist political control. Some 80 per cent of the people of China are peasants; that is, about 500,000,000 people are in rural families. In such a nation a free agriculture means virtually a free people. And this would be a denial to the Communists of their victory. Second, the Communists have decided to build, as a matter of over-riding priority, a heavy industry base: both to supply their armed forces and to guarantee that China can later continue to industrialize out of its own resources. This requires that the government control intimately the agricultural output of the country and that the government be in a position to use it for its own purposes: to sell abroad for arms and machinery; to feed the army, the Communist administration, its horde of men in forced labor, and the rapidly growing cities. The government in Peking does not appear confident that it can achieve this control over output unless collective farms are installed. Peking appears willing, in short, to risk less output if it can fully control what there is.

This is a greater risk for Communist China in the 1950s than it was in the Soviet Union during the 1930s. Whereas the Soviet Union could achieve its industrialization plan with a 20 per cent decline in agricultural output,

China requires something like a 10 per cent increase. This is so because, unlike the Soviet Union, Communist China must increase its foreign trade to industrialize and because population is growing so rapidly in China. Peking now claims a population increase of 2 per cent per year, which means an extra twelve million mouths to feed.

What will happen if agricultural output does not increase by 10 per cent? We should be quite clear that up to a point the Chinese Communists can and will balance their books with starvation. In fact, to some extent, this happened last spring and is likely to happen again next spring. A Communist control apparatus can handle a high degree of discontent: and starvation is chronic in China.

There are, however, two dangers to Peking. First, a sustained failure of output to increase or a substantial decrease could create so vast a hunger in China that even a Communist control system could not prevent some kind of crisis. Second, a demonstration that Communist techniques in Asia lead to chronic starvation could damage or destroy the powerful belief in underdeveloped areas that Communism holds the key to rapid economic growth. It is this belief which is one of Communism's greatest assets in the Cold War: in Southeast Asia, in the Middle East, in Africa, and even in Latin America.

Revolution by Consent

THE most important conclusion at which I have arrived from three years' immersion in the study of Communism is this: it lies within the capabilities of the United States and the Free World to shatter the belief in Communism as the unique method for rapid development. And we can do this over the next decade—by, say, 1965.

The faith and judgment which lie behind this conclusion stem not only from knowledge of how the peasant's human response to Communist methods has affected agricultural output. This conclusion is supported by results already achieved in the Free World, notably in India, by the techniques of freedom, the method of individual consent.

India has begun its attempt to industrialize in a way exactly opposite to Communist China. China is investing in heavy industry. India has plowed its scarce capital, for the First Five Year Plan, primarily into agriculture. China is forcing its peasants into collectives, by threat and force. India is trying to induce the peasant to improve his methods, to increase the use of chemical fertilizers, to install new irrigation facilities, to double-crop his land. All this is done painstakingly by education and example.

THE results thus far are remarkably hopeful. The substantial increase in agricultural output planned in India for the First Five Year Plan has been achieved in three years; and the evidence is that a constructive chain reaction is sweeping the Indian countryside, far beyond the demonstration villages. The returns are not yet in; but there is a distinct possibility that this truth will become evident: in underdeveloped areas, starting from scratch, with a population predominantly made up of peasants, the method of consent is not only right morally, it is right technically as well.

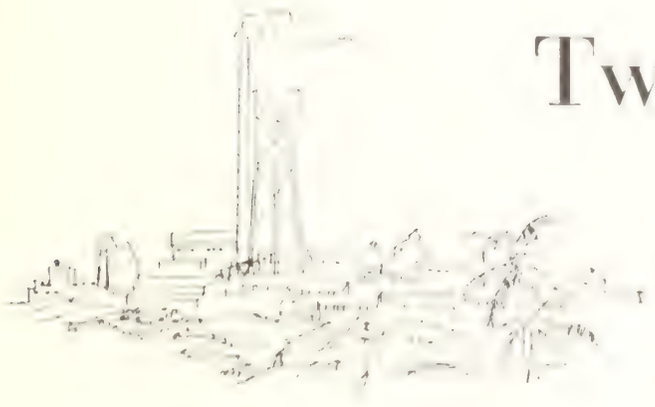
A Free World economic program, with strong U. S. support, might demonstrate this simple truth, notably in the competition between India and Communist China. These two great nations are simultaneously attempting a radical transformation. Over the next decade they plan to put themselves in a position where economic growth will be relatively automatic. Throughout Asia, and throughout the vast underdeveloped portions of the world, the relative performance of Communism and Democracy at this monumental task will be closely watched and weighed.

Even Communist totalitarianism cannot afford enough policemen to follow the peasant about in his daily round and make him produce what economic growth requires. The devices of a police state, which work with tragic efficiency in urban areas, adapt with difficulty to the countryside.

In short, the fact that Marx was a city boy gives the Free World the chance to destroy in the next decade the myth that only Communist brutality can raise an underdeveloped area into self-sustaining growth. And if that myth is dissipated, the chance that Communism will gain power in the underdeveloped areas, whose destiny will determine the long-run balance in the world's power, will be much reduced, if not once and for all eliminated.

Florida's traditional Big Business—the tourist trade—is today competing with a host of newer industries. It's a real economic war in the state . . . but so far both sides seem to be winning.

Florida: The State with the Two-Way Stretch



William L. Rivers

Drawings by Charles Berger

It's touch and go whether Florida, California, or Texas leads the nation in self-congratulation, but a good case might be made for Florida. *All Florida Magazine* with a circulation of nearly 400,000 uses as its slogan the simple statement, "Any Place in Florida is Better than Anywhere Else." And apparently the majority of the close to 5,000,000 tourists (5,000,000 *plus*, according to the Florida Chamber of Commerce) who visit the state every year and the streams of new residents who are currently pouring in see little reason to dispute this claim.

To be sure, no one has been able to refute the man who broke up a Christmas Eve community sing in South Florida by shouting, "You'll *have* to dream of a White Christmas; you'll never see one here!" or to answer the well-known nature writer who observed sadly, "But there is no spring in Florida." On the other hand, Florida beaches are all they are cracked up to be, and the great Central Florida orange belt is as relaxing as a Beautyrest mattress. Nevertheless, a quiet economic war is being waged in Florida today, and reinforcements for both sides are arriving by the platoon almost hourly.

The state is being pulled in diametrically opposite directions, and at the present time any of three results seems possible: (1) Florida may become one of the great industrial-business centers of the Southeast; (2) it may call a halt to present industrial developments and give itself back, hoof, hide, and sunny beaches, to tourism; or (3) it may prove itself capable of a two-way stretch that will benefit everybody. So far it has made a noble effort in the third direction.

Hard by Pensacola in thriving Northwest Florida (which, in recent years, has become a next-door vacationland for hundreds of thousands of workers from Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi) is an $85,000,000 nylon yarn plant built by the Chemstrand Corporation. Like the giant paper mills of Panama City and Port St. Joe, the Pensacola factory is relatively unobtrusive. It points, therefore, toward the direction that Florida would like to follow: it provides a solid industrial base without getting in the way of what has always been the main business at hand—tourists.

In similar fashion, modern Palm Beach is not only the part-time home of the ultrarich, but the full-time headquarters of Florida Chemical Industries, Inc., makers of agricultural chemicals, insecticides, and fungicides. Tampa is both a cigar center and a production base for American Can Company. Miami, Florida's largest city, is also the home of America's largest plant for manufacturing

[illegible] jalousies and has more [illegible] firms producing consumer goods from aluminum. Sprinkled all over the [illegible] so small that few Floridians can spell their names, are manufacturing plants so new that even fewer natives have ever seen them.

By most economic measurements, the second-largest state east of the Mississippi is the fastest-growing east of the Rockies. From 1947 through 1953 the number of manufacturing plants in Florida increased by 71 per cent, bringing the total to nearly 5,000. In the same period, according to the U. S. Department of Commerce, Florida led the nation in the number of new businesses incorporated.

How to Attract Industry

This has not been accidental—although a small portion may have been incidental to the general movement of industry to the South. There have been carefully planned inducements. In 1953, for example, the Florida Legislature passed a bill allowing insurance companies not organized under the laws of the state—and therefore subject to a 2 per cent state tax on premiums collected there—to deduct any taxes paid to counties and municipalities on Florida buildings owned and occupied as home offices. As a result, Prudential established its South-Central Home Office in Jacksonville—even though the office serves ten states including Ohio, and nine cities, eight of them larger than Jacksonville, bid vigorously for the privilege.

The Florida State Department of Agriculture, a vast agency that considers industrial expansion an adjunct to agriculture, describes the state tax structure in pamphlet after pamphlet as "definitely friendly to business and industry." This is an understatement.

There is no state income tax on individuals or corporations. Taxes on real property are entirely in the domain of local government. There is a $5,000 homestead exemption, and local assessments are widely publicized as [illegible]duated at prewar values"—prewar in many cases referring to World War I. The state sales tax has a convenient ceiling of $100 on production machinery. There is no inheritance tax. Finally, as many a corporation has discovered, Florida is exclusively a pay-as-you-go state and has never yet passed a punitive law directed at any business or industry.

All this is possible because Florida's oldest industry—tourism—pays a handsome share of the state's bills. Tourists spend more than $900,000,000 in the state every year and therefore contribute heavily to the consumer levies—gasoline, sales, beverage, cigarette, and racing taxes—which together make up 84.5 cents of each tax dollar collected.

To be sure, the native Floridian is subject to the same consumer levies—a disadvantage for the worker that is indirectly compounded by legislation that discourages labor organization and higher pay. And the same pamphlets that quote "one of the nation's top-ranking manufacturers," who expressed his pleasure that no labor difficulties had marred his Florida operations, also inform Northern industrialists that the average weekly wage rate for manufacturing is only slightly over $55 and is "more than offset from the worker's standpoint by lower living costs."

This is almost true. First-rate workers take large pay cuts to come to Florida, and industries are making enormous grosses in the sunshine. At the same time, natives who—until recently—wouldn't have recognized a picket line outside of a syndicated cartoon are now beginning to see them in actual fact. The October 1954 strike in Gainesville, a once-quiet little university town, was prophetic. A subcontract for the electrical wiring of the new Gainesville high school was let to a contractor who did not employ union labor. Before the work had begun, the contractor lost the job—not because a strike was publicly threatened, but because a strike *might* tie up the job. And the morning after the affair became public other electrical contractors who did not hire union workers found their jobs picketed. It was not necessary to bring in out-of-state electricians to set up the picket lines; there turned out to be plenty of union electricians in the area.

But union progress in Florida is still severely handicapped by the state's traditional don't-shoot-Santa-Claus attitude that has for decades held sacred both the businessman and the idle rich. Florida amended its constitution to forbid the Legislature to levy income and state inheritance taxes and once even passed a law for the

convenience of one man—multimillionaire Henry M. Flagler, the state's greatest patron. Flagler wanted to divorce his first wife on the ground that she had sent jewels to the Czar of Russia because the Ouija board said he was in love with her. This did not constitute a legal cause for divorce—so the Legislature passed the Flagler law, drawn to authorize this particular divorce, and then repealed it.

There are other snags, too, in Florida's industrial expansion. The great majority of Floridians, who value their state's reputation as a resort, welcome only light industry. For a time the trend was restricted to projects costing hundreds of thousands rather than millions. But of the twenty major industrial expansions during 1952, eight topped the million mark and a new $22,000,000 chemical plant is soon to be constructed at Pensacola.

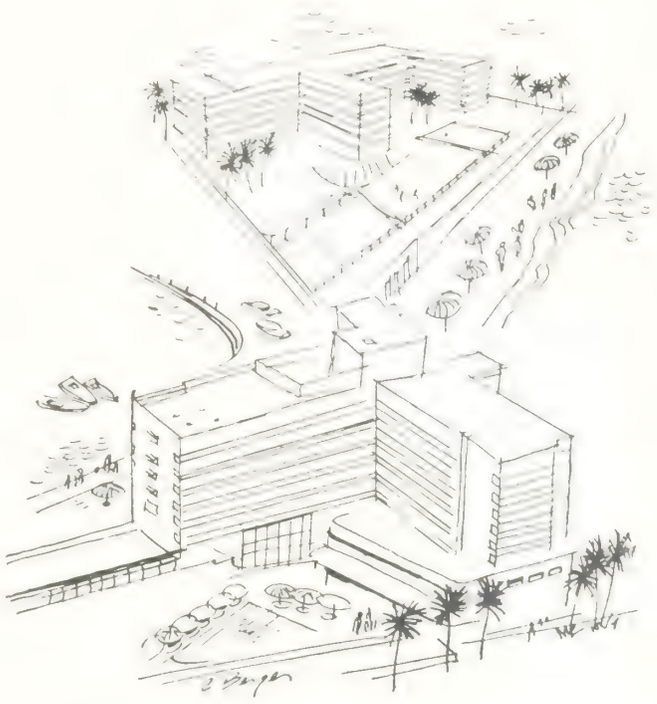
Throughout the state the endless, unexcelled water supply and the rich mineral resources are attracting chemical industries, pulp mills, paper mills, and fertilizer plants, all of which deposit an odorous overlay that many Floridians fear. But thus far, it must be said, no industry seems to have done anything to keep the tourists away, and considering the state's 58,666 square miles, there should be plenty of room for industrial growth.

How to "Sell" a City

The tourists are coming in larger numbers than ever before and permanent population figures are rising higher than even the most optimistic Florida booster could have predicted fifteen years ago. From 1940 to 1950 Florida rose in population from 1,897,000 to 2,771,305. In 1953 a federal provisional census report showed another 497,000 gain, a larger increase than all other states except Ohio, Texas, and California. It is now sixteenth in population rank, and the late Dean of the University of Florida College of Business Administration, Walter J. Matherly, predicted a 1960 population of more than 4,000,000.

How much of this growth is the result of astute promotion is conjectural. Certainly Florida, like California, benefited from World War II which introduced millions of servicemen in training to Florida living. But there have been plenty of planned promotion schemes too.

Happily Florida has long since done away with the services of such gifted mob psychologists as Wilson and Addison Mizner, who bear a full share of responsibility for both the boom and the bust of the 1920s, and even of men like the late Steve Hannegan who built Miami into the "Magic City."



But today there is scarcely a Florida town with a population of more than 2,000 that doesn't maintain a Chamber of Commerce ready to send out glossy photographs on request.

Most typical of the Florida cities which thrive on publicity is St. Petersburg. Indeed, it claims to have been the birthplace of such promotion and now is struggling to throw off the extreme result of one of its most successful slogans: St. Pete, the Perfect Retirement Center. Today the streets are full of contented oldsters and too many young people are heading in another direction. However St. Petersburg spends $300,000 a year on publicity and can seemingly achieve almost any end, thanks to an early start.

It was in the year 1911 that the city fathers decided "Dead-End Town" was capable of expansion if only it could acquire a reputation for something besides the pleasanter aspects of a graveyard. So they passed an ordinance for a half-mill tax for publicity—

an unheard of expenditure in those innocent days.

The high point came in 1918 when St. Petersburg became the first city in the world to hire a press agent: former newspaperman [illegible] Lodwick, who is memorialized by a huge plaque in the Chamber of Commerce building. The city already had its Festival of States, a beauty parade that drew more than routine interest. But rather than publicize it in the manner of the past, Lodwick formed the Purity League. This devious organization supposedly guarded the moral purity of the city by—naturally—measuring the girls' bathing suits before the parade. It succeeded magnificently, drawing attention to the facts that (1) the girls in the parade wore bathing suits, (2) the bathing suits were skimpy, and (3) the girls were not. Lodwick himself did the measuring—which may have been part of his idea.

St. Petersburg's current publicists claim Lodwick also designed the sunback dress, first worn, of course, by a local girl. And his most effective promotion concerned babies. He distributed pictures of twenty-one little boys and girls ranging in age up to twenty-two months, all of whom had seen sunshine—St. Petersburg sunshine—every day of their lives.

Lodwick was succeeded by Press Phillips, an even more imaginative operator who managed to make "Sunshine City" a recognizable name for St. Petersburg—and one that has paid dividends. It had long been accepted everywhere that snow never fell in St. Petersburg. Phillips set out to make it plain that not even modern science, then receiving its own considerable share of publicity, could bring the white flakes down on the chosen city. He set up a nation-wide suspense story that still baffles other publicists because it hadn't a shred of suspense.

Could clouds seeded by dry ice make snow in St. Petersburg? Well, no, they couldn't. No one ever really thought they could—or cared. But somehow the announcement of [illegible]oming test made most of the nation's newspapers during a current events lull. The [illegible] seeded, it didn't even rain, and St. Petersburg gathered a sizable swatch of newspaper clippings from all over the country.

A similar, if considerably smaller-scale publicity-consciousness in other Florida cities perhaps helps to explain why, if Florida is conventionally Southern in attracting new residents in a flood tide, it is unique in scattering them over the state. Miami, with a population increase from 172,000 in 1940 to 249,000 in 1950, is merely symptomatic. In the same period Panama City more than doubled its population, and today towns stand where scrub pine was cut fifteen years ago. Flourishing inland cities like Gainesville and Orlando prove that it isn't just the lure of the ocean either.

What is it then? "I tramped through the slush in Pottsville selling ads four years ago," a South Florida newspaperman explained. "Then I read every ad in *Editor & Publisher,* looking for the job nearest the Equator." This may seem a superficial explanation for the mass movement, but it probably speaks for a great many new Floridians.

For the newcomer soaks up sunshine ostentatiously at first, announcing belligerently, "Nobody likes the beach as much as I do"—a sally aimed at lifelong Floridians, who often admit they haven't stretched out on a beach in three years. But in a remarkably short time he is virtually indistinguishable from the older inhabitants all of whom, despite their seeming indifference, are hard-core sun-and-recreation lovers. It is one of Florida's major satisfactions that both loves are so easy to satisfy.

Relaxing into Lethargy

Convenience to recreation, a subtropical climate, and the example of hundreds of thousands of vacationers can produce an ennui that sometimes reaches staggering proportions. Crackpotism finds it hard to get a foothold in the warm Florida sands—but so do cultural movements. There is no community that could properly be described as an art colony. Those that claim to be are usually built around elderly ladies painting pots in designs they confidently believe are genuine Seminole. Florida art is usually marketable, even if only at a roadside stand. Art for art's sake is an import.

Orlando does support a symphony orchestra that plays a full season to large audiences, but no other musical group in the state has reached an equal professional status. The

difficulty is that such activity always competes with Florida stand-bys like fishing and other sports which take in the whole family. Florida children learn to swim at five or six, to tie flies at ten, to play 100-stroke golf in adolescence. As a visiting musician—who, significantly, didn't practice once during his visit—remarked: "If they can be outdoors every day of the year, when will they learn the cello?"

Florida's one writer of stature was the late Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, but native pride often claims a host of visiting celebrities. Official handbooks like to bring in Robert Frost because a great deal of his work was done in Miami; Ernest Hemingway is "almost" a Florida writer because "he almost discovered Key West as a background for fiction when he lived in the Old Spanish House and wrote *To Have and Have Not*." Men like Philip Wylie and Sholem Asch who have been around for a while and give every indication of satisfaction with the state automatically become native sons. Their presence can't make the natives take to reading, however. Book sales per capita are phenomenally low.



But the general relaxation of Florida living has produced other, more positive, results. Winter visitors are seldom resented and newcomers with money are the Florida aristocracy. The old families were engulfed long ago by Henry Flagler and his like; money is important, and the family tree stays in the backyard.

In the same way Florida Negroes do not live quite the life of other Southern Negroes. They do have to travel miles from the coastal towns to reach unrestricted beaches, and there are periodic outbreaks of violence against them. William Bradford Huie, reporting the murder trial of Mrs. Ruby McCollum in Live Oak, wrote in *Ebony* magazine that Circuit Judge Hal W. Adams has "the racial attitudes of the Reconstruction," and that "a pitiful, unreasoning fear came to so many faces, both white and colored, when I mentioned the case." But liberal Floridians have no reason to fear ostracism if they are seen shaking hands with a Negro; most Florida newspapers do not identify Negroes as such in news stories; and in recent months some Florida political leaders have said publicly that the state should make no effort to oppose integration in the schools. If Florida is not as forward-looking as the South's border states, it is no Georgia either.

Corruption, Murder, and Politics

A LESS satisfactory manifestation of the laissez-faire outlook is the state's attitude toward graft and politics. The Senate Crime Investigating Committee's 1951 exposure of the Dade County scandals revealed that Miami and other South Florida winter havens are often bright, warm, entrancing, and corrupt. Senator Kefauver and his colleagues found Miami a sink, Sheriffs "Smiling Jimmy" Sullivan of Dade County and Walter Clark of Broward County "rich in office far out of proportion to their modest salaries," and Tampa, next door to quiet St. Petersburg, a killer's paradise where in twenty years fourteen murders and six attempted assassinations had gone unsolved.

Miami's S & G Syndicate was revealed as a master organization embracing a pool of two hundred bookmakers. Despite its size and the convenient location of three plush race tracks —Hialeah, Gulfstream, and Tropical Park—it was locally operated until Jacob "Greasy Thumb" Guzik and Anthony "The Enforcer" Arcado of Chicago started to move in. Worse still, it had a direct link to the Governor's office.

An investigator from Governor Fuller Warren's staff, W. O. Crosby, admitted to the committee that he was a friend of "Big Bill" Johnston, a boss of Chicago and Florida rac-

[illegible] who had contributed $100,000 to Governor Warren's campaign fund. Formal impeachment charges were drawn up—but they remained in committee and never reached the Legislature.

Florida law blocked Warren, the most ambitious politician in the state and the only efficient machine-builder of recent years, from succeeding himself. But he is a certain candidate for the United States Senate. Born a poor boy in Northwest Florida, he has practiced law in Jacksonville and now lives in Miami, thus drawing support from every part of the state.

In the main, however, few Florida politicians attain any real prominence. Florida campaigns turn on personalities rather than issues. Floridians vote for a candidate because they "like" him. Later they find they "like" someone else. Thus the state has never been able to send the same Senators back to Washington for enough consecutive terms to build up the seniority that other Southern states have acquired. And for perhaps the same reason, an inordinate number of Florida politicians are exceptionally handsome men with a high degree of personal charm. This is true of Senators Smathers and Holland and of Fuller Warren. The late Governor Dan McCarty who succeeded Warren might have posed as a mature Man of Distinction, and incoming Leroy Collins—who defeated Acting Governor Charley Johns, a man of broad background in the state Legislature, and plain features—is of the same pulchritudinous stamp.

SIDE-BY-SIDE with the intensely personal and mercurial approach to a candidate goes a state-wide distrust of politicians generally. This stems, curiously enough, from Floridians' firm belief that they can be misled by no one. To bolster this conviction they grade all politicians low and tolerantly overlook a man's frailties because "he's in politics." Only during campaigns is there any significant interest in politics at all. Work at the precinct level is almost nonexistent.

Probably only the introduction of a real two-party system could correct this state of affairs. Although Florida has twice voted for a Republican President—for Herbert Hoover by a margin of 43,000 in 1928 and for Dwight D. Eisenhower by a margin of 100,000 in 1952—there are no serious indications yet that Democratic supremacy is threatened. Gubernatorial voting records are apt to be a more reliable political weathervane than Presidential, and since 1928 no Republican gubernatorial candidate in Florida has ever received even a third as many votes as his Democratic opponent.

But perhaps the hordes of new inhabitants who are settling so unobtrusively into Florida life, and the industrial magnates and their employees who have made Florida their home, will change the picture. Already there are a few straws which the Republican National Committee is eying hopefully. This past November, William Cramer, a Republican, was elected to the state House of Representatives from Florida's first district, and there is a chance that Florida's populous West Coast will shortly send a Republican Congressman to Washington. In any case, John S. Knight's Miami *Herald* is primed to support a strong Republican candidate in 1956, and Bernard Lamb, field director of the Republican National Committee, who, with John Roosevelt, swung the tide to Cramer, ranks Florida with Texas as an area for hard work in the near future. Perhaps Florida's two-way stretch will eventually extend even to Florida politics.



You probably don't know it, but a group of shrewd operators have been working—very successfully—on your opinions, emotions, and pocketbook. The story of a low-pressure propaganda campaign that became a classic in the art of public relations.

They Made the Cigar Respectable

Keith Monroe

SUPPOSE you were a manufacturer whose product was steadily falling into disfavor. Previously bought by millions, like the button shoe or the high collar, it was now scorned except by oldsters too stubborn to change, and by bums too ignorant to care. Your sales were sinking toward the bankruptcy point. What would you do?

The problem is an old one. Few businessmen who have faced it have ever solved it, except by flight into some other line of work. It wiped out the fletchers and the blacksmiths. It defeated the makers of corsets and gas lights and stereoscopes. But it has not defeated one present-day group of manufacturers.

They have met this problem in our generation and have conquered it, after a fight for survival which only recently has seemed securely won. In ten years of studied undercover work they have rolled back the tide of public distaste, thereby almost literally rescuing their product from the gutter and themselves from limbo.

The men by whom—or for whom—this miracle was performed are the cigar makers. There are around forty fairly big ones today, and around 4,000 small ones. They are the smart survivors of the 27,000 who flourished before World War I, and they survived because they gambled part of their fast-shrinking bankrolls on a public-relations campaign.

What saved them was pervasive low-pressure propaganda, which was brought to bear long before the cigarette was publicly associated with lung cancer; the pressure was so invisible and imperceptible that most people never noticed it even though it reversed their attitude toward cigars. Among public-relations wizards, the "cigar campaign" is recognized as one of the great classics of their art.

PERHAPS the reader does not smoke cigars and therefore thinks that this campaign did not sway him. But if he is under fifty, let him ask himself if he feels any prejudice against cigars today—and then let him think back twenty years. Around 1935 how did cigar-smokers look to him? Didn't they seem rather lowbrow and crude? Or else pitiably old-fashioned? Wouldn't he have been taken aback to see a young man of good family puffing a stogie?

If the reader is a lady, let her recall how she reacted to cigar smoke in the thirties. Does her nose wrinkle today as it did then? Let her remember the many parlors in which cigar fumes, if anyone had dared to generate them, would have seemed shamefully offensive. Is she shocked today if a gentleman lights a cigar in her home?

The answers seem beyond dispute, at least statistically. Public-opinion pollsters recently found that 90 per cent of American women no longer object to cigar smoking by men. Of all American men, 40 per cent now smoke cigars at least occasionally, and they start young, at the average age of twenty-three. Cigar sales, which were down to $225 million a year when the manufacturers kittied up for their campaign, have soared to $550 million.

This is still a cut below the majestic old days of $650 million annual sales in the first decades of the century. But the sales curve, which dropped steeply from 1920 to 1936, has climbed ever since, and in recent years has gone up at the rate of 2 per cent a year. In the last three years an estimated 1,500,000 new men have become cigar-smokers.

Perhaps the curve would eventually have gone up anyway, without pushing by propagandists. Public taste runs in mysterious waves. There is no sure way of telling when, or why, people will change their minds en masse. (One of many examples is the strange lettuce market of 1930. For unknown reasons, housewives simply weren't in the mood to buy lettuce that year. The price plummeted, but lettuce didn't sell at any price. Lettuce growers and speculators went broke, lettuce fields were abandoned and left to rot. Then, over one weekend, an army of women from Maine to Mexico began asking their grocers for lettuce. Prices climbed to ten-year highs and shattered fortunes were rebuilt in a few weeks, as women kept on buying lettuce.)

A Prop for Villains

The cigar has survived several such violent ups and downs. Columbus brought it back from the New World and showed Spanish nobility how the Indians smoked it. It became so much the rage that professors of smoking set up salons to teach both sexes how to light up, how to blow smoke rings, and a few other tricks still used by cigar-smokers today.

Cigars grew so popular that Pope Urban VIII had to issue a bull against priests who smoked while saying mass. The interior of St. Peter's itself was sometimes so gray with cigar haze that Innocent X finally threatened smokers with excommunication. This almost killed the cigar in Europe.

But the Vatican's attitude changed later, and cigar-manufacturing became a papal prerogative. In 1851 the Secretary to the Papal States warned that anyone who disseminated anti-cigar propaganda would be jailed. Cigars were hotly controversial by then. Not only were prohibitionists preaching against them, but in 1848 cigar-smokers were pursued by mobs and lynched in the streets of Milan. It wasn't that the Milanese found cigar odor as obnoxious as all that; they hated it for ideological reasons. The cigar was a symbol of their Austrian rulers. All cigars in Milan were imported by the Austrian government, but boycotted by nationalists, so a cheroot in the mouth was emblematic of an 1848-style collaborationist.

There were cigar stores in America before the Revolution. One in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was opened in 1770 and is still owned by the same family. The earliest cigar-makers in this country were Colonial dames, who rolled them by hand and sold them to itinerant peddlers for pin money. These good wives sampled their own wares as a matter of course. In colonial days cigar-smoking was no less ladylike than cigarette-smoking is today.

The first world war came closer to killing the cigar than any other event had. During that war, men switched to cigarettes. Until then the cigarette had seemed vaguely degenerate. Almost nobody smoked it except mysterious Orientals, absinthe drinkers, Tenderloin girls, and other slinky characters. But the doughboys, burdened with bulkier equipment than any warriors since the Crusades, discovered the advantages of the handy little pack in an outside pocket. They learned to enjoy a quick puff at odd moments in the trenches. Suddenly a cigarette was a he-man's pleasure.

This trend started by default, because cigars weren't in the field. Service men had yearned for cigars in the early months of the war, so Washington had ordered millions for distribution to the armed forces. Unfortunately its policy was to buy from the lowest bidders.

"Many bidders for cigar contracts," the Cigar Institute of America records bitterly, "were neither experienced nor reputable. It was their practice to produce something that had the appearance of a cigar, deliver it to government depots, then disappear with their profit. Much of this product was in no condition for anything but the incinerator. It was moldy or dried or wormy, or the most sordid combination of assorted vegetables and wrapping paper."

So the AEF tried cigarettes. Soon all the armies of the Allied and the Central Powers were smoking them too. Cigarette manufacturers shrewdly reinvested their profits in

massive advertising and distribution drives which led to complete saturation of their markets.

By 1920 they were strong enough to suggest that women might smoke too. They began cautiously, with advertisements which showed winsome and fashionable girls imploring men to "Blow Some My Way." Finally they risked a picture of a girl actually smoking. Another barrier between the sexes fell, and millions of women bought cigarettes.

Meanwhile, trainloads of war-surplus cigars were being dumped on civilians. Retailers put baskets of cigars in their stores with signs like "Take a handful for 5 cents" and "Free cigars with every purchase." Only the most hardened roughnecks could smoke them at any price. A cigar in the mouth became the mark of a tough mug.

The infant movie industry noticed this. Thrifty casting directors realized they didn't need a good actor to play a house detective, gangster, or ward heeler. All they needed was a $5-a-day extra with plug hat and cigar.

Movie audiences learned to identify the cigar-smoker as the villain. The impact of Hollywood on our folkways has been felt many times. This time it knocked cigars out the mouths of almost everyone except Grandpa. Without malice aforethought, the movie-makers nearly finished off the cigar-makers.

Dealers buried cigars on bottom counters, and stopped bothering to humidify them. Four of every five cigar factories closed. In 1933 most of the remaining manufacturers sat down in one room to form the Cigar Manufacturers Association.

The Indirect Approach

They were a jealous and suspicious crowd: Cubans, Puerto Ricans, New Yorkers and Southerners and New Englanders. Each considered his product a work of art, and was as egoistic as a chef or a novelist. No one would agree to anything smacking of standardization. No system of classifying cigar shapes or sizes would suit them—nor has, to this day. "Perfecto" or "Panatela" can mean almost anything in length and thickness, depending on which company is doing the labeling.

However, the manufacturers did agree to hire a market-research man. But when he recommended spending $150,000 on publicity to make cigar-smoking fashionable, the CMA shuddered and voted him down.

Another two years passed. Cigars were becoming as old-fashioned as chin whiskers. Then the sales curve took a feeble turn upward. Why? Some tobacco men said cigar sales had followed the prosperity graph downward, and now would follow it up again. Others noted that Cremo, Dutch Masters, and Bayuk Phillies had lashed out on their own with vigorous advertising; perhaps they were pulling the whole industry upward.

Not until 1940, when the "national defense" boom had failed to bring prosperity to them, did the cigar-makers pull out their checkbooks and agree on joint, bold action. They would finance a subtle but widespread promotion to stop Americans' drift away from cigars.

The manufacturers rented offices in Rockefeller Center, established the Cigar Institute of America, and hired a manager: Berthold Nussbaum, an adman who had wrestled for years with cigar-company accounts.

Mr. Nussbaum remembered the blunder of the movie men, who wasted vast sums bellowing "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment." (Their billboards, banners, radio commercials, and newspaper pages were hastily canceled when someone pointed out that the initials of the slogan spelled MAYBE. But even when reborn as "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" the campaign flopped.) He knew that a blatant smoke-more-cigars theme would merely remind people that few cigars were being smoked.

When the meat packers had wanted to sell more bacon, he remembered, they had sought the advice of the legendary Ivy Lee, a public-relations counsel who believed in persuasion by indirection. Mr. Lee had sprinkled the newspapers with statements from doctors urging people to eat bigger breakfasts. The doctors never mentioned bacon. But millions of people bought bacon, because a big breakfast usually includes bacon and eggs.

Mr. Nussbaum devised an even more oblique approach. His campaign did not urge anybody to do anything. Instead he sent emissaries to newspaper offices, empty-handed.

They issued mimeographed press releases, for months on press conferences. They had nothing in writing, but they discreetly passed the word to news photographers that there would be a $50 prize each month for the best published photos of people smoking cigars.

Executives who had previously suggested to [illegible] subject that he hide his cigar before posing now decided that he looked better with cigar. They sometimes [illegible] to troller him one if he didn't have one. News pictures began to show cigars in the mouths of the Duke of Windsor, Bandit McCloud, Darryl Zanuck, Benny Goodman. When American wire service men photographed Winston Churchill, they waited patiently for chances to catch him with cigar in teeth.

By text as well as by photo, cigars eased into newspapers and magazines. Cigar Institute agents had begun feeding copy to editors. The nation heard cigars mentioned casually amid the thunder of big games. There were reminders of Churchill's fifteen cigars a day; of the five-dollar Havanas Coolidge had cherished, and the humidor Roosevelt kept for distinguished visitors; of Babe Ruth's passion for expensive Perfectos, and Douglas MacArthur's habit of sitting down with a cigar to mull a military problem.

Cigar sales showed a walloping increase of one billion in 1941. Mr. Nussbaum died of a heart attack the week before Pearl Harbor, but the manufacturers kept their campaign rolling. As their new manager they picked Harry W. McHose, fresh from Lexington, Kentucky, where he had been a publicity man for American Tobacco Company during the government's monopoly suit against cigarette manufacturers.

Cigars Are for Heroes

Mr. McHose saw that the new war threatened final ruin of the cigar business if the government repeated 1917 policy. He persuaded Washington [illegible] only from established cigar-makers. Cigars for the armed forces were as good as [illegible] civilians, and service men asked for [illegible] The first Allied soldier to land in France was reported to be a young American paratrooper who arrived bolt upright with a lighted cigar in his mouth. The Cigar Institute, naturally, prevented this incident from being overlooked.

By 1944 there was a world-wide cigar shortage. Manufacturers could not keep up with demand. They had only 36,000 factory workers, with no hope of hiring more while the war lasted. But they knew that even if they made enough cigars for everyone who wanted them, sales would be far below the eight billion peak of 1910. Mr. McHose kept hatching ideas.

He had plenty of problems. Younger men by no means overwhelmed cigar counters. Women still complained about the "vile smell." Hollywood still used cigars incessantly as a prop for heavies.

Mr. McHose begged Hollywood to stop putting stogies in the mouths of Edward G. Robinson and his ilk. Hollywood paid no attention. Finally he loaded a briefcase and stormed the studios in person.

He showed movie magnates a tabulation which revealed that 27,500,000 people a week passed cigar counters near theaters. "Whenever you make a movie with a good cigar scene," he offered, "I'll put posters advertising it on 25,000 cigar counters across the nation. Free of charge."

Free advertising is meat and drink to showmen. Hollywood heavies stopped smoking, and heroes started. Tyrone Power puffed cigar smoke all over the screen in "Blood and Sand." So did Gary Cooper as Sergeant York. When the Cigar Institute heard that Hollywood was filming George Gershwin's life story, it hastened to concoct twenty-five pages of alleged historical data about Gershwin's cigar-smoking. The subsequent movie showed Gershwin wreathed in smoke at each high point of triumph or delight. In "Saratoga Trunk," Gary Cooper flourished Havanas intermittently, and Ingrid Bergman cooed, "A house isn't really a house unless it has about it the scent of a good cigar after breakfast."

If they thought about it at all, men may have been puzzled that cigar counters were all flaunting movie posters. But movie patronage picked up. By the end of 1947 the Cigar Institute was able to boast that forty major movies of that year contained "good cigar scenes" and that "Seldom, if ever, is a cigar misused today in action or dialogue."

Mr. McHose combed literature for endorsements of cigars. Robert Louis Stevenson, he found, had advised women never to marry a non-smoker. Bert Leston Taylor had suggested that when things go wrong it is a good idea to "meditate on interstellar spaces. 'And smoke a mild seegar." Bulwer-Lytton called the cigar "as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman." Thackeray called it "a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship." Kipling wrote "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!"

People softened up toward cigars. Without analyzing why, men began smoking them and women did not protest. Cigar missionaries kept the vogue growing. Boxes of cigars became prizes on radio shows. Store-window displays urged cigars for Father's Day and Christmas. Service clubs and American Legion posts presented cigars to boys entering the armed forces. Elks gave them away to new fathers.

A painting of a young father surrounded by stacks of cigar boxes turned up on the cover of *Coronet*. Cigars got into male fashion pictures. The Cigar Institute persuaded the Veterans of Foreign Wars to send a humidor of costly cigars to Lord Mountbatten as a gift for the royal wedding, and wangled newsreel coverage. It organized the Cigar Bowl football game in Tampa, and lined up a radio network to broadcast it, though fifteen other "bowl" games were already booked for the same day.

These feats led to Mr. McHose's election as president of the American Public Relations Association. In 1947 he departed to conquer new fields, but the Cigar Institute still campaigns more or less invisibly. It has recently persuaded some airlines to relax their long-standing taboo against cigar-smoking on planes; several luxury flights now offer cigars to passengers. Amy Vanderbilt has issued a guide to "The Good Manners of Cigar Smoking." Newsreels show today's jet aces chewing cigars, not gum.

The Cigar Institute now uses paid advertising as well as the other kind. It began spending the major portion of its budget on advertisements in 1949, and bought $350,000 worth last year. Its present director, Eugene L. Raymond, says "The CIA is subtly wooing younger men in its ads, by soliciting testimonials from baseball and other sports figures whom the younger element lionizes." Individual manufacturers have even begun to slant advertising to women: General Cigar used the headline, "America's first cigar ad for women only," and Bayuk gave this advice to women, "Be glad your husband smokes cigars."

There are still a few cigar counters which let cigars get so dry that only a subhuman could enjoy them, but such counters are far rarer than they were a few years ago. The public relations counsel of the Cigar Institute, Lynn Farnol, says, "Humidification and the care of cigars are now the beginning of the industry bible. Mr. Raymond has spoken at the Cigar Clinics in every major city in America on this subject."

Cigar men decline to harp on the fact that cigar-smokers apparently are not nearly as susceptible to lung cancer as cigarette-smokers. There is no pseudo-medical lore in their campaigns. Nor are there any veiled cracks at competition. Cigar men are doing all right as it is. Maybe their propaganda hasn't changed your mind about cigars, but it has certainly changed a lot of other minds.

The Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword, But It Backfires Oftener

The high esteem in which the most senior British generals are held today, rightly or wrongly, by the public at home is largely attributable to the fact that almost without exception they have refrained from writing their memoirs.

—From the review of Mark W. Clark's book, *From the Danube to the Yalu*, in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, September 17, 1954.



The Half-promised Land

A Story by Jerome Weidman

Drawings by Arthur Marokvia

One of Capri's great charms is its size. Or so I thought when my wife and I first arrived. The compactness of the island appealed to me at once. I like neat places. I enjoy the feeling, whether I am in my own workroom or in a foreign hotel, that everything around me is in its place, within easy reach, and readily accessible.

On the third day of our visit, when I came back to the hotel with the sandals and other tourist trinkets for which I had spent the afternoon shopping, I began to wonder if Capri was not, perhaps, just a trifle too compact.

"Pio has been asking for you," my wife said.

I was not surprised, but I was beginning to feel a bit hounded: Pio had been asking for me ever since we arrived.

"What does he want?"

"He didn't say," my wife said. "But I suppose you can guess."

I certainly could. People who live with an obsession are fairly predictable. They also have a capacity for making other people, people who do not share their obsession, feel necessary.

"I suppose I'd better go down and see him," I said uncomfortably. "Do you want to come along?"

"I'll join you in a little while," my wife said. Then, apparently stabbed by a twinge of guilt for what looked like desertion, she added, "Why don't you just tell him that you're not the Secretary of State?"

"I've tried that, several times, but it doesn't do any good," I said. "The trouble is that Pio thinks all Americans are touched by God."

It was not difficult to understand how the thought had taken root in his mind, once you knew his background. Pio had started filling it in for me a half-hour after we disembarked from the small steamer that had brought us from Sorrento.

The Hotel Semiramis, which commands a magnificent view of the Bay of Naples, was almost empty when we checked in. The tourist season had been over for a month. When my wife and I, on the day of our arrival, came into the bar for a drink before dinner, the only other occupants of the large, somewhat gloomy room were a German couple and the barman.

"Good evening," he said with a bow. "Would you perhaps care for a really good dry martini?"

We said we would and, after the first sip, my wife and I exchanged a look of pleased surprise.

"Where," she asked the barman, "did you earn to make a martini as good as this?"

"In Montana," he said. "Where I learned also to speak English."

My wife and I uttered the appropriate expressions of astonishment, and the barman introduced himself as Pio. He was a good-looking man of about fifty, not very tall but well built, with a dignified and rather sad face that brightened amazingly when he smiled. He gave me the impression of great strength and, because I have always assumed since I read James Oliver Curwood as a boy that the two qualities go together, I took it for granted he was reticent. As a result, even though I wanted to ask Pio what he had been doing in Montana, I was hesitant about putting the question to him. My hesitation proved unnecessary. Pio did not wait for the question.

"Before I went to Montana," he said, "I was a sailor."

It was during his days as a sailor that he had been seized by the obsession that ruled his life. Pio did not call it an obsession. He merely recited the facts.

Pio was born in Naples. His family was very poor. At sixteen he went to sea as a steward. He was not quite seventeen when his ship steamed into New York harbor one sunny April day and he had his first glimpse of the new world. It was enough. From that moment, until my wife and I met him almost thirty years later in the Hotel Semiramis, Pio had only one desire: to live in America.

"But legitimate," he added firmly. "I want to be a citizen."

The importance of this point had been driven home to him almost at once. The day after his love affair with the United States began, almost thirty years ago, Pio jumped ship. He made his way to the home of a distant cousin who lived in Brooklyn. The cousin, an older man who had come to America many years before, explained the facts of life to Pio.

"He told me about the immigration laws and quotas," Pio said. "He told me as soon as the captain of my ship found out I was missing, he would have to report to the immigration people, and then the police would begin to look for me. He told me even if it took them many years to find me, when they did they would deport me. The only way to come to live in America, my cousin said, was the legitimate way, under the immigration quota. Only in that way could a man become a citizen. That night I left my cousin's house, and I went back to my ship."

For sixteen years, while he sailed the seven seas to earn his living, Pio never stopped trying to enter the United States as a legal immigrant. The quota always barred his path. Pio did not despair. In his heart, which he had given to America at first sight, he knew that some day his great dream would come true. It took a war, however, to justify his confidence.

The day that Mussolini brought Italy into the conflict, Pio's ship happened to be at Panama, waiting to enter the canal. The ship was seized at once, and the crew was sent to an internment camp for enemy aliens in Montana.

There were members of that crew who resented this imprisonment. Pio was not one of them. His passion for America was so great, he had lived for so long with the dream of a promised land, that it did not occur to him to resent the fact that the piece on which he had finally been allowed to set foot was surrounded by barbed wire.

His view was restricted, but Pio liked what he saw. He liked it even better when, apparently because of his cheery smile, he was ordered out from behind the barbed wire to serve as barman in the understaffed officers' club.

"There it was I learned to make a dry martini," he said. "And there it was that General Hershey destroyed my hopes."

"General Hershey?" I said. "What did he have to do with it?"

"He was the Director of your American Selective Service," Pio said. "After Italy was knocked out of the war, General Hershey announced that Italian internees in the United States who enlisted in the American Army would be eligible for citizenship. I hurried quickly to enlist."

Pio paused. His sad face brightened. He seemed to have forgotten our presence. He was staring across our heads, toward the silent German couple at the far side of the gloomy room, but I knew Pio was not seeing them,

effort. He was staring back into the past, to the time when General Hershey had almost made Pio's dream come true, to the moment when, for a fleeting instant, the unattainable had at last seemed to be within his grasp. Then the smile vanished. Pio brought his glance back to us.

"I was not quick enough," he said quietly. "General Hershey made another announcement. The United States Army did not need more men, he said. Internees were not wanted. When the war ended, I was sent back to Italy. Will you have another?"

My wife and I had another, but we did not enjoy the second martini as much as the first. The trouble was Pio's eyes. Looking into them, you could not help seeing that to this simple man you were one of the anointed. Suddenly, with a small feeling of guilt, you were forced to wonder if you deserved what you had been taking so casually for granted ever since it had been handed to you at birth: the right to call yourself an American.

"From the end of the war until today," Pio said, "I have not stopped trying for a single moment to return to America." He shrugged, and continued, "Always, however, it is the same problem: the quota."

"Well," I said awkwardly, as I lifted my glass to his health, "I hope you make it some day."

"Thank you," Pio said, and his wonderful smile seemed to light up the gloomy room. "I know I will."



In view of the stubborn facts that had thus far stood in his way, I found the quiet certainty in his voice distressing. It did not seem right that any man, wanting anything as much as Pio had for thirty years wanted to become an American, should be barred from it by something so impersonal and inflexible as a quota. Neither did it seem right, however, for a man of fifty to pretend those stubborn facts did not exist. Pio must have read my thoughts.

"A quota is like a stone wall," he said. "A man cannot go through it. But a man can always go around a stone wall."

A tall, slender youngster came in, carrying a wooden bucket full of chopped ice. He carried the bucket behind the bar. Pio dipped down, lifted the chromium lid of a chest, and held it open while the boy poured the ice into the chest. There was something about the way Pio did it, adding a touch of affectionate concern to the casual act, that made me take a second look at the boy. He was very handsome, with a long, delicate face that had something of Pio's sadness in it. He seemed to be about nineteen or twenty. He straightened up with the empty bucket. Pio dropped the chromium lid into place, and put his arm around the boy's shoulders.

"This is my son," he said. "Valerio."

My wife and I nodded and smiled and murmured greetings. The boy blushed furiously, bobbed his head, said, "How do you do?" in heavily accented but intelligible English, and almost ran out of the bar with his bucket.

Pio watched him go with a smile.

"Valerio is very shy," he said. "But he will get me around that stone wall."

"How?" I said, turning back to the barman.

"I learned in America other things besides how to make a good dry martini," Pio said. "I learned what American girls like. I think my son Valerio has it." He sent another glance toward the door through which the boy had disappeared. "He is good-looking, is he not?"

"Very," my wife said. "He looks like his father."

Pio smiled and bowed.

"Thank you, Madame," he said, and then his face became grave. "Valerio has more than good looks. He has brains. He wants to

become a doctor. I encourage him. He is about to enter medical school. In four years, with his diploma and his good looks, Valerio will be ready."

"For what?" I said.

"To marry an American girl."

"Oh." I said.

Pio nodded.

"It is the only way around the stone wall," he said. "Many American girls come here to Capri in the tourist season. Valerio will choose one and marry her. After she goes home to America, she will send for him. There are no quotas for husbands of American girls. Then, after Valerio becomes an American citizen, he will send for me. There are no quotas for the fathers of American citizens, either." Pio smiled. "It is simple, is it not?"

"Yes," I said.

I did not add that I thought it was a trifle too simple. The chain of events Pio had sketched sounded fine—until you examined it for a moment. The examination revealed that it was not a chain at all. It was merely a string of suppositions, a flimsy structure built of wishful thinking, a grab bag of hopes. There was no certainty that Valerio would win a diploma. If he did, there was no certainty that it would win him an American wife. If it did, there was no certainty that she would want to help bring Pio to America. The only certainty, in fact, seemed to be that Pio's obsession had made him a trifle unrealistic.

And yet, as you looked at this quiet, dignified, self-possessed man, something of his confidence seemed to reach out and touch you. The string of suppositions seemed to become more than that. The filmsy structure built of wishful thinking took on solidity. The bits and pieces in the grab bag of hopes became an unbreakable chain. What held them together was Pio's faith.

"The important thing is never to despair," he said. "One must have patience."

THERE was at least one other requirement, but my wife and I did not discover it that night. The next day, when we returned to the hotel after a visit to Axel Munthe's villa at Anacapri, I found in my box a note from the barman.

"I hope you will be able to stop in the bar this afternoon," he wrote. "It is very important that I see you. I come on duty at four-thirty. Thank you. Gratefully, Pio."

Four-thirty is much too early for cocktails. In our family, anyway. My wife, therefore, suggested that I go down to the bar alone, and she would join me later. It was not, apparently, too early for the German couple. They were sitting at the same table they had occupied the day before. They were, aside from Pio, the only people in the room. The barman's handsome, dignified face brightened when he saw me.

"You are very kind to be so prompt," he said, and then, with an anxious glance at the door, "And Madame?"

"She'll be along in a little while," I said. "I thought I'd better come down at once because you said in your note what you wanted to see me about was important."

"It is, yes," Pio said. He looked across my head, at the silent German couple, and then he dropped his voice. "Are you acquainted with the Potomac River?"

I could feel my forehead crease with puzzlement.

"The Potomac River?"

"Yes," Pio said. "In America? The Potomac River? You are acquainted with it?"

"I don't think I understand what you mean," I said slowly. "I know *about* the Potomac. I mean I know where it is, and I know roughly how it flows, but—"

"Could you tell me if, in the Potomac River, there are salmon?"

I was aware, as I stared at the barman, that I was more than astonished. I was also a little suspicious. It occurred to me that this sad-faced man, who had aroused my sympathy the day before, might now be pulling my leg.

"No," I said with a slight edge in my voice, "I don't think there are salmon in the Potomac."

"You are certain?" Pio asked anxiously.

"Fairly certain," I said. "If there were, I think I would have heard about it."

Pio scowled. My answer, quite obviously, was not the one he had hoped for.

"But—" he began in a troubled voice. Then he shrugged as though, in a lifetime of disappointments, this new one was hardly unbearable. "Thank you very much," Pio said quietly. "And now may I make you a dry martini?"

He did, and when my wife came into the bar he made me another, but he did not again raise the subject of the Potomac. Not then, anyway.

THE next morning my wife and I took the funicular down to the Marina Grande and hired a motorboat to take us to the Blue Grotto. When we got back to the hotel at noon, a man approached our cab as we stepped out. He had obviously been waiting for us. He was wearing a shiny but neatly brushed blue suit instead of his white barman's coat, and so I did not recognize Pio until he smiled.

"Excuse me," he said, and then I noticed that the smile seemed forced. The quiet confidence that had impressed me on our first night in the Hotel Semiramis had vanished. Something had obviously gone wrong. Pio looked upset. He said, "May I take perhaps a half hour of your time?"

"Both of us?" I said.

"Well—" Pio said with obvious discomfort.

"You run along," my wife said promptly. "I want to go up to the room and change for lunch, anyway. I'll wait for you here."

Pio bowed gratefully. My wife went up the steps and disappeared into the hotel. I turned to the barman.

"What can I do for you?"

"If you will be so kind," Pio said. "Come."

He led me into an alley that ran alongside the Hotel Semiramis. We emerged, at the back of the building, in a small square built out to the very edge of a cliff that dropped several hundred feet to the bay below. From this square, curving and twisting down like a welt raised by the lash of a whip, ran a narrow footpath that had been hewn out of the solid rock. It was quite steep, paved with small round cobblestones, and guarded on the bay side by a stone wall.

Walking down this path behind Pio was a little like descending a ladder while facing in the wrong direction. I found myself leaning backwards as I walked and, every now and then, feeling behind me for the rungs. After a few minutes, we came to another alley. It branched off at right angles from the cobbled footpath. I noticed, as we turned into the alley, that it was marked by a stone sign: "Via Mulo."

Perhaps a hundred feet down the Via Mulo, Pio stopped in front of a black iron gate set between two crumbling gate posts. On the gate hung a small, battered sign: "Villa Augusto." Pio opened the gate. I followed him into a tangled, overgrown garden with weeds that towered over our heads. We went along a cracked stone walk, and up to a dirty old door that sagged on its hinges. Pio knocked. The door was opened at once by a toothless old woman wearing a filthy pink wrapper and a green eye shade. Pio said something to her in rapid Italian. She squinted at me, bobbed her head, and turned.

"All right," she said in English. "Bring him along."

PIO and I followed her into a shabby little room that was obviously used for some sort of consultations. There was a square table in the middle, surrounded by straight-backed chairs. The walls were hung with phrenologist's charts, horoscopes, and diagrams that were meaningless to me but which, to judge by the greasy fingermarks that covered them, received a good deal of use.

The old woman sat down at the table. Pio took the chair facing her and indicated, with a small, polite bow, that I was to take the chair between them. I did. The old woman folded her hands on the table in front of her and stared at her cracked, black-rimmed fingernails.

"You say there are no salmon in the Potomac River?" she said.

For several startled moments, I did not realize she had addressed me. When I did, I sat up straighter in my chair.

"Yes," I said. "I mean no, not to my knowledge."

She unclasped her hands, rubbed her nose with a forearm, adjusted the green eye shade, and turned to Pio.

"Tell me again how it was," she said. "Slowly, please."

Pio leaned forward anxiously.

"I was flying through the air with a sword," he said, speaking with great care, as though he were dictating to a stenographer. "Suddenly I saw a river beneath me. I flew down to identify it, and saw a sign that said it was the Potomac. A moment later I saw a great silver salmon swimming in the river. I swooped down and speared the salmon with my sword. Then I woke up."



It suddenly dawned on me where I was and what was happening. The toothless old woman was evidently a dream interpreter. She turned back to me.

"You heard him," she said. "Do you still say there are no salmon in the Potomac?"

I looked at Pio. He was watching me hopefully, almost imploringly. I did not know what the problem was. I did know that I wanted to help him. I did not see, however, how I could do this until he told me precisely what sort of help he wanted.

"Look," I said. "I'm not an authority on these matters. Fish and rivers are a little out of my line. All I can do is tell you what—"

"Answer the question," the old woman said irritably. "Are there, or are there not, salmon in the Potomac River?"

"To the best of my knowledge," I said patiently, "definitely not."

"I'm sorry," the old woman snapped, pushing back her chair. She stood up and made a gesture of dismissal to Pio. "There's nothing I can do for you."

She stalked out of the room. I looked at Pio with a feeling of discomfort. I had obviously failed him. I couldn't, however, quite imagine how.

He stood up slowly, his face fixed in a troubled scowl, one hand stroking the side of his jaw gently, as though he were probing for an elusive pain. I followed him in silence, out of the Villa Augusto, across the tangled garden, and back along the Via Mulo to the cobbled path. I waited until we had started the upward climb before I cleared my throat noisily.

"I don't seem to have been of much assistance to you," I said. "I'm sorry."

Pio's shoulders moved in a small, hopeless shrug.

"It cannot be helped," he said. "You are an American. You know better than we do if there are salmon in the Potomac River."

"Perhaps I could be more helpful if I knew more about what you're trying to do."

"What I have been trying to do for thirty years," Pio said quietly. "Move around the stone wall of the quota."

Twenty minutes later, in our hotel room, as I explained the situation to my wife, I realized I was really trying to get it straight in my own mind.

"It's a matter of half a million lira, or about eight hundred dollars," I said. "Pio must have it for the first payment of Valerio's tuition in medical school. It's due on Monday, and the only way a man like Pio can put his hands on half a million lira is to win it in the national lottery. The drawing takes place on Saturday, and today being Thursday, that gives Pio two days to buy his ticket. He can't do that, however, until he figures out the tip he received in this dream he had about the salmon in the Potomac. Pio feels it's the key to the winning number. That's why he asked me about it yesterday, and that's why he took

me to the dream interpreter just now. Unfortunately, I don't seem to have—" I paused, and gave my wife a sharp glance. "What's wrong?"

She was staring at me with a small, troubled frown.

"Don't you find it a little frightening?"

"What?" I said.

"Pio's faith."

"Yes," I said.

I also found it a trifle incredible. He apparently believed firmly that if he did not get his dream interpreted properly, he would not win the lottery, which meant he would not have the money to pay for Valerio's medical school tuition, which meant the boy would not be able to marry an American girl, which meant Valerio would not be able to go to America and become an American citizen, which meant he would not be able to send for his father, which meant Pio was right back where, when he fell in love with America thirty years ago, he had started from: facing the stone wall called a quota.

"Listen," I said, "are you enjoying your stay here on Capri?"

"Why do you ask?" my wife said.

"It's a pretty small place, and it seems to me we've just about seen everything there is to see," I said. "I was wondering why, instead of waiting until Sunday, we couldn't leave tomorrow? It would give us an extra couple of days in Rome."

My wife gave me a shrewd glance.

"It would also give me the feeling that we're running away," she said. "Pio's faith may be upsetting to contemplate, but it's hardly our responsibility. I wish I could help him, just as you do, but because you can't interpret a dream about a salmon in the Potomac, I don't see why we should try to leave Capri ahead of schedule. Besides," my wife added, "now that you've demonstrated your inadequacy as an interpreter of dreams, I have a feeling that Pio will stop bothering you."

SHE was wrong, of course, as I found out the next day, which was Friday, when I came back to the hotel from my shopping expedition and learned that Pio had been asking for me.

"I hope you do not think I am a nuisance," he said awkwardly when I came into the bar. "I do not, however, have much time left to buy my lottery ticket, and I wondered if perhaps you had since yesterday had any further thoughts about my dream?"

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "All I can say is what I've said before: to the best of my knowledge there are no salmon in the—"

I stopped. I had caught sight of my wife, who had promised to join me in a little while, hurrying into the bar. She is not an excitable person. Over a dozen years, however, I have learned to recognize certain symptoms. They are scarcely discernible to the untrained observer. To me they indicate clearly when my wife has reached a point approximately similar to that which caused Archimedes to start shouting in his tub. One of the symptoms is a total lack of awareness that I am alive.

"Pio," my wife said, disregarding me completely as she came up to the bar. "I think I've got it!"

He did not bother to ask what. To a man with an obsession, she could be talking about only one thing.

"Madame!" Pio said in a light little voice. "Madame, tell me, please!"

"I THINK you've been attacking the dream from the wrong angle!" my wife said. "It just came to me as I was combing my hair! I don't think it matters whether there are salmon in the Potomac or not! I think what matters is the Potomac! It flows through Washington, D. C. That's where the immigration laws were written! That's where the quota was born! And Washington is the capital of the United States! In other words, it's our number one city! Do you see what I mean? Number One! Do you understand what I'm trying to—?"

If he didn't, I don't think Pio would have seized her hand the way he did: with every intention, or so it seemed, of crushing it to a pulp.

"Madame!" he said in a choked voice. "Madame," he repeated, and the tears came to his eyes as he struggled with the phrasing of his gratitude. "Madame, this is what I have been waiting for! The first number! It is all I need! The number one! Madame, you have saved—!"

He couldn't finish the sentence. It was not, of course, necessary. He couldn't seem to get out of the bar fast enough, either. As a result,

I had to mix our own martinis that night. It was a pleasure. By the next morning, the day the lottery drawing was to take place, this pleasure had been replaced by a feeling of uneasiness.

"I've just had a horrible thought," I said to my wife at breakfast. "Suppose the winning number does not begin with the digit one?"

"I've been having that horrible thought since late last night," my wife said morosely. She stared thoughtfully into her coffee cup for several moments. Then she said, "When do they draw these lottery numbers?"

"At noon, up in Rome," I said. "According to Pio, the winning numbers are announced on the radio at once, so that everybody in Italy knows about it in a few minutes. Why do you ask?"

"Well, Capri is a pretty small place, and it seems to me we've just about seen everything there is to see," she said casually. "I was wondering why, instead of waiting until tomorrow, we couldn't leave this morning? It would give us an extra day in Rome."

I stared at her. Like a good many married men, I find there are times when it suddenly occurs to me, with a feeling of complete astonishment, that I have been living with a genius.

"Wait here," I said, putting down my coffee cup, and pushing back my chair. "I'm going to find out at the desk about transportation."

THERE was, I learned, a steamer that came in at eleven from Naples and sailed back to Naples at eleven-thirty. At eleven o'clock, after settling my bill, I left with the hall porter of the Hotel Semiramis an envelope addressed to Pio. It contained a small sum of money and a note of thanks, in which I explained that we were sorry to leave Capri without saying good-by to him in person, but our plans had changed unexpectedly and so we could not wait until four-thirty when he came on duty, and I closed by saying that my wife and I both hoped his great dream would come true and some day we would meet him in America.

At eleven-fifteen my wife and I were standing on the *quai* at the Marina Grande, surrounded by our luggage, and wondering nervously how the steamer could leave for Naples at eleven-thirty if it had not yet arrived. A half-hour later, when this question had become academic, the steamer came gliding into the Marina Grande. Ten minutes after that, while passengers from Naples were still disembarking, I became aware that there had been a sudden cessation of activity among the porters who had been unloading the luggage. They were all gathering around a neat little Lancia which was parked near the foot of the *quai*.

"What's happening?" I said to my wife.

"There's a radio in that car," she said. "Unless I'm mistaken, they've started drawing those lottery numbers up in Rome."

SHE was not mistaken. As I joined the porters around the small Lancia, I could feel my heart begin to beat faster. I was well aware that we were running away, that we had arranged to leave Capri before the numbers were drawn because, if Pio lost, my wife and I did not want to have to face him. On the other hand, if he won, I knew I would be pleased by the role my wife had played in helping him to choose the winning number. It was with mixed emotions that, during the next twenty minutes, I listened to the excited voice coming from the Lancia dashboard. I did not understand the words, of course. But words were not necessary. Numbers are a universal language.

"Well, I guess that's that."

I turned quickly. It was my wife. I had not realized she had come up beside me.

"Yes," I said, "I guess it is."

Only the first six numbers had been drawn. But these were the only ones that carried substantial awards. A great many other numbers would be drawn before the next hour was finished. None would bring their lucky holders enough to pay for a year of tuition in a medical school. And none of the first six numbers began with the digit one. The small steamer's whistle blew a warning blast.

"I think we'd better get going," my wife said quietly. "The luggage is aboard already."

I nodded. We turned away from the crowd around the Lancia and moved down the *quai* to the gangplank. When we reached it, we both stopped short. Pio, wearing the shiny but neatly brushed blue suit, was waiting at the foot.

"I came early to the hotel because I wanted to be with you when the numbers were

drawn," he said. "The hall porter said you were gone to the ship and he gave me your note. I came as quickly as I could.

I searched his face, then looked quickly at my wife. She, too, seemed to be puzzled by the question that was bothering me: if Pio knew what we knew, namely, that he had lost, why didn't he look defeated? I turned involuntarily, toward the little Lancia. Pio touched my arm. I turned back.

"It is all right," he said quietly. "I heard the winning numbers from the ticket man in the funicular. He, too, has a radio."

"I'm sorry," my wife said. "I don't seem to be as good an interpreter of dreams as I thought."

Pio laughed. I stared at him in astonishment. Far from looking defeated, he looked positively jaunty.

"I disagree, Madame," he said with a small bow. "I think you are an extremely able interpreter of dreams."

"I don't see how you can say that," my wife said. "As a result of my advice, you won't be able to pay Valerio's tuition on Monday."

"I will pay it the following Monday," Pio said, and he laughed again. "Your interpretation was correct. What matters, you said, was the Potomac. Not the salmon in the Potomac. And not the city of Washington on the Potomac. Only the Potomac itself. And the Potomac begins with the letter P, which is the sixteenth letter in the alphabet. The number I should have chosen, therefore, should have begun, not with one, but with a one *and a* six!" Pio paused, and smiled. "A small error, of no consequence," he said. "Next week, when I buy my lottery ticket, I will select a number beginning with sixteen, and the Monday after that, thanks to you, Madame, I will pay Valerio's tuition."

I STARED at him the way I had stared at him during our first night in the Semiramis bar, when we had first learned about his obsession and Pio had told us his plan to circumvent the stone wall that had, for thirty years, barred his path. Once again I asked myself if he really believed what he was saying. And once again, as I stared into his eyes, I was touched by the absolute certainty of his simple faith. They were the eyes of a man for whom there could be neither defeat nor doubt. He lived by an inner fire.

"In that case," my wife said as she put out her hand, "I suppose we'll be seeing you in America after all."

"I am certain of it," Pio said as he took her hand and bowed over it. "Thank you, Madame."

The whistle blew. Pio straightened up. I put out my hand.

"I'm still sorry we didn't get that dream interpreted correctly the first time," I said. "We've delayed you for a week."

For a moment, watching the extraordinary smile that set his face aglow as we shook hands, I wondered which of us—the man who had ever since birth possessed the right to call himself an American, or the man who had for three decades dreamed of acquiring that right—was one of the anointed.

"I have been on my way for thirty years," Pio said. "What does one more week matter?"

Cathay

JOHN LOEHLIN

THE book closes. The walls suddenly fade,
and we are lost upon an angry sea,
under an angry sky.
When we have played
a tolerable Genoan—dutifully
said our "Sail on" to a reluctant crew—
will we, too, tread upon enchanted ground?
Or will a shuddering plunge write finis to
our silly notion that the world is round?

For thirteen years the Anglo-American alliance has been the cornerstone of Western defense. Recently it has been under dangerous strain. The Washington correspondent of the London Observer *points out why—and what might be done about it.*

Patching Up the Partnership with Britain

Alastair Buchan

NOT the least disturbing event of 1954 was the almost complete breakdown of understanding and good will between the people and the governments of the two great English-speaking nations. The spectacular misunderstanding between Mr. Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden over Southeast Asia in April, and America's subsequent withdrawal from the Geneva conference, demonstrated that—for the moment at least—the policies of the two countries were entirely out of step.

On the public-opinion front matters were no better. In Britain the name "Dulles" became something to frighten one's children with. In America the British were accused of turning coward. On both sides of the Atlantic the air was clogged with emotional catchwords—"agonizing reappraisal" and "the heirs of appeasement" . . . "warmongers" *versus* "Munitheers" . . . "the errand boy of Chiang" *versus* "the mouthpiece of Nehru." At times it seemed as if the intimate Anglo-American working partnership of the past thirteen years was degenerating into a shouting match between Senator Knowland and Aneurin Bevan.

In recent months the situation has taken a turn for the better, and the wounds have begun to heal. But the scars are still there. The warmth of the official relationship—which lapsed after the war but was so remarkably rekindled in the formative years of NATO and the Marshall Plan—is no longer evident. It would be foolish and malicious to assert that official relations are now bad, but they are correct rather than close. They are the relations of two foreign powers—not of two partners who in Sir Winston Churchill's wartime phrase are "all mixed up together."

Since the security of both countries depends upon this partnership, it may be useful to examine what has happened to it; why it happened; and what can be done to prevent a repetition of the disastrous breakdown which occurred in the first half of 1954.

THERE is no alliance that requires a more constant effort of heart and head than that between Britain and the United States—unless it be that between Russia and China. Because it is obviously so important to both countries, most people have come to regard it as a wholly natural partnership. It is not. In the first place, it is very recent in origin. If we date it from Pearl Harbor, it follows a long period of American distrust of British policy, from Palmerston to Chamberlain. Since it has been in force for only half of one generation, it is not so deeply rooted in the minds of ordinary people in either Britain or the United States as, for instance, the Franco-British alliance, now fifty years old. When an American or British politician rises to make a speech he does not yet consider, as an automatic reflex, the effect his words will have in the other country.

In the second place, Britain and the United States are direct competitors for world markets over an important range of industrial products, including aircraft and armaments—a fact that is becoming daily more evident as the American aid program draws to a close

[illegible] returns to its normal patterns. Moreover, Canada, New Zealand, and [illegible] compete directly with the United States for agricultural markets. This similarity between the economic structures of Britain and the Western Commonwealth countries and that of the United States constitutes a source of perennial friction. This can only be overcome by the continual willingness of the governments involved to make adjustments in their own economies—something that is not politically easy.

Finally, the political and legal systems of England and the United States have developed so differently that it takes a continuous intellectual effort for the ordinary Englishman to understand in any detail the motivations and limitations of American policy—or for the average American to appreciate the interplay of political forces in Britain. An Englishman who is interested in international affairs can much more easily comprehend French or German political developments—since the parliamentary system in these nations is a variant of his own—than he can understand why a Republican President could not induce a Republican Congress to enact a liberalized trade policy.

The fact that the Anglo-American partnership is so recent bears on this point. American studies have, until very recently, been a matter only for the specialist, not part of general British education. (I happened to have been brought up in an Americophile household where it was considered disgraceful not to be able to differentiate between First and Second Bull Run. But when, at a broad-minded English school where one could make a choice of historical subjects, I asked my master if I could study American history, he replied in amazement, "My dear boy, there isn't any!") It is very easy even for an educated Englishman to misunderstand the relationship of, say, the Secretary of State to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, or to overestimate the importance of [illegible] Senator McCarthy.

Similarly, too many Americans misunderstand the political atmosphere of contemporary Britain and the aims and relationship of the Conservative and Labor parties. While it is understandable that Bevan's vicious attacks on the United States could make the whole Labor party suspect in American eyes, few Americans have made the effort to understand the background of social stagnation and economic misery in the early part of the century which gave impetus to the party of which Bevan is not—and almost certainly never will be—the leader.

It seems to me that most Americans are taught to see Britain through the eyes of literature rather than of modern history (which the propaganda of British tourism, with its posters of castles and palaces reinforces). Consequently, they often feel that a crowded Britain, fighting for its national existence, in which both parties practice one form or another of Socialist economics, represents a betrayal of the free green land of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Trollope.

The Double Inferiority Complex

This ignorance in both Britain and America contributes to a state of affairs which is rarely mentioned in cold print—each country is partisan about the other's politics. Most people in Britain are, or think they are, natural Democrats and they instinctively fear the Republican party. Most people in the United States are British Conservatives and instinctively dislike the Labor party.

This is, of course, in part merely a recognition of national self-interest. The views of the Conservative party on German rearmament, for example, and on negotiations with Russia are closer to the prevailing American view than those of the Labor party, or at least its left wing. Moreover, the Conservatives are the party of Sir Winston Churchill, the one British statesman universally respected in America.

From the British point of view, the Democrats are the party which has on the whole favored tariff cuts and foreign aid, and whose Administrations made those great advances in American international commitments vital to Britain's survival.

In addition, the Democrats' attitude toward domestic affairs, such as welfare legislation, and the role of government as the guardian of the economy, corresponds more closely with that of the core of moderate opinion in Britain—which controls both the Labor and the Conservative parties. The almost theological devotion of some Republicans to the principle

of free enterprise strikes no responsive chord in Britain, even among businessmen. (It would perhaps be an excellent thing for British business if it did.)

Again, each country has something of an inferiority complex about the other. One familiar example is the absurd pretension one encounters in Britain (and in France) that the Americans cannot be worthy guardians of the Western tradition because they are "so materialistic." Equally absurd is the American view that the British and the French are "decadent."

Similar myths plague our everyday diplomatic dealings. An American official watching the British blunder in the Iranian oil dispute, is tempted to mutter: "Where do these people get their arrogant confidence in their diplomatic talent?" And an Englishman, noting how often the State Department sends complete novices to sensitive diplomatic posts, is strengthened in his conviction that here Americans are well-meaning amateurs. British experts on Russia are reluctant to recognize that American universities and intelligence agencies are now carrying on far more thorough studies in this field than anyone in Britain—and that men like George Kennan and Charles Bohlen are Russian analysts equal to any in the world. Similarly, Washington is apt to pay too little attention to British knowledge of the Far East.

These are some of the endemic difficulties: they will not disappear soon. But they alone do not account for the growth of anti-American feeling in Britain during the past eighteen months, nor for the way in which the two governments so often fell out of step on big issues during that time.

It seems to me that there are four special reasons why Anglo-American relations became so tense during this period:

(1) The Difference in Emotional Experience

The British people emerged from the second world war with their cities badly scarred and their economy in ruins—into a world in which the United States had become the only reservoir of Western strength. From 1947, when the United States took the most important peacetime decision in its history—to accept permanent foreign commitments by taking over Britain's responsibility for Greece and Turkey—until the outbreak of the Korean war in June 1950, there was nothing but the greatest admiration and thankfulness in Britain for American leadership. Majority opinion in both countries saw the crisis of the Berlin airlift and the building up of organizations like the OEEC and NATO through the same lenses.

But from the beginning of the Korean war, public opinion in the two countries began to diverge. The pronouncements of General MacArthur raised fears in Britain that the United States would involve her in a new world war at the very time when economic recovery had begun to make peace seem especially sweet. From then on misunderstanding multiplied. The Korean war had a profound psychological effect upon Americans: it reimposed many of the rigors of a wartime economy and caused a heavy toll of casualties. It also created a legacy of bitterness against China and Russia which found no real counterpart in Britain.

The Korean war delayed British economic recovery, it is true, but her casualties were counted in thousands rather than tens of thousands. (One of the most ulcerating hours of my life was spent two years ago listening to a brash young British MP telling a luncheon group in Washington—one of whose sons had been killed and another of whose sons had been captured in Korea—that the United States must get used to "local wars" as Britain had in the nineteenth century.) Then, while the United States was feeling the full burden of world leadership in terms of taxes and human sacrifice, the demonstration of Soviet atomic power began to convince my countrymen of all political persuasions that general war would mean annihilation.

This difference in emotional experience was made more acute by the differing political imperative of the Conservative Government elected in the autumn of 1951 and the Republican Administration that was elected a year later. Sir Winston Churchill came to power having been called a "warmonger" by the Labor party throughout the election campaign. He was therefore under heavy pressure to demonstrate his eagerness for peace. The Republicans, on the other hand, came to power needing to prove that they had a bold

new foreign policy, different in every respect from that of the Truman Administration. Hence the British line of "co-existence" was bandied against the American line of "liberation"—and the distorting mirror of the Atlantic pictured a belligerent United States against a Britain that would have peace at any price.

Both images did less than justice to the good sense, not only of the two governments but of the two peoples. It took only a superficial knowledge of this country to realize that General Eisenhower's chief political appeal in 1952 was his promise to make peace in Korea, and that Americans as a whole have no lust for war or foreign adventure. Similarly, the British people came to accept the necessity for some *modus vivendi* with the Soviets before most Americans did, not from naïveté about Soviet intentions and not—as the Luce publications were suggesting last summer—from a policy dictated by fear. They simply appreciated from direct and recent experience how devastating modern warfare is—while American awareness of the same fact was only intellectual and at second hand.

By last fall it was clear that the two governments were moving toward a closer alignment of their views. In the spring the alarming reports about Soviet advances in atomic weapons had led some people in Washington to argue that the Indochina campaign should be converted into a decisive test of East-West strength. By August, however, the President was scouting the idea of preventive war in his press conferences. By November—as the course of the election campaign showed how little foreign policy was now a political football—he was advocating an attitude toward the Soviet union that differed from "co-existence" only in name. Early in December his actions and statements showed that he had finally repealed the counter-revolutionary policy toward China which the Administration had proclaimed when it took office.

(2) The Importance of Asia

One reason why the transatlantic atmosphere improved during the second half of 1954 was a temporary shift in the focus of international affairs from the Far East to Europe. But this masked rather than solved a basic difference in the attitude of the two countries toward Asia. Both Moscow and Peking know that pressure on Europe unites the Western allies while pressure in Asia divides them. Consequently, it is likely that Asia will remain the chief trouble spot for a long time to come; and here conflict between British and American views will be harder to solve.

This conflict no longer centers on China alone. Indeed, the two countries are edging closer together on their views about Communist China. Intelligent opinion in Britain has moved toward the view that it is a dangerous expansionist force; and England's China Lobby—the old China hands and the former Shanghai merchants—are now less hopeful about the revival of their trade. At the same time, Washington is changing its mind about Chiang Kai-shek (who does not have even the smallest support in Britain). At the moment the Administration's main concern is clearly to keep him from starting a war, rather than to put him back in power on the mainland.

The problem is different now. It involves the special question of India, and the wider question of America's relationship to the Commonwealth. The public statements of such men as Vice-President Nixon and Senator Knowland about India—their general tone of "you can't sit on the fence in the cold war; you are either for us or against us"—arouse mixed feelings of irony and fury in the breasts of most Englishmen.

The irony arises from the fact that Britain gave India her independence within the Commonwealth very largely as a result of American pressure. It is intensified by the fact that the present Administration's attitude toward India is a direct negation of American historical experience.

India as a nation is now eight years old and is the great uncommitted force in a polarized world. Its position is much like that of the United States during the Napoleonic wars. If William Pitt—or Bonaparte for that matter—had publicly demanded to President Adams or Madison, that the United States immediately make up its mind whether it stood irrevocably with Britain or with France, one can imagine what sort of answer he would have got. Mr. Nehru's refusal to join SEATO and his general attitude toward the West's attempt to contain Commu-

nism in Asia—short-sighted and irritating as they may be—stem from facts closely analogous to those which prompted Jefferson's warning against "entangling alliances." Nehru, too, is trying to run a new nation, afflicted with grave internal problems and deep suspicions of the outside world.

MAYBE Sir Anthony Eden will fail in his policy of carefully cultivating good relations with India, Burma, and the other South Asian powers, in hopes of demonstrating to them, in time, the dangers of militant Communism. But it is at least a careful and well thought out policy, as much in the interests of the United States as of Britain. Consequently, British statesmen get furious when they see it disrupted by the unthinking oratory of America's high-level travelers.

For much the same reason, the love affair between the Administration and Pakistan worries many people in Britain. Since it is the historic justification of colonial rule that it unites religious and racial factions, if only in opposition to itself, the partition of the Indian subcontinent has always troubled British consciences—even though it was absolutely necessary in 1947 to avert a murderous civil war. Therefore it has been a cardinal point in recent British policy to avoid any action which would exacerbate the friction between Pakistan and India. The Republican Administration's general Middle Eastern policy—with its greater realism about the importance of the Arab States, and its attempt to build an embryonic system of containment on Russia's southern flank—has been generally admired in Britain. What is disquieting is the Administration's emphasis on Pakistan as the "brave little Belgium" of the Middle East, and the flare-up of resentment in India.

Finally, the events of the past year have exposed an underlying conflict between the American desire to create a security system in Southeast Asia and the Pacific, and Britain's desire to strengthen the Commonwealth.

The modern Commonwealth which links by organic ties five white and three Asian countries (and shortly, it is hoped, two new countries in West Africa) is something of which everyone in Britain is fiercely proud. But it has no natural strategic cohesion, nor any center of power strong enough to make it independent of the United States. Mr. Dulles demonstrated this fact three years ago by negotiating the ANZUS pact with New Zealand and Australia, linking their defense with the United States rather than Britain. This was accepted as inevitable, though somewhat unpalatable. What flayed British susceptibilities was American insistence on the rapid formation of the South East Asia Treaty Organization, despite the fact that India, Ceylon, and Burma were not yet ready to join it. Necessary as this new grouping may be, the fact remains that it divides the Asian from the white half of the Commonwealth—and therefore earns Mr. Dulles little thanks from a Britain committed to one of the most adventurous experiments in racial reconciliation ever attempted.

(3) The Decline of American Nobility

EVEN these conflicts of interest probably could have been resolved without too much passion if their appearance had not coincided with a devastating decline of American prestige in Britain and the other Commonwealth countries. Much has been written about anti-Americanism in Britain and elsewhere, and I do not wish to enlarge this dismal literature. Most anti-American feeling does little credit to those who harbor it, for it arises from ignorance or jealousy. The fact that it flourishes on the left wing of the Labor party and—to a lesser degree—on the right wing of the Conservative party can be explained (though not excused) in terms of domestic politics. There are vigorous political groups which lack any genuine domestic grievance against either their opponents or their own leaders. However unwise and damaging the exploitation of anti-American sentiments by the left wing of the Labor party may be, it is analogous to the kind of anti-British assertions which (until recently) were conventional planks in the platform of a Republican candidate in South Dakota, or a Democrat in Cook County, Illinois.

What is more worrying is the decline of what can perhaps be called the Image of American Nobility. Too few Americans realize that the rest of the world is the willing victim of decades of American propaganda about America. Most ordinary English or European folk have been brought up to believe that this is "the land of the free and

the home of the brave." By its belief in its own destiny from Lincoln and Whitman onwards, the United States has imparted an ideal to the minds of the countries from which it has drawn its immigrants. It has proclaimed its faith so vigorously and so poetically that it is expected to live up to it.

This explains, I think, the enormous impact of McCarthyism in England and Europe. But the importance of McCarthyism has been overplayed, because it is only one reason for the far-spreading disillusionment. A still stronger reason has been the preponderance, during the past two years, of bad news over good.

What has been so sadly lacking is clear evidence of a positive and generous policy in either foreign or domestic affairs. We, the foreign press, have had little to report except internal discord and unfulfilled threats. Writing as a British journalist who was partly educated in this country and is rash enough to think he understands a little of its history, I have had only two important pieces of news to relay in the past fourteen months which to my mind represent the true spirit of America. These were the President's proposal for the creation of a pool of atomic material to be used for peaceful purposes, and the Supreme Court's decision last May against segregation in the public schools.

The great response abroad to these two developments seems to show how much the rest of the free world wants the United States to put its best foot forward. Since it frequently has not done so in the past two years, it has lost a great deal of the good will it built up during the period of its more positive and imaginative leadership. Internationally, it must be remembered, the slightest *gaffe* in Washington looks like a major blunder.

(1) The Failure of Imagination

If the 1952 vote for a Republican Administration represented a desire of the American people to catch their breath and consolidate their immense international achievements of the previous ten years, then [illegible] a decline in the idealism of American [illegible] perhaps inevitable. What was not inevitable was the failure of both American and British spokesmen to realize the effect their words have on each other's public opinion, and their tendency to suggest policies in public before consulting each other in private.

On January 12, 1954, Mr. Dulles told an audience in New York that the basic strategy of the Eisenhower Administration was "to depend primarily upon a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our own choosing." On March 1, the United States exploded a hydrogen bomb at Bikini; Representative Chet Holifield, an eyewitness, described the result as "so far beyond what was predicted that you might say it was out of control." On March 29, Mr. Dulles, in a speech in New York (of whose general drift he had informed the British Embassy only forty-eight hours before) called for a policy of "united action" by France's allies in Indochina.

There was surprise and indignation in the Administration when this proposal was received with the utmost coolness in London. The connection in the minds of the ordinary voters and politicians in Britain between a "policy of instant retaliation," the hydrogen bomb, and a request for "united action," should have been obvious. Yet it did not seem to occur to the Administration. Its battalions of psychological warriors and publicity experts are no substitute for a sympathetic imagination.

Similarly, when the case of Dr. Robert Oppenheimer was made public last June, I could discover no one connected with the hearings who was aware that they might have international repercussions. Yet only eight months earlier Dr. Oppenheimer had delivered the Reith Lectures on the BBC—one of the highest intellectual accolades that Britain can bestow. The failure of the Administration to fight the Randall Commission's report through Congress last year also had an immense psychological effect on British and European middle-class opinion. Few people in Washington apart from Mr. Harold Stassen—who has performed admirably in this respect—have shown any recognition of the connection between economic and diplomatic policy.

This failure of imagination about British opinion has produced an equally intransigent attitude in Britain. For several years British military planners have been worrying about

the threat to Malaya which a Communist victory in Indochina would intensify. Yet all through the first half of last year no member of the British government pointed out—at any rate in a voice loud enough to be heard in the United States—that its responsibility for Malaya gave it an important interest in the security of Indochina. As a result, to many Americans Britain appeared indifferent to, or callous about, the fate of Indochina, when she was in fact vitally concerned. Equally, by the old rules of the alliance, Sir Anthony Eden had no right to spring in the House of Commons, two days before setting off for Washington on June 25, his idea for a Locarno pact to guarantee the Indochina settlement, since he had not discussed it with Mr. Dulles. Unilateralism in the one nation had bred its counterpart in the other.

The Dulles-Eden Rivalry

Beyond this it must be confessed that there is an element of personal rivalry in the relationship of Mr. Dulles and Sir Anthony Eden which has done nothing to help Anglo-American harmony. Each has an oversensitive ear for his own public opinion, but an indifferent knowledge of the other's. Both regard themselves as skilled diplomatists, both are supremely confident of their own powers. Sir Anthony Eden, backed by a restored and prosperous Britain, is ambitious to revive the influence of British diplomacy throughout the world. Until the rejection of the EDC revealed the bankruptcy of American influence in Europe and produced the rationalization of the "good partnership" policy, this ambition conflicted noticeably with Mr. Dulles' view of his own destiny.

The close co-ordination of policy between the British and American governments and the realignment of public opinion in the two countries will not easily be restored. Several factors seem to be working against it. The revival of Britain's strength and confidence makes her government less prepared to follow an American lead. The relaxation of tension since the death of Stalin has removed the imperative necessity of presenting a united front to Soviet Russia at all costs and at all times. The increasing concentration of the military strength of the West in the hands of the United States, through her advances in hydrogen and atomic weapons, makes her less dependent strategically upon a coalition of allies, whose principal contribution is in ground and naval forces.

But none of these factors argues for bad relations. The greater detachment which succeeds the intimate early years of a marriage does not necessarily lead to brawls.

Perhaps the most useful step toward a restoration of closer relations—at least between the two governments—would be to recognize that the demands of the alliance are much like those of domestic policy. Dean Acheson was heavily criticized at home for listening too much to the views of allied foreign ministers and paying too little attention to the views of Congress. Mr. Dulles is heavily criticized abroad for listening too much to Congress and too little to his allied colleagues. The two attitudes need not be exclusive—if the principle could ever be established in Washington that allies and Senators need to be treated in exactly the same way.

After all a Senator is the Ambassador of his state; his constitutional duty is to represent its interests; his political duty is to explain federal policy to his constituents. His position is exactly analogous to that of an allied foreign minister in relation to Washington.

The late Arthur Vandenberg once inveighed against the "crisis diplomacy" of the Truman Administration, which caught him unawares and forced him to commit himself to a policy which he had not had time to digest or to try out on his constituents. That has been the complaint of allied foreign ministers against the Eisenhower Administration.

Some new policy, with which they do not necessarily disagree, reaches them first through the press or an urgent cable—giving them no time to think and diminishing their prestige at home because they were not consulted earlier.

Though there will still be divergences of view and interest, if it could ever be agreed that the Senator from the United Kingdom is entitled to the same kind of treatment as, say, the senior Senator from California or the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, it would be a great step forward in the technique of American foreign relations.

If you are looking for a hobby, you may be interested in the collectors' items turned out by the armed services—15,000 every day. You are paying for them already . . . and they aren't much good for anything else.



Drawings by Donald Higgins

How to Collect Military Information

William Stucky

BACK in August 1951, when I was city editor of a medium-sized daily paper, I stumbled on a new hobby—collecting information made public by the military services. At that time things were rather sticky in Korea, and whatever else this country needed it needed informing—about our military training program, development of new weapons, performance in the field, and so on. From the spate of official mail that spewed onto the military editor's desk every day, it was obvious to me that the services were trying to inform the public. But our military editor wasn't turning in any copy that showed it. So, one day when he was sick, I went through his mail. And right then I started my collection of military public-information releases.

The collection is pretty impressive by now and I'd like to encourage a lot more people to start one so that we could swap items back and forth. It's an easy, inexpensive hobby and far more informative than coin- or stamp-collecting because it gives you an insight into the American military mind. Let's begin with the first item I turned up in the military editor's mail that August day.

It came from the Fitzsimons Army Hospital, Denver, and like 99 per cent of all military "news" items it was for immediate release with no strings attached. It began:

> It's cool, colorful Colorado, the Mile-High city of Denver, for Warren ——— THIS SUMMER. Warren has been receiving technical training . . . (and) a rugged, healthful course of athletics . . .

Admittedly Mile-High Warren is a rare find, but there are thousands more around just waiting for the perspicacious collector. For example, I have a Fleet-footed Jackrabbit (mint, perfect condition) that wasn't even removed from the envelope by the military editor who received it. It began:

> Fleet-footed jackrabbits on the desert near El Centro, Calif., scattered for cover recently when their homes were razed by rockets and machine-gun bullets. All the commotion was caused by Fighter Squadron ——, of the U. S. Navy, training with live ammunition, and nobody knew how to use it better than William ———, airman, USN . . .

The beginning collector won't want to miss any of the regular items either: the picture of the hometown boy who was named "Soldier

of the Week" for not lousing up too many orders at his camp; the story about the "host of movieland notables" who boarded a naval vessel unseen by the hometown boy attached to it; and all the rest. Hundreds of these are thrown away every day.

If you start collecting military releases, you need never worry about a shortage of material. The Fleet Home Town News Center which "centralizes and standardizes" public information for the Navy and Marine Corps "dittoes" an average of 6,569 releases every working day, even when it means putting both military and civilian personnel on night shifts to "keep the news from becoming stale." After only nine years of operation, it recently observed the issuance of its ten millionth item by sending out a commemorative release with a photograph of a Marine Corps field officer looking at it.

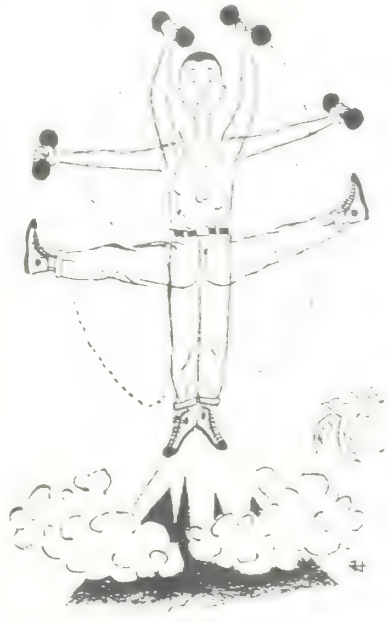
The Army Home Town News Center, which didn't get started until 1951—and is just now "phasing in" the Second, Third, and Fourth Armies—has a daily mailing rate of 9,043 copies of releases. (Neither of these figures includes plastic engraving plates, TV slides, or radio tapes which are not recommended for the neophyte collector anyway.)

The Air Force is hometownless, but the public information officers at its individual bases are in there cranking. So, too, are their opposite numbers at every station, camp, fort, base, district, and installation of the other services, regardless of what the two Home Town News Centers put out.

This means the services' combined output is in the neighborhood of 15,000 written releases every working day—or close to 4,000,000 a year. And it will be a good deal more once the Army has finished phasing in those three partly phased armies.

Getting hold of the releases isn't hard either. It helps if you work on a newspaper, but it isn't necessary. Your local paper's military editor will gladly supply you. Based on a poll I recently took of sixty papers, about 75 per cent of all military information sent out never gets into print, and is therefore available to the collector in its pristine form.

The releases come typed, dittoed, mimeographed, or with blanks filled in in illegible writing. (The last are from those outfits that have not yet been standardized and phased in and are increasingly rare collectors' items.) All of them arrive in franked envelopes, which is a great economy for the services. But some are tightly packed in regular-sized envelopes, a dozen at a time, and some arrive singly in heavy-grade 8 x 11 manila envelopes. Sometimes several copies of the same release arrive in the same mail, or even in the same envelope. This gives collectors a chance at duplicates they can use for trading.



Military information divides into three broad categories: personal, general, and pictorial. A collector might concentrate on any one.

Here are some examples of the personals:

(1) "Appearance and a knowledge of General Orders" won Private Bernard ——— the honor of being Regimental Commander's Orderly recently.

(2) Doing more than his share fighting Communist aggression [by] donating blood for wounded comrades is Robert ———. (With a foreshortened picture of Robert, supine on a table, and three Red Cross nurses hovering about him.)

(3) First Lieutenant Edgar ——— has just completed the season as manager of the —— Quartermaster Subsistence Depot Company softball team which won the championship in the tough ——— League. (With a 5 x 7 close-up of the lieutenant and three team members admiring what appears to be a trophy.)



(2) Morgan Second Class Warder ——— won third prize in the [wing's] Fine Arts Contest recently. (Three identical copies of this release, all cleared by the censor, and four identical 8 x 10 glossy prints of Warder and his painting were sent to Warder's home-town paper. I'm prepared to swap a Fine-Arts Warder, *with picture,* for any classmate of Mile-High Warren.)

(5) Among the crewmen aboard the attack aircraft carrier USS ——— who recently took a chairlift to Mt. Vesuvius was Eugene ———.

I MIGHT mention in passing that "The Navy in the Mediterranean" is one of the most attractive fields for the specialist. Each sight-seeing tour gets a release for each man who took the tour. These are capsule Baedekers.

At Vesuvius "the men were able to descend 250 feet into the giant crater where steam poured from beneath the fire-eaten rocks." At Pompeii "broken walls, massive gates, decorative fountains, and simple chapels and shrines gave them a graphic impression of how Pompeii looked in 56 B.C. [*sic*]." And there are equally illuminating tidbits about other such tourist meccas as Beirut, Algiers, Augusta, Naples, Athens, and Rome.

In the category of general releases, you'll find such items as:

(1) The Rod and Gun Club last week replaced the recent loss of its deer by purchasing five more of the animals and releasing them on the Fort ——— reservation.

The Fort ——— PTA will add more [illegible] series of programs by featuring during its March meeting a debate between Fort [illegible] and [a nearby] High School de[illegible]

(3) The first day of the National All-Age Fox Hunt at Fort ——— followed the early pattern of the Chase Futurity: the hounds struck a scent early in the morning dampness, only to lose it as the increasing heat dried the terrain and with it the trail. . . . Although no foxes were run to earth, the chase at one time drew so close that riders actually saw the fox in the distance. . . . [This Fox and Hounds is one of the rarest items in my collection. It gloriously fails to mention the military anywhere in its two mimeographed pages, and in the two 5 x 7 photographs accompanying it there appear only four dinner-jacketed huntsmen, four well-gowned huntswomen, and one stuffed fox.]

(4) And today, in the "styled-by-Hattie-Carnegie" new generation of our times, Army nursing offers . . .

THESE written releases speak for themselves. But it is hard to describe the appeal of military information photographs. You have to see them to feel them.

They are of three kinds: individual, split group, and cohesive group. The individual shots run to stereotypes. The Army's look more like passport photos than anything else. The Navy occasionally poses its subjects with some handy shipboard prop like a sextant, alidade, sound-powered phones, or binoculars. And the Air Force gets some wild-blue-yonder into theirs by directing the subject to focus on a point about ten miles away and 5,000 feet up.



The split-group photo, the second most common type sent out, is the least often reproduced in newspapers because it can seldom be compressed into less than a three-column engraving and newspapers won't give it that much space. Therefore these pictures are constantly available for collectors and offer the beginner a rich vein to tap.

The composition of the split-group photo unconsciously reflects modern military thinking on dispersal of forces. You don't jam two platoons together in the field, and you don't let two people get near each other in a picture. Everybody remembers what happened to those parked planes when Pearl Harbor was attacked.

Two examples will suffice to show how this thinking manifests itself:

(1) *The Last Official Act.* This can be any officer doing anything, but in my best specimen it is a flight surgeon. He is giving his relief a stethoscope. They have to reach lengthwise across a desk to make contact. Between them is a large expanse of blank wall.

(2) *The Check-Passing or Congratulation.* An officer, three-quarter front, hands an award check of some kind to, or shakes hands with, an enlisted man, three-quarter rear. Between them appears a wall plaque bearing the insignia of their outfit.

The third type of military photo, the cohesive group picture, seldom gets in the papers either, but for entirely different reasons. It reflects the Quartermaster Corps' concept of secure packing. There is no empty space in the picture. Every hundredth of an inch is filled with unrecognizable faces, all staring straight at the camera. These are usually the month's suggestion-award winners, the twenty construction workers who simultaneously donated blood, the receiving line at the commanding officer's reception, and the like.



For the serious collector, only the suggestion-award shots offer any challenge in this category. If you're persevering, you may be able to acquire a whole set of these month-by-month, for the same award from the same installation. The cast of characters will be different in each except for the ranking officer on the right end of the line, and it's informative to watch how he changes as the months go by.

If you want to start a collection, I'd suggest you begin with the nearest military installation. Your local paper probably gets everything they put out. And, although I've never heard of its being tried, I suspect you might even get yourself put on their mailing list. Once the stream has begun to flow your way, you'll develop your own particular interests.

I should sound one note of caution, however. Until you are experienced, don't try to specialize in a single individual. Any advanced collector or military editor knows that it's theoretically possible to get a complete set on an individual, from the moment of his induction to his eventual discharge. This would include a separate release every time he moved from one outfit to another; his duties, schools, and sight-seeing tours; the birth of any children on a military reservation (including birth weight and mother's condition); his sports, artistic, and recreational diversions; at least one head-and-shoulders shot; and—if he distinguished himself in any unusual way, like being "selected to be part of the military escort" of a visiting VIP—a shot of him standing at a respectful distance from the VIP. But don't be tempted to concentrate on him. There's always the faint chance that some PRO will fail to issue a release on just that bit of trivia that would complete your set.



Of course, it's conceivable that your whole hobby may blow up—if some military editors ever live up to their recurrent threats to launch a crusade to make the services put out news and feature stories instead of information; or if the Post Office's grumbles about the tonnage of franked mail are ever heeded; or if a recalcitrant economy drive ever starts paring the military's annual public-information budget—which is already, after much whittling, down to a paltry $3,500,000 now for personnel, supplies, travel, and multiple publications. And it's even possible that some day a few of the really good public information officers in the lower echelons may reform from within, if they can ever penetrate the brass curtain behind which public-information policy is made.

But as things now stand, none of these possibilities seems very likely.

Fatal accidents, suicides, and murders often look strangely alike—but in the laboratory of the Morgue, Alexander Gettler has developed a battery of scientific tests that are making homicide hard to conceal.

The Man Who Reads Corpses

Robert Bendiner

THE celebrated French criminologist, Alphonse Bertillon, is supposed to have said that it is impossible for a bird to fly through a cloud without leaving traces. For thirty-six years it has been the unique function of Dr. Alexander O. Gettler to demonstrate that the actions of human beings are even less to be hidden than those of birds on the wing and that for freezing a quick deed into a permanent record a cloud is hardly to be compared with the heart, brain, stomach, or lungs of a reasonably preserved corpse.

A crusty, precise man of seventy, barely saved from an air of primness by an ever-present cigar, Alexander Oscar Gettler, Ph.D., LL.D., is New York City's Chief Chemist in Toxicology, a title he has held since 1918, when the ancient coroner system was replaced by the Office of the Medical Examiner. In that time he has peered at, weighed, dissected, pulverized, and analyzed the vital organs and juices of more than 100,000 persons who had come to a sudden or suspicious end. As a result of these labors, authors of crimes both near-perfect and crude have gone to the electric chair and innocent persons have been spared. Insurance companies have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars on double indemnity clauses in "accidents" that turned out to be suicides, and beneficiaries have made thousands on "natural deaths" that turned out to be accidental. Criminology in New York has been revolutionized and the deductive powers of fallible detectives have been all but replaced by the inflexible laws of the laboratory.

The scene of Dr. Gettler's macabre activity is the drab brick Pathology Building of Bellevue Hospital at 29th Street and First Avenue, popularly known as the Morgue but referred to by its staff, with the heavy jocularity of medical circles, as "The Country Club." Here, at the rate of about 3,000 a year, are brought the remains of those who are thought to have succumbed to homicide in any of its forms; most suicides; and all who die without benefit of a doctor's certification. For most accident victims, too, this is the next-to-the-last port of call, since even in seemingly clear-cut cases an autopsy may show sufficient alcohol in the brain to make considerable difference in a lawsuit.

A creaky ride in a venerable elevator brings one to the fourth-floor laboratory, where Dr. Gettler presides at a musty, cluttered desk in a room lined with jars of henbane, belladonna leaves, dried Spanish flies, and other witches' ingredients. In an adjoining museum are such relics of the trade as the charred muscle of the captain of the ill-fated *Morro Castle;* the bottle of whisky, flavored with bichloride of mercury, that Ruth Snyder gave to Judd Gray after their joint essay in crime; and a vial of luminal extracted from the brain of Starr Faithful, which proved that she could not have thrown herself into the sea off Long Beach, as the police said, since she was patently in a deep sleep at the time she reached the water.

Proof in a Test Tube

DR. GETTLER is used to seeing himself depicted in feature stories as a super-sleuth in white, relentlessly tracking down crime by test tube, retort, and Erlenmeyer flask. However, he does not consider himself a detective at all, but rather a scientist and teacher. He is less interested in the solution of particular crimes than in the formula-

tion of laws that may be applied mechanically by the less gifted, and his favorite cases are those that illustrate the tests he has devised and made standard procedure.

A prime illustration is the Gettler test for death by drowning. Until his time a coroner was apt to bring in an automatic report of drowning for any body fished out of the water. Such striking evidence to the contrary as, say, the absence of a head, was enough to force an exception to the rule, but nothing much short of that. Almost as soon as he took up his post, Gettler worked out the simple but novel test that he has used consistently ever since.

Among his early cases was that of a man and woman whose bodies had been washed ashore within the city limits. A cursory police examination indicated drowning, and if no further work had been done the files would have been marked "suicide" and closed. But when Gettler had finished his work, the police found themselves confronted by a clear case of double murder.

The technique, as the doctor explains it, sounds elementary enough. Water that enters the lungs has one of two effects on the blood reaching the left chamber of the heart, depending on whether it is salt water or fresh. In the one case the chlorite content is naturally increased; in the other it is diluted by fresh water. But the blood in the heart's right chamber remains the same, since death occurs before the adulterated blood can be pumped through the system and around to the right cavity. Any difference in the salt content between the samples drawn from the two chambers, therefore, indicates death by drowning.

Since in the case of the two bodies under discussion Dr. Gettler found no such difference, it was apparent that the couple had met their deaths in some other fashion and been thrown into the water afterwards. Further examination revealed head injuries, and the case was turned over to detectives. Ultimately, as a result of this analysis of a few drops of blood, a local shopkeeper was arrested and confessed to having disposed of the pair as potential business rivals.

In one of the strangest cases ever to come his way, Gettler was able to save the life of a dock worker who seemed so obvious a murderer that he believed in his own guilt. One November morning in 1926, Patrolman Anderson noticed a man approaching India wharf in Brooklyn with a bundle on his shoulder. Something about his behavior roused the policeman's suspicions and he asked him what he had in the bundle. "My working clothes," the man answered, and walked on. A minute or two later the officer, now barely within sight, wheeled around to see the stranger kick his bundle into the river and take off at a run.

Overtaken in short order, the man first gave a name and address which a quick check showed to be fictitious, then confessed his true name, Francisco Trapia, and directed the police to his shabby little apartment. There, propped up in a corner, they found the torso of a woman and, nearby, the severed head. Subsequently the arms and legs were dredged up from the East River. Trapia, pleading only that he and the woman had been drinking heavily the night before, confessed to the crime, though he couldn't say how he had committed it. There seemed to be nothing to do but get a quick and easy conviction.

Dr. Charles Norris, the first of New York's Chief Medical Examiners, and Dr. Gettler were not as easily persuaded as the police and the District Attorney. Applying laboratory tests, they found, first, that the dead woman had, as Trapia said, absorbed a considerable quantity of alcohol. More surprising, they discovered that instead of the one per cent of carbon monoxide considered normal, her blood contained well over the 35 per cent that spells death.

By questioning Trapia again and revisiting the scene of the alleged crime, they were able to reconstruct the actual chain of events. In their drunken stupor the dock worker and the woman had fallen asleep. Carbon monoxide from a leaky stove, heavy enough only to daze Trapia, had been enough to finish his companion. When he woke up, befuddled, he assumed that he had killed her, perhaps in a forgotten quarrel, and in panic proceeded to dispose of the body in the only way that occurred to him.

Gettler and Norris warned the District Attorney that he could not get a conviction in the light of the testimony they would offer, and they were right. Unfortunately the dock worker was unable to express his gratitude for some time, since the law provides three

sons guilty for the unauthorized disposing of a body or fractions thereof.

The reverse of the Trapia case was the Gilman affair, which occurred a few years earlier. Around nine o'clock in the morning the police were informed that a boy had just discovered his mother dead in her bed, apparently from illuminating gas. Investigation showed a broken gas fixture and indicated that the woman had died in a normal position. Her husband had left for work at seven, and there seemed, superficially, no reason to assume anything but a tragic accident.

But to the trained eye of the assistant medical examiner, who arrived shortly afterward, two circumstances were suspicious. The woman's skin showed none of the pink discoloration usually found in gas cases, and the volume of gas had evidently not been great enough to harm an infant in the same room, although babies are more susceptible to gas than adults. Just to be sure, the case was referred to Dr. Gettler.

Back in the laboratory suspicions were confirmed. Neither lungs nor blood showed the slightest trace of carbon monoxide. Whatever the volume of gas in the room, Addie Gilman had clearly been dead before the fixture broke—or was broken. Further examination showed the imprint of fingers on the back of her neck and a broken cartilage in her throat. The case ultimately drawn up against Mr. Gilman was that he had suffocated his wife by holding her face against the pillow, then turned her over on her back, damaged the gas fixture, turned it on, and left for work. On Dr. Gettler's testimony he was convicted.

Since fire victims invariably take in a large quantity of carbon monoxide, the same test [illegible] used repeatedly to determine whether persons who seem to have burned to death might not have been murdered first and the fire set later to cover the crime.

A typical case of this sort occurred a few [illegible] ago, when a Brooklyn apartment-house fire appeared to have cost the lives of a woman and two children. A cursory examination of the charred remains would have prompted an old-fashioned coroner to report "accidental death from fire" and let it go at that. But as a matter of routine the bodies were sent in for the usual blood test. Dr. Gettler found no carbon monoxide. With the probability of murder and arson, a careful autopsy was done, revealing skull fractures and lacerations of the brain. Police promptly picked up a man who had roomed in the apartment, and in time they had the expected story. He had killed his landlady in a rent quarrel, dispatched her two grandchildren because they had witnessed the crime, and then, for obvious reasons, set fire to the apartment.

The "Case of the Two Undertakers," as Conan Doyle might have called it, shows that faking a fatality of this sort does not always imply murder. In this imaginative affair a mortician took out a large double-indemnity policy on his life, with his partner as beneficiary. A few months later their bungalow burned to the ground and a body was found in the ruins, burned beyond recognition. The beneficiary claimed that the victim was his partner and applied for the double indemnity. But as luck would have it, some of the internal organs were sufficiently intact to give Dr. Gettler a good day's workout. The lungs showed an advanced case of pneumonia, whereas the missing undertaker had been seen in perfect health two hours before the fire; there was no trace whatever of carbon monoxide poisoning; and formaldehyde, of all things, was found in various organs, indicating that the body had once been embalmed. The obvious, and correct, solution was that the plotters had made use of a "customer" to promote an insurance swindle.

Making Murder Obvious

Dr. Gettler is a specialist's specialist. Ask him for highlights of his career and he is not likely to mention the parade of celebrated figures whose fates have hung upon the routine of his day-to-day activity. He will hand you instead a collection of such lightly titled works as "Isolation From Human Tissues of Easily Volatile Organic Liquids and Their Indentification," "A Distillation Capillary," and that stranger to the best-seller lists, "On the Detection of Benzene in Cadavers."

An interviewer catches, none the less, a faint note of pique that, perhaps because of a pedantic manner and a retiring nature, his work has not won quite the recognition and renown it deserved. Of the several decorations

and citations that have come his way, he is most proud of the one awarded him by the American Academy of Forensic Sciences. "That's a Midwestern group," he points out. "not this bunch here—they don't appreciate the work of this department." Since the city now pays him only $58 a week more than it did in 1918, Dr. Gettler would seem to have a point.

When he took the post in that distant day, the $5,000 salary seemed "not so bad" for a sober young man who had put himself through Columbia by selling tickets for the Staten Island–39th Street Ferry and had risen to an instructorship in biochemistry at Bellevue Medical College. But even then he was something of an authority on poisons—not out of any special predilection but simply because from time to time Bellevue had found it convenient to send him substances for analysis. When Dr. Norris set up shop as the city's first Medical Examiner, it was almost inevitable that Gettler should be invited to come across the street as toxicologist. Combined with teaching toxicology and biochemistry at New York University, the work has afforded him a secure, if not gaudy, living.

In his way Gettler has worked greater change on the city than it has on him. When the coroner's office was a political plum and the post of coroner's physician a sinecure, a really adroit murderer had a reasonably good chance of escaping prosecution. An official report presented to Mayor Mitchell by his Commissioner of Accounts in 1915 contained the flat charge that "The incompetent medical work of the Coroners' physicians persists in the investigation of criminal deaths and deprives the community of an absolutely necessary deterrent of crime. . . . Numerous homicides have undoubtedly failed of detection by reason of this fact. . . . So far as the activity of the Coroner's office in New York City is concerned, infanticide and skillful poisoning can be carried on almost with impunity."

Autopsies were rare under the coroners and post-mortem chemical analyses unheard of. There weren't more than three men in the city capable of giving a considered opinion in matters of toxicology and the price of their "expert" services—requested perhaps once every four or five years—came as high as $30,000. Even now, Gettler says, medical students get practically no instruction in the subject. As a result, he thinks, few general practitioners know a case of strychnine poisoning when they see it—"They're all looking for rare diseases." He is not himself an M.D.

Nevertheless New York today is probably the riskiest city in the country for working Borgias. Suicides by poison run to 100 or 150 annually, but not more than one or two murderers a year make this choice of weapons. With a certain professional scorn, Dr. Gettler says that "People today shoot or they stab." But he modestly attributes the decline in the ancient art to the difficulty of obtaining necessary ingredients at the corner drugstore.

Actually Gettler probably has something to do with it. He has taken this field as his exclusive province and made far-reaching advances. His five assistants do the preliminary work of the department, especially in determining intoxication before death, but Gettler reserves for himself the work on barbiturates and alkaloids—morphine, heroin, strychnine, and so forth. And one of his earliest, most exhaustive, and scientifically impressive achievements was the isolating of tetraethyl lead from human organs. After three weeks of laborious work on the remains of an oil company employee he succeeded in extracting enough lead and lead compounds from the brain, lungs, and bones to establish that the man and several of his co-workers were the victims of lead poisoning from "loony gas," the fumes given off in the processing of tetraethyl lead. As a one per cent "anti-knock" ingredient in gasoline, the substance is harmless enough, but by itself, as Gettler showed, it is deadly.

Among the many who have reason to feel deeply obliged to Dr. Gettler for his way with poisons, not the least indebted is one Charles Webb, of White Plains. Prospects looked exceedingly dark for him some years ago when the family doctor refused to issue a death certicate for Mrs. Webb, who had just left him in sole possession of a $3,000,000 estate. Both the doctor and Webb's in-laws entertained lively suspicions that the deceased had been slowly poisoned with bichloride of mercury tablets, a bottle of which was found in the medicine cabinet. The matter was referred to the District Attorney

and the late Mrs. Webb was referred to Dr. [illegible]

Mercury was soon found in the internal organs, as predicted, but the conscientious toxicologist was not satisfied. There were no lesions of the kidney, which usually appear in bichloride of mercury poisonings. Sacrificing several cats to the cause, he experimented with calomel, and discovered that this harmless drug, which is mercurous chloride, diffuses into the system just as bichloride does but produces neither lesions nor any sort of toxic effect. Mrs. Webb was not poisoned at all, he reported, but died of natural causes—"acute inflammation of the kidneys, Bright's disease, and enlargement of the heart."

If Dr. Gettler plus a few cats rescued Mr. Webb from disaster, Dr. Gettler plus a few dogs spelled disaster for Dr. Max Isenberg. The case is something of a model in the annals of chemical detection.

Mrs. Ruby Gonzales, a woman of thirty-five, was reported to have died of an internal hemorrhage in a midtown office temporarily occupied by Dr. Isenberg. She had walked in from the street, he said, and before he could attend her she was dead—obviously the victim of a bungled abortion performed elsewhere. The assistant medical examiner was doubtful and an autopsy was ordered. Dr. Gettler's task was formidable. Chloroform was present in the brain and lungs: the problem was to establish whether it had been administered before or after her arrival at Dr. Isenberg's. If administered elsewhere, would she have been able to walk to his office? Let Dr. Gettler describe his procedure for finding out:

> Ten dogs were used in the experiments. After being tied to the animal board, they were anesthetized with chloroform, the open mask method being used. They were kept in a state of surgical anesthesia for definite periods. The mask was then removed, and the animals were allowed to recover spontaneously. In order to investigate the chloroform content of the brain [illegible] stages of recovery, the dogs were sacrificed at stated intervals.

[illegible]s showed that while the one dog [illegible] sleep had 270 mg. in the brain, [illegible] killed just as it was beginning to return to normal had only 51.3 mg. From this high the figures scaled down to show that from fifteen to thirty minutes after emerging from anesthesia the brain contains only 30 to 35 mg. of chloroform. And here was Mrs. Gonzales walking the streets, according to Isenberg's story, under the influence of 156! She was obviously chloroformed, Gettler concluded, in the office where she died. A jury agreed, and Dr. Isenberg did several years at Sing Sing.

The Chemistry of Drunkenness

One of the principal chores for Dr. Gettler's subordinates is the processing of human brains for alcohol content, a highly important function in a city that daily records the deaths of persons who have fallen from subway platforms, into factory vats, out of windows, and down elevator shafts; who have stepped in front of busses or rammed their cars into telephone poles, other cars, or what you will. In all such cases the adjudication of damage suits, the settlement of insurance claims, or the payment of workmen's compensation depends in good part on whether the Medical Examiner's Office finds that the deceased was drunk or sober at the time of the accident.

The method for determining intoxication in a dead body is now routine. If a distillation of a small brain section yields 0.25 per cent or more of alcohol, the victim was intoxicated to the point of being unable to walk normally; if less than 0.15 per cent, he was cold sober. Gettler's devising of the test was a major contribution to medical science.

What confronted him, to begin with, was the problem of which organ was best for the measurement of alcoholic content. The stomach had to be ruled out as having no real bearing on the question—the stomach of a man who enjoyed a single shot of bourbon immediately before death would obviously contain more alcohol than that of a drunk who had taken six times the quantity long enough before his demise for it to have passed into his system. The blood is a fairly good guide but not in borderline cases.

In the end Gettler concluded that the most reliable measuring rod was the brain. Regardless of the amount drunk or the drinker's tolerance—a general abstainer may be more susceptible to one drink than an old soak to five—the brain receives the exact quantity of

alcohol that the body fails to oxidize. And it is this unoxidized alcohol that in sufficient quantity results in the foggy state known as intoxication.

The next problem was to fix the quantity. For this purpose Gettler tapped the spines of hundreds of dogs in various states of alcoholism, and of hundreds of drunks brought into Bellevue to sleep it off. Beyond these, he analyzed the brains of literally thousands of persons whose remains were brought in for autopsy and who were known to have been either drunk or sober at the time of death. The figures he arrived at after seven years of work have not been seriously challenged.

Portrait of a Toxicologist

EXCEPT in emergencies Dr. Gettler keeps routine office hours, and on "What's My Line" he might well be put down as a bookkeeper, if not as senior clerk in a venerable dry-goods house. No one would see in him the man who sent a murderer to his reward by a spectroscopic examination of the grass cuttings found in his trousers cuffs. There is nothing in his mild, humdrum appearance to suggest a preoccupation with bloodstains, bits of hair, or sleeping pills—which he says flatly, by the way, cannot be taken accidentally in sufficient quantity to kill. And it is certainly improbable that fellow-commuters who observed him on the way home to Brooklyn one autumn evening in 1929 connected him even remotely with Jeanne Eagels, the details of whose sudden and mysterious death they were at that moment absorbing from their tabloids. Yet it had been his job that day to weigh the brain of the stormy and celebrated actress and to discover what no one else knew—that it was heavy with heroin.

Aside from chemical treatises and technical journals, with which he keeps up to the minute, Dr. Gettler reads little. An occasional round of pinochle is his favorite entertainment, and in contrast with most of his Brooklyn neighbors, he sympathetically follows the fortunes of the Yankees. Like many a septuagenarian—and some others—he feels that the world has degenerated since the brave Horatio Alger days of his youth. Sometimes the quiet and order of the First Avenue "Country Club" seem, in fact, to be a relief, something of a retreat from a misbehaving world.

It would be inaccurate, however, to imply that Dr. Gettler's professional duties rest lightly on him. "I keep asking myself," he says, "have I done everything right?" Occasionally he is kept aware of his work in off hours not only by conscience but by the pointed reactions of interested parties.

A Bronx cab-driver named Becker, for example, had every reason to believe that he had got away with murdering his wife until Gettler stepped into the picture. Letters to the neighbors, purporting to come from Mrs. Becker, informed them that she had quarreled with her husband and gone to live in Philadelphia. But they were skeptical, and so were the police. A few weeks later, detectives came across a suspiciously turned-over plot of ground behind a neighborhood garage and, with no great surprise, dug up an illicitly buried corpse. They had a hunch it was that of Mrs. Becker but large quantities of lye had made identification impossible.

BECKER would have been in the clear if Gettler had not given the clue they needed. Examining what was left of the body, he reported that shortly before death the victim had eaten grapes, nuts, dates, and figs. A check revealed that the neighbor who had last seen Mrs. Becker alive had shared an after-dinner snack with her consisting of—grapes, nuts, dates, and figs. It was the only link, but it was enough. Convicted, the former taxi-driver threatened to "get" the two men he blamed for his plight—the District Attorney and "that guy Gettler." Since Becker was in time executed, Gettler recalls with a slightly chilling amusement, "His threat now seems rather humorous, but at the time it did not strike me as very funny." Gettler is a firm believer in capital punishment—and small wonder.

New York still ranks well up in the tables of crime statistics for American cities. But for fancy homicides, for "perfect crimes," and especially for poisonings, it has undoubtedly become the least attractive site in the United States. For not only can Dr. Gettler exact a detailed story from a corpse, but—and this is his greatest source of pride—he has faithfully and painstakingly instructed others in the magic art of reading cadavers.

A Point of Law

A Story by Morris L. Ernst

Drawings by Lillian Freedgood

Six of us crowded around the small, stained table. The air in the room was thick and the noise of the chatter was insistent. The six of us had one thing which bound us together—we were lonely. Each midnight we would meet at this midtown speakeasy for two or three hours. Any place rather than home. Not that we didn't have agreeable homes.

It takes years of odd chances for a group like ours to form. The talk was seldom exciting. The laughs were few. No one was ever really gay. Such intimacy as there was seemed superficial, though the warmth we felt toward each other was real. It was a kind of relationship that stuck because no one of us would dream of asking a favor of any other. A request was something like the old man ordering you around when you were a kid. It meant domination or tyranny.

There was seldom a lull in the talk. Or a purpose. Someone said something about the Baer-Carnera fight. Al shunted it to the subject of showing off. Phil picked up Maxie's yawn and the arrogance of the way he thumbed his nose at chance. Mary said you couldn't yawn when you wanted to. It was a reflex. No, it was a suggestion. I wondered what they would find our twentieth-century folklore to be. Didn't folklore end with the discovery of printing? Lou thought it was still there, buried under tons of tabloids. Hope the newspaper reporters get what they are after in the way of wages without a strike.

"They won't," said Phil. "They don't want it enough to win it."

"No one wants anything enough," said Ed. "I don't want to go home, and I don't want to stay.

"There's not much use wanting," Ed continued. "We're living in a glut. Here I spend all day at the bank adding up millions of dollars. I actually saw millions in the vault less than ten hours ago. Millions of dollars that the vaults didn't care about and that millions of people wanted."

Someone said that dirt was misplaced earth and Ed picked the remark up to show that nearly everything was dirty because everything was misplaced. Wheat wasn't meant for warehouses, but for stomachs. Cotton wasn't meant for rotting in the fields, but for clothes. No one ever had just the right amount of anything—they always had too much or too little.

One more round of brandies. We drank little brandy ponies, not beer like the young boys in the back room or whisky concoctions like the wisecracking literary crowd at the rattan table in the other corner.

"Don't glut your brandy," Phil said.

He was the only wise one of the bunch. He knew what all this cockeyed world was about. "Not much," he used to say. "Just cockeyed. It can't mean anything until we get over that damned foolish belief that people get what they deserve. Hell, no one gets what he deserves. Everyone deserves much more of everything than he has. The hungry deserve food, the rich deserve thrills and excitement, the humble deserve fortitude, the old maids deserve lovers. There's plenty to go around,

even of lovers. We just have to learn to be ruthless."

Ed looked at Phil and you could see he envied him. Ed was a soft, sensitive man. He and Mary had tried for one whole spring to trample people. But they had none of the underfoot power that pushed Phil up to what everyone thought was success.

Ed kept harping on the gluts of life.

"Maybe time is the biggest surplus. Killing time is the only way to kill the glut of life."

I SUGGESTED there was a limit to that idea because the worthy legislature of the Empire State had declared in solemn words that to attempt suicide was a crime. "You see," I said, "you have a legal right to waste time but to kill it is immoral, and illegal if you fail in the attempt."

"There's no need of such a law," said Ed. "When people are tired of life—really glutted with it, they just go off and die. And other people keep on living long after the doctors have said Finis. The rule works both ways. Everyone dies when he's through. Look at your transatlantic fliers. Most of them have died. They wanted to. At least they cared so little about living that they took longer odds than any of us would take."

"Nonsense," said Al. "You might want to live and the next thing you know, or don't know, you are run down right at Fifth Avenue by a brand-new taxicab."

Ed wasn't convinced.

"How could we know if when you were hit by the cab you hadn't been mooning or dreaming or behaving in some careless way? I don't mean careless about crossing streets. I mean careless about crossing life."

I thought Ed was in trouble with his theory for, if the taxi hit a drunk, surely the Lord took care of children and drunks.

Ed was still in doubt. He picked up Mary's half-empty Camel package, gulped down the last few sips in her brandy glass, grabbed her hand, and said, "Go to it, Gluts. We're off for home. See you Thursday."

We all liked Ed. For that matter, we liked each other. But that didn't stop us from reaching for the meanest and most improbable explanations for any of our failures or lonelinesses. Before Ed and Mary had gone out through the second door, Phil had started in on them.

"What a lucky couple they are. They got the perfect break when that kid of theirs died. If it had happened to them sooner—or later—it would have killed them. People don't learn from books or talk or law or even experience. The only hope is a blow, a real wallop that lands in the right place at the right time of



"There's not much use wanting . . ."

life. Mine all came during adolescence, and they aren't worth a damn that way. They hit into mush, not bone and muscle."

Mario came around: "Last rounds. Haven't you got homes? It's after three. Drink 'em up."

I never did go back to Mario's. That corner suddenly became too alive for me because our talk that night was tied to life, and talk is only safe if it is remote and unreal. What I wanted was safety—safety from what I never quite knew.

BY THE time I got home the phone was ringing. "Mary, what the hell? Hit? Hurt? I'll be right over." I grabbed a cab and got to Ed and Mary's neat respectable three room apartment in no time.

As I came in the door Mary looked stunned and calm.

I guess he really meant it, Bill. He really didn't want to live after the kid died and he felt the glut. It all happened so suddenly, I guess that's why I can't cry. And it was a taxi. I don't know whether it was new or not."

Words were no use. I grabbed Mary's two hands, pulled her toward me, sat her on the couch. There we sat for minutes while softly, occasionally, I patted her shoulder. She looked ahead at a wall on which I have no doubt thousands of pictures appeared. It isn't the drowning who get a kaleidoscopic view of past events. It's the ones who don't drown, who are left behind, who gather in a pied fashion all the little pictures that make up a history. The first glance of the eye, the sheepish look when the pay was cut, the envy when another suitor stepped in, the tears when the doctor said the baby couldn't live, the walking trip in Vermont, the hatred of cousin May who loaned that never-repaid hundred dollars.

I went into the other room where the elevator boy from the apartment house and the doctor who lived downstairs had put Ed on the bed. Mary smiled as she looked at the two beds, because, she whispered to me, they had put Ed on her bed and not his own. As if that could mean something, because, when things like birth and marriage and death happen, they seem to give everything else a special and intended meaning.

Ed didn't look happy. He looked just as he had when he described people starving in the middle of millions of dollars. Maybe when the cab hit him he was saying, "Too damn many cabs and thousands of people have to walk to work."

THE doctor was writing with a gold pencil on a neat little pad. On the top of each sheet one of those forbidding R's with a line across appeared. The doctor was making an inventory, a stock taking. Name, age, occupation, time, place, cause. That's the hurdle. Who ever really knows the cause? A taxi. A wet pavement. A tired Ed. A few brandies. An urge to keep Mary from slipping. A taxi-driver in a hurry. Cause of the hurry leads into many more paths. Maybe the driver had been riding the street for twelve hours. Maybe he had a Mary at home. Maybe he had had a brandy or even just a beer. Maybe he was dreaming or trying to figure out for the thousandth time how little he had earned during his long hours of hacking. Can one forget so easily about everything within reach when one tries to figure out 40 per cent of $8.60 plus $1.65 in tips, less that sandwich at lunch time and the two beers?

The doctor obviously wasn't interested in anything that didn't show on a meter. Blood pressure and temperature are real to doctors because they show up in numbers.

"How many drinks?" he asked. He didn't know how to add or balance drinks against wishes or dreams.

Mary didn't seem concerned. Only what she felt mattered—not what she heard or what people could say.

George, the elevator boy, wasn't white and calm and Anglo-Saxon. He was afraid of death, he had liked Ed, and, you could see, he wanted to do something about it. He waited respectfully for the doctor to finish his minute scribbling. Then, with zeal, he told about the cab that had swerved in toward the curb.

"No sir, the taxi didn't run right off. He helped me pick up Mr. Ed. We laid him on the long stone bench in the lobby." And then with a pride that overwhelmed death or pain he nearly shouted, "I got his number."

MARY looked my way. She seemed to want an ending without a man hunt. The doctor just put down the number. I confess my law training started my mind off with the taxi-driver's number as a springboard. Tort action. Worthless against one of the poverty-stricken driver-owner cabs. Hope it was one of the big fleets. Maybe they'll try to prove Ed had been drinking. A teetotaler on the jury will beat Mary. What can we do with that hit-and-run law? Maybe that driver did run away too soon. No use jailing him just because I don't happen to know his wife. Funny if he should be married to a girl named Mary. Maybe they just had a baby who died. Maybe he wants to live. Has Mary got any money to live on? Ed didn't leave a nickel, I'm sure, unless he had some insurance.

Mary stopped the excited George, the mathematical doctor, and myself from stepping out further into our only possible roles in the scene. "Won't you all go? There are too many people here. Ed and I had a swell start being alone and hardly talking to each other. I want to go over all that once more. Don't worry about me."

George said, "Good night, Mrs. Wells. I'm in the hall if you want me." The doctor started to stretch out his hand to shake a good night. I closed the door without a word.

When people die they leave what is called affairs, which someone has to look after. Mary didn't call me in, or retain me, as we say. I just took charge, and soon found out that for the law there were no affairs, only an affair. Board of health, police department, hack-drivers' bureaus, district attorneys, and judges were all put into motion. A cab had hit Ed Wells. Society blew its trumpet call—something had to be done. A thing called justice had to be dug up out of it all.

What appeared on the police blotter was clear. Aleck Sambino, age 47, married, no children, residence 618 East Moon Street, good reputation, only two prior convictions and both for passing traffic lights, six years working for Ed Maloney's small fleet, driving the same cab the last three years, formerly a carpenter's assistant, sober, arrested the day after the "accident" and identified by George the elevator boy. Declared he saw a drunken man and lady crossing the street. Man darted or reeled in front of the cab. Aleck thought no harm had been done. Just a bump. But he got scared and ran, after helping take the gent inside the apartment house.

Mrs. Sambino was worried about her husband because when he got in at about four o'clock that morning he woke her up, a thing she didn't like and that didn't happen often. He told her he had waked her because he wanted her to know he had had some swell luck. Over twenty dollars. She remembered it very well because on the day before Aleck had been afraid to report to the boss that he had taken in only four dollars all day long; so he had driven through the park for six miles with his flag down as if he had picked up a fare. That's how scared he was of the boss and of losing his job. But Mrs. Sambino didn't understand why Aleck wasn't happier. He had forgotten to put the saucer of milk out for the cat. Not until the cops came and arrested Aleck had he told her anything about that drunken man falling on the curb.

The affair was ready to come to court. Aleck might pay for his carelessness and particularly for hitting and running. Isn't it funny, I thought, how the lawmakers try to stop people from running away from the scenes where they have caused suffering. It's lucky they try it only with automobile accidents. Emotional runovers lead to much speedier runoffs, but those can't be stopped.

If Aleck were sent away his wife would be on the town—on the ever-increasing charity list. Aleck had some sensible defenses. He didn't mean to do it. He didn't know he had killed a man. He didn't know Ed. He was awful sorry for Mrs. Wells. And if all that wasn't enough, then he could swear Ed had been drinking, and it was Ed's fault, not Aleck's.



"How many drinks?" he asked.

As I went over Aleck's story I didn't dare tell Mary that what happened in less than a minute might mean not only the end of Ed, but the jailing of Aleck and the misery of Aleck's wife. Probably even Aleck's cat would feel the blow of Aleck's cab against Ed's body.

[illegible] was a further complication. Ed had left a ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy.

"To Mary if she survives me, and if she predeceases me then to my heirs at law."

Ed was insured in a mutual company—one of those huge gatherings of capital and insurance policies where a few big shots run the entire works and once a year write to the policyholders:

"Dear Member of Your Insurance Company. We want to tell you about the progress You have made in Your company during the last season." All that "your" stuff fools people, even though it is just as remote and unreal as if they talked about your moon and your stars. Yours to look at, but just try to do something to them.

That was my job, for the agent calmly told me that Mary couldn't get a cent under Ed's policy if Ed was drunk at the time of the accident.

"You see," he explained, "Mr. Wells bought one of those cheaper policies which excluded



"He was careless with life . . ."

benefit in case of death while intoxi-

[illegible]is big thing called justice might come [illegible] question of whether Ed took that last sip of brandy out of Mary's glass before he left Mario's, ages ago last Tuesday morning. A little brandy misplaced might put Aleck in jail or let him go free. And the same sips might mean misery and want for Aleck's wife, or for Mary. Mary could make good use of the $10,000—and Aleck's wife needed him for his $40 a week.

Of course, I had to tell Mary about the insurance company, and Aleck and Aleck's wife and cat. She listened as people do when they have suffered. Without seeming to hear they understand.

"You mean," she said, "who should get the money, Aleck's wife or me."

"No," I said, "there's no insurance money coming to Aleck's wife."

She smiled, "Oh you lawyers, you one-track men. If Aleck goes to jail then his wife is out money, isn't she? What difference does it make if it's ten thousand in one hunk to me or forty dollars a week for the five years that Aleck may be up the river?"

"No difference," I agreed.

"Why can't we both have it?" suggested Mary. It was just as if a poet had written the way out of the nation's economic mess. "Why can't I get the insurance so that I can look around for a job, take my time, get my breath, and at the same time Aleck be allowed to drive his taxi in peace? Only the millions of policyholders in our company would lose a part of a cent apiece."

I EXPLAINED that there was no way of taking a vote of all the policyholders; that if they knew Mary they certainly would make the contribution gladly or at least they wouldn't care enough about the penny to vote against it.

Then with one more line of poetry she hinted that maybe that was the function of a real judge—he should cast the ballot for the policyholders. He could look over Aleck and his wife and the cat, and Mary, and let everyone leave the courtroom in what people called happiness.

This whimsy of Mary's gave me my clue. At first I thought that if Mary never saw Aleck's wife she might be willing to fight for the insurance money. It's always fairly easy to rob a distant, invisible stranger. But I knew Mary, glimpsing Aleck and his wife in the courtroom on the day of Aleck's trial, would never take care of herself. She didn't care enough about living and food and clothing and ease and comfort. Or at least her clothes would surely have hung badly if they were

purchased with Aleck's loss of freedom.

Then Mary pointed out to me one possible solution.

THE case of "People against Sambino" was called midst the shuffle of many feet in the magistrates' court. The doctor took the stand. He was acting as if he was too busy to come to court and testify but I could see that not so deep down, he was having a fine time being oracular and pompous. No, he couldn't be sure that Ed was drunk. The smell of the breath isn't a sure test, Judge. No, not even a man's walk can be used with certainty. No autopsy had been taken.

Phil and Al and Lou told their simple stories of the two or three brandies—taken with no visible effect. But Ed had been hit by something before he landed at Mario's that night, they all agreed. No one of them told the judge about the millions of unused dollars and Ed's hatred of glut alongside of want.

Aleck took the stand. I watched Mary as Aleck described Ed as frightfully unsteady on his legs, rolling, reeling, helped by his wife. Aleck was fighting to keep out of jail. He wanted to drive his hack tomorrow and tomorrow and many tomorrows.

George added little to the evidence. You could see that to be a witness was important in his life, and he was only too anxious to put Aleck behind the bars. If the judge had talked to him privately, I am sure George would have revealed at least part of his motive, "Of course I'm for my tenants."

At this stage of the case the judge could have guessed either way. Ed was drunk, Aleck gets off. Ed was not drunk, Aleck goes to jail.

Originally I had planned to let nature take its course, but not to let Mary testify no matter what happened. However, when she had pointed to a potential way out for everyone, I made up my mind to put her in the witness chair. After George had tried to beat Aleck and win Mary her $10,000, I asked the judge to call Mary to the stand.

I can't remember my questions nor Mary's answers, because my part in the examination was unimportant. Mary told her story starting at the end and working backward. We all realized that that is the easiest way to explain the acts of human beings. If you tell of facts marching forward there always seem to be any number of forks or choices and no single choice ever seems inevitable. If you start at death and move backward in time there seems to be only one path, because we have been trained to think of death as an ineluctable event at the end of a single road.

"Ed wanted to die in front of Aleck's cab at that very moment," Mary stated. "Any cab would have answered his purpose. He didn't want to live. He wasn't drunk—hadn't been for years. He wasn't even a heavy drinker. He had three brandies, not two as some of my friends have testified. In fact, he took the last drops out of my glass that night. He didn't commit suicide as you judges would say. He had his own ideas about that word. Aleck didn't kill Ed. Ed didn't commit suicide. He just didn't want to live. He was careless with life. He cared less about life than about death."

The judge, fortunately for us, seemed to understand what Mary was saying.

Mary stopped talking on the same mellow key on which she had begun. She stepped down from the uncomfortable chair. Aleck never knew what she had said, but a gruff clerk came up to him and muttered, "Beat it, you're in luck. Go back to your cab."

I took Mary's hand and swung it gently as we walked out of the court room. Mary looked at me and said, "I think the judge decided wisely for all the policyholders, even though I should have confessed my own failure—I wasn't able to get Ed to really want to live."

Kind Offices

GEORGE JOHNSTON

ANDREW, an understanding boy,
Helps Cathleen; he gets her toy
Or puts her dolly in her hand;
He sits her up, he makes her stand;
He picks her dolly up again
And gives it back to her and then
Re-erects her on her feet.
In all he does his air is sweet
And magisterial; his smile
Is heaven's blandest. She, meanwhile,
Is rage itself. I cannot tell
Her rage: she's brimstone pits and hell.

Swat is still off the tourist track—but it won't be for long. A report on a tiny country which admits it is "enchanting" . . . where the monarch inspects the plumbing . . . and where the enemy is the Nawab of Dir.

The Wali, and Other Swatis

John Sack

SWAT, a little country not far from Afghanistan, has been drumming up the tourist trade in the last few years, and the results, as any Swati will tell you, are quite amazing. Only two hundred sixty-two persons came to Swat in 1950, the year the Swat Hotel was built; but there were fifteen hundred tourists in 1952 and twice as many in 1953. At this rate, if it keeps up, Swat will have more tourists than citizens by 1961, and, in 1973, the world will be in Swat. Busily getting ready, the people of Swat are raising a sports arena and still another hotel, and there is even talk of a ski lift on one of the Himalayas, which, in Swat, get as high as nineteen thousand feet.

The government has printed two tourist guides—its "propaganda," as it calls it. One of them, a gaudy flier called *Visit This Enchanting Mountain State*, is now available in Peshawar, at the foot of the Khyber Pass, and will soon hit the stands in Karachi. The other, *Glimpses of Swat*, is harder to get hold of, but is a striking document from the very first

> [illegible] constitutes one of the rare regions [illegible] vast and extensive land which Almighty gives to a country only to inspire [illegible] enthusiastic and melting heart, good spirits, purity of vision, ambitious [illegible] and chaste and sublime meditations by a contemplation of its eternal beauty and [illegible]

My own meditations, when I first heard of Swat, were anything but sublime. I was in Lahore, Pakistan, in May, the hottest of the Pakistani months (it was a hundred and eight in the shade, and the cold water at my hotel was scalding). For three days I had been sitting near, or in, the one place in Lahore where, it seemed to me, human life could exist—the swimming pool at the American Consulate—when Mrs. Fisk, the wife of the American Consul, stopped by for a chat.

"If it seems too hot here," she said politely, but pointedly, "perhaps you would enjoy it in Swat."

Mrs. Fisk was genuinely surprised when I told her I had never even heard of Swat. She explained that it is a tiny country, fifty miles wide and a hundred miles long, to the north of Pakistan, or *in* the north of Pakistan, depending on how you felt about it. To the west of Swat, she said, is another country called Dir, of about the same size and shape; to the north is Chitral and, after a thin sliver of Afghanistan, Russia; and to the east is Amb, a country so small, and so difficult to reach, that its ruler, the Nawab of Amb, hasn't been there for half a dozen years. The population of Swat is five lakhs—or, as we would say, five hundred thousand persons—mostly Swati tribesmen who grow corn, wheat, and rice. "You really should go there," Mrs. Fisk concluded. "It's the thing to do, you know."

In a few minutes I learned that half the persons in the consulate had been to Swat at one time or another, usually to cool off. They told me that Swat is an oasis, too, for the

Embassy men from Kabul, Afghanistan. His Excellency the American Ambassador to Pakistan, Mr. Horace Hildrett, was there in March and, as I learned later, had written in the guest book of the Swat Hotel, "My party and I were delighted. Our satisfaction at the time of departure was even higher than at time of arrival."

I'm not sure what our Ambassador meant by this; but the other tourists to Swat have been in no way equivocal. "A dreamland!" said Mary Cawthorn of Karachi. "A delightful surprise," said Eric J. Downton of London. They had praise, too, for its ruler, Ala-Hazrat Ghazi-e-Millat Brigadier Miangul Abdul Haq Jahan Zeb. Zeb, the Wali of Swat, is forty-six years old and has the power of life and death over everyone in his state, including tourists. But, the people at the consulate explained, he is a benevolent dictator who builds schools and hospitals, and who kills only ten or twelve persons a year, all of them criminals, and none of them tourists.

Customs No Barrier

I DECIDED to see Swat for myself, and it was my good fortune to go there not in a bus —or in what passes for a bus in this part of the world—but in the slick green Chevrolet of the Wali himself. The Wali was in town on business, and I ran into him, quite by chance, in the lobby of my hotel, where he was sitting in an overstuffed chair and reading the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore. He seemed to be a reserved sort of man, with a round swarthy face and tight, determined lips —one of the girls at the consulate, in fact, likened him to a Uruguayan businessman. The Wali spoke politely and gently, and, when I asked about it, said he would be happy to give me a lift into Swat.

We left early the next day. Our license plate was SWT-1 and an armed chauffeur was at the wheel; at seventy-five miles an hour he dusted the people of northern Pakistan and raced through Malakand Pass, where Churchill and Gunga Din fought, down to the Swat river and the customs gate at the border. Swat's customs—like its army, its taxes, and its flag, a white blockhouse on a field of green—seem to argue that it is independent from Pakistan. The Wali himself told me, with humor, "I am the supreme authority. I can sentence anyone to death. I am the supreme appellate court, too."

ON THE other hand, the Wali calls himself a citizen of Pakistan. Proponents of the Swat-in-Pakistan theory say, too, that the customs gate isn't *really* a customs gate, and point, as proof, to page three of *Visit This Enchanting Mountain State,* where it says, "If he should pause at the customs barrier at the State boundary, the traveler will find himself at a vantage point for surveying . . . the swiftly flowing water." In most countries, of course, the customs barrier is not a question of "if" or "should"; the traveler jolly well pauses there, swiftly flowing water or no. There is much to be said on both sides, I guess. I myself didn't pause at the customs barrier, or even slow down; but then again, I was in the car of the Wali.

Our road was dusty, and hotter than I thought it would be; but in the distance, at least, were mountains peaked with snow, something I hadn't seen in Pakistan, and alongside in the valley there were thick patches of green. A sign on the roadside bore the words, in English, "IN SAIDU, STAY AT THE SWAT HOTEL." Saidu, or more fully Saidu Sharif, is the capital of Swat, and the hotel, where the Wali dropped me with a cheery good-by, was one story high, white, and clean, like an unassuming American motel.

A man in a turban took my suitcase to a room, and I chatted awhile with the manager, Mohammad Sharif Butt, who told me he had worked thirty years in the great hotels of India and was employed as a cashier at Cecil's in Simla when, in 1950, the Wali spotted him and whisked him off to Swat. Here life was easy, Mr. Butt said. He told me the people of Swat are Moslems, and go to mosque on Friday; Thursday is also a holiday, set aside for hunting and resting, so the people will feel like going to mosque on Friday; and the Wali takes Sunday off, too.

Later in the afternoon I took my first stroll through Saidu Sharif, and found it a quiet little town, quite drab, but with no signs of poverty. Though a few persons had cars or motorcycles, most Swatis either walked or drove about in *tongas*—a horse-drawn cart with just two wheels, and hence level only when no one was in it. Plumes of

red, yellow, and green, wired to the *tongas* and here and there on the horses, added a bit of color to the scene; but otherwise Saidu Sharif was like most of the towns on this earth: narrow, rutted streets, houses of mud and twigs, and the lingering smell of sewage, not at all offensive if you're used to it.

The people of Saidu Sharif were quite friendly, and many cried "Welcome!" to me in the streets. (One boy, in fact, cried "Welcome, my darling!" and persisted in this for several days.) Homosexuality is common among the Swatis, whose women go in purdah, and I often saw men walking hand in hand. The women, if they go out at all, are cloaked from head to foot in heavy white sheeting, much as if a tent had collapsed on them. It must be very uncomfortable in the summer, I imagine, when the temperature goes above a hundred, but the women have made no complaint—at least not an organized one—and a United Nations commission on the status of women, visiting the area a few years ago, said that things are much worse in Central Africa.

The Wali of Swat wears Western clothes, with a vest, and most of the other men have pajama pants and a billowy white shirt that goes down to the knees. The children, in fact, often wear the shirt and no pajamas at all. Half of Swat's children amuse themselves by slinging stones at birds, a peril to the other half of Swat's children, who amuse themselves by sitting in trees.

What a Wali Does

Everyone in Swat loves the Wali, and told me so. To a man, the people I spoke to would agree with *Glimpses,* the propaganda booklet, when it says, "He is the pillar of cloud by day, and pillar of fire by night, and the day is not far off when this land will flow with milk and honey." Indeed, Swat is already flowing with honey—so much that the state now exports it, along with [illegible] and of serape. Swat honey comes in small [illegible] jars and carries the seal, "Approved by Wali Sahib Swat." Endorsing honey jars and [illegible], I was told, is only part of the Wali's duties. He also tries murders, audits the treasury, reads galley proofs for *Visit This Enchanting, etc.,* plays tennis with state guests, decrees speed limits for *tongas,* interviews every job seeker, including the man who cuts the grass at the hospital, and, as the legislative, executive, and judicial branch of the Swat government, has two or three hundred appointments every day.

The Wali himself designed Jahanzeb College in Saidu Sharif, a fanciful building with spiral stairwells, like minarets, on every corner, and he ordained two wings on the Swat Hotel. It now can hold thirty-three tourists at once. The Wali takes a deep interest in tourism, and is liable to swoop down on the hotel any time of day or night, to make an inspection. On these occasions he has found fault with the toilet drains, the BX cable, the quarter rounds, the curtain rods, the electric plugs, the bathtub plugs, the bathtubs, the wash tubs, the wash, the candlesticks, the grass, the flowers, the trees, the hinge on a closet door, and—almost always—the alignment of photographs in the lobby, which depict Rio de Janeiro, Monument Valley, and the Wali of Swat. As he talks, the Wali will carelessly run his fingers along the underside of a sink, and then, like the good army officer that he is, lift them up to show the dust.

The Wali believes in democracy, but the Swatis believe in Walis. "The people must have a strong one, or they'll want another," a professor at Jahanzeb College told me one day, shrugging. The professor believed in democracy, too, but he thought the Wali was doing a good job. Justice under the Wali is fast and fair—at least at present, when a trial is a question of who shot whom and who stole what, though the professor looked with alarm to the day Swat learns of interlocking corporations, double indemnity clauses, and writs of *certiorari.* No lawyers are allowed in court; a murder can be tried with only accused, accuser, and Wali, and the guilty man usually confesses, what with the Wali himself staring down his throat.

One morning I watched the Wali zip through seven cases in less than an hour, meanwhile answering a dozen phone calls, conferring with his chief secretary, Mr. Ata Ullah Khan, on matters of the budget, and appointing two teachers to a grade school in the hills. The courtroom was the Wali's office, a fairly big room whose décor included elk and antelope horns, a map of Swat, a bran-

and-blue rug with patches near the door and under the Wali's swivel chair, a silver spittoon, a Koran, a life of Mohammed, two copies of *Glimpses*, twenty of *Visit This Enchanting Mountain State*, and a penholder inscribed A.C.C.—for Associated Cement Company, I was told. Policemen in gray uniforms led the plaintiffs, defendants, and witnesses into the room, and most of them looked too scared, or too awed, to tell a lie.

"I've been here a long time, after all," the Wali told me later. "I know who the real witnesses are, and who are for hire."

The Wali is hailed through all of Swat as being honest, just, and humane. He does not stone felons, or cut off their hands, saying that the old Islamic law—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"—means the punishment should equal the crime, not re-enact it. Some time ago, for example, a sadist named Abdul Aziz killed a man by torture, and the grieving family demanded an ear for an ear, a nose for a nose, a tooth for a tooth, and an arm for an arm. The Wali of Swat, however, decreed that this would be cruel and unusual (Sharif Khan *vs.* Abdul Aziz, 1939). Aziz was given over to the relatives of the deceased, who were permitted to shoot him, but nothing more. Murder, in the Wali's eyes, can often be excused. When Shazad Gul saw his wife in the arms of a stranger he killed them both, but the Wali acquitted him, and gave his sympathies (The state *vs.* Shazad Gul, 1951). Things like this happen quite a bit in Swat.

The War with the Dir

The people of Swat speak Pushtu, the language of the Afghans, but the word Swat itself is Arabic, and means "black"—the color of the clothes that Swatis once wore. Wali is Arabic for "ruler," simply, but there is a long story behind it. The word is a compromise between the Swatis and the British, who recognized the state in 1926. The Swatis liked "Shah of Swat" but the British didn't: a shah, they said, was more important than a king, or *sounded* so. The British held out for "Nawab of Swat" but, said the Swatis, a nawab is less important than a shah. "Mir of Swat" and "Mehtar of Swat" could be confused with other local chieftains, and "Sultan of Swat" could be confused with Babe Ruth; all of these were considered, but turned down. The upshot was Wali of Swat, which made everyone happy. There have also been, in days gone by, an Akhoond of Swat and a Badshah of Swat. The Akhoond of Swat was immortalized by Edward Lear, who wrote:

> Who, or why, or which, or *what*
> Is the Akond of Swat?
> Is he tall or short, or dark or fair?
> Does he sit on a stool or a sofa or chair,
> or SQUAT?

The Akhoond of Swat, Mr. Lear, was tall and dark, and led the Swatis against the British in 1863. The war went on and on; most of the participants were killed, and the British commander, Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, was wounded. Neville Chamberlain was the grandfather of *the* Neville Chamberlain, and the Akhoond of Swat was the grandfather of the Badshah of Swat. The Badshah built up Swat as it is today. A terrifying figure with his black horse and Martini-Henry rifle, the Badshah galloped through Swat in the Flaming Twenties, leading his people to victory against—to quote from *Glimpses*—"the mountainous area . . . the riparian area . . . other areas . . . uncivilized residents . . . mischief mongers . . . conspiring elements . . . a few tyrannical Khawanin . . . those Khawanin who refused to submit . . . danger from the Dir side . . . the North . . . the West . . . Khudu Khel, Savoy, and Gadun." The Badshah of Swat is still alive today, a sprightly old man with a frazzled white beard, who likes to crack his knuckles. He lives in a castle near Saidu, reads the Koran day and night, and has given the government to his son, the Wali of Swat.

Of the three men—the Akhoond, the Badshah, and the Wali—the Akhoond was by far the most religious. Once he spent twelve years by himself, meditating, and eating nothing but herbs. The Badshah too is a devout man, and fasts from dawn till sunset not only during the month of Ramazan, like other Moslems, but every day of the year. For religious reasons, he wouldn't let Swatis see movies. The Wali pays lip service to Islam, as every Wali must, but, it is felt, his heart is not in it; and when he flew to Europe last spring—his first trip abroad—it was whispered, in more daring quarters, that he went away

just to escape the Ramazan. Indeed, the Wali left Swat on the day the fast began.

The Wali is a progressive man, if not a religious one: besides the college and the Swat hotel, he has built six hospitals for people and one for horses, fifty-six schools, and 375 miles of roads. The people love him for it; yet his rule was built on force and can never be safe. From almost a hundred blockhouses, the police of Swat keep watch on the state. Wherever the Wali goes, they go too; and wherever he goes, he goes in secret. Eyes alert, hands on their Bren guns, the police prowl the corridors near his office; and, when the Wali prays in his garden, they peer suspiciously over the hedges, at the *tongas* passing by. Why should they worry? Whom do they fear?

They fear the Nawab of Dir.

The Wali's eyes grew cold, and his lips got tighter, when he told me of the Nawab. "He is cruel. He is uneducated," said the Wali. "His ideas are primitive ideas. *I* am prepared to be on good terms, but *he* is unprepared."

The Nawab, uneducated, unprepared, rules the land of Dir, and what a difference! The people of Dir have no schools—not even a kindergarten—though they live on the very border of Swat. There is but one hospital in Dir, and it is for dogs—the Nawab's forty dogs, which, next to his forty wives, are his favorite amusement. A satyr and a dissipate, the Nawab has taken drugs for the greater part of his life, until his face, according to those few men who have seen it, is "a sort of blue green." Nothing but fear holds the Diris in fealty. To look upon their Nawab, they know, means almost certain death; and as they pass his castle they step quickly, backs hunched over, eyes on the ground. The Nawab will kill a man for any reason—*e.g.,* for asking why he doesn't build a school.

While the rest of the world was busy fighting the first world war, Dir and Swat too were at each other's throats; and, though their war ended in 1922, border incidents still are common. Even today a Diri's cow will chomp a Swati's grass; "Son of a devil!" cries the Swati; "Weaver!" cries the Diri; and the fight is on. Maliciously, too, the people of Dir will swoop across the border and carry off some Swati cattle, or even some Swati wives. When the government of Swat protests, the Nawab of Dir will investigate and reply, like so many other people these days, "The aggression was from *your* side." The Nawab of Dir and the Wali of Swat, themselves, have never met.

In happy Swat, everyone feels sorry for the people of Dir. As one Swati told me, "They can see that Swat is rising, and famous far and wide, while they, the Diris, are still uncivilized." The only hope for the Diris is when their Nawab is gone, and he is going fast. The Nawab's son, and heir apparent, is a quiet and kind man; and, although the Nawab has been trying to kill him for ten years, he has so far had little success. His accession may end the feud between Dir and Swat, and bring a new era of peace to the Afghanistan border. The son of the Wali of Swat, too, is young, handsome, and devoted to his people; but he will never be the man his father is. Autocracy in Swat is on its way out, and last year, for the first time, the people elected fifteen assemblymen to advise the Wali.

"When I am Wali," the son of the Wali of Swat told me, perhaps a bit sadly, "I will have nothing to do but sign, sign, sign."

A Faith for Our Times

Not too long ago a meeting was arranged between Edith Sitwell and Marilyn. At this tea Miss Sitwell, who is famous for her poetry and her beautiful hands, and Marilyn, who boasts charms more obvious and more famous, were soon engaged in animated conversation . . . on the subject of astrology.

"I had no idea that you believed in astrology," exclaimed Miss Sitwell.

Miss Monroe replied: "I believe in everything—a little."

—From *Marilyn,* by Sidney Skolsky.



The Merciful Tenderizer

Ralph McGill

Drawings by Donald Higgins

On a recent visit to Colombia, South America, a charming lady gave me a cooking secret which I would like to pass on. We were consuming an especially tender piece of roast chicken which had arrived at our table in an earthen dish succulently bedded in yellow rice. I remarked that the chicken was very good indeed, and my hostess said that without doubt it had been killed in a fashion which made the meat more tender.

"You mean there is such a method?" I asked.

"To be sure," she said. "When a chicken is seized to be killed, it becomes hysterical with fear and tenses its muscles. The blood is diffused into the muscles, and the glands become active just as they do in human beings and other animals when danger is at hand. A chicken killed in that condition is not good to eat."

This sounded logical.

"So," she said, "when we plan to kill a fowl, we give it two teaspoons of rum. Some housewives hold that one spoonful of rum and one of vinegar are better, but the majority stick to two of rum. For turkeys we use three or four, depending on size."

"Then what happens?" I asked.

"Then," she said, "we let the chicken go. Soon it is flopping and careening about, entirely unconcerned with its impending doom. When picked up, it squawks happily, relaxes, and hangs limp. It is, in fact, anesthetized and may be dispatched without difficulty. There is no flexing of muscles, no pumping of the adrenal glands. And the meat is much more tender to eat."

While considering this, I had a second helping of chicken. It was very tender.

The next day, while driving from Cartegena to Barranquilla, I asked the driver if all chickens in Colombia were killed in this fashion.

"No, *señor*," he said sadly, "not by all, though it is the recommended manner."

"Why not all?"

"Many cannot afford both rum and chickens, *señor*," he said. "And even for some who can, they are likely to look at the rum and at the chicken, and to decide that if they drink the rum themselves, they will not notice if the chicken is a bit tough."

"Does your wife employ the rum?"

"*Señor*," he said, "she will tonight if the gratuity for this ride is sufficient."

It cheered me, later in the evening, to know that the family of Raphael Rodrigues were eating tender, relaxed drumsticks. Yet I had a slight doubt. Raphael Rodrigues' wistful look suggested thirst rather than hunger, and I wondered if his chicken had got its tot.



After Hours



Pleasure Palaces

Several years ago when I was driving from New York to Los Angeles I spent a few hours in Las Vegas, Nevada, where all hours seem to be after hours. Some day, I thought, somebody who really knows this town ought to write about it for this column. It is a remarkable joint—I use "joint" advisedly. Dick Pearce, a San Francisco newspaperman whose professional assignments rather than his vices take him often to Las Vegas, has provided the following account of America's capital of legalized gambling:

ACCORDING to the laws of chance, which every Las Vegan knows by rote, Las Vegas should be a desert tank town subsisting meanly off the Union Pacific Railway and two converging highways. Instead it is an artificial oasis containing 40,000 people and seven preposterously posh pleasure palaces jammed day and night by a fevered humanity. The seven employ more big-name show talent than Broadway. They hire more deputy sheriffs (as keepers of decorum) than ride through a whole shelf of westerns. They mine at their gaming tables more silver than the Floods and Mackays ever took out of the Comstock Lode up at Virginia City in central Nevada. Some of the big West Coast dailies call Las Vegas a desert Babylon, and warn that it is built on sand, which it literally is. It is only a matter of time until some prophet comes out of the Nevada wastelands and curses the whole glittering shebang as a modern Gomorrah destined for destruction. Probably he will be right too. Nevada's gambling laws, always repealable, made and maintain the fever. Curiously, however, Las Vegas—which is a very tiny green thumbtack stuck in a vast and scabrous desert floor—has other attractions. People like the town, gambling aside.

At the turn of the 1940s Governor Warren torpedoed the gambling ships and padlocked most of the shoreside gambling joints in adjoining Southern California, forcing innumerable devotees of dicing to turn to Las Vegas for their fun; in 1950 the Atomic Energy Commission began atom-bombing Frenchman Flat north of Las Vegas, making the town a dateline in every newspaper in the country. There are two other solid reasons for Las Vegas—a half hour south of the city the highway takes you right across the top of Hoover (Boulder) Dam, prodigious as a slab of concrete and as an economic fact, and a few minutes south of the city is the $140,000,000 magnesium plant built by the government during the war to utilize Hoover Dam power. The odds are astronomical against these four circumstances coming together in one spot to boom a city. But they did.

If you should visit Las Vegas, stop downtown for a quick look at the four blocks of gambling hells squatting flank to flank along the main drag. Go into the Golden Nugget, the biggest. Clifford A. Jones, a local lawyer, told the Kefauver Committee in 1950 he paid $23,310 for a one per cent interest in the Golden Nugget, and received $12,000 a year profit on his investment. He said he also owned a piece of two other gaming establishments. Don't be moral about this. Just be open-mouthed. Nevadans like Mr. Jones. They elected him Lieutenant Governor.

Now head for The Strip. This is a two-mile stretch just beyond the city limits on the highway toward Los Angeles. Here

are the seven pleasure domes, any one of which would startle Kublai Khan—as well as five more in various stages of construction. The names of the seven: El Rancho Vegas, Last Frontier, Flamingo, Thunderbird, Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, Sahara, and The Sands. They never close. Even when the temperature is 115 degrees outdoors, as often it is in August, air-conditioning keeps them comfortable in a febrile sort of way.

The five postwar hotels have that rich sleekness of modern design that suggests suavity and impermanence. Soft colors, soft lights, and the cool dimness so blessed on the desert. Dewy lawns laid on imported soil, and painfully maintained against nature. Handsome, yes; inviting, yes. But little incongruities keep alerting you to where you are.

For plushiest plush as of today, stay at The Sands. The Desert Inn is a close second. The Last Frontier has the best food. For quiet, a relative quality here, ask for one of El Rancho Vegas' detached cottages. Room rates and meals cost less than at the average resort hotel. Ten dollars will get you a good accommoda- for two. There's a reason. If you're unlucky in the casino, that room may cost you a hundred and ten. Meal prices, once crazily cheap, have been edging up, perhaps because of an entertainment price war.

The games are the same at all seven: craps, roulette, twenty-one (not *vingt-et-un*, podner) and regiments of slot machines. All games honest. Percentages favor the house, and volume does the rest. The percentages against you are less than at illegal joints in other states. Craps is your best gamble. Faro is closest to a 50-50 game but The Strip doesn't offer it: the customers don't want it. You can find it downtown.

The hotels have the world's highest-priced shills: the movie stars, singers, funnymen, and Broadway folk who entertain in the dining-rooms for wages that run up to $35,000 a week. No cover. No minimum. You can hear them for the price of a bottle of beer—if you're a man of resolution. You must pass through the casino to get to the dining-room, you see. I won't vouch for the figure, but you hear The Strip's bill for live talent runs as much as $175,000 a week.

There's headshaking over news that the Riviera, opening in April, is kicking a hole in this modest price ceiling on talent to pay Liberace $50,000 a week for three weeks. Joan Crawford will be handed a $10,000 check for just saying hello to all the folks who come to a mammoth cocktail party opening day.

Each hotel feels it has to bring in fresh talent every three weeks to meet the competition. There are only so many Milton Berles and Betty Huttons. In desperation the hotels turned to concert artists. You would expect Ezio Pinza and Lauritz Melchior to draw. But so did Mimi Benzell, Edith Piaf, Anna Marie Alberghetti, and a half-dozen others. The customers loved 'em. (The crap table supports the arts. Or is it the other way round?)

Six of the Big Seven maintain luxury yachts on Lake Mead, behind Hoover Dam, for bass fishermen. There are also golf, riding, and swimming. When Wilbur Clark opened the Desert Inn in 1950 with a fancy pool, the Last Frontier across the highway promptly filled in its old pool and built a heated one of AAU dimensions with a subsurface observation room at the deep end and a deck-side bar. Whereupon the Desert Inn tore up its brand new pool and dug a bigger one. Then The Sands created a thing of free flow design large enough to float a cruiser. (I'm exaggerating, confessedly. Lake Mead is still larger.)

You'll see some of the owning gamblers around, but probably won't be aware of it. They are all sorts of people. Solid hotel men. Former hoodlums from New York. An ex-brewer from Pennsylvania. A Texas theater chain. Former operators of Los Angeles gambling ships. Hollywood folk like George Raft. Gamblers from Cleveland.

There's no violence, though there is an undercover ferment of disorder. The owning gamblers and their many silent partners have too much at stake to tolerate preventable unpleasantness. Each of the big hotels is worth five to ten millions. Total value of The Strip, including subsidiary enterprises, is one hundred million. It's Big Business, and run that way. Besides, Nevada cleaned up its gambling law after the murder of Bugsy Siegel, the New York hood who promoted the Flamingo. Undesirables, as Nevada defines them, don't get gambling licenses. The advent of the five new hotels, plus new places downtown and elsewhere in the Las Vegas environs, however,

could make competition so rough that violence might return.

Don't go to Las Vegas thinking you have to spend a lot of money. You don't if you have self-control. Nor do you have to stay at one of the pleasure domes, though you should stroll through all of them just to add to your education. There are several good motor courts—Twin Lakes Lodge, Rancho Anita, Glen Vegas, Rancho Del Mar, and Tumbleweed among them. If you want to be out of town a few miles, there are guest ranches.

A word before departing Las Vegas. Your reaction to it will depend upon the kind of person you are. The Strip is basically unwholesome. One cannot help moralizing. Remember, however, that what you see meets with the approval of the sovereign people of Nevada, and that some millions of tourists drop in each year without coaxing to try their luck. The long and short of it is that The Strip exists because most of us like to gamble. I'm also reluctant to criticize because I've been there often enough, covering atomic explosions, to come to know and like the average Las Vegan. Try to look upon the place simply as a phenomenon.

Hard Times for Soft Covers

The paper-bound book business is admittedly one of the wonders of the age, despite the slings and arrows that an outraged DeVoto loosed at it almost half a year ago from his duck blind at the other end of this magazine. Doubtless there is no connection, but I have to report that recent news from the industry tells of confusion, bankruptcy, excellent sales, but publishers nonetheless floundering. One has already quit and several seem shaky; all are plowing under their old books as distributors desperately clear the newstands for the incoming copies of new ones. The *Wall Street Journal* quotes the number of paperbacks destroyed last year at 60 million.



The trouble, of course, is with distribution. The merchandising of twenty-five-cent reprints was started through magazine channels, and it was the vastly larger number of ultimate outlets to the public that made possible massive printings. But, as time wore on, it became more and more apparent that soft-cover books are not merely magazines and cannot be handled as though they were; and the existing system—combined with optimism and overenthusiastic competition—led to the overproduction which in turn led to the edge of the abyss. Now both publishers and distributors are experimenting with new ways of making the retailing process more fluid and resilient, by recognizing this market as an independent one rather than the subdivision of another.

As a result of all the fooforaw, moreover, another trend has asserted itself; and it is a trend upward. As the big purveyors come on difficult times, new ones start up who openly aim for the college-town and Penguin-Mentor-Anchor crowds. One company whose previous effort was mainly to cut off its competitors at Eagle Pass now has not one but two novels each of Henry James and Evelyn Waugh. There is less compulsive proliferation of titles, fewer of them that rely exclusively on having a girl on the jacket but no jacket on the girl, and in general a dawning awareness that the pocket-size format does not automatically enable you to sell shoddy goods. We may even be witnessing the one thing Henry Mencken said would never happen: somebody may have gone broke here underestimating the taste of the American public.

Nice Book

The day the Museum of Modern Art celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary last October with a program of official brouhaha, one of the editors of this magazine was wandering through the galleries trying to find her husband whom she had arranged to meet there. Her eyes lit on a familiar painting that looked unfamiliar to her; it was not as she had remembered it. The picture was Henri Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy," in which, you will remember, a lion presides over the slumbers of a gypsy clad in a striped garment and lying on the sand in a moonstruck landscape. Something looked wrong about the sky . . . too blue.

She later had occasion to ask Mr. Alfred

Barr, the director of the museum's collections, what had happened to the painting or, perhaps, what had happened to her memory.

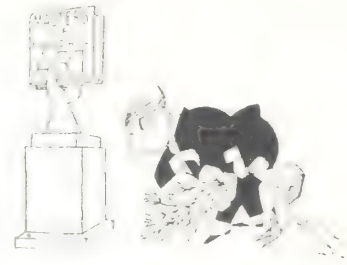
"It's been cleaned," he told her. "We discovered that the sky had been completely repainted and that even the stars had been put in in different places."

He then went on to explain that they had gone to no end of trouble in making a color plate of the picture, which appears in *Masters of Modern Art*, a book published by the Museum to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday. They had scrupulously matched the muddy colors in the sky; this was before the restorer discovered that the sky was a repaint job, removed it, and let Rousseau's own concept of the heavens stand revealed. One is inclined to forget that the Museum of Modern Art is, behind its façade of showmanship, a sound scholarly institution. If one had any objections on this score, it would be that the inclination of the museum is to catalogue a work of art as an historic document almost before the paint is dry or the plaster has hardened.

This, however, is not a question I want to pursue. On the contrary, I would like to let out a hearty cry of delight at the scrupulousness coupled with imagination that is responsible for one of the handsomest and most readable art books I have seen in a long time. If at the moment you have only fifteen dollars to invest in your library, I suggest that you put it all into *Masters of Modern Art*.

THE major part of the text is written by Alfred Barr or, more properly, put together by him. While Mr. Barr is not reluctant to state his own opinions and to support his statements, he has chosen to let the painters speak for themselves. His commentary is a thread of observation and information on which is strung a series of statements by artists and their friends about what they were up to. From a few facts stated by Mr. Barr and a few sentences uttered by the artist, live personalities emerge, ideas are thrown into conflict, and the story of the art of our time is told. You will find some statements by the artists that seem more pretentious than meaningful; you will also find, for the most part, that the statements by the giants whose work is represented in this book are likely to be far more simple, more direct, and clearer than those of the lesser "masters" who are inclined toward the clichés of philosophical and aesthetic vagueness. But either way you get it first-hand, and if you disagree with Mr. Barr's conclusions you can draw your own. The evidence is at hand.

THE book itself is a work of art, or at least of superior craftsmanship. It was designed by Edward L. Mills and was printed and bound in Holland. Its squarish format allows for considerable variety in the layout of the pages, but the variety is applied with discretion and restraint.



Whatever work of art Mr. Barr is discussing is right there on the page for the reader to see. The color plates (about which uncommon care has obviously been taken) are excellent—as good as four-color process can produce—and they are all pasted in, or as they say in the trade "tipped in." Most of the 77 color plates were made in Holland; the book in addition contains 279 black and white plates—enough to keep one busy for a long time.

Since this is in a sense a commemorative volume, every department of the museum gets into the act. In addition to painting and sculpture there are sections on photography, movies, architecture, and design, with commentary written by the directors of the departments.

Like the *Harper's* editor you will find many familiar pictures in the book, looking not quite as you remember them. Many you will never have seen so well reproduced before; others will seem to you to have grown in stature with the passage of time; still others will, now that the excitement has gone out of their newness, look tame and limp. But if you are interested at all in what is known as the "modern movement" you will be not only grateful for this book, but impressed with how well the story can be told using only works owned by the Museum of Modern Art. It is an institution which—one hopes for the sake of its vitality, adventurous spirit, and brashness—will, for all its twenty-five years, have the good grace never quite to grow up.

—*Mr. Harper*

Alec Waugh

replies to a tantalizing question about the most fashionable novelist of the flaming twenties . . .

What Happened to Michael Arlen?

THE King Cole Room in the St. Regis Hotel, New York, is open at lunchtime to men only. On most days of the week the table on the left of the desk is occupied by a small thin man in the later fifties, with a short clipped mustache and closely cut hair that is turning gray. He wears a dark suit that was cut for him in Savile Row, a stiff white collar with a plain silk or satin tie and a pearl pin. He has a Continental air.

He arrives at a quarter-to-one, alone. He will order a dry martini and light a cigarette which he smokes through a long holder; four places are laid at his table, and by the time he is halfway through his martini, one or two of those places will have been filled. His table is a club where each man pays for his own drinks and food, and his friends ring up a day or so before to ask if their presence will be convenient. If no one has rung up by ten o'clock he takes steps to assure that he will not lunch alone. He does not need to often; he has a large acquaintance and is excellent company. There is constant laughter at his table. He is a good listener, and he appreciates good talk, but the loudest laughter comes when he himself is talking.

A few years ago as a result of a motor accident he was forced to carry a walking stick and as he tells a story, he leans forward on it. When he was a very young man, the first Lord Birkenhead gave him this advice on public speaking: "If your hands are right, everything will be all right. Get a chair or table in front of you and hold on to it." He uses his walking stick as a lectern and gesticulates with his cigarette holder. You are reminded of those oriental tale-tellers of the marketplace, whose hands are as eloquent as their voices.

He ordinarily takes three martinis before he orders lunch. Half-past one becomes half-past two. The room is now almost empty. Quite often at about quarter to three, a waiter will whisper, "Your wife's outside, sir." She is small, neat, and dark, with a short, pointed aristocratic nose. She too has a foreign air. She has looked in on her way to her hairdresser to ask if anything has happened during lunch to change the plans that they had made that morning. He talks to her for a couple of minutes then returns to his table. A newcomer to the King Cole Room would think, "That must be somebody."

The newcomer would be right. It is Michael Arlen. And the story of the long journey that has brought him to that corner table in the King Cole room is as romantic as any of those which brought him fame and fortune in the 1920s.

I MET him for the first time in 1920. Heinemann was then advertising a book by an unknown writer with a quote from the *Daily Express*: "All reading London is guessing at the authorship of a slim book entitled *The London Venture*. Some clever people think that Mr. George Moore has recovered his dead youth in this extraordinary

little volume, half essay, half novel, wholly delightful." Reviewing it in *John o'London's Weekly* I gave my reasons for not believing that it was by George Moore. A few days later W. L. George, at an afternoon party, brought up to me a quietly but exceptionally well dressed young man. "It's as well," George said "that you didn't try to pretend there was no such person as Michael Arlen because here he is." George amplified his introduction. Arlen, he said, was an Armenian born in Bulgaria and christened Dikran Kouyoumdjian who had prudently rid himself of a name no bookseller could pronounce.

Of that first meeting I can recall one thing only, but it was symptomatic. George showed me a copy of *The London Venture* that Arlen had inscribed on the title page *"Per ardua ad astrakhan."* From the start Arlen knew whither he was bound.

Four years later *The Green Hat* was a top best seller on both sides of the Atlantic. Subtitled "A romance for a few people," written in a highly mannered, almost precious style, peppered with allusions that the general reader could scarcely catch, it was presented to the public as belles-lettres rather than a novel in the genre of Max Beerbohm and George Moore; yet it caught the public fancy like a dance tune.

TODAY, thirty years later, it is easy to see why it did. It was set in the postwar London of fast cars and expensive night clubs, and its heroine, Iris Storm—a woman with "a pagan body with a Chiselhurst mind" (perhaps "Boston" is the nearest American equivalent for that), star-crossed in her first love by a parent's intervention—stayed faithful to that love "in her fashion."

"What I said at eighteen is true now at thirty. I have never said I loved him to any man but Napier for it hasn't been true. I have given myself in disdain, in desire, with disgust, with delight, but I have kept to that silly childish boast of mine."

In *The Green Hat* Michael Arlen was the spokesman of a new type of woman who was demanding a man's right to live her life in the way she chose. Several recent books—*The Far Side of Paradise* for example—have accepted Iris Storm as a symbol of the 1920s. And in telling her story Arlen was also the spokesman of a disenchanted generation that after four years of the trenches was eager to welcome extravagance, frivolity, and display.

The story is told in the first person, with the narrator constantly in the center of the stage, so that the personality of the author was an essential ingredient in the book's success. Every discussion of *The Green Hat* became a discussion of Michael Arlen.

Under Police Scrutiny

HIS Armenian birth gave him an air of mystery. He rarely lifted the curtain on that foreign background, even to interviewers. Only once, in "Confessions of a Naturalized Englishman," which appeared in his collection of short stories *Babes in the Wood,* was he autobiographical. In that story he told how he was brought to England at the age of five, and spent his boyhood in Southport, where there is a large Armenian colony. For three years he was "instructed in team work and pulling together at Malvern College in Worcestershire," a school that is famous for its cricketers. At the age of seventeen he came to London on a weekly allowance of £2.

That was in 1913. A year later the outbreak of war made his position difficult. He had no legal status. Bulgaria had disowned him because he would not serve as a conscript in her army. Bulgaria was an ally of Germany, so he could not become a naturalized British subject during the war, nor could he change his name. As he was not eligible for military service, his lot was cast among those who for reasons of health, age, or political opinions were non-combatants. He was befriended by Orage, the editor of the *New Age,* a paper which rewarded its contributors parsimoniously. He made friends with Aldous Huxley, who was debarred from service by his eyesight; with D. H. Lawrence, whose German wife was under police surveillance and whose *The Rainbow* had recently been suppressed by the public prosecutor; and with Nancy Cunard, who was then, as she has been so often since, in conflict with her day. He was one of the patrons of the Eiffel Tower restaurant in Percy Street, whose proprietor Stulic, a Viennese by birth, was also under police surveillance.

As far as I know none of his friends of this period have written of him in their autobio-

graphies, but there is an illuminating passage in a letter that D. H. Lawrence wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrel in December 1915:

> Kouyoumdjian seems a bit blatant and pushing: you may be put off by him. But this is because he is very foreign, even though he doesn't know it himself. In English life he is in a strange alien medium and he can't adjust himself. But I find the core of him very good. One must be patient with his jarring manner and listen to the sound decency that is in him.

Arlen once remarked to me that self-pity was a useful formula for a best seller but he never exploited it. Until 1916 he lived in a third-floor flat in 46 Redcliffe Road, a dreary little thoroughfare. Margaret Irwin, later famous as the biographer of *Young Bess,* was living on the first floor. They never met, but after he left for the flat in Shepherd's Market which he described in the first chapter of *The Green Hat* a curious thing happened. The second-floor flat was taken by a Scot with second sight who was disturbed night after night by ghostly but emphatic pacings of the floor above, which were interrupted by rushings to the window whenever a taxicab stopped below. Margaret Irwin was to learn later from G. B. Stern that Arlen had spent many hours pacing that floor, waiting for a capricious lady. Margaret Irwin made those pacings the theme of a novel *Knock Four Times;* but Arlen never used his own material, except in that one short story. He did not want to write about poor young poets waiting in their garrets but of the big and brilliant world in which they aspired to shine.

He saw that world, as a foreigner, with dazzled eyes. D. H. Lawrence shrugged when Arlen asked him his advice. "I am a realist," he said, "you are a romanticist. You have your own way to make. I cannot guide you." Orage told him the same thing. Arlen began *The London Venture* as a parody of George Moore. Orage said, "This is no parody, this is your best stuff. You've digested what I told you years ago. Don't be realistic. Your strong point is artifice." Osbert Sitwell wrote of him in a poem-portrait, "Alone of all popular writers, he dares to use the art of imagery."

Arlen wrote vividly but colloquially, with unusual inversions and inflections, with a heightened exotic pitch. "The moon made a great fuss of her all the way to a place called Great Neck. They had quite a party the moon and Marilyn. I left out had nothing to do but watch."

That was what they called "Arlenese." He did not so much tell a story as embroider one. Fascinated by the world of fashion, he conveyed his sense of wonderment to his readers. Before I began to write this essay I reread *The Green Hat.* It is a period piece, but though it is dated, it is not *démodé.* The magic is still there.

His first novel was called *Piracy* and his capture of the British and American public was an act of piracy that he carried off flamboyantly.

He wrote exclusively of the upper classes—"I decided," he said, "to write about my betters who in England are much easier to approach and understand than laborers"—but he was not in any sense a snob. He was a pirate and his stories are filled with highwaymen. Wilfred Macartney, who served a prison sentence, wrote in *Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make* that Arlen's books were liked by jailbirds because he had a sympathy for the under dog.

For me, Arlen had at that time the fascination of a Balzac character. "What do you want of life?" Vautrin asked Rubempré. "To be famous and to be loved," Rubempré answered. Arlen would have given the same reply. Though we did not really become friends till a good deal later, I was constantly running into him during those early years. He was short, he dressed quietly, he never wore loud checks or startling ties, yet he was a prominent figure in any gathering. There was a gloss about him. Years later he was to say in an interview to Geoffrey Hellman, "My mother taught me to think a distressed area should make the best of itself." Even when he was poor he never looked poor.

Cocktail parties were not yet in vogue. There were tea parties and after-dinner parties. At evening parties he usually appeared in a white tie. His evening shirts looked as though they were being worn for the first time. He nearly always came alone—an affable, appreciative guest. He would talk a good deal about himself. People would be saying the next day, "I met Arlen last

night at the ——s . . ." and he liked to give them something worth repeating.

But at the same time he was always interested in the other man, what he was doing, what he thought. He always managed to make one feel happier about oneself. Which is a rare thing to do. It springs from a generosity of heart. He never seemed in a hurry. He never abruptly broke off a conversation. He never looked at his watch. Yet he gave the impression always that he was on his way somewhere else, that in the background, somewhere, an exotic woman was awaiting him.

The Cloak of Glamor

He was the constant object of conjecture. The gossip columns were dotted with references to the table that was reserved for him in the Embassy Club each night; to his yellow Rolls Royce, which he had had registered in Manchester so that its number plates would carry the letters MA; to the money he had invested in Noel Coward's "The Vortex." He is the Michaelis of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and report credited him with a dramatic succession of romances.

He was always laughing, always on his way from something exciting, about to take off for something glamorous. Life seemed to have poured all its treasures into his lap, yet was he happy? Did not his restlessness conceal a loneliness of heart? Had he not once, at the bidding of caprice, driven through the night to Southampton, caught the *Aquitania* for New York, and then on arrival at New York changed his mind and returned in the same cabin? Were not all these love affairs the sign of a central dissatisfaction? His stories contained cryptic clues. "What is success but solitude made perfect," "freedom is a very lonely thing. It means that no one can be troubled to enslave you," "the plotter shall be caught in his own plots." Was he unhappy in himself? There was a dark secret at his core. It made him the more romantic.

There were those who resented his success. The English are not particularly xenophobic, but certain hidebound tories grumbled against "this damned foreigner who's persuaded a lot of silly women that he's marvelous." A jealous fellow novelist labeled him as Turkish propaganda sent over to justify the Armenian massacres. But Arlen had the last word always. He anticipated criticism. He described himself as a piece of pernicious Armenia. He said that his success was not a fashion, but an international disease. Quarter of a century later he was to say in a *New Yorker* interview, "I was a flash in the pan in my twenties. I had a hell of a lot of fun being flashy and there was by the grace of God a good deal of gold dust in the pan."

Anything they could say, he could say quicker. I have seen many kinds of literary success over half a century, but never one that was quite like Arlen's, that was attended with such a flourish, one in which the author and the books were so identified. That is why his consequent story is fascinating. The plotter was caught in his own plot. He could never retire. He had to be Michael Arlen to the chapter's close.

During the period that "the disease" was infectious, he made a great deal of money at a time when American income tax was low. He dramatized *The Green Hat* and *These Charming People;* both had long runs and both were filmed. Editors bid against each other for his short stories. For *Lily Christine* he received $50,000 from *Cosmopolitan* for the serial rights, $20,000 advance from Hutchinson on account of the British Empire sales, and $15,000 from Doubleday Doran on account of the American book sales.

Only Arlen himself knows exactly how much he made between 1924 and 1931. He was extremely prudent with it. He turned himself into a limited company which he had registered in South America, where his elder brother lived, with that brother as chairman of the board. When Arlen visited New York he traveled as the company's representative on an expense account. The capital earned during his boom years has survived the depreciation of currency to which English writers generally have been exposed.

Life in Paradise

Lily Christine was published in 1928. In the spring of that year Arlen married. In a recent interview in the Sunday *Times* with Cyril Ray, he said, "I married and lived happily ever after." "Is that really true?" his interviewer asked. Yes, he said, it was.

He was not exaggerating. Atalanta, the

daughter of Count Mercate, half Greek, half American, was like Michael a kind of exile. With their background of Eastern Europe they must have understood many things about each other without needing to explain them; they could feel at home with one another, as they could not completely with the island-based English. They matched each other. They were, they are, a team. When they are together in a group, he weaves her into his conversation. In their first years of marriage she was very silent, but she was always a person of character. I met her for the first time at a small tea party given in her honor shortly after her marriage. William Gerhardi was there. He was a little patronizing, and asked her if she proposed to criticize her husband's novels. "No," she said. It was a most eloquent "No" and made Gerhardi look rather more than foolish.

After his marriage I saw much more of Arlen. We could meet then on equal terms, in a way that we could not when he was unattached and affluent, moving in an atmosphere of yachts and fast cars and fashionable playgrounds.

He bought a villa outside Cannes. The French Riviera was then developing its summer season. Many writers were making their homes along the coast—Maugham, P. G. Wodehouse, H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Gilbert Frankau, Phillips Oppenheim. It was a pleasant world, with its blue skies and blue seas, with its terraced olive groves and flowers, with its healthy, outdoor life of swimming and golf and tennis. Everyone felt well, everyone looked well. The setting for every activity was gracious. A lunch party that might well be ordinary in London becomes idyllic on a balcony shaded by vine leaves, looking over a valley toward a village that is a medieval fortress, with the Mediterranean showing in a gap between the hills, and a liner passing like a toy ship on the horizon.

Arlen was very happy there; happy in his marriage, in his son and daughter, in his way of life. He had many friends; he enjoyed golf and tennis; the climate suited him. In the late autumn he came back to London and was warmly welcomed there. In January he went to Switzerland to ski. He had enough money for his needs. It is very easy in the atmosphere of the Riviera to let days drift into weeks, weeks into months. It is hard to work there unless you are goaded by necessity. Arlen had no such goad. But he went on writing.

In 1931 the serial rights of *Men Dislike Women*—a delightful comedy of manners—were bought at a high price by *Cosmopolitan*. Short stories appeared at regular intervals; they were collected under the title *The Crooked Coronet and Other Misrepresentations of the Real Facts of Life,* and one at least of them, "The Golden Arrow," was produced by Hollywood. He published two novels, *Man's Mortality,* a story of wars of the future, in 1932 and *The Flying Dutchman,* a political allegory, in 1939. Both these novels were highly praised by responsible reviewers. "Does mankind improve? At any rate Mr. Arlen improves. He gets better and better as he gets more and more serious." That was the general tone. J. B. Priestley wrote of *Man's Mortality:* "I did not think him to be a man of this mettle. Bravo."

Seven years later the reviewers were no less enthusiastic over Arlen's *The Flying Dutchman.* Humbert Wolf wrote: "Michael Arlen runs a serious risk of acclaiming himself on the way to becoming a genius. For many years in point of sheer diabolical talent he has been unapproachable." But in spite of its reviews, this book attracted little public interest. Myself I was unaware of its existence, till I found it a few months ago in a friend's library. The reading of it was a curious experience. It was a good novel, but without the name upon the cover I should never have guessed its authorship.

I realized then that a strange thing had happened during the 1930s. A divorce had taken place between the Michael Arlen whom the world saw and the Michael Arlen who put his name on covers. In 1924 Michael Arlen was a composite production, the writer and the man were one; in 1939 the Michael Arlen who played golf at Cannes and drank martinis in the Carlton Bar was the author of *The Green Hat* fifteen years further down the course—but the man who sat at a desk in a study looking out over the Mediterranean had ceased to be that Michael Arlen.

The Flying Dutchman was published six months before the outbreak of the second world war. That second war, as the first, made

Arlen because of his Bulgarian birthplace an odd man out. He was now a British subject but at forty-five he was too old for the armed services. He returned with Atalanta to London in the autumn to look for war work, but it was not easy to find war work during the period of the "phony war." Atalanta joined the Red Cross but Michael played poker at the Savage Club. Then came the fighting war with an opportunity at last for war work: Lord Dudley appointing him Civil Defense Public Relations officer for the East Midlands. Arlen was in Coventry when it was bombed. But with the end of the phony war, there was a return of xenophobia. Arlen might be a British subject, but he had been born in Bulgaria. Could he be trusted? Might he not be a Fifth Columnist?

Questions were asked in the House and once again Michael Arlen found himself, if not a man without a country, a man without a country that would let him help defend it. He shrugged. It was a situation that amused him. With a domicile in France, he was not normally exposed to British Income Tax, but since he was a British subject, the British Treasury considered itself entitled to sequester all of his and his wife's American possessions with the exception of Michael Arlen Inc., which was registered in South America. He shrugged again. Another Armenian atrocity, he said, and continued to play poker at the Savage.

Early in 1941 his son's school was moved to Canada and Atalanta went with it. Later in the year her husband followed her.

A Cool Fifty

I often thought of him during the next four years. In 1942 I was posted as an intelligence officer to Baghdad, and one of my duties was to keep watch over the Armenian minorities whose subterranean activities the Germans might endeavor to exploit. I many times wished that Arlen were at my elbow to explain to me who stood for what. He at that time ironically enough was working in Hollywood on the film version of a novel of mine that MGM had bought. The story never reached the screen and my report on the Dashnaks remained a draft. If we could have exchanged desks, if I could have worked on my own story, while he interpreted the national aspirations of his compatriots, practical results might have been obtained.

As soon as the war was over, I hurried back to New York and Arlen was one of the first people that I saw there. I met him on a bright September afternoon strolling down Fifth Avenue, spruce, elegant and debonair. In a week or two he informed me he would be fifty, and, "I don't feel a day under forty-nine," he added.

He looked very much as he had quarter of a century earlier in W. L. George's drawing room. He was living now in a small furnished apartment in the Volney Hotel on 74th Street between Park and Madison. His son, Michael John, was at Groton, on his way to Harvard. The Arlens planned to stay over in America till their children were settled in the world. They were anxious to revisit London but once again there were problems of nationality. Arlen had come into America on a period permit which he could renew every six months; he wanted to take up a permanent residence, but though he was a British subject, the American emigration laws rate you by the country of your birth, so that in the eyes of Washington he was a Bulgarian and his wife a Greek; the quotas for those countries were filled till the year 2010. He was afraid that if he once left America, he might find it difficult to return. A typical Arlen situation.

I saw him a lot that autumn. We had many friends in common. His flat was small and he had few meals at home. He lunched either at the Colony or at "21," usually in masculine company. Most evenings he was at a cocktail party; neat, starched, unobtrusively well

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William Eastlake

dressed, his hands folded over his Malacca cane; the center of the group around him, yet never monopolizing the conversation, bringing others into the talk, making them feel themselves attractive and important, taking genuine pleasure in any piece of good fortune that befell his friends. Then he would leave on a curtain line to take his wife out to dinner.

She too was little changed: her dark hair was flecked with gray, but she was trim and elegant, with the same air of *race:* they were a striking couple. It was very pleasant to see them dining together at the Colony. They were so very obviously enjoying each other's company. They looked as though they were on an early date.

He shook his head when I asked him what he was working on. Since his arrival in America he had spent two years in Hollywood, on a contract with MGM but he had written nothing. He had never liked writing, he said. He didn't need to write. Why should he? He preferred reading; all lazy men like to read, he said, and he indulged in this type of sloth seven or eight hours a day. He read the kinds of book he liked, and he was generous in his praise of other writers. It did not worry him that his name no longer stood at the head of the best-seller list. He was getting what he wanted out of life.

"Of course I am happy," he told an interviewer, "any man should be happy who enjoys the patience of his wife, the tolerance of his children, and the loyalty of head waiters."

The Man of Gesture

It is now nine years since I met Arlen on Fifth Avenue and in a certain sense not much has happened to him since. Relaxation of currency restrictions has made it possible for him to move into a large and pleasant Park Avenue apartment. He has sold his house in Cannes and brought over his furniture and books and pictures. His daughter, Venetia, is now a junior editor at Doubleday's. Michael John is doing military service after graduating from Harvard, where he was one of the editors of the *Lampoon* and was largely responsible for its very amusing skit on *Punch;* for a year he was in Paris on the *Time-Life* staff. The family immigration problem has at last been settled by means no less august than an Act of Congress, and Michael Arlen has contentedly gone on being Michael Arlen.

The Park Avenue apartment contains a study. "My wife has taken away my last excuse for not writing novels," he complained. But he has written nothing. Sometimes I have felt it was a pity that so considerable a gift should have been allowed to wither, but when I read *The Flying Dutchman* I understood why he had let it do so. In the 1930s the following quatrain appeared in a fashionable London weekly:

> Mr. Arlen
> Was formerly Mayfair's darling
> But she raised a plucked and supercilious
> eyebrow
> When he went all highbrow.

The side of him that still might have cared to write was no longer Michael Arlen and he had no use for it. He can now be Michael Arlen more effectively by not writing. It is as simple as all that.

He was always a man of gesture, and though the young Armenian who changed his name from Kouyoumdjian could not have foreseen this final chapter of his story, he would have recognized it as being in keeping with the plan of campaign he drew up in the *New Age* offices. He said then of his future and of the novel that he would write, "The quality I shall desire in it will be fastidiousness." He has shown that quality consistently in his life as in his writing. He would have been content, while he corrected the proofs of *The London Venture* in 1919, could he have known that in 1949 he would be reading the following description of himself in the *New Yorker:* "Slender of waist, bushy of eyebrow, neatly sideburned, elegantly mustached, poised, urbane, resplendent in a pin-striped blue suit, the flourisher of a gold-banded Malacca cane, possessed by no demon whatever and apparently the world's best adjusted writer."

It has been a long road from Dvornok, Bulgaria, to that side table in the King Cole room: a long and a romantic road. Michael Arlen has fulfilled the destiny he chose.

The New Books

Travel by Novel, America's Heritage, The Short Story

John Brooks

I FORGET who it was who suggested that, on planning to visit a certain place, one would do well to prepare by reading not the guidebooks of the area, but its novels. On that theory, I have at hand a regular travel guide to Western Europe, in a group of current novels.

Alberto Moravia, probably the best Italian novelist currently working, seems to write two kinds of books—short, tight ones, and longer, more loosely organized ones. His newest, ***A Ghost at Noon*** (Farrar, Straus and Young, $3.50), is short and tight. It invites comparison to an earlier Moravia novel, *Conjugal Love,* on this score and on the score that its subject is the emotional and sexual life of a married man—more specifically, in each case a married writer. Its qualities are the ones we have come to expect from Moravia: intelligence, lucidity of writing, expertness with story, learning worn lightly, irony, and finally pessimism.

The hero of *A Ghost at Noon* is an aspiring young critic and playwright, Riccardo Molteni, ambitious, poor, and two years happily married. In response to his adored bride's occasional tactful hints about their financial lot, Molteni enters into a movie-writing contract with a producer named Battista. Simultaneously, and to Molteni unaccountably, his wife becomes cold and unapproachable. He tries incessantly to learn from her the reason for this change, but the more solicitous and self-effacing he becomes, the more Emilia seems to despise him. The situation is brought to a head when both Moltenis go to Capri to stay at Battista's villa during the making of the movie, which is to be a million-dollar version of "The Odyssey." Molteni engages in a series of arguments with his German co-scriptwriter, Rheingold, about how the material should be handled. In the course of these, Rheingold's view of "The Odyssey" gradually is revealed to be the story of Molteni's own marriage, as follows: "Ulysses realizes, too late, that, by his prudence, he has destroyed Penelope's love." In other words, Molteni realizes, too late, that by sacrificing his own artistic ideals to his wife's comfort, he has achieved the precise opposite of what he sought: he has destroyed her love and earned only her contempt. He must be himself or he is not worthy of love.

From what I have said it must be obvious that myth—that Sacred Cow of ultra-modern writing—rears its fashionable head in *A Ghost at Noon.* But Moravia brings this off superbly. "The Odyssey" enters the story—directly, without obfuscation—simply because its human truth points the way to a man's self-understanding. *A Ghost at Noon* is not a modern retelling of the Homeric epic, as *Ulysses* is: it is an ironic modern projection of a single Homeric theme. The book suffers somewhat, I think, from the recent tendency of Italian fiction to regard the exact gradations and shades of relations between the sexes as the only worthy subject. This makes for a certain thinness. Nevertheless, on every page one is aware of being in the presence of a good writer—a very good writer, near the summit of his powers. Michelin-style, we had better award four crossed knives and forks to Italy this month.

Modern Girl, Immortal Man

ACCORDING to recent word from Paris, Simone de Beauvoir's very latest novel, not yet published in this country, has won the Prix Goncourt, contains literary portraits of Jean-Paul Sartre and Albert Camus, and is a quarter of a million words long. To tide us over while we wait for the arrival of this offering, Mme. de Beauvoir presents ***All Men Are Mortal*** (World, $5), a perplexing, not to say infuriating, piece of work. Its heroine is a young actress, Regina, a thoroughly modern girl—ambitious, independent, generous, bold, capable of cruelty and proud of it, rather masculine—in short, exactly the sort of girl who shone so bravely and sufferingly through parts of *The Second Sex.* The hero, Fosca, is of another ilk. He is a bedraggled, depressed creature whom the actress picks up in a hotel at Rouen. Regina plans, after her fashion with men, to amuse herself by lifting him out of his torpor, and then dropping him again.

It turns out, though, that she has met her

match at last. Her friend is immortal. He was born in the thirteenth century, the son of the ruler of an Italian city-state, and in the course of his normal life-span he drank a potion which conferred eternal life on him. In a flashback which constitutes the major portion of *All Men Are Mortal*, he tells the actress of his past life. Since it has lasted for seven hundred years, it contains a few love affairs, the recital of which tends to make Regina angry (she is unfair, I think, since he has had somewhat less than one girl per century). It also includes Fosca's adventures as adviser to various emperors, revolutionists, and so on. His final effect on the modern girl is to destroy her self-confidence—having an immortal man around the house is too much for her nerves.

Now what, exactly, does Mme. de Beauvoir mean by all that? The orthodox answer, when confronted by a confusing modern French novel, is, *"C'est l'Existentialisme."* But I, although a veteran of numerous explanations, do not know exactly what Existentialism is; in fact, I cherish a reprehensible suspicion that it is largely a plot to lure tourists to Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Therefore I have to apply ordinary logic to the analysis of these Left Bank conundrums, and it can be a chore.

Life, of course, is predicated on death. It seems fairly obvious that the presence of an immortal on earth would be intolerable for all concerned. The deathless one would be increasingly bored, and finally rendered incapable of holding opinions or participating in mortal life. The presence of the immortal, furthermore, would certainly have a debilitating effect on mortals. (The idea is present in Greek mythology, where liaisons across the mortality line so often ended badly.) Is that all Mme. de Beauvoir means? If so, she would have been well advised to make her hero's progress through the centuries more germane to her theme, and to have devoted more care to bringing her innumerable minor characters to life. Only Regina, so free and so damned, has enough reality to stir the reader's curiosity or sympathy.

Edgar Mittelholzer continues his chronicle of English-Dutch colonial life in the Guianas during the eighteenth century, with ***Hubertus*** (John Day, $3.95). The Van Groenwegel family of sugar planters, which he began to explore in *Children of Kaywana*, becomes considerably more ramified in this volume, with intermarriage and illegitimacy. It becomes so ramified that one could scarcely understand who is who in this book without referring often to the genealogical table which Mittelholzer thoughtfully provides. In fact, I found I had to keep adding to the table, in order to keep straight on such refinements as the distinction between who was officially a certain person's father, who various other characters thought he was, and who Mittelholzer thinks.

Here is a colony of relatively happy people in something approaching a state of nature. Their European sense of sin has been muted, and their natural appetites have been sharpened, apparently, by a combination of life in the tropics and very little to do. "Her hand still in his, they stood there in the blaze of sunlight, listening to the tick and twitter of lizards in the dry leaves under the young mango trees." Or, in the rainy season, which seems to be a very invitation to tropical dalliance: "The swish and gurgle of the rivulets in the compound. The hiss and tick of the drops amidst the leaves of the mango and sapodilla trees . . ."

Mittelholzer is good at this sort of thing. His central character has the same appetites as the rest, but he has a Puritan conscience stemming, apparently, from the fact that his freed-slave mother was a tart. Hubertus constantly suffers spiritual torment for his sins; this sets him apart from his charming and amoral relatives and bedfellows, who are often perverse, but never neurotic—they are incapable of guilt.

It is hard to pin Mittelholzer down. Perhaps some day a big book club will take him up and make him its own. Meanwhile, he is a good tale-spinner who seems to be saying that the Western savage, although subjugated in body, made the colonizing white man his slave in matters of the spirit. Sometimes this book appears to be little more than one long erotic daydream, but the writing is sporadically effective and the storytelling is expert. I wonder why a man of Mittelholzer's talents, who was brought up in British Guiana, chooses to devote himself to a study of this setting in an earlier and more innocently unrestrained time. It sounds a little like envy of his ancestors' carefree lot.

Ominous Voice

Acquainted with the Night (Holt, $3) is interesting not so much in itself as because it was written by a young German, Heinrich Böll, who was in Hitler's army and set out to become a writer after the war. Certainly one of the literary phenomena of the postwar period has been the comparative silence from Western Germany. At times, this silence has seemed almost ominous. However, now that we have a voice that rings with a certain authority, the voice seems more ominous than the silence.

Böll is a good writer, and he tells here, with skill and sensibility, the story of an utterly contemptible man. Fred Bogner is the man's name; he has been in the Wehrmacht as a minor office functionary; he is married to a nice girl; and he has two children. However, he is sorry for himself, not wholly without reason. Because he is not trained for technical or factory work, he

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finds jobs hard to come by in postwar Germany; furthermore, as a direct result of the war, he has suffered the horror of having his first two children, twins, killed by the bites of lice.

Fred loves his wife, but his loss of self-respect on discovering that he is nearly unemployable has serious consequences. He beats his children, leaves them and his wife in a filthy rooming house, takes to drinking, and spends most of his time wandering around cemeteries, thinking about death. His wife, who is pregnant, keeps trying to bring about a reconciliation; beating his breast, he replies that he is unworthy, and wanders back to his pubs and graveyards. When he is finally induced to crawl home, he feels that in so doing he is accomplishing an act of staggering moral heroism.

As a reaction to a feeling of inadequacy Fred's behavior is, I suggest, excessive. He seems to be a child spoiled to the point of psychopathology. What is alarming is that Böll's attitude toward him does not seem to be in the least censorious. Fred represents a lost generation, therefore he is interesting. (Compare the fierce, burning spirit of certain other Europeans who have been through hard times, in John Hersey's *The Wall*.) It is all too evident that what Fred really wants, to create a warm glow in his shabby soul, is for someone to tell him he is a superman again.

Personally, I could live indefinitely without benefit of the keening and sniffling of Fred Bogner, but if this is the sort of book that is being written and praised in West Germany, we ought to know about it.

IT MIGHT have been predicted that the publication and success of *The Adventures of Augie March*, that studiously undisciplined work, would release a flood of episodic first novels. Such a one is ***Out Went the Candle***, by Harvey Swados (Viking, $3.95). Swados writes, and writes very well, of Herman Felton, a Long Island businessman who gets rich in shady ways during the second world war, and pays for his sins; of Betsy Felton, his daughter, who more or less comes apart at the seams spiritually, in the fashion of young American novel heroines; of Morrow Felton, Herman's son, who seems about to be lost but who finds himself; and of Joe Burley, whose life touches the Felton family first through his love for Betsy and then through his friendship with Morrow. The time-span runs though the war and on into the postwar American world, which Swados appears to view dimly indeed.

The great danger in the picaresque novel is that instead of being extensive, it be merely sprawling. Saul Bellow brought it off more than tolerably well; but his book may have had a pernicious influence by convincing young writers of talent that all they need do to produce a novel is simply to write until more than three hundred pages are accumulated. "Sing, Goddess," such a writer as Swados would have to say if he were an ancient Greek invoking the Muse, "Sing, Goddess, the things that I have seen and felt in my time, and let us fondly hope that they will add up to some sort of consistent statement. But if they don't, no matter." His book is quite without the classic virtue of intellectual direction.

On the other hand, he presents brilliantly done scenes—I think immediately of an afternoon meeting of businessmen in the back room of a second-rate New York night club, and a harrowing cross-country train passage of Betsy's in wartime—that are marvelously evocative. When Swados is at his best it is a temptation to cry out, "You ought to write a novel about all this!"

America's Heritage

AMERICA and its heritage is a favorite theme of current nonfiction, and here and now, without further ado, let three cheers be given for ***American Heritage***, The Magazine of History, Number 1 ($2.95). Although strictly speaking a magazine—its publishers declare that it is "the only popular magazine devoted to American history"—it qualifies as a book by virtue of being published between hard covers and by including only material of permanent interest. Its first issue is absolutely stunning, in both appearance and content. It includes, among other things, a fine short distillation of the life and character of Henry Ford,

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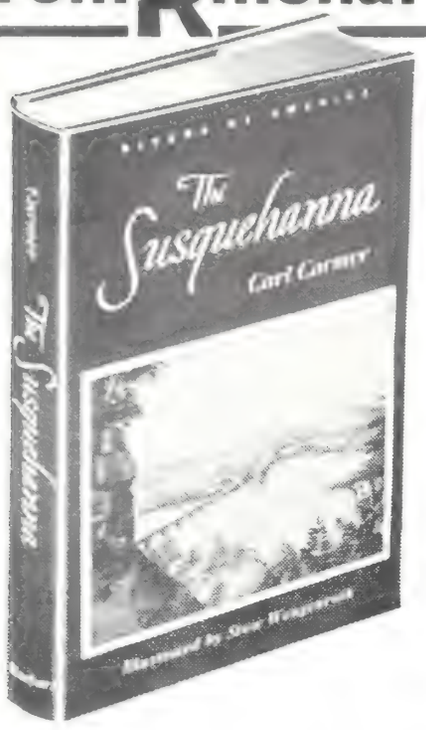
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THE NEW BOOKS

by Allan Nevins; an amusing account of the funeral of King Edward VII by Theodore Roosevelt; a characteristically wry exploration of New York City men's clubs, by Cleveland Amory; and a series of splendid color reproductions of paintings of the early West. One of the most engaging entries is a series of notes on the early days of American advertising, by Albert Lasker—an excerpt from tape recordings on file at Columbia University's "oral history" project, which is interesting enough to be the subject of an article itself.

"Our beat . . . is anything that ever happened in America. Our principal question is: What did men *do* there?" says Editor Bruce Catton in an introduction. (The excellence of the book, or magazine, is less surprising when one realizes that its staff includes Catton, the indefatigable think-project team of Joseph Thorndike and Oliver Jensen, Nevins, Carl Carmer, Marshall Davidson, and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., to name only a few.)

The economics of the project are hazy. It is "sponsored" by the Society of American Historians, Inc., and will, of course, accept no advertising. It will appear bi-monthly at $2.95 a copy or $12 for a year's subscription. Magazine or not, it is indeed of permanent interest; at least, there isn't the slightest temptation to throw away Number 1, or even consign it to the magazine rack—it belongs on the shelves. I don't see how anyone interested in American history who can afford the tariff can afford to miss *American Heritage.*

Two other recent volumes about America and its heritage are ***Politics in America,*** by D. W. Brogan (Harper, $5), and ***The Second Treasury of Early American Homes,*** by Richard Pratt (Hawthorn Books, $12.50). Professor Brogan of Cambridge, as almost everybody knows, has for many years been one of the most astute foreign observers of many phases of American life. Far from being a Dickens or a Mrs. Trollope, he is largely sympathetic toward the goings-on this side of the Atlantic—or rather, what one feels chiefly in his attitude is consuming *interest.*

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that I have ever read, by an American or anybody else. Professor Brogan's little boners, the times his cat goes tin for the American idiom, are endearing rather than irritating because the bulk of his report is so vastly enlightening, because he has so much to tell us about ourselves. (I knew what "riffing" is, for example, but Professor Brogan introduced me to "bumping" and "slotting.") It is the Brogan notion that the judicial power to invalidate legislation is the most striking feature of the American Constitution, and he devotes an excellent chapter to this subject. A note about his style: in the scholarly tradition, he puts anecdotes and personal comments in footnotes. This makes for pages that are half-text and half-footnote, and conveys the feeling of mild schizophrenia that Frank Sullivan made sport of in his famous parody, "A Garland of Ibids." All in all, a fine and readable book.

THE second Pratt *Treasury* marks the continuance of what has become a phenomenon. The first *Treasury*, which was published in 1951 and also cost the thumping sum of $12.50, sold 250,000 copies with the aid of book-club distribution. The second is now a national non-fiction best seller. Obviously such sales reflect the continuing growth of the antiquarian rage in architecture and furnishings. A problem is posed: if more and more Americans of our time take to living in meticulously restored early houses, what will happen to the antiquarians and archaeologists of the future? They will find twentieth-century air-conditioning ducts and Disposalls artfully concealed behind the massive paneling of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. It could conceivably drive them crazy. Has there ever been a time and place in history when living in the carefully reconstructed surroundings of the past became such a fad?

Before I begin to worry about our becoming a nation of Miss Havishams, let me say that the second *Treasury* is a spectacularly beautiful book, containing more than two hundred color photographs of fifty-seven selected houses from Maine to Tennessee. Mr. Pratt, aided by his wife, Dorothy, found the houses by



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touring in auto; when the likely looking houses were not museums already, the Pratts made their photographing arrangements by simply ringing doorbells (or, more likely, pulling bell-pulls or sounding knockers). Mr. Pratt writes a graceful and informative text to go with the pictures. A few of the selections—notably some garish interiors in Providence, where the Chinese ideas brought home by clipper-ship captains ran a bit wild—seem to me ugly, but even if they are, they were worth including for historical interest.

Argument for Interdependence

BARBARA WARD'S ***Faith and Freedom*** (Norton, $3.75) is the major work to date of the British writer who has been called Europe's most brilliant of her time on economics and politics. In it, she attempts nothing less than to sum up the main currents of Western thought from the very beginning to the present day, and to point the way to a solution to our present world difficulties. A tall order, and many a historian who has undertaken such a project has stumbled into either heavy theorizing or simply textbook clichés. Not Miss Ward—she has a marvelous gift for lucid writing ("a horrible facility with words," she modestly calls it herself); and the fact that her prefatory note acknowledges debts to such diverse men as Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Niebuhr, Arnold Toynbee, and R. H. Tawney points up the breadth of her influences.

Miss Ward shows how Western man began in a mental attitude of determinism; how freedom gradually grew through the Greek contribution of the idea of the free and responsible citizen, and the Hebrew break with the archaic idea of history as a series of endless, repetitive cycles; how the fused freedom was progressively modified through medieval and Renaissance times, and finally, she feels, largely lost under the impact of modern secular institutions. Miss Ward is a deeply believing Catholic, and in pointing toward a solution to our dilemma, she sharply rejects secular proposals. "The witness of the great world religions is virtually one," she declares, in pleading, perhaps overly optimistically, for a union of all men of faith against the destructive secularism which she sees as epitomized in Communism. A beautifully written, even if possibly over-hopeful book; the brightest part of it is Miss Ward's argument for the compatibility, in fact interdependence, of faith and freedom.

Art Under Our Noses

CAN it be that a flowering of the short story is going on, almost unnoticed, under our very noses? Reading through ***Prize Stories 1955: The O. Henry Awards,*** selected and edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin (Doubleday, $3.95), I was struck by the over-all successfulness of nearly all of the eighteen entries. How much better they "come off" than most current novels, even those by first-rate writers; how much more scrupulous craftsmanship seems to have gone into them! The craftsmanship may be due in part to the many short-story courses now existing. Certainly the short story lends itself to being taught better then the novel does.

At any rate, there is no academic, go-to-the-head-of-the-class note about most of these prize stories. The collection is a pleasure, rather than a duty, to read. A few of its high points are "A Christmas Carillon," by Hortense Calisher (which appeared first in *Harper's*); "The Tiger," by Frederick Buechner; "In the Zoo," by Jean Stafford, which was awarded the first prize; and "Man of Distinction," by Mary Dewees Fowler.

ONE story—"Twilight in Southern California," by Daniel Fuchs—seems to me to deserve closer scrutiny than the one-line plot summary to which short stories are usually, necessarily, consigned in reviews. (Paradoxically, the short story is the most practiced of fictional forms in this country, the most written about in magazine editors' and agents' offices, and one of the least written about in print.) As Fuchs' story begins, we find Dr. Morley of Los Angeles and his wife, Barbara, engaged in a near-quarrel about whether or not to go to Coldwater Canyon for a day's visit to Alexander Honti, a novelty manufacturer in the grip of business de-

pression. (The state of Honti's business suggests that Fuchs has in mind the movie industry, but chooses to avoid writing about it directly because readers have so many preconceptions about it.) Morley likes the Hontis, while Barbara finds them graceless and offensive. Finally, and rather bitterly, they decide to go.

The scene moves to Coldwater Canyon. Lily Honti, Alexander's wife, is at the swimming pool with Edmond Oleam, another troubled novelty man. Oleam's wife has recently left him, and is living with a milliner in the next valley. Lily lazily, contemptuously comforts Oleam, who is given to whining. The Morleys arrive, and, simultaneously, a sudden storm; during it, Oleam makes a Freudian slip of the tongue which lays bare the abject state of his soul.

AFTER this mood and scene-setting prologue, the blustering figure of Alexander Honti, his chest black with hair and his eyes squinting because he has removed his glasses for swimming, arrives on the scene. He dominates it from then on, teasing Oleam, blustering at his wife, cursing his bad business luck, parodying his own explosive personality, and playing up to Barbara Morley, whose approbation he badly needs. She comes from New Hampshire and is beautiful, and to Honti her approval represents that of entrenched America. "Do not be alarmed!" Honti pleads to Barbara. "It is just our way. We are emotional, we overstate everything. . . . Oh, look at her! She sits there dying by inches. Somebody would think—Oh, good-by." With that, he dives splashily into the pool.

A few minutes later, near-sightedly peering at Barbara's wristwatch—a fortune-teller has told him that good news will arrive at three-thirty that afternoon—Honti frightens her. She shrinks away in an instinctive but insulting display of revulsion. While Morley, embarrassed, is trying to get his wife to apologize to the stricken Honti, an important telephone call does indeed come. Honti's potential partner and designer has called to say that he is ready to go into business if capital can be found. For this, Honti tries to approach a well-known moneyman through a relative, and fails. Finally, he mus-



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has the temerity to telephone direct, but the moneyman's butler brusquely hangs up on him.

In a sudden flash, while he is gazing speculatively at the abject Oleam, Honti sees his solution. The milliner living with Oleam's wife is rich: he can be blackmailed. Honti dashes about, shouting his joy at the top of his lungs. The fortune-teller was right: luck has arrived in the form of a brilliant business idea. In the grip of this manic mood, he pinches Barbara. She slaps him, breaking his bridgework—a blow that is almost palpable to the reader. Heavy guilt, and his sense of rejection, settle like a pall over Honti again. He fades out on the way, hopelessly, to see the milliner, ruminating on his sins and on his boyhood in Frankfurt, and then suddenly saying aloud, to nobody, "Forgive me!"

I hope I have been able to suggest enough of the quality of this story to make you read it. It must be, for one thing, the definitive account of the well-to-do Jew down on his luck in Southern California. It is also, it seems to me—for the way that theme, setting, and character are woven and interwoven, for the skill in evocation, the humor, and the narrative drive—a work of art of a high order. Any collection in which it turns up will be a worthwhile book in any year, and I have a feeling that it will be turning up in a good many.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

A World of Love, by Elizabeth Bowen.
A book of time and timelessness, of young love whose echoes haunt and remake the lives of at least five people years after the young lover is dead. A beautiful book of a dry summertime on a farm in Ireland, where the land waits as breathlessly for rain as the suspended lives of the farm family wait for a revitalizing touch of love. The girl in the family discovers a packet of love letters from a young man, dead for twenty years—and suddenly winds of passion rise to change all their destinies. That, briefly, is the story. Some readers may find it abrupt, unresolved because it is in a sense a masterpiece of storytelling in shorthand. The people are wonderful—a younger sister is an hilariously funny clown—but the beauty of the story, the sense of life balanced and heightened by the knowledge of death, eludes definition.

Knopf, $3.50

Trial, by Don M. Mankiewicz.
A professor of law is persuaded to get some practical legal experience in defending a young Mexican boy who has been accused of murdering a white girl. This is the story of the trial and of the troubles—with his girl who is an ex-Party member, with an investigating committee, and with his university job—that his well-meaning innocence and naïveté lead him into. The trial scenes are exciting, the character of the boy defendant is sympathetically and convincingly drawn, but some of the peripheral characters and indeed the hero lose their human credibility under the weight of the issues they are supposed to represent. The issues, however, are topical, familiar, and important. Harper Prize Novel, 1955.

Harper, $3.50

The Black Prince, by Shirley Ann Grau.
Here are nine stories of Alabama and Louisiana by a twenty-five-year-old girl. They are told with the economy and directness—and sometimes the Greek-chorus-repetition—of folk ballads. The title story is a very down-to-Alabama-earth fantasy shot through with (literally) silver magic. The first story, "White Girl, Fine Girl," is about a Negro just out of jail, violent but sweet. And each of the nine has a freshness and character of its own, distinct and original. The final story, "Joshua," appeared in the *New Yorker*. It is good to know that this young writer's hope is "to write an even dozen novels."

Knopf, $3.50

NON-FICTION

Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A., by Richard Stoddard Aldrich.
Her husband has undertaken—and succeeded as well as anyone could, it seems to me—to pin down the particular butterfly shimmer, the joy and delight that were Gertrude Lawrence. Her warmth and impetuous affection, her generosity as well as her quick indignations, her hopes and excitements are all here. And the impact of her uninhibited nature on the author's New England family is amusingly and affectionately recorded—and with remarkable honesty. The book is far from a literary triumph but with excerpts from her own vital writings, and the many pictures, it is a very human and endearing document.

Greystone, $4.95

Prisoners' Bluff, by Rolf Megener.
It still takes a little doing to side with German prisoners against British captors, but this narrative of the escape of two Germans from the Dehra Dun prison camp in northern India in 1944 is so literate, so amusing, so breath-taking, and so human that one is claimed by it from the first chapter. In its own way it helps to show the absurdity of war, for these two fugitives, businessmen in India till 1939, then interned, are brave and intelligent and often gay, and one instinctively wishes them well in their harrowing flight across India and Burma to our other enemy, the Japanese. Their terrors, adventures, and exhaustion, struggling through the jungles and the British lines, become our own.

Dutton, $3.75

Raft of Despair, by Ensio Tiira.
On a February night in 1953 from a transport carrying French Legionnaires to the fighting in Indochina two men jumped overboard in the Straits of Malacca, expecting with the help of a raft to escape the Legion and reach nearby Sumatra. The raft was four feet square, with no bottom but criss-crossed ribbons of canvas, and it carried them not to Sumatra but into the Indian Ocean where it drifted till one of them died and the other, weighing fifty pounds, was picked up by a ship thirty-two days later. It is a well written tale, which is all that saved it for me. I have been on too many drifting horror boats and rafts, have suffered too many of the same despairs. And this time I kept wish-

ing that the drifters had had some of the knowledge about survival at sea that Dr. Alain Bombard had garnered for the benefit of just such castaways on his own raft voyage and told about in his excellent book, *The Voyage of the Hérétique*. But they didn't have it, and the horror is offset only by the excellent writing and the triumph of courage and the will to live over physical and mental torture—over thirst, hunger, sharks, intolerable heat, and loneliness. And one other happy thing about such stories. If there is a book, there is bound to be a survivor.

Dutton, $3

Sir Walter Scott, His Life and Personality, by Hesketh Pearson.
Anyone who has read Mr. Pearson's other biographies — *G.B.S.*, *Oscar Wilde*, *The Man Whistler*, and *Dizzy* —will have some idea of the pleasure to look forward to in this book. Though Scott had not the ready wit of a Shaw, a Wilde, a Whistler, or a Disraeli which lent their own sparkle to those other biographies, he has such stature as a writer, such endearing qualities as a man that the author, with his own wit and perception, has no trouble in making of Scott's life the liveliest kind of reading. Harper, $4

All My Darlings, by Thomas Byrnes.
A story about a family with nine children has to be almost automatically either sordid or hilarious. And this one is definitely on the hilarious side for all the touches of near-tragedy inevitable in a group of that size. Mr. Byrnes is a scenario writer who knows a good story when he sees one; and with the natural adventures of the nine, the remarkably bright and serene character of his wife, and the antics of two horses, two dogs, six cats, six ducklings, three rabbits, and a parakeet to add to the happy confusion, he makes a lively and very readable tale.

Crowell, $3

We Accuse: The Story of the Miscarriage of American Justice in the Case of J. Robert Oppenheimer, by Joseph and Stewart Alsop.
This is an expanded version of the article which first appeared in the October *Harper's*, plus 27 pages of appendix-reproductions of relevant documents in the case. A detailed AEC memo criticizing the article, and a rebuttal by the Alsops, appeared in the *U. S. News and World Report* for December 24, 1954.

Simon & Schuster, paper, $1

FORECAST

Animal Kingdom

The birds and the beasts are certainly here in the literature of early 1955. In February Norton is publishing *My Way of Becoming a Hunter*, by ***Robert H. Rockwell***, a taxidermist who from the lowliest kind of start has come to be the man who arranges the famous habitat groups in the American Museum of Natural History. On February 28 from Little, Brown comes *Elephant Tramp* by ***George Lewis*** and ***Byron Fish***—a circus book. In March, from Norton we have *Talking to Animals* by ***Barbara Woodhouse,*** and from Oxford in the same month ***Paul Barruel's*** *Birds of the World*. Finally in April comes *Salamanders and Other Wonders* (Still More Adventures of a Romantic Naturalist) by ***Willy Ley***. From Viking. . . . Shall we offer as a link between books about animals and books about men ***J. S. Weiner's*** *The Piltdown Forgery, An Account of Its Exposure*? From Oxford in March.

Big Projects, 1955

Early in the year Little, Brown will publish a book on which ***Walter Lippman*** has been working for the past sixteen years, *The Public Philosophers*. . . . One of the exciting publishing ventures of our times has been announced by four impressive sponsors. The Adams Manuscript Trust, The Massachusetts Historical Society, *Life* Magazine, and Harvard University Press have banded together to make available to the public through "the most important collection of American historical documents in private hands" the record of the achievements of four generations of Adamses, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams (Civil War Minister to England), and the second Charles Francis Adams. It is a long-range project and the first of the important series will be published early in 1956. A great day.

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There was a time, before phonograph development began, when loudness was an Absolute. We heard sounds loud or faint, but we related them to distance, as we relate distance to the apparent size of an object; it would never have occurred to us then that any sound could be other than itself. A cannon roared and a cricket chirped; they were as fixed in loudness as a musical instrument.

To get louder music you added more or bigger instruments, as did Beethoven and Berlioz. There was no other way. Symphonies were written for big halls, sonatas for small rooms, and never the twain could meet.

But what are we to think today, when a confidential crooner can drown out an orchestra and Beethoven's most triumphant blasts make discreet background for cocktail conversation? To an astonishing degree, we've lost our sense of the absolute.

I wonder whether Beethoven and Berlioz could make head or tail of the living-room noises we hear in their names. The Ninth Symphony in a cubicle. Incredible!

But it is still possible to reproduce music *absolutely*, at home. The experiment is interesting, if only to show how far from the absolute is our "normal" recorded sound. There are three prerequisites, and they are quite rigid.

(1) The music itself must be compatible with listening-room dimensions. No symphonies, no grand operas. A guitar, a solo folk singer, a harpsichord, clavichord, jazz trio.

(2) The recording itself *must be virtually "dead,"* without a trace of accompanying room-sound built into it. Why? Liveness would bring along another room, to confuse with our own. We want only the pure sound itself, spaceless and neutral, to place in our own room-sound. Most recordings abound in false liveness, but a few are dead enough for this absolute reproduction.

(3) We must play the recording at one, and only one, loudness—regardless of location—the *exact* loudness of the original sound. Simple to say, but this is the toughest proposition of all. For we ordinarily reduce all our music to one standard "home" loudness, whatever the original, and it is astonishingly hard for us to adjust to the plain fact that there is an enormous absolute volume range between the many instruments we may want to hear at home.

But if you hit the right loudness with the right record, the results can be magically realistic and, paradoxically, very, very strange to a "modern" ear accustomed to booming harpsichords and whispering symphonies. (See record reviews in following columns.)

Worth Looking Into . . .

Stravinsky: Rite of Spring. Philharmonia Orch., Markevitch. Cover inset, Arnold Blanch. His Master's Voice LHMV 1.

A superbly recorded sound, a remarkably melodic interpretation—sounds like "Petrouchka."

Hommage à Diaghilev. (Music from Diaghilev ballets; historical-artistic booklet.) Philharmonia Orch., Markevitch. Angel 3518C (3).

Same musicians as above; both stem from British E.M.I. One of the most intelligent and enterprising book-albums to date, with priceless visual material of extraordinary interest. Generally excellent performances of music familiar and unfamiliar.

Prokofiev: Symphony #4; Suite from "The Prodigal Son." Orch. Conc. Colonne, Sebastian. Urania URLP 7139.

Two works from the "dark ages" of modernism, now being extensively explored; the Fourth, composed for the Boston Symphony in 1930 and studiously forgotten since, is a harsh but remarkably fine major work; the ballet is already familiar to dance lovers. A real musical "find."

Bach

Music of the Baroque Era for Harpsichord and Clavichord. (Weckmann, Pachelbel, Boehm, Rathgeber, Fischer, Scheidt.) Erwin Bodky. Unicorn UN 1002.

An unusual recording, the first from a new Boston company (and the immediate inspiration for the remarks above on Absolute recording). The faint clavichord and the much louder harpsichord make an interesting comparison, played here on the same disc with the proper absolute loudness-relationship maintained between them. The engineering technique is very effective. Each record side has three bands of music: the outside bands are the harpsichord, recorded at normal level, while on both sides the tiny sound of the clavichord is on the middle band, at a very low level, here made possible by the nearly noiseless plastic. Set the volume right for the harpsichord and the clavichord will be automatically right.

The sound of both instruments is picked up at very close range and to all intents and purposes is wholly "dead." The record, then, is ideally suited to "absolute" reproduction. Once the right volume-level is found (the actual loudness of the instruments themselves), you may "place" them right in the middle of any room you choose. The absolute volume will probably be much lower than you expect, especially on large hi-fi systems.

The music—absolutes aside—is excellent. Bodky may be remembered for a series of early and defunct Allegro recordings; he is a somewhat rough but very musical player and a fine student of this period. Weckmann, Pachelbel, Fischer, and the others are powerful names of the Bach and pre-Bach period whose music should be far better known. Their impact is impressive in these muscular readings.

Bach: The Six Brandenburg Concertos. A Vienna State Opera Orch., Prohaska. Bach Guild BG 540/542 (3). B. Soloists, Jascha Horenstein. Vox DL 122 (2), with complete miniature scores, analysis.

Both of these present the authenticity now almost taken for granted in instrumentation, though with minor differences. Both are played with a small group, with the proper solos and the standard harpsichord continuo; both employ the more exotic—and very desirable—scarce instruments: two gambas, two recorders, the high "Bach trumpet," even, in the Prohaska version, the high, sweet-toned *violino piccolo* for the First Brandenburg—a small violin tuned a fourth higher than the standard fiddle,

an innovation decidedly worthwhile in musical results.

Horenstein, on Vox, is the bigger musical personality but also the most erratic. Prohaska, a more serious and scholarly conductor, does a more correct performance in many small and satisfying ways, though a less dynamic one. Horenstein's fast movements jounce with that fatal bumpiness that so often spoils the Bach playing of the big Romantic conductors; Prohaska's better phrasing in the same movements is a pleasure to hear. Yet there is no denying a certain stiffness in Prohaska, more noticeable in some movements than others, as compared to the driving force in Horenstein.

The Vox recording is close-to, scratchy, and often poorly balanced; the harpsichord is grossly loud in some movements, good in others. The over-all sound is big and full and, again erratically, is of splendid effect in the well-balanced movements. Prohaska's recording, on three records instead of two (but they cost less per disc) is far more consistent, more conservative, and generally better.

Bach: Violin Concerti in E, A Minor. Heifetz; Los Angeles Philharmonic, Wallenstein. RCA Victor LM 1818.

To my ear this is a shockingly poor performance, out of style, hard, erratic, dismally lacking in any feeling for the type of music. The blame, to be sure, is far less on Heifetz than upon the orchestra and its conductor; Heifetz is too good a musician to play unmusically in any work, though he applies the standard big-violinist's "universal" style (out of Paganini and the mid-nineteenth century) to these, complete with vibrato, rubato, sentiment, and unsteady dynamics. The orchestral playing, for anyone who has heard Bach from many different parts of the world (as have most record buyers) is simply preposterous. The outer fast movements bounce and bang with the rhythmic subtlety of an empty dump truck, the slow movements are carefully arranged to obscure what might seem to be the obvious sense and musical intention. (The long, expressive bass melody that opens the slow movement of the familiar E Major concerto is, for instance, played deadpan-soft without the slightest trace of expression while the accompanying string harmonies above are witlessly played very loud.)

Engineering—from Republic's Sound Stage #12 in California—is equally misguided, for though the stage was "dampened acoustically to provide the intimate chamber music sound which these concerti suggest," the result is something less than intimate; rather, it has the typical "intimacy" of motion-picture sound, and in any case there is nothing faintly to suggest chamber music in Wallenstein's playing.

Bach: Magnificat (with 4 Christmas interpolations). Radio Stuttgart Chorus, Pro Musica Orchestra, soloists, Reinhardt. Vox PL 8890.

Bach within the "authentic" orbit again, a German performance of the short "Magnificat" that adds, interestingly, four optional numbers that Bach couldn't fit into the time allowed for his own production—but which, two hundred-odd years later, fit nicely into an LP record.

An enthusiastic chorus, a group of good soloists (especially Friederike Sailer, the excellent first soprano), an instrumental sound essentially as intended (with the brilliant featured trio of trumpets and pairs of flutes and oboes), nice church-style acoustics—all make for an enjoyable performance. Slight debits are an expected tendency toward slow, stodgy tempos lacking in long line and rhythmic flow (*e.g.* "Esurientes," #12, for alto and two flutes), plus a bouncy quality—common enough—in the outer "monumental" movements and the choral fugues, where the words tend to be "bumped" on the wrong syllables. Hardly severe faults here, but compare the recording with Concert Hall's (CHC 60) Swiss Winterthur version under Reinhard-without-a-T before you go overboard on this one.

Bach: Goldberg Variations. Gustav Leonhardt, harpsichord. Bach Guild BG 536.

The incomparable Goldbergs, though playable on the piano's single keyboard with wonderful illusion by a master like Rudolph Serkin, have long since proved themselves the purest of harpsichord music—since the first Landowska recording of many years ago. This is perhaps the flashiest, most brilliantly colored, most virtuosic (to use the newest record-critic's term) of keyboard Bach, not unlike Scarlatti in spite of the series of ingenious mathematical canons embedded in every third variation in the set. (Another of each group of three is a "stunt" piece for two keyboards.)

Leonhardt's version is scholarly and played correctly, with fine registration and excellent recording; it is only after comparison with the faint, tinny Landowska LP (her second recording) that the lady's vastly superior freedom and plasticity of performance is clear. Leonhardt is somehow rigid in his rhythm, to the point of boredom in any long-sustained piece; luckily these variations are short and immensely varied in tempo.



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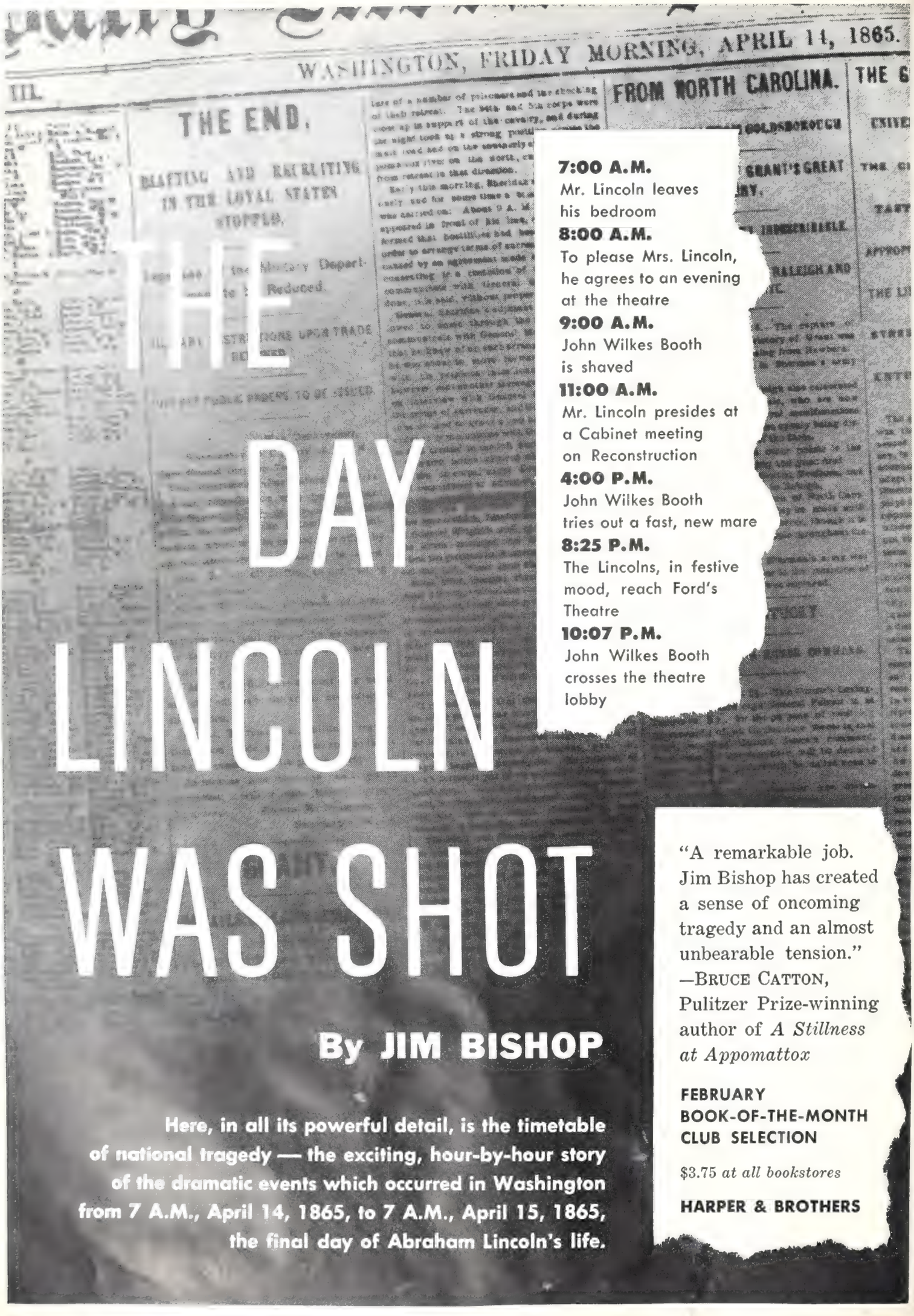
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8:00 A.M.
To please Mrs. Lincoln, he agrees to an evening at the theatre
9:00 A.M.
John Wilkes Booth is shaved
11:00 A.M.
Mr. Lincoln presides at a Cabinet meeting on Reconstruction
4:00 P.M.
John Wilkes Booth tries out a fast, new mare
8:25 P.M.
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10:07 P.M.
John Wilkes Booth crosses the theatre lobby
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by Peter F. Drucker

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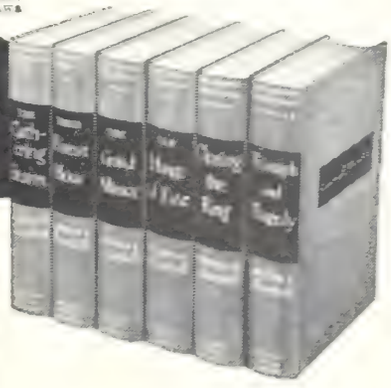
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LETTERS

Engineers Reply—

To the Editors:

"The Trouble with Engineers," according to George S. Odiorne in your January issue, is that the engineer refuses to make his peace with the disorder of the industrial world. . . . Just as a doctor favors sanitation as necessary to promote physical health, so the engineer favors order as necessary to the industrial health of the nation which it is his professional responsibility to secure. He does not amiably accept "the unscientific turmoil in which the rest of us live."

There are, of course, exceptions: "engineers" who have graduated from engineering—as there are doctors who have given up the practice of medicine to go into the business of "health" resorts.

The author says the engineer does not "fit effectively," and he is right, but this does not mean he is not effective, for often he is. . . . With the increased attention he is now giving while at college to the humanities and social sciences, he will doubtless become still more effective in his battle against waste and disorder. But not because he will have become enamored of these evils! . . .

The "luxury that we cannot afford" is "the unscientific turmoil" and not the specialist who does not adapt to it or who tries to be indifferent to it. In any case, the engineer is not indifferent to disorder but hostile to it from education and experience, by insight and conviction. His usefulness to society will consist in his maintaining this hostility. To avoid trouble in this case would be to retreat from responsibility.

W. E. HOWLAND
Professor of Sanitary Engineering
Purdue University, Ind.

To the Editors:

I have been reading a great deal recently about the good and bad qualities of engineers and the truth or falsity of the reports of a shortage of engineers. The opinions have been expressed by a variety of psychologists, sociologists, economists, and businessmen. Little has been said (in the public prints) by the engineers themselves. As a practicing engineer I should like to comment.

Several well informed, highly placed people have been claiming there is a shortage of engineers. They point out that we need 40,000 graduates a year rather than the 20,000 we are getting. Mr. Odiorne referred to these figures by implication. . . . The people who state the figures are a little too glib. They do not say whether the graduates are to be civil, chemical, electrical, mechanical, or whatever engineers. They do not say whether they are to go into design, development, research, production, management, sales, or whatever else there is. You cannot alleviate a shortage of race horses by breeding dray horses, and there is almost that degree of difference between a civil engineer who supervises construction and an electrical engineer who develops computers. It is also true that many engineers are engaged as little more than file clerks.

Where, then, does the shortage exist? I believe it exists in the defense-contract segment of industry and is in large part artificial and the fault of engineers themselves. The advertisements referred to by Mr. Odiorne seek primarily engineers for defense contracts. Since most military contracts are cost plus fixed fee, the businessmen overfill their tables of organization to be sure of having enough engineers. The engineers are modest and do not ask for large enough salaries. Once in a job, they become aware of disparities, but they find raises hard to get because of the crowd. When an engineer finds he is underpaid and cannot get a raise, he answers another ad and gets a job with some other company which is overstaffing its engineering department. . . . Each company has three platoons of engineers—one working, one coming, and one going. Hidden in this procedure are the engineers who can alleviate the shortage. There is no shortage for those companies that pay salaries above the going rate and treat their engineers with respect. . . .

MILTON J. LOWENSTEIN
New York, N. Y.

So Do Californians—

To the Editors:

Maybe I am missing something. I was born in California and have lived here all my life, so it is possible I take for granted that gay, mad way of life which is—as articles in national magazines keep assuring me—so uniquely and inimitably Californian.

I have admired Mr. Bruce Bliven's writing in the past, and I got a great kick out of his "The California Culture" in the January issue. Some of his facts

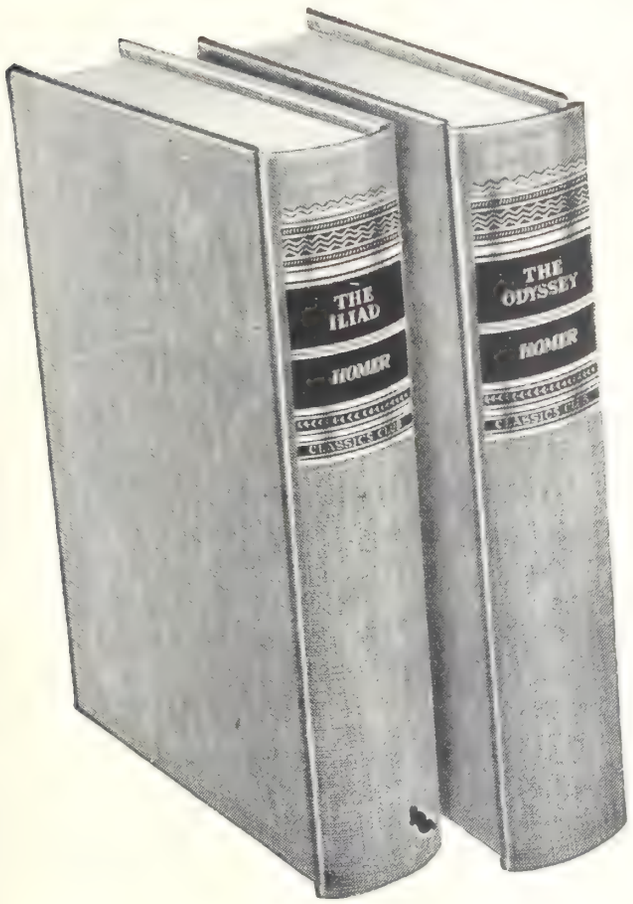
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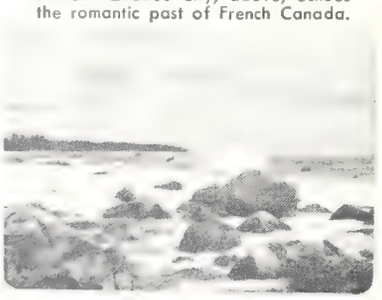
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LETTERS

are true, and some of his comments are humorous and perceptive.

But a good deal of it is just plain humorous.

The young California matron like her peers all over the U. S. does *not* work a sixteen-hour day unless she has infant twins or is employed outside the home. If she does work a sixteen-hour day, she definitely does not love it. . . .

And that fine folksy California custom of exchanging home-grown fruits and vegetables! Things are more rural and leisurely in Saratoga where Mr. Bliven lives. His neighbors may have time for that sort of thing, but mine do not. His are probably farmers or the Wealthy Retired. I lived in Saratoga once; it is indeed a wonderful place but very far from being the typical California community.

The man with five vans of camellias was, as anyone could guess, just a nut for camellias. You can find that type any place. Things do grow well in California, both kids and plant life. But most of us young California matrons are too involved with the former to become fanatic about the latter. . . .

PEGGY TERRIEN
South San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editors:

Heaven help ". . . the new book in the field of recent history" that you say Bruce Bliven has come here to write, if it's as unscholarly as his article on "The California Culture."

The author's sole sources of information appear to have been some Sunday newspaper supplements; a gossipy barbecue party on the Peninsula; *The Grapes of Wrath;* and one quick trip each to: Los Angeles, San Francisco, a housing tract, a shopping center, a freeway, and a little theater.

Before undertaking any more superficial generalizations on his adopted state (the adoption was his) I hope Mr. Bliven will leave his limited circuit long enough to experience the balancing diversities in geography, people, and values that make up the real California.

DOUGLAS M. FRAME
Orinda, Calif.

To the Editors:

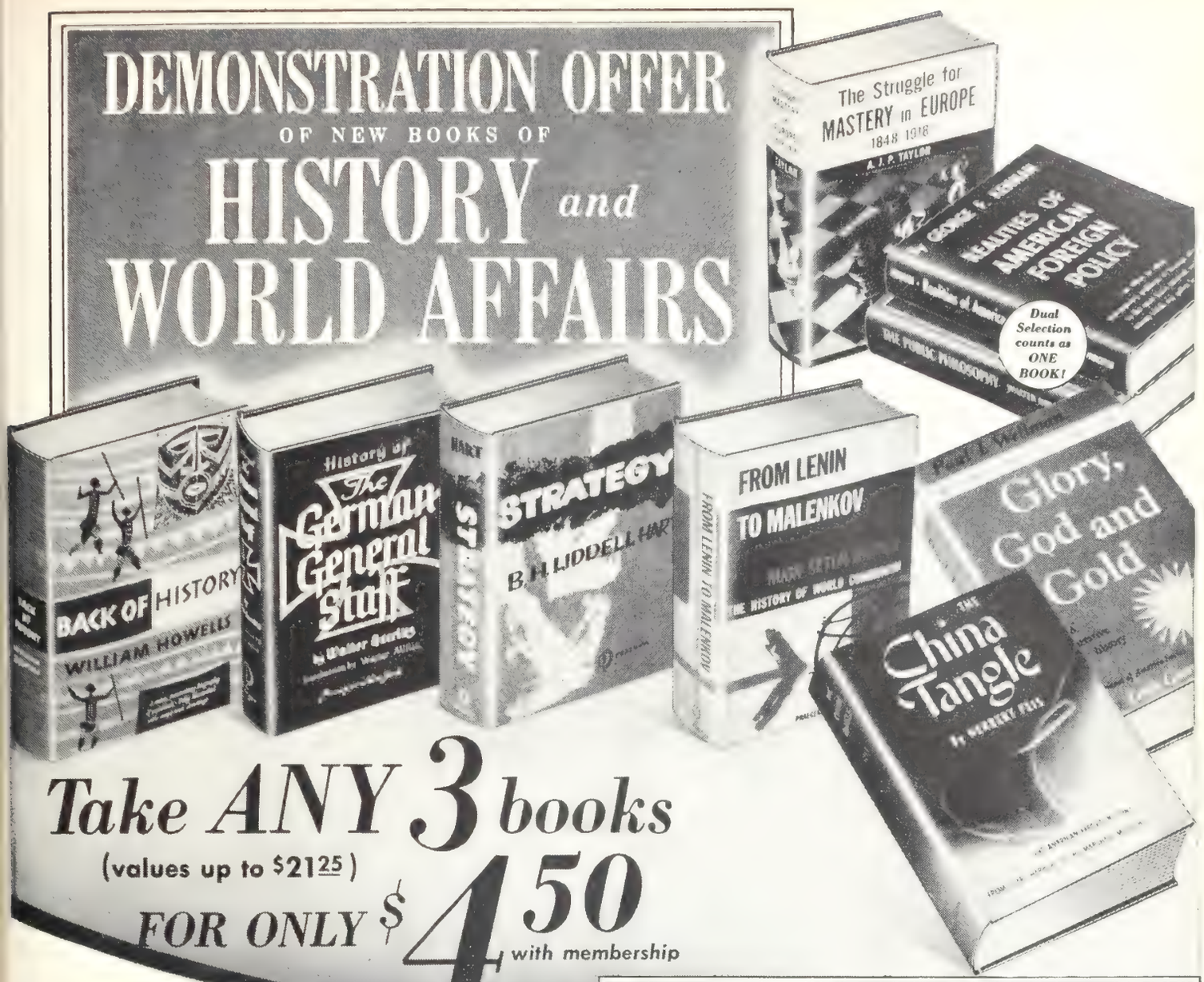
Mr. Bliven's article is excellent and he treats the "California culture" very well. California is known as the golden country to everyone except those that live there. . . .

The so-called idyllic life starts with rising at an early hour, driving through harrowing and hazardous traffic, spending the traditional number of union hours to make the traditional living, and scurrying back again like an ant on an ant hill to pursue a few more regimented tasks to finish out the day.

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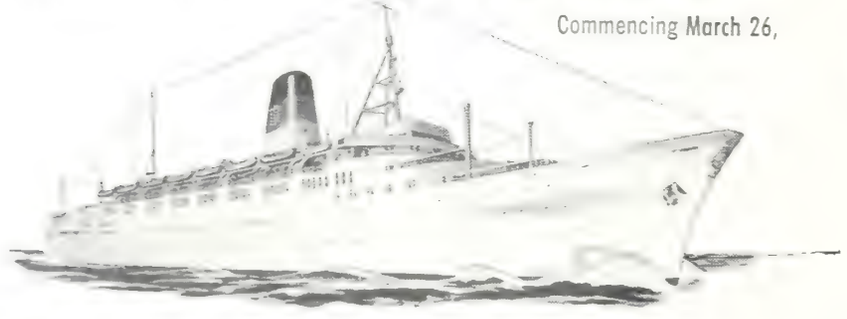
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LETTERS

Regimented tasks in California may b
further described as the year-roun
never-ending job of watering and cu
ting the lawn and sweeping th
patio. . . .

The purple mountains' majesty has t
be viewed through rose-colored glasse
houses as crowded as pickets on a fenc
now swell the once uninhabited lan
Horizontal lounging on the patio
something to dream about while movin
in a vertical position. . . .

LILLIAN B. NOVA
San Diego, Calif.

To the Editors:

. . . Such naïve or perhaps ignoran
statements as "The new houses ar
handsome if you like modern design
do discredit to Mr. Bliven. . . .

The fact is, if you can generalize a
all about such a vast number of house
that, with a few exceptions, the ne
houses being built in California are *no*
handsome if you like modern desig
Or, as many would hasten to add, an
design at all for that matter.

DAVID GREY GARDNE
Encino, Calif.

To the Editors:

I enjoyed Bruce Bliven's article o
California culture very much. I thin
he has done a fine, objective job. Whil
we don't like to admit our shortcoming
we do have them in the West as he ha
pointed out. . . . More power to you

GEORGE P. MILLER
Member of Congres
8th District, Calif.

Jet-Propelled Couch—

To the Editors:

As a physician with no psychiatri
training except on the receiving end
I am totally unequipped to pass on th
validity of Dr. Robert Lindner's "Th
Jet-Propelled Couch" [December
January]. Whether it is pure fantasy o
sober unadulterated case study I d
not give a hoot. It is a damn good story
worthy of a place in any anthology o
the year's best and in my very humbl
opinion better than a lot of run-of-the
mill Poe I have read. . . .

MOSES FREED LUBELL, M.D
Waterville, Me.

To the Editors:

Thanks for publishing "The Jet-Pro
pelled Couch." I found it fascinating
What better example could be foun
of truth stranger than fiction?

But stranger still are the reflections i
provokes. Here we have a brilliant ma
busy developing murderous weapon
Due to the development of an od
mental quirk this man has become

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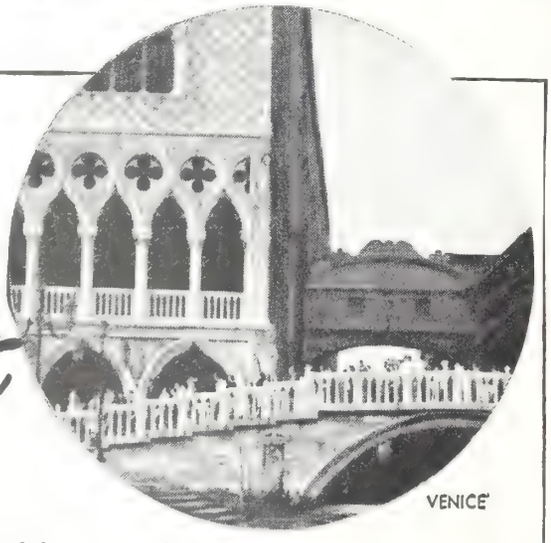
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NEIL RAY HENDRICK
Brownsville, Tex.

The Destructors—

To the Editors:

In these days when child delinquency is a tragic problem to all responsible people, it is a deep shock that a maga zine like yours can publish a story— "The Destructors" in your January issue—which turns such a problem int a joke.

GRACE E. BARSTOW MURPHY
Setauket, N. Y.

To the Editors:

Surely Graham Greene's "The De structors" will rank with the fines stories of 1955. I think there is good reason to call it an unforgettable story. At least I, for one, can't imagine forgetting it. . . . The horrifying part of the story is the motivation behind Trevor's vandalism. I assume that most youthful vandals do not comprehend the enormity of their crimes and are blind to beauty. But Trevor did comprehend, and he had a genius for recognizing beauty. And to him beauty itself was the enemy to be destroyed. It is this that makes Mr. Greene's story memorable.

J. F. HOPKINS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Talmadge of Georgia—

To the Editors:

The brief sketch at the top of the article on Herman Talmadge [December] was incisive and definitive as far as it went. Mr. McMillan's article was not. Let me point out a few obvious errors in fact:

(1) Mr. McMillan gives Senator George's age as 79. According to the Congressional Directory he was born on January 29, 1878—making him just 77. The two years' difference might mean a lot in 1956.

(2) Eugene Talmadge (Herman's father) was defeated *twice,* not once for the Senate and also for Governor in perhaps the most significant race of all against Ellis Arnall in 1942.

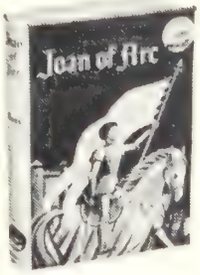
(3) The article says, "Arnall returned to Atlanta to practice law . . . in the fall of 1953." Governor Arnall's present Atlanta law firm was formed, with Ar nall as an original member, before

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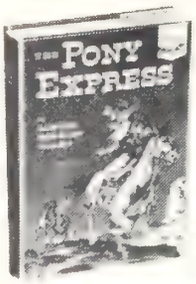
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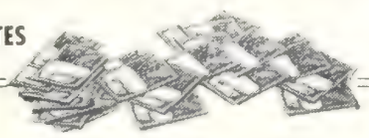
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LETTERS

1950. He never "left" Georgia except on frequent business trips.

(4) "As long as Georgia is solidly Democratic and keeps the county-unit system, a small group of people headed by Herman Talmadge can run the State" is a statement subject to challenges. Herman himself toyed with bolting the Democratic party in both 1948 and 1952 and had the necessary legislation passed in 1952 to hand Georgia's electoral votes to anyone he chose, barring the names of Presidential candidates from the ballot. . . . The Georgia Democrats whose loyalty to the national party is unbroken are Talmadge's most militant enemies. . . . Also, Russell, George, and Arnall all beat Eugene Talmadge in county-unit system primaries. They are still around to challenge Herman's leadership. . . .

Mr. McMillan apparently does not know, or does not mention, that the great increase in state spending by the Talmadge administration was financed by a sales tax enacted in 1951. . . . While Talmadge's claim that he has spent more money for public schools in six years than all previous administrations is approximately true, it is also approximately true that the state collected more money in taxes during that period than all previous administrations put together. Mr. McMillan has bought whole the Talmadge boast that it was Herman who "gave" the state all the benefits of a tax program which has put the deepest bite on those least able to pay. Whether he has "also seen to it that the money is honestly and efficiently spent," is open to question. One of the deplorable facts of political life in Georgia is that there has been no critical reportorial study of this phase of state government since the early 1940s.

GEORGE A. DOSS, JR.
Macon, Ga.

To the Editors:

Mr. Doss' letter only stresses a point I tried to make in my article: Herman Talmadge has shown consummate skill in robbing his political enemies of issues on which they can attack him *within* Georgia. . . . The glaring and obvious shortcomings in Talmadge have not been enough so far to cause the voters to curtail his political power. . . .

Only Ellis Arnall's diary will prove whether he has spent more time in or out of Georgia since January 1947. He has occupied offices in New York and Los Angeles as well as in Atlanta. . . .

Mr. Doss says Russell, George, and Arnall all licked Old Gene. But one of my principal points was that Herman is not Old Gene. . . .

GEORGE MCMILLAN
Aiken, S. C.



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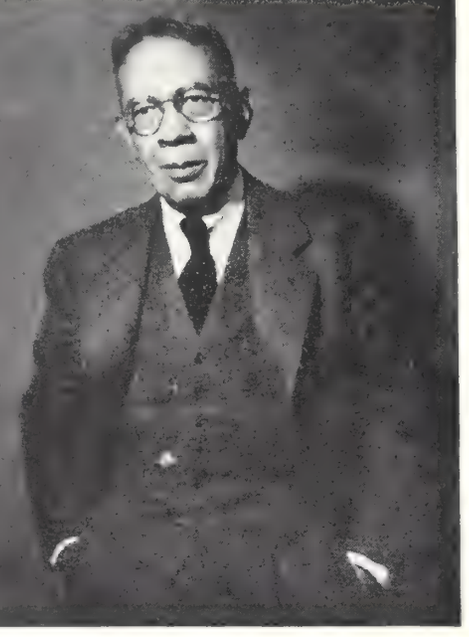
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



Hazards of the Road

A COLLECT telephone call from a town that was on Pacific time woke me at 2:00 A.M. and I was being asked what an objective correlative was. Belatedly recognizing the name and voice as Sam's, I told him that an explanation would require an hour and not to bother because there were none, at least none of legal size, in his novels. Sam said he had that impression himself and please excuse the toll charge, he was phoning from a private house where there was a kind of party, he'd blow me to lunch when he got back. But tell me, he said, what in hell is a videlicet?

Here I came fully awake. I realized that the word was tied up with the town he was phoning from. I told him that it was not a videlicet; it was *Videlicet* and his assumption that either a definite or an indefinite article should be present revealed his crassness. It was a severe quarterly of literary criticism, I went on, and a recent issue had carried an article which incinerated him and his novels and, in the name of Kafka, interred the ashes beside Harold Bell Wright. The article was written, I said, by the English prof on the sofa who was smoking a calabash—a novelist approaching forty who was young, honest, courageous, and unpublished. Go back to [illegible], I instructed Sam, and assert that the New Criticism has murdered the art of fiction, tell him that his generation is already written out, and spend the rest of the evening multiplying by four and out loud your annual take from royalties, book clubs, movie sales, and reprints. No, I amended, multiply by six, for the novelist uses em-dashes instead of quotes for dialogue and in tense passages omits the em-dashes. Sam said, I'm going to read his manuscript.

I had read it and its two predecessors and the professor had tipped me with an offprint of a piece of his published in some journal I had never heard of. It established that I am not only a hack, a literary prostitute, and a begetter of the war in Korea but a member of the conspiracy that keeps publishers from accepting novels by anyone who does not live within commuting distance of New York and, though perhaps only half-consciously, a fascist as well. There must be at least four novel manuscripts by now, most likely five. Sam would lecture at the 9:00 A.M. convocation and his train would not leave till five. He was in for a rewarding day.

I SERVE as the education that Sam has triumphantly resisted for a lifetime. So I had advised him not to sign the contract which a lecture agent had urged him to. *Time* has lately quoted Mr. John Marquand as lamenting that "it is harder for a writer to make a fortune than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." I should have supposed that Mr. Marquand has at least sprung the hinges of that strait gate and certainly Sam has. He had no need to take up the grueling life of the itinerant lecturer. His new novel had been up there for months, as his novels always are, and like the others it would infuriate the young professor for it was first-rate. But no one has ever dissuaded Sam from acting on an aberrant impulse and he had signed the contract. I had not heard from him again till the phone call.

He needed lunchtime and three hours more to summarize his travel memoirs, in the assurance that their novelty would dazzle me. Me, who for many years have eked out the earnings of a hack and a conspirator by lecturing from ten to twenty times a season. Had he, I asked, spoken in the town we may call Bingville? I'll say this for Marian, he said, she buys books.

His train got there about 8:00 P.M. and Sam had not dined, on the sound assumption that anything available at his hotel would be better than dinner on the train. No redcaps were in sight and Sam had two bags. They were, however, immediately taken from him by a man who said nothing but looked like, and was, the President of the First National Bank. A woman in a mink coat said, Sam, this is George and I'm Marian—you aren't going to the hotel, you're going to have our guest suite, and some delightful people are coming in, you look just like your picture, don't you? The next few minutes bring out all the ingenuity a man has; but he loses.

A hotel room has become a sanctuary and you lie imaginatively, desperately, and futilely. You are expecting several New York calls—but they can be transferred to our house. You have to send some telegrams whose composition requires isolation and great care—but there's a desk in the guest suite. You haven't had dinner—but the cook would be enchanted. By inventing a dangerous neurosis I made sure of eventually getting to the hotel but all Sam could think of was a chronic kidney ailment and he didn't. So now he had to make good on those New York calls. His lecture agent's office would be closed but he remembered the home telephone number of his literary agent. So, saying that he must at least stop by for mail, he dashed into the hotel, looked up Marian's number, telephoned to Mr. Carl Brandt, and directed him to let half an hour pass and then call Gardenside 4-0073.

SAM is right about Marian's library. She has been program chairman of the Bingville Women's Club for years and has bought all the books of every writer who has appeared on its platform during her term. (With a writer like me this calls for six months of unremunerative labor by a dealer in second-hand books.) You inscribe them all "To Marian" and sign your first name, for she is on terms of *tutoiement* with "Ted," who is Edward A. Weeks, "John," who is John Mason Brown, and several dozen other circuit-riders. You do not try to find out whether she has read any of them for there is no reason why she should have and at least she has wanted to meet you. More than half the delightful people who drop in don't want to; they are here because she is a power in Bingville or because she serves excellent liquor. Of the rest most think you are someone else. In my time I have been understood to be practically everyone from Brooks Atkinson to Gregory Zilboorg. Once last year when I came off the platform glowing with a conviction that this time I had been on the ball, I was collared by an elderly gentleman who asked angrily where my rope was. He thought I was Will Rogers.

Women's clubs are the least enjoyable part of a lecturer's life and the worst audience. It is impossible, at least for me, to get their attention. The girls have discharged their contractual obligation by showing up and they fill the empty hour with sleep or conversation. They accept the lecturer as a celebrity, which means he has been certified as one who sometimes gets his name in the papers, or as a symbol of culture, which they acknowledge to be praiseworthy, and nothing further is required of him or them.

I rank only just above them the lecture series that is run for profit by a private impresario. The proprietor has chosen the lecturer to fit a formula and a forecast, perceives he has made a mistake, resents paying through the nose for it, and succeeds in suggesting as much to the audience during the introduction. The next level is the forum in which several speakers participate; it is the easiest job a lecturer is called on to do but is also the most futile. Teachers' institutes and conventions come next; they are pleasant people but as an audience they are ill at ease, probably because they press too hard. Best of all are the colleges and the lyceums managed by organizations, private or public.

TO BEGIN with, you may fairly assume that they have hired you because they want to hear you, or at least to look at you. You are saved from ego inflation by the knowledge that this year's series includes a ballet troupe and a string quartet, and they have therefore filled out the rest of it from the lowest fees on the lists of the agencies. But the audience comes with the knowledge that you are not Will Rogers and always some of them have read some of your stuff.

There are good colleges and bad colleges; a lecturer's criteria differ from yours. A bad college has resolved to get its money's worth in at least labor. About five years ago at a big metropolitan university I made in one day (and for one fee, remember) eleven public appearances, at seven of which I had to speak. You doubt this? Here is the inventory: press conference with reporters from the local newspapers, interview at a local radio station, press conference with reporters from the undergraduate daily with a journalism class sitting in to see how it was done, interview recorded on tape at the university radio station, the lecture I had been hired to deliver, thirty-minute talk at a graduate school luncheon, fifty-minute talk at a joint meeting of several

What Makes a Woman CHOOSE SUCH A LIFE?



You see her walking down the street ... and maybe you wonder about her.

She isn't fashionably dressed like other women. She wears no lipstick, no make-up, no high heels or nylons. Instead of a "perky" hat, her head is covered by a hood and veil. Her dress is a billowing, full-length habit that bears little resemblance to feminine fashions.

And as she passes by, you realize that here is a woman different from others not only in dress ... but in her entire way of life. Here is one who has deliberately turned her back upon the worldly pleasures which other women seek and enjoy. And perhaps you wonder why a woman should give up all this to become a Catholic nun.

Is it because she is afraid to face the world and its responsibilities? Is it because she lacks talents that other women possess and therefore seeks shelter in the convent? Is she devoid of maternal instinct? Or does she choose the life of a nun because she thinks it is easier and more secure than life in a world of fluctuating economic conditions?

No — a nun who will knock at your door asking for alms for the poor surely is not afraid of the world. A Catholic sister competent to teach in a school ... and often highly gifted in the arts and languages ... is surely not lacking in talents. Nor can anyone who has seen a Catholic nun mothering a grievously sick person in a hospital ... believe that she is lacking in the maternal instinct.

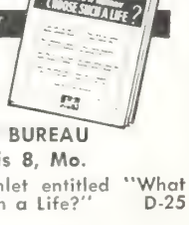
What is it, then, that prompts a woman to turn her back upon the pleasures and luxuries of the world for a life of poverty, chastity and obedience? How is it that hundreds of thousands of women do this ... many of them coming from well-to-do families which could supply their every need and wish? What is the spark that fires their zeal for God, and for humanity?

The answer is, of course, that the heart of a nun is filled with the desire to serve God. And that desire is the product of her Catholic Faith. If you doubt the compelling power of Catholic belief, remember this fact ... the Catholic Church is the only institution on earth having large numbers of such consecrated women who devote their lives to the work of Christ in schools and hospitals, in orphanages and old peoples' homes, and among the poor and sick in every land.

Perhaps you would not or could not become a nun, or a priest, or a religious of the Catholic Church. Perhaps you would not even want to be a Catholic. But you should inform yourself concerning the teachings and beliefs of the Church which can inspire such magnificent sacrifice and service.

If you would like to know more about the Catholic nuns ... how they are trained, how they live, why they choose this way of life—write for Free Pamphlet No. D-25. It will come in a plain wrapper—nobody will call on you.

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American history courses, fifty-minute talk to a similar meeting of literature courses, forty-five minute talk to a student literary club (this was at the Union and I was competing with myself, for in the next room the recorded interview was coming in fortissimo), twenty-minute talk at a reception which the university press was giving for one of its authors whose book I was supposed to have read on arrival but hadn't, seventy-five minute talk and a question period following a formal dinner at the faculty club. Any lecturer can name the university.

Understand, neither I nor my agent had been consulted about any of this. I was simply met, in fact called from my post-arrival shower, by an efficient young man with a typed schedule who opened by remarking that he had not been able to work in a seminar on conservation which some professor wanted me to talk to. The first mark of a good college is that it asks how much of this sort of thing you care to do. I usually volunteer to do more than a good college expects, for I prefer the give and take of extemporaneous talk to formal lecturing, and I like to meet people. (Anyone who doesn't, and who hasn't got a tolerably robust constitution, ought not to do any lecturing.) It arranges an hour, as soon as possible after the lecture, when anyone who may have been interested, puzzled, or annoyed by something said in it can sit around with the lecturer and talk it out. It also offers him a chance, at his discretion, to meet students and members of the faculty, separately and by all means in small groups.

(I am free to make these remarks because this is my last season. I have three more engagements to keep and then I am retiring from the circuit. Permanently.)

A good college puts the lecturer in the custody of someone who, however bored he may be, has boned up on him and knows something about him. It makes sure that he has a cocktail before dinner and is not apprehensive if he takes a second one. (Sir, I beseech you not to disgrace the Bugleville Library by appearing on its platform in a state of intoxication, a chairman said to me when I asked if a drink went with

(inner.) It conscripts some congenial people to meet him at lunch, dinner, or for cocktails, again in small roups.

It also asks—here I display my own unreasonable requirements—it sks if there is anything he would ike to see while he is in town. I want to see the museums and any pecial collections in my field the ibrary may have. I want to see any nearby historical sites and as much of the surrounding countryside as here is time for. If the college will provide me with a guide, I will see lot more than I could on my own. There is no reason why it should, it s paying me to lecture, not to be instructed, and I know only too poignantly that the guide will work ights making up the time lost on ne. But I am grateful to a lot of people at a lot of colleges who have hown me the local geography and istory, usually taking along some pecialists for me to pump.

Such kindliness helps to make the ollege lecture circuit enjoyable. So o the experts in your field and in nany others whom you meet, people who share your shop talk and admit lou to theirs. I have received a good eal more from the circuit than I ave given in return while on it. For doubt the value of a circuit lecture -indeed of any lecture except one iven by a specialist to his fellow pecialists. I would not go to hear ny own lectures; from those of others have attended through professional ourtesy, I know that the best circuit ecturer is not the one who says most ut the one who makes the most and ne corniest wisecracks. And professional comedians do it better.

THERE may be some value in the epilogue of a lecture, the question period, the arguments that may e carried on for hours in a smaller oom, the rambling discussion with group of students or of teachers. ast year, for instance, I lectured a ozen times on the Bill of Rights nd the people and organizations nat have been trying to subvert it. doubt if I told any audience anything it did not know beforehand. ut when the questions get started here are usually fireworks and one moved to preach the gospel in horter words. It probably did some udents some good to hear plain talk

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and to observe that the person who uttered it was not blasted by a thunderbolt. Some faculties may have got useful suggestions on tactics to use against their oppressors, and some may have felt encouraged by hearing their resistance movements championed by someone from off-campus.

The lecturer must be able to think reasonably fast and to take in his stride any question whatever. Now that college lectures are broadcast on short wave, someone fifty miles away may phone in to demand that the lecturer justify his evident dislike of birds or his lack of belief in flying saucers, and you have about twenty seconds to make good. Also, you must never lose your temper.

I did once and have been ashamed of myself ever since. An American Gothic type called me an atheist and set out to convert me from the floor. She ignited me, though I enjoyed dealing with the question whether I would admit I was a Communist which the Bill of Rights talk usually produced. With that question, incidentally, the first point to make is that the questioner is not privileged to ask it, not being a public official acting in certain stated circumstances. You go on from there according to your lights; I silenced one persistent bullroarer by asking if he was an adulterer. He perceived that I was only a pink and departed, loudly.

ON THAT subject and on a good many others I am willing to carry on the argument at whatever length the audience may want or any small group afterwards may want. But lecturing for an hour and then batting questions about are hard work, I am tired when I finish, and I am not willing to spend additional hours listening to someone denounce me in an effort to poultice his private wounds. That is why, some years ago, I stopped lecturing on literary topics. I advise any professional writer who may be thinking of taking to the circuit to announce the same taboo. Such a title as "Contemporary Trends in the Novel" is sure fire—three dozen barnstormers must be talking about it as I write it down here—and a person like Sam can talk only about how he thinks he writes novels, which has little relation to how he does write them. But lay off.

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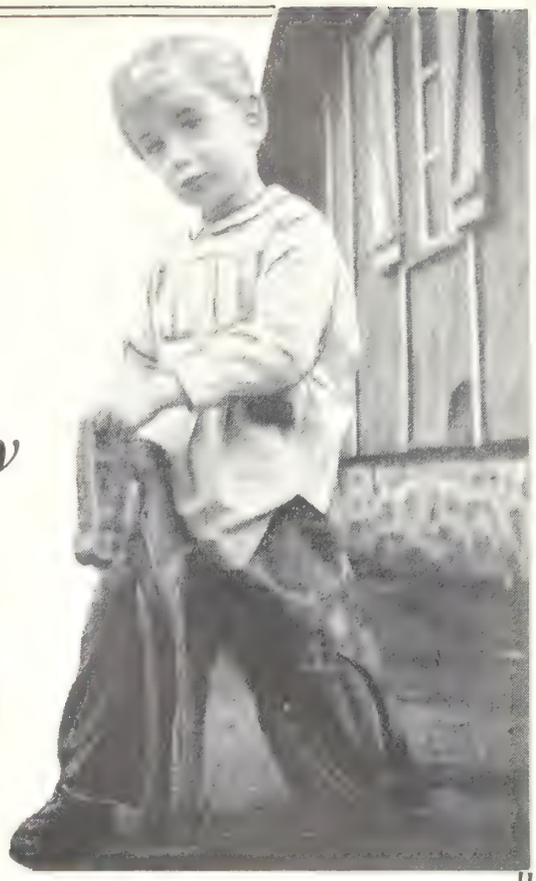
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THE EASY CHAIR

ture on something else that is hin your competence, something ose academic practitioners have vocational need of a psychiatrist. n at least one college out of three will run into the unpublished glish prof with a calabash and he dreadful bore. At the dean's se after the lecture you get a high- l all right, but instead of talking he attractive women in the room listening to the specialists, you e to endure a long discourse that oses your personal corruptness l the injury you have done Amer- literature. When I was an un- graduate the English department ded to scorn professional writers ause they were contemporary; v its amateurs despise them be- se they are published. You must mit to the old, irrefutable demon- tion: the young prof is a pure l fiery soul and a pure artist be- se the publishers won't take his ff, you are a bum because they e yours. He is sure no one has ded to make this clear to you be- e, only he has had the daring to k out. But if he does not, when shaves tomorrow he will see a ard's face in the mirror. If he s, he will, for the time being, feel ble and maybe the chairman of his artment will approve.

[E is magnificently fearless in the dean's living-room. He will mit Hemingway and Faulkner to a little longer, though with their es tapped lest they subvert his eration of young novelists. Every- else must die forthwith and he cts you to, though he will give a few minutes to atone by con- ing your guilt. Then he moves on destroy the publishers' conspiracy, that henceforth only unbribed elists from west of Spoon River see print. At 11:00 P.M. I have interest in serving literature. A ple of years on the analytical ch might help him to mature but hing will ever make him publish- e, and I cannot see that half a ter is as good as no writer at all. neone, I suppose, has to give rses in professional writing at the eges. Or maybe the Ford Founda- n could help out. As a vanity pub- er it could print, in frugal paper- nd editions, the novels that the lishers' conspiracy refuses to.

A Casualty in a war he never knew



ROBERT has paid a price for freedom. Every small boy needs a father to mend his broken toys, to play with him, to see that he has warm clothes and enough to eat. Robert, who is not yet four, has none of these. A war 6,500 miles from France, half-forgotten already, took them away from him and left only loneliness and poverty.

Robert cannot even remember the soldier father who fought and died in Indochina. To Robert, "Daddy" is a storybook hero who left to his only son, not his sword and shield, but the War Cross and the Military Medal. When Robert sits astride his broken hobby horse he pretends that *he* is Daddy, riding out to meet the enemy.

Robert lives with his mother, grandmother, and three sisters in a wooden shack on the outskirts of the seaport of Brest, France. The house is damp and cold. There is no running water, no gas, no inside toilet. Robert plays along the muddy pathways or among the garbage cans.

With luck Robert *may* find someone to mend his broken horse—his only toy. But his mother cannot buy shoes for him—unless someone helps. There will not be enough food to bring color to his pale cheeks, there will not be warm clothing to keep him protected from the bitterness of a Breton winter.

A broken toy, some scraps of ribbon and bits of metal—precious as they are—are not enough. A hero's son—a very small boy—needs help.

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Personal and Otherwise

Medicine Men and Fortune Tellers

If some 24-carat maiden would like to volunteer for a considerable public service, she should get in touch with Mr. Thomas Hornsby Ferril, the Resident Sage & Bard of the Rockies, or with the Denver Water Board.

The drouth is getting serious out there; and Mr. Ferril suggests that it is time to stop fiddling around with newfangled and ineffective devices for making rain, such as cloud-seeding and silver iodide smoke. In his personal newspaper, the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, Ferril (a true conservative) is pleading for a return to time-proven methods. If the evidence of history means anything, the one reliable way to produce a real gulley-washer is to sacrifice a virgin, with appropriate ritual.

It is true that some people doubt whether this system always works as far north as Colorado. It has always been most popular, Mr. Ferril notes, in southern climates—notably Mexico, where the Aztecs used it for centuries with evident satisfaction, and Rome, where the Pontifex Maximus handled all priestly business involving water spirits, bridges, and the public throat-cutting of qualified young ladies. In New Mexico the Pueblo Indians employed it with notorious success to break the Great Drouth of 1690. But, as Mr. Ferril points out with scrupulous honesty, "the Pawnees were the only Indians who seem to have tried it as far north as Kansas, and the records are inconclusive as to their results."

Still, in an emergency as grave as this no right-thinking citizen would boggle at a few degrees of latitude. The only genuine difficulty is to find a suitable candidate. Mr. Ferril thinks there must be a number in the Denver high schools, though none has yet stepped forward. Under these circumstances—hardly a credit to the public spirit of Colorado womanhood—the authorities would perhaps be willing to consider a volunteer from outside the state.

Maybe from Hollywood, if it can produce anybody up to specifications. In addition to the satisfactions of duty nobly done, the lady could count on a lush reward in the coi Hollywood values most. The desi cated Coloradans obviously would b willing to publicize the occasion i the grand manner—elegaic orato by the Governor, newsreel shots o the heroine in a bathing suit (wit umbrella), and a Chamber of Com merce ceremony to crown her Mi Cloudburst of 1955, just before th terminal rites.

As ***Mr. William Eastlake*** sugges in "The Medicine Men" (p. 54 our Western Indians have always u derstood that a certain amount o dignified violence is necessary in suc matters. Or, as Geronimo, the em nent Apache philosopher, used t put it: "You can't make medicin without breaking skulls."

This department had a gran father who became a close friend o the old gentleman, after he ha taken up enforced residence in h declining years at Fort Sill, Okl homa. During his livelier day Geronimo had painfully assembled blanket—or piece-quilt—of whi women's scalps. It was warm an fashionable—the envy of every chi from the Gila river to the Arapah country—but it was a nuisance t keep well-groomed on the march, b cause of a tendency to collect flea and sandburrs. Moreover, as th Southwest became infested with Ge eral Nelson Miles's cavalry, th owner realized that it was becomin increasingly hard to replace (or eve to patch up) if he wore it out.

So eventually he reserved it fo purely thaumaturgic purposes, wit splendid results. When spread ov a wounded brave, it would heal hi up faster than rattlesnake oil or an other available medication. At nig it would make the wearer invisibl so he could steal horses from th best guarded remuda.

Worn in battle, it would bound o the slugs from a Winchester carbin as Geronimo himself demonstrate on many occasions. He never woul have surrendered, if his women an children hadn't been starving. H

ver could resist a squaw's tears. All this Geronimo related as he sat a bench in the winter sunshine tside his stone cell, cuddling on s knee the five-year-old daughter of Fort Sill artillery instructor. She as fond of him; and he loved to oke her blonde curls.

MR. EASTLAKE is a kind of heir of Geronimo. His ranch near uba, New Mexico—right next to an dian reservation bigger than some stern states—was once part of the l warrior's domain. (The Navaho d Apache neighbors he writes out are, he says, "the remnants of e most powerful and warlike peo- who ever hit this continent. hen they moved, they moved fast d with color. They were quick and ired and respected.") He also has nerited something of Geronimo's thod of telling stories.

For Mr. Eastlake believes in ac- n, heroes, villains, humor, sus- nse, and plot. This is noteworthy, cause it may represent the most eresting trend in American fiction. r a good many years these ingredi- ts were out of fashion. The respec- ble writers dealt with victims her than heroes, with mood rather n action; and the respectable tics regarded "plot" as a particu- ly nasty four-letter word. Re- tly, however, a number of our lest young writers have been redis- vering the magic elements which re the stock-in-trade of great story- t lers from Homer and Geronimo to emingway. This clearly is just the edicine the patient needs. Maybe is being administered in the nick time, to forestall a fatal estrange- nt between the fiction writer and public—the sort of estrangement t already has reduced the poets to ittle band of lonesome men mum- ng to themselves.

"The Medicine Men" is Mr. East- e's first story to be published in a eral magazine, although he has itten for the literary quarterlies. *Harper's* will publish more Eastlake ries in the near future.

••*Peter F. Drucker* would never ll himself a medicine man; "con- tant to management" and "econ- ist" are more decorous labels. Yet and his fellow consultants per- m, for our society, one of the chief roles of the priestly caste in earlier cultures; they foretell the future. (The other main function—hearing confessions and healing the soul—has of course been largely taken over by the psychiatrists: an interesting example of division of labor in a specialized economy.)

Members of our Certified Public Fortune Tellers Guild certainly use more scientific methods than their forerunners. They inspect the entrails of IBM machines, rather than oxen, and trace the flight of soaring graphs, instead of doves. But they collect the same kind of reverence and rewards which used to go to the shamans, oracles, and mullahs. (The Exalted Lord Abbot of the Guild—at the moment, Arthur Burns—sits at the right hand of the Chief of State, and his annual report on the auspices is laid before Congress in a solemn special message.) And in return for such honors, they supply the traditional commodity: assurance against the dread uncertainty of tomorrow.

The main difference—or so we all hope—is that our modern prophets turn out a more reliable product. A notable sample is the series of four articles by Mr. Drucker, which begins this month on page 27. His forecast of the next twenty years in America is as nearly foolproof as any such prediction can be, because it is based almost entirely on events which already have occurred—even though many of them have gone unnoticed and unreported.

His first article deals mostly with the population changes just ahead, and what they will mean in terms of jobs, education, and the need for new investment. Those to follow will examine the effects of "automation," the new industrial revolution (they will be very different from what most people expect); and the rise of the institutional investors—pension funds, insurance companies, and investment trusts—as our only big capitalists. Finally, Mr. Drucker will discuss the eleven new issues which will transform the shape of American politics, and the kind of policies which we shall need to make the coming changes most fruitful.

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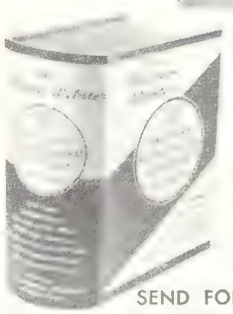
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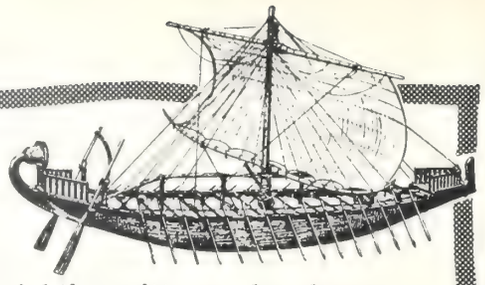
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ent—has been made required read-ng for all executives in dozens of her companies; it was recently ap-raised by *Business Week* as the best olume yet in this field.

••It would seem—to judge from ***ohn Sack's*** "A Slow Boat to China"). 33)—that negotiating with the ommunists can be a gruesomely ilarious business. Mr. Sack caught to these facts of life while serving a PFC in the U.S. Army in Tokyo nd Korea. His first book, *From ere to Shimbashi,* will be published ter this month.

••The three Lafores are eminently ualified to write on Small Cars (p. 2). ***Laurence Lafore,*** an associate ofessor of history at Swarthmore ollege, is the owner of a Hillman nvertible which was preceded in s garage by an earlier Hillman and Renault. His brother ***R. W. La-re,*** the Vice President of Central ity Chevrolet Company in Phila-lphia, has for his personal use both MG and a 1938 Lincoln limousine approximately the biggest car ever anufactured. However the MG has cently been largely taken over by s son, ***R. W. Lafore, Jr.,*** a junior Swarthmore High School.

••***Mrs. Wilma Dykeman Stokely's*** ortrait of Tennessee's three political rong men (p. 48) grew out of an tense interest in that state's pecu-arly personal brand of politics. Her husband's family has long been volved in both the Democratic nd Republican sides, and has pro-uced one Congressman and one overnor.) In addition to many agazine articles, she has written a ook in the Rivers of America series *The French Broad*—which will be ublished by Rinehart this spring. e lives in Newport, Tennessee.

••***Sidney Margolius*** is himself an pert in "The Art of Taxmanship" . 63), though he says that after ading through the 3,000 changes in e tax law wrought by Congress last ar, he finds it is much easier to rite about tax experts than be one. r. Margolius has worked since 1940 xcept for three years in the Army) consumer journalism, what he lls "telling other people how to anage their money."

•••***Moshe Brilliant,*** whose report on Israel's lukewarm war with its Arab neighbors appears on page 68, is a correspondent for several American publications. Born in Hoboken, New Jersey, he has lived in Israel since 1933—it was then Palestine—and was for a number of years the parliamentary and political correspondent of the Jerusalem *Post.* He is extraordinarily well informed on the policy of the new nation, and the men who make it.

•••The academic shepherd of the first-year group in "Bell Telephone's Experiment in Education" (p. 73), ***E. Digby Baltzell,*** teaches sociology at the University of Pennsylvania and is in charge of its foreign-student program. He is a graduate of the Wharton School and was in business for a time before his wartime service. He has a Ph.D. from Columbia.

•••The report on Red Smith, the best living sports writer (p. 82), comes from one of his colleagues in the press box, ***Charles Einstein*** of Ardsley, N. Y. Mr. Einstein's baseball novel, *The Only Game in Town,* will be published this month; he has also collaborated on an autobiography of Willie Mays which is scheduled for April.

•••Reviewing "The New Books" (p. 88) in this issue is ***Bruce Bliven, Jr.,*** the author of *The Wonderful Writing Machine* and of more than a hundred articles and many reviews. He is the son of Bruce Bliven who wrote "The California Culture" in *Harper's* January issue.

Honors List

THE Authors' Guild gave its annual Lauterbach Award for writings contributing to civil liberties to Joseph and Stewart Alsop for their article about the Oppenheimer case in the October 1954 issue of *Harper's,* and for their newspaper columns on security problems.

First-Prize Stories from the O. Henry Memorial Awards contains 34 short stories, selected as the best of all those published in the annual collections of prize stories from 1919 through 1954. Eleven of these, or approximately one-third, first appeared in *Harper's.*

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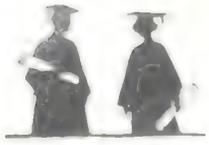
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General Electric develops a screen surface that amplifie light many times

This new discovery permits scientists t increase the brightness of a projecte picture without increasing its light sourc

The two pictures on the left show what may b one of the more important scientific discoveri of recent years.

The top picture shows a dim image of D Willis Whitney, Dr. William Coolidge, pa Directors of the General Electric Researc Laboratory, and Dr. G. G. Suits, current D rector. It has been thrown on a new kind c phosphor screen by ultraviolet light from slide projector. The bottom picture shows wha happens when the screen is "turned on" and a electric current applied to it. The surface ac tually reflects back more light energy than projected on it.

Light amplification in a single phospho layer is a basic discovery. It may open the wa to TV sets so flat they can hang on the wal improved equipment for medical research an other exciting possibilities.

This key development is one of the recent con tributions of General Electric's continuous pro gram of research, which over 76 years has le to new products and jobs. As we see it, it is good example of progress in the American way



Thin TV set of 1965, as designers imagine it now, shown next to one of today's TV tubes. Dr. Suits hol in his hand the new light-booster screen developed Dr. Ferd Williams and D. A. Cusano of General Electri

Harper's
MAGAZINE

America's Next Twenty Years

I. The Coming Labor Shortage

Peter F. Drucker

THE most important economic event of 1954 went almost unreported in the newspapers. It was the announcement that four million sixty thousand babies had been born in this country during the past year—the largest baby crop ever. Yet 1954 should have brought a record low in births rather than a record high. For the young women who reached marriageable age, married, and had their first child during 1954 were born, for the most part, in the dark Depression years of 1933 and 1934, when the birth rate ran 30 or 40 per cent below the present figures. The number of marriages last year was smaller than usual, but the total married population had more than the usual number of children.

Between now and 1975, that is, the number of young people reaching marriageable age will tend to increase. Since romance is reliably constant, this means an appreciable increase in the rate of family-formation and in the number of births to be expected each year. Eight or ten years from now the birth figure should take another mighty leap upward as the children born in the years of the "baby boom" since 1942 begin to reach maturity and form families of their own.

What now appears to be true, therefore, is that the low birth rate of the Depression decade was a freak. The higher birth rate which reasserted itself in the early forties now appears to be the "normal" rate at which the American people reproduce themselves. Only ten years ago the Census Bureau, misled by the Depression birth rate, predicted that the American population would become static within a few years and start to decline soon thereafter. It was this interpretation which underlay most of the talk about a "mature economy" that played such an important role in American public policy during the thirties and early forties. But now we can say with some certainty that nothing short of a tremendous catastrophe—that is, an atomic war—could possibly stop or even slow down the growth of the American population for the next twenty years.

The reason we can be so certain, of course, is that in reckoning the adult population for the next two decades we do not have to predict; we know. *The major events that determine the future have already happened—irrevocably.* Everybody who will reach marriageable age during the next eighteen or twenty years has by now been born. Everyone who will join the work force within the next eighteen or twenty years has by now been born. And so, obviously, has everyone who will retire. The economic population of the next twenty years—its numbers, its age and sex distribution—is not just predictable today; *it is already in being.*

This article will examine some of the implications arising from the single stupendous fact of 1954's birth rate. As in any prophecy, there will presumably be some boners—but with a difference. In order to keep them to as few as possible, we will severely limit our forecasting to those future happenings that are already under way. There will be no need for crystal-gazing. We will find plenty to occupy us in what we *know* about America's next twenty years from events that have already occurred.

More Jobs than Workers

We start with a paradox: there are going to be more people, and hence more jobs, but not more people to fill the jobs. It is more than possible, in fact, that a continuing feature of the next two decades will be a labor shortage—and that the basic problem of the period will not be unemployment but inflation. Let's look at some of the figures which show why this is true.

The total population of the United States, now at 162,000,000, can be expected to top 180,000,000 by 1965 and 220,000,000 by 1975. These are conservative assumptions. They make full allowance for a continuing drop in the birth rate in the one major sector of the populace where it is still high, and still dropping: the Negro. They allow for several years of birth rates as low as those of the thirties. They hardly take into account at all the fact that ten years hence the number of young people old enough to start their own families will be very much larger than it is at present. And they do not make allowances for any growth in the size of families. If the three-child family again becomes the norm, of course, as against the present average of two-and-a-half, the growth of population will be much faster.

The *rate* of population growth which the figures anticipate is no larger than our rate of growth for the past fifty years, including the thirties. It is the rate of population growth which has prevailed in this country virtually since colonial days, and which has brought about the steady doubling of the American people every half century. But the *total* number of new Americans this rate will add to our population is now exceptionally large. It took forty years—from 1910 to 1950—for America to grow by forty million people. Now it should take only twenty years.

At the same time that the total population will grow very rapidly, however, the *working population* will grow very slowly, if at all. With total population increasing by thirty million, the number between twenty and sixty-five years of age (the bulk of our working population) will go up at the most by seven million. In the group from twenty-five to forty-five—the one from which every employment manager in the country prefers to choose—there will actually be a shrinkage of two million. On the other hand, there will be six million more people over sixty-five, and at least sixteen million more under twenty, than there are today.

From 1965 on, in the second decade ahead, total population and working population should be in better balance. Beginning in the early sixties, the large baby crops of the forties will reach maturity. Population of working age will thus increase by twelve million or so during the second decade. And assuming that there is a slight drop rather than an increase in the birth rate of the families these grown-up children form, the subsequent increase in total population and in working population will stand in the same ratio (five to two) in which they stand today.

Explosion in the Colleges

But the size of the working population is not entirely determined by the number of people of working age. An important factor is the number who are not available for work because they are in school.

If the 1954 birth rate was the year's most important economic event, the second most important was the announcement that the number of full-time and part-time college students had increased by 10 per cent, to an all-time high of two-and-a-half million. The increase in the birth rate was contrary to all expectations; the increase in the number of college students was nothing short of miraculous. Not only did an abnormally low number of young people reach college age during the past year (the delayed result of the lean thirties) but the veterans studying under the GI Bill have all but disappeared. Five or six years ago, three-quarters of the male students in many undergraduate colleges were GIs;

today the figure is down to 10 or 15 per cent, most of them in the older classes. Yet the 1954 jump was in the *freshman* class, which contains almost no GIs and was drawn from the smallest college manpower reservoir of the recent past or the foreseeable future.

IT HAD long been clear that the early fifties would show whether there had been any real change in the educational habits of the country, or whether the GI Bill (and the attempt of many young veterans to make up for lost time) had just created a temporary "bulge" in college enrollment. A drop of one-third during these years would have been mild; indeed, it would still have supported the conclusion that going to college was rapidly becoming the normal thing to do. That there has been an *increase* rather than drop is thus overwhelming proof that—far from being a freak—the jump in college enrollment is another new "normal." The college enrollment figures now show exactly the same trend that high-school enrollment showed after World War I, when a high-school education first became "normal" throughout the country.

Twenty years from now, at least nine and perhaps as many as twelve million young people can be expected to attend colleges and universities. Therefore, even though they are of working age, they will not be available for full-time work. Such a projection is again a conservative one: twelve million college students will still be less than half the young Americans of college or university age. Yet within a similar period—from the early twenties to the early forties—the number of young people in high school increased from a little under 20 to close to 90 per cent.

Such a substantial gain in college enrollment would come none too soon. For our problem is not the breeding of an "intellectual proletariat" for whom there will be no jobs, but a greater need for trained and educated man- and woman-power than the country can possibly supply. Indeed, as we will see in a subsequent article, the technological revolution of "Automation," already under way, primarily requires a tremendous increase in the number of trained and educated people. And it is already true today that the short supply of such people is *the major limiting factor* on the rapid growth of our economy and of our principal industries. We need not worry, therefore, about our ability to absorb these millions of college-trained people; we have to worry principally about increasing their number and quality fast enough.

The explosive growth of college enrollment will create problems which lie well beyond the scope of these articles. It certainly raises the most serious questions of educational policy, curriculum, and educational standards. It makes me wonder whether the colleges, especially the independent liberal-arts colleges, really know what they are doing in their fund-raising and other campaigns. If I were a college president I would not—as so many seem to be doing—lower educational standards in the belief that this is the way to draw more students. I would try instead to raise standards, so as to make my college known for the quality of its education and the toughness of its academic requirements. There will be students aplenty.

WHAT concerns us here, however, is merely the impact of this development on the size of the working population. We can expect that there will be only four million more men and women available for work in 1965 than there are today—that is, an increase of seven million of working age minus an increase of three million in college attendance. And, of the twelve million who will be reaching working age between 1965 and 1975, five may go to college rather than straight to work, leaving a net increase for the second decade of only seven million.

Finally, the size of the working population must also be adjusted for time at work. There can be little doubt that total hours worked will continue to decline as a result of longer vacations, more holidays, and a shorter workweek. The American people have made it thoroughly clear that they have decided to take, in the form of greater leisure, a big slice of any increase in productivity.

The statements in the box at the top of the next page define a trend exactly opposite to that which dominated the twenties and thirties. Then, partly as a result of the drop in the birth rate and partly because of the cutting off of immigration, the population of working age tended to grow faster than the total population. It is the

Here, in summary, is the basic population structure within which the American economy will function during the next twenty years:

There will be a population increase of one-fifth *in the next ten years.*

But total population of working age will increase only by one-tenth.

Population actually available for work will increase only by 6 per cent.

And total hours worked by the whole economy in the course of one year *may not increase at all.*

And in the next twenty years, total population will increase by at least two-fifths.

Population of working age, however, will increase by less than one-third.

Labor force will go up by one-fifth, and total hours worked by 10 per cent.

And even more intensive employment, on a larger scale, of older people who are willing and able to work—however desirable in itself—would not materially affect these conclusions.

exact opposite, in other words, of the basic assumptions that underlay Keynesian economics; and the basic problem of economic policy in the two decades ahead should therefore not be unemployment but inflation.

A Different Kind of Depression

THE supply of people to do the work, and of hours to do it in, will in fact be so short as to make any prolonged period of large-scale national unemployment highly improbable. This does not mean that we shall have no depression, or even that a depression is unlikely (though the constant new demands created by a rapidly growing population can be expected to act as a substantial cushion). It also does not mean that there may be no serious and chronic unemployment in any one industry, or in one area dependent on a decaying industry—as there is today in the Pennsylvania anthracite fields. But though depressions—even serious ones—may well happen, depression unemployment of the kind that characterized the thirties is unlikely.

I do this be considered incongruous, if not silly—for we have come to consider the two words "depression" and "unemployment" as interchangeable—let me refer only to Soviet Russia, where for the past thirty years there have been violent and extreme economic fluctuations without unemployment; and where, though for entirely different reasons, there has been a labor shortage much like the one we are about to experience. What form such a depression-without-unemployment might take may be suggested by our experience from 1946 to 1949, when the three-quarters of the working population who were not unionized (and were therefore not protected against inflationary price increases) suffered a cut in their real purchasing power fully comparable to the impact of a severe and prolonged depression. Even with high employment, inflation could have the same kind of destructive effect over the next twenty years.

Now, there is only one effective way to control long-range inflationary pressures, and that is increased productivity. Certainly it is the only way to convert inflation from a serious threat of economic and social disruption into an opportunity for economic and social advance. As one of several consequences of the population revolution, therefore, *increased productivity* will be the paramount need of the American economy in the decades ahead.

MR. RALPH J. CORDINER, the president of General Electric, announced last December that by 1965 his company will have to produce and sell twice the volume of goods it turned out in 1954 with only 11 per cent more people on its payroll. Adjusted for the expected decrease in working hours, this means that ten years hence General Electric must be able to produce twice as much for every hour its employees work.

This is a sharper increase in both production and productivity than the over-all economy will have to show, for the electrical industry is growing a good deal faster than the national average. But even for an industry that grows only as fast as the nation at large, the increase ahead will have to be tremendous. A company that intends to maintain its competitive position in its own industry will have to be able, ten years from now, to produce two-fifths more than it does today without much, if any, increase in its hours worked. Twenty years hence it will have to be able to turn out twice as much

with only one-tenth more hours of work.

Put it in another way. Today every American at work supports himself (or herself) and one-and-a-half other people besides. Twenty years from now every American at work should produce enough to support, at today's standard of living, himself and three-and-a-half other people. And he will have to do this in fewer working hours.

This assumes, moreover, that the standard of living will only go up at the same rate it has been advancing for the past twenty-five years, half of which were years of depression and war. To achieve this—hardly an ambitious goal—productivity will, however, have to increase 40 per cent in the next ten years; it will have to be almost doubled in the next twenty years.

Despite all the emphasis we have given to productivity in recent years, we really know very little about it—and we certainly do not know how to measure it. But even if we take the most optimistic of the various guesses about the rise in productivity in the past few years—a guess that puts the net annual increase above 3 per cent—we are going to have to step up the rate considerably to make possible increased growth.

Paying for Productivity

The first requirement is capital. We may not know much, but we do know that an increase in capital investment and an increase in productivity are tied together, and that the higher the capital per worker the higher the productivity—and, incidentally, the wages and salaries paid.

We are at present spending forty billion dollars a year on capital investment. A good many economists consider even this tremendous sum to be too low; they feel that we have not yet made adequate allowance for the inflation of the forties, and they point to the fact that a good many businesses (especially the small ones) still base their provision for future new equipment on the deflated prices that prevailed in the thirties. These economists feel that in three major areas of the national economy we have an over-age plant which needs more capital investment than it gets: in housing, in transportation, and above all in education. They feel, too, that in many industries the machinery is rapidly wearing out and that American equipment, far from being modern, might well—in important respects—be on the verge of obsolescence.

But let us assume that forty billion dollars in capital investment are adequate for the needs of the 1955 economy. We would then need sixty-five billion dollars a year in 1965 and at least one hundred billion dollars twenty years from now. To obtain such gigantic sums would not be easy under the best of circumstances. To make matters worse, as a later article in this series will point out, the large investment trusts and pension funds are currently emerging as the country's only real "capitalists"; and this development by no means encourages the supply of that kind of capital.

But there is another and more important question: can the nation afford investment at such a rate? Today eleven cents out of every dollar produced in this country is put back into capital for the future. To obtain an adequate amount in 1975, however, we would have to put back fifteen cents out of every dollar. Eleven cents is already high—higher than we have ever ploughed back except in wartime. Fifteen cents may be wholly impossible, except under such stringent government control of interest rates or installment buying as would be considered unbearable—and rightly so.

We must, if this is the case, find ways to obtain more productivity for our investment dollar than we do today. If capital investment is to be kept at or below 10 per cent of national product, we must learn by 1965 to get as much additional productivity out of fifty-five billion dollars per year as we now would get out of sixty-five—as much, in 1975, out of seventy billions as we now would get out of a hundred. We must, in other words, increase the productivity of capital itself by one-sixth during the next decade and by one-third during the next twenty years.

This is not a new problem, to be sure. Economic progress might even be defined as the process of continually obtaining more productivity for less money. The means to achieve this is *innovation*. Without constant innovation, that is, all the capital invested in this country since 1750 might have been barely enough to permit the present population to live at a 1750 scale of living;

the entire improvement in living standards since then is the result of innovation. Innovation has been the real "frontier" of the Western world these past two centuries. And what now distinguishes an "underdeveloped country" and keeps it "underdeveloped"—is not so much a shortage of capital as it is shortage of innovation.

The Challenge to Innovate

To the layman—and the typical businessman—"innovation" means "research" or "engineering," new products or new productive processes. These are indeed important aspects of innovation; and the fourfold increase (from one billion dollars in 1950 to four billion dollars in 1954) in the sums spent by American business on research and engineering for new products and new processes is therefore a highly encouraging sign. We already know that the next twenty years will bring about major changes in manufacturing, amounting to a technological revolution. And we also know that in a major industry like housing we badly need both radically new products and much more efficient production. But it is a serious mistake to think of innovation exclusively as technological innovation. The most important area of innovation—and the most productive one—may well be the opposite of technological.

During the past ten or fifteen years, the innovations that have had a major impact on the American economy were nearly all non-technological, were nearly all innovations in something else than product or process. First among them certainly stands the tremendous changes in distribution methods. Hardly less important, especially in its impact on productivity, has been the development of new concepts of business organization. There have been tremendous innovations in plant, store, and office architecture; similarly in respect to the management of worker and work, whether industrial engineering, human relations, or personnel management. Finally there is the emergence of new basic management tools, especially measurements and controls like budgets, cost accounting, production scheduling, and inventory controls.

Among the major innovations of the past ten or fifteen years, only one can even remotely be called an innovation in product or productive process. That is the development of systematic and organized methods of materials handling. Otherwise, in their aggregate, the basically non-technological innovations have had a greater impact on the American economy, and have contributed more to the increase in productivity in this country, than all technological innovations of the past ten or fifteen years. In the long view of history, it is for social inventions—and not technical ones—that Americans may be best remembered.

During the period ahead, in any event, the greatest need for innovation seems more likely to lie in the social than in the technological area. Indeed, the technological revolution itself, as another article in this series will show, will be totally unproductive unless it is accompanied by major innovations in the non-technological field. Among them, above all, is again innovation in marketing. Equally badly needed are innovations in methods, tools, and measurements for doing the managerial job in the modern enterprise, large or small; for the development of competence, skill, and imagination among managers (still considered a luxury by many companies) is probably the greatest necessity any business, let alone the economy, faces. Finally, the need is for effective innovation in the management of workers and in the organization of work; despite the progress in this area, it may well be the most backward sphere, and the one with the greatest potential for increased productivity.

Compared to electronics, rocket engines, or synthetic chemistry, these are unglamorous subjects. They are rarely discussed except by professional managers, and not as often as they should be, even so. Yet our success at innovating in these four areas may very well decide whether the population revolution, which has already taken place, will be an opportunity for further growth and strength, or whether it will prove a strain, a burden, and perhaps even a threat to social and economic stability.

[Mr. Drucker will continue next month, with an analysis of the techniques of Automation—their demands and effects on the coming American economy.]



A Slow Boat to China

John Sack

Drawings by Harry O. Diamond

"For Chrissakes, Private Sack," said the voice on the telephone. "What have you done *now?*" It was Major Joe Morgan, my commanding officer in Korea.

"Well, sir, it's a long story," I said.

"I know. Far East Command has been phoning *me* all day." Major Morgan sighed. "Let me get this straight. This morning eight hundred Chinese prisoners docked in Pusan—right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Sack, do you realize who the first prisoner off that ship was?" Major Morgan paused. His voice seemed very forlorn.

"Yes, sir," I said. "It was me."

"Precisely." Major Morgan sighed once again—or perhaps it was a groan. "You're the lead story in the *Nippon Times*, Sack. They called up General Clark for comment. Listen to this: 'Pusan, Korea, April 16 (AP)—American military police gulped and looked again when they saw a pale-faced PFC walk off the prison ship from Cheju Island today. Then they arrested him.'"

"That's a bit misleading, sir," I said. "They didn't arrest me. They just put me in protective custody."

"Oh?" said Major Morgan. "And who were they protecting *you* from, Private Sack?"

"I don't know sir. They never said. Maybe it was from General McGarr. He was pretty angry. He thought I had broken some sort of regulation."

"I see," said Major Morgan. "By any chance could that regulation be, and I quote, 'No correspondent will be permitted on prisoner ships'?"

"That sounds applicable," I said. I was a correspondent for *Stars & Stripes.*

Major Morgan paused a long time. "Sack," he said finally, "why can't you be like other privates? In the last month you've written three stories that were Top Secret. The one about the radar, Eighth Army caught a Communist spy trying to get. The one about the Chinese weapon, G-2 had to interrogate you. Even *they* didn't know about it."

"I'm sorry, sir," I said.

"Now this business with the prison ship. Where did you sleep? In the hold with the Chinese?"

"No, sir. In the cabin with the officers."

"But you can't, Sack. You're a PFC."

"I know, sir. I keep trying to tell people. But they say no, look at the regulations, all correspondents are assimilated colonels."

"Colonels!" said Major Morgan. "Please. Don't say another word. Let's forget the whole thing. Just promise me, until you're out of the Army, you won't write a word about this."

"Yes, sir."

[illegible] prisoner who got off the ship, the *dai* [illegible]. He was a small Chinese Communist, [illegible] and the way the head man, or *dai biao*, of all the others. I first met him



on Cheju Island and said good-by to him a week later, when he was repatriated at Panmunjom. Cheju Island is a bit south of Korea and its people came, according to legend, from a hole in the ground. The hole is now a national shrine, with a steel chain around it and a sign saying No Smoking; and not far away was the Cheju prisoner-of-war camp.

Here, in a single enclosure, were the *dai biao* and all the other Chinese prisoners who wanted to go home—about one quarter of the total. Here they ate, and slept, and made knives, spears, daggers, grenades, maps, medals, MP armbands, telegraph keys, electric bells, epaulets, pens, pen points, petitions, pamphlets, compasses, clarinets, books, and newspapers (printed on cigarette paper with shoe heels) which, though sometimes buried [illegible] were sequestered by MPs every few weeks.

When they were tired of these pursuits, the *dai biao* and his friends wrote postcards to their paternal grandmothers in China, saying, "The rest stairsteps old cookies cold angry merits finch," or, when twelve of the Chinese pen strokes were crossed out, "The rest of us suffer from cold and hunger in the slave camp."

Actually the Army treated the Chinese pretty well, though the Reds were an ornery people. When the Army had new clothes for the prisoners, it would say, "We have no clothes for you. You'll have to wear the old ones." Immediately the Chinese would rip their clothes to shreds, and the Army would hand out the new ones, as planned. The Army even put loud-speakers in the enclosure, and played music during the daytime. At first the music was jazz, but many of the prisoners thought they were being driven insane, and the Army changed to oriental songs like *"Shina no Yoru"* ("China Night"), describing the lights of Shanghai harbor, and sung in Japanese.

"Do you like our music?" the Army would ask the prisoners, on printed questionnaires.

"No!" they would answer.

"What kinds do you like?"

"None!"

"What kinds don't you like?"

"All!"

"Why?"

"Because it is degenerate!"

THE answers were the same on all five thousand questionnaires, suggesting that someone was telling the prisoners what to write: and that man, of course, was the *dai biao*. He and the other leaders gave the prisoners daily classes in Communism, inside the huts; and what with all the chanting, and responsive reading, they never even *heard* the music.

Nobody knows for sure what went on in the classes, for MPs and correspondents were never invited. However, one of the pamphlets that the MPs seized, a comic strip drawn by a prisoner, gives a pretty good idea of the teachers and the pupils, if a rather fanciful one of American GIs:

First Panel

GI: *(Stabbing PW with stiletto)* You better start to tell the truth when I treat you in the gentleman's way; otherwise I will torture you in the American way.

Second GI: Oh, he is keeping his secret at the risk of his life, thereby overcoming the American style torture. Even the American style torture does not work out!

Second Panel

PW: Comrades! I said nothing!
Comrades: Oh! What an awful wound!

Third Panel

PW Teacher: Let's study. What is the meaning of "imperialism"? Can anyone explain?
PW Student: Imperialism was developed in the capitalistic society by squeezing the blood and perspiration out of the people. Capitalism becomes imperialism after being highly developed. The labor class which has been suppressed by imperialism has come to root up imperialism.

Fourth Panel

PW: *(Throwing knife at GI)* Hey! You American rascal! You have crossed the Pacific ocean to slaughter the PWs. In 1953 here is the knife sharpened by the PWs by any means!
GI: Oh, I am sorry I was wrong! For mercy's sake, spare me!

THE first time I saw the *dai biao* was the night before he sailed to Pusan. He was standing on top of a hut waving a Communist flag and leading five thousand Chinese prisoners in a song which, according to the GIs on duty, was titled, "Open the Freaking Door, Joe." The next morning, after an hour's folderol, the *dai biao* led eight hundred men to the American LST in the harbor. They would be in Pusan by morning and go by train to Panmunjom, to be repatriated. The LST skipper invited me along (*he* didn't know the regulation, Major Morgan), and an American soldier, of Chinese parents, offered to translate on the voyage. "Radio Peiping calls me a Chiang Kai-shek Agent," he laughed.

The eight hundred prisoners marched into the vast hold of the LST and began laying out their bed rolls, and they were still busy when the Chiang Kai-shek Agent and I visited them. "Hey don't forget," one of them was shouting, "you owe me a cigarette!"

"I'm going to sleep here," another laughed, "because the light's better."

"Most of them are pretty stupid," said the Chiang Agent. "Ask them what Communism is and they won't know. They're going to China because that's home. Some of them are PhDs, though. That guy"—he pointed to a far corner—"that guy would have gone to Formosa but he got mad because of the chaplain."

"The chaplain?" I asked.

"There was this American chaplain at the prison camp," said the Chiang Agent. "He used to get the prisoners together on Sunday and shout, 'Those of you who go to Formosa will live the life divine, but those of you who choose Communist China will be *damned* to eternal *Hell.*'"

Close by us, in the hold of the LST, two Chinese prisoners struck up a conversation.



"What will you do when you get home?" one of them asked.

"*That* depends on what job they give me," said the second.

"That's the *dai biao,*" whispered the Chiang Kai-shek Agent; and, as the LST started moving, he called him over to talk.

"Look," said the *dai biao* in the Mandarin dialect (the Chiang Agent, of course, was translating), "you people have me wrong. All I am is a Manchurian farmer. We don't want any trouble on this trip; we want to get along with everybody. We only have one complaint. Some of the C-ration cans are rusted. A man can get ptomaine if the C-ration cans are rusted."

"How come you're going back to China?" I asked.

"I told you," said the *dai biao.* "My mother and father live there. They're Manchurian farmers."

"He went to college for sure," said the Chiang Agent later.

BUT the *dai biao* broke his word, and caused quite a bit of trouble because—Manchurian farmer or not—he was first and last a Communist. When the LST docked in Pusan, at eight the next morning, the *dai biao* was leading a mass meeting in the hold.

"We're not getting off this ship," he told the Chiang Agent, "until you meet two demands. First, I must go ahead and inspect the

hospital, to see if it's okay. Second, you can't check the rosters. *I'll* be responsible."

"First," said the Chiang Agent, "you can't inspect the hospital because there is no hospital. You're going straight to the trains. Second, we have to check the rosters because we promised the Communists, at Panmunjom, we'd check the rosters."

"In that case," said the *dai biao,* "I have four different demands."

"What's going on here?" an American colonel asked. "Why won't the prisoners get off the ship?"

"First," continued the *dai biao,* "we demand that no photographers be on the dock. Second, the ID tags must not be tied to our arms, because some of us have no arms. Instead, we'll carry them. Third, we must not be fingerprinted, because that is for criminals. Fourth, we refuse to go to the hospital, because you will cut off our arms and legs."



"There *is* no hospital," said the Chiang Agent in desperation.

"What's the prisoner saying?" asked the colonel. The Chiang Agent told me, and I told the colonel, who told a general.

"There *is* no hospital," said the general.

"Tell him there *is* no hospital," said the colonel.

The *dai biao,* however, was intractable, and the American officers had never negotiated with Communists before. The farce, I'm sorry to say, lasted four hours, until noon. Finally the colonel roared, "Dammit! Tell him to come out in thirty minutes, or we're sending troops into the hold with tear gas!"

That got the *dai biao* mad. Bristling, he turned to the mass meeting. "Are you afraid of the Americans?" he shouted.

"No!" cried the prisoners in unison.

"We know we can beat them, don't we?"

"Yes!" cried the prisoners.

"Okay," said the *dai biao* meekly. "Then let's go out."

THE *dai biao* began leading the men off the ship, and I went ahead: and that, as you remember, is when the MPs did their double take and arrested me. By evening Major Morgan had cleared everything up, but I had lost track of the *dai biao* and didn't see him till a week later, at Panmunjom. There, under a Communist "Freedom Arch," with red flags flapping in the wind, the eight hundred prisoners were repatriated. About one hundred Communists were waiting to greet them—officers, enlisted men, Chinese nurses in drab white sacks, and Korean nurses in leather boots, purple skirts, Sam Browne belts, medals, and berets, looking for all the world like the military number in the Follies. There was the sound of horns, and a convoy of American ambulances pulled to the arch. In one of them was the *dai biao,* intense.

"Welcome home, Comrades," droned a Chinese officer. "We, all the people in the rear, welcome you. We *know* you have suffered *much pain* under the brutal Americans."

The first prisoner jumped off the ambulance and saluted. "How did the Americans treat you?" the officer asked.

"Pretty good, sir," said the prisoner.

"What?"

"Pretty good, sir."

THE officer glared at him crossly. Then the *dai biao* tossed me a roll of toilet paper—rather forcibly, I thought—and stalked from the ambulance. A man was on hand from *People's China,* the Communist magazine, and he later wrote:

> It was a tragic scene. From American ambulances . . . emerged group after group of terribly emaciated figures, mostly amputees and nearly all limping. Survivors of the horrors of Koje and Cheju mustered all their strength to leave the American vehicles.
>
> American vehicles rolled into the Korean-Chinese reception area led and followed by MPs wearing helmets and carrying truncheons—obviously butchers from Cheju and Koje slaughterhouses. . . .
>
> At the Pusan docks, Chinese POWs went on a sitdown strike to demand "better treatment by UN guards." Americans, as usual, produced gas-grenade rifles with fixed bayonets to intimidate POWs.

The *dai biao,* himself, hurried from the ambulance to a Communist truck and soon rolled north from Panmunjon, waving a flag and singing songs and—I suppose—rubbing Tiger Balm on his truncheon wounds. That was the last I saw of him.

A strange chemical—captured at a German rocket-plane station—is fathering a whole family of new products. It checks TB, stops the growth of lawn grass, makes better mirrors, mattresses, solder, and beach boards—and some day may carry people to the moon.

Hydrazine

The Stuff That Does Almost Everything

C. Lester Walker

PERHAPS the most unappreciated of all the thousands of items of war matériel captured by the Allied forces in World War II was a colorless fluid identified by the Germans as "C-STOFF," which made its first appearance in the great U. S. Army Air Force research center at Wright Field late in 1945. It arrived in seven or eight German railroad tank cars lined with vinylite or aluminum. They had been discovered on a track running alongside the Messerschmidt take-off field in Germany where the world's first rocket aircraft were launched.

C-STOFF, the Allies knew, was the planes' secret rocket fuel. But it turned out to be much more than that, and it has since made chemical history. On analysis, it was found to be a mixture of alcohol, water, a copper salt (potassium cuprocyanide), and a chemical called hydrazine. The key ingredient, hydrazine, produced the power that made the rocket planes possible. And hydrazine is the compound which at present promises to become the most remarkable chemical of the decade.

More than two thousand other new chemicals—many of them performing tasks that no known materials ever did before—have already been created from hydrazine. They serve fields as far apart as internal medicine and cotton growing, color photography and the manufacture of industrial detergents, steam-boiler operation and poultry raising. In addition, hydrazine has proved to have even greater potentialities as a super-fuel than anyone originally imagined. In fact, as one authority put it, "It looks now as though, if man ever gets to the moon, it will not be atomic fuels but hydrazine which will power the space ship."

Superficially hydrazine resembles water with a slight smell of ammonia. It has about the same density as water, boils and freezes at about the same temperature, and mixes with water as readily as water itself.

But there the likeness ends. Hydrazine burns in air with an alcohol-blue flame. And in a closed container, where water is harmless, hydrazine's vapor can combine with the slightest amount of air and form a mixture that is spontaneously combustible. When it is shipped anywhere, it has to travel in containers in which highly inert gas nitrogen has been substituted for air. On the merest touch with some elements it starts fireworks. If it is brought in contact with ferric oxide, for instance, which is one of the ingredients of iron rust, it causes immediate sparking.

But, curiously, hydrazine is not tricky to handle. It is not sensitive to either ordinary impact or friction. Yet its explosive power, when it *is* induced to go off, is one-third greater than TNT's.

Chemists speak of hydrazine as the "parent

substance" of the hydronitrogen family. There are thirteen hydronitrogens—that is, chemicals made by various combinations of the two elements nitrogen and hydrogen. The simplest—and probably the only one non-chemists have ever heard of—is ammonia, whose chemical formula is NH_3. Hydrazine's is N_2H_4.

It may seem curious that a substance composed of nothing but two atoms of inert gas -nitrogen—and four of colorless gas—hydrogen—should be such a phenomenal performer. Hydrazine's secret is not its content, but the way its content is put together. In hydrazine the two nitrogen atoms are bound to each other, and at the same time are each attached to two of the hydrogen atoms. This means that the nitrogens are so tightly linked together that any reaction capable of splitting them apart inevitably releases tremendous amounts of energy. (This is what happens in rocket fuel.) On the other hand, the hydrogen atoms are only lightly held together and can easily be replaced, in chemical reactions, by atoms or combinations of atoms of many other elements. (It is this that makes possible the creation of a seemingly endless number of new compounds from hydrazine.)

The Super Rocket Fuel

HYDRAZINE is called a new chemical, but strictly speaking, it is not. Almost seventy years ago a German chemist, Theodor Curtius, isolated it in the laboratory —that is, got it in a pure state, chemically uncontaminated by any other elements. But the only form Curtius could produce was an aqueous solution of 2 per cent hydrazine. And the difficulty of getting the chemical in either a higher concentration or solid form proved so great that it was put to little or no practical use for years to come.

In 1907 another German chemist, Friedrich Raschig, did devise a method for producing it in quantity, but it was depressingly complicated. He synthesized hydrazine from two common materials—ammonia and sodium hypochlorite—by an involved sequence of three different chemical reactions. The second produced the hydrazine, and the third countered the second. If anything went wrong—pressures, temperatures, catalysts, controls—the amount of hydrazine produced was discouragingly small. And even at best the end product was an aqueous solution not much stronger than Curtius'.

In the 1940s when Germany turned to hydrazine as the most promising fuel for its projected rocket planes, this was still the best manufacturing process known. German specialists concentrated on improving it by using high temperatures and high-pressure techniques, and met with some success. Plants for hydrazine manufacture were built at Leverkusen near Cologne and Gerstofen in Bavaria, and by April and October 1944 the two were turning out the first high concentration of the chemical, hydrazine hydrate, at 85 per cent. It cost an estimated $30 a pound.

BUT it must have seemed well worth it in results. Mixed with wood alcohol, water, and a trace of metallic salt which acted as a catalyst to speed ignition, hydrazine was sprayed into the combustion chamber of a Messerschmidt ME-163 interceptor fighter simultaneously with a jet of hydrogen peroxide. Instantaneously, upon contact with the oxygen-loaded H_2O_2, the hydrazine ignited, and the resulting reaction produced a thrust which gave the plane a speed of over 600 miles an hour and the amazing climbing rate of seven miles a minute.

Used as a straight rocket propellant, the chemical's performance was even more fantastic. The A-4—a twelve-ton bombing rocket with a 200-mile range, which the Germans were just getting into large-scale production when the war ended—was lifted fifty miles above the earth by hydrazine fuel and hurled through space at 3,700 miles per hour, three times the earth's speed of rotation at the equator.

By the war's end the key ingredient of the Nazi rocket fuel was no secret to any of the Allied Powers. The technical intelligence teams, then combing the remains of the Nazi debacle, had orders to grab anything associated with hydrazine. Allied forces' investigators visited the manufacturing plants and reported on all details of production. The ME-163, complete with technicians, engineering drawings, dies, tools, and C-STOFF by the carload was shipped back to the home countries.

Hence by early 1946 hydrazine in quantity was in the hands of Great Britain, Russia, and

the United States, and the researches and investigations which were to lead to so many surprising and valuable present-day discoveries had begun.

Parent of Wonder Drugs

PERHAPS not the most amazing of these discoveries but certainly the most welcome to humanity at large have been those concerned with hydrazine's value to chemitherapy. A whole family of new drugs has been created from the chemical's host of derivatives, and some of them are already in clinical use today.

"As a group," one medical authority has declared, "these compounds are probably the greatest chemitherapeutic find since the sulfa drugs."

In treatment of high blood pressure—that *bête noire* of the medical profession—the compound 1-hydrazinopthalazine has proved to be a useful drug. Tests at Vanderbilt University checked on its value as a superior blood-pressure reducent, and physicians are now using it under the name of Apresoline. It has been reported to give relief in even extreme instances—like cases of malignant hypertension.

Another hydrazine compound has opened the door to a whole new group of drugs: the nitrofurans. These are made from chemicals known as hydrazine semicarbazones combined with another chemical, furfural, which is an extract of oat hulls. One of the drugs is Furadantin, a highly effective weapon against infections of the urinary tract. Another, called Furacin, mixed with feed, controls coccidiosis, the dread intestinal disease of poultry.

The most spectacular of hydrazine's medical exploits, however, has been in the treatment of tuberculosis. Before the war ended German researchers had begun to suspect that certain hydrazine derivatives might be either killers, or at least controllers, of bacillus tuberculosis. Workers in the I. G. Farben laboratories had been feeding a white powder of isonicotinic acid hydrazide to TB-stricken animals and observing that it apparently checked the disease. Independently two pharmaceutical manufacturers in this country —Hoffman-La Roche, Inc., and E. R. Squibb & Sons—made parallel experiments and obtained similar results. The hydrazine derivative was given the name isoniazid, and later shortened still farther to INH.

INH remains the champion of anti-TB drugs, although—as happened to some of the sulfa drugs, its early effectiveness has been somewhat diminished by bacterial developments. Strains of tuberculosis bacilli which are resistant to it have appeared. This has been countered, however, by teaming up the hydrazine drug with para-amino salicylic acid and streptomycin. A new medicine, streptohydrazid, now combines INH and streptomycin and has checked TB in literally thousands of cases.

Controlling Plant Growth

OTHER hydrazine offspring are doing strange and wonderful things for agriculture. There is a compound called maleic hydrazide which slows plant growth to an almost dead stop. Hedges sprayed with this powder continue to put out leaves but grow, temporarily, no bigger. Strawberry plants defer putting out runners and delay blossoming until weeks later than usual, which eventually makes for bigger strawberries. Buds on apple and peach trees stay shut until all danger of frost is past.

The same compound discourages grass growth and saves lawn mowing. For example, the Highway Department of the State of Connecticut used to have to mow the grassy center strips and shoulders along the Merritt Parkway anywhere from fifteen to twenty-two times a summer. As an experiment it sprayed on maleic hydrazide. After that, the turf needed only two mowings a season. Furthermore the grass was not permanently harmed. (Although the chemical produces brown areas if it is unevenly applied—and hence is not yet the perfect answer to the small householder's dream—as soon as the treatment is suspended, the grass grows as lushly as ever.)

Maleic hydrazide can also produce male corn plants which are sterile, and prevent female corn plants from tasseling. This is important in the production of hybrid corn where detasseling has previously had to be done by hand, a slow and costly process.

On a cotton plantation this hydrazine growth arrester can check the regrowth of leafage on defoliated cotton plants until the mechanical pickers get around to harvesting

the bolls. In orchards, it can stunt fruit trees to make easier picking. The potatoes grown on plants sprayed with it do not sprout in storage, but remain—according to test data reviewed by the Food and Drug Administration—safe to eat. Other root crops which are sprouters in storage—onions, beets, carrots, and turnips—have also been successfully "fixed" in the same way.

Among hydrazine's other compounds the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine of the Department of Agriculture has discovered new and better pest killers. There are some which will kill coddling moths, corn borers, beet webworm, mosquito larvae, and clothes moths. One is a selective fungicide; that is, choosy—it will pick out and kill certain types of fungi, but (a trait of value to experimenting mycologists) will leave others unhurt. Another compound is the first known killer of plant mites which can be depended upon not to kill birds that feed on mites.

On the Industrial Front

The new chemical seems to be an even more inexhaustible treasure house for business and industry. New materials, new processes, new products have been hatched out of the mother molecule and its offspring in an endless train. In the field of textiles alone, hydrazine's derivatives have affected hundreds of manufacturing processes and created dozens of new ones. New artificial fibers made from the compounds are reported to surpass both nylon and dacron in strength and elasticity; they are also more water absorbent, and hence less clammy on the human skin when it is damp from perspiration. They seem so promising to one big company—the Celanese Corporation of America—that it has already applied for over a score of patents on them.

Then there is soldering which, despite its antiquity, has always been an imperfect art—always, that is, until hydrazine. Before hydrazine no joint could ever be soldered without the possibility of a lurking flaw because—even after the best of workmanship—a residue of corrosive matter was always liable to have formed around the solder edges. This in time could, like a sort of slow working chemical termite, destroy the joint.

The corrosion came from the fact that the surfaces of the metals to be joined have to be absolutely "clean"—that is, free from film of any kind, even an invisible film such as oxygen in the air might form upon a metal's surface. This is necessary because proper soldering forms an alloy between itself and the metals it joins; and if the latter are *not* chemically clean the alloying is defective.

To preclean, and to make the hot solder flow and fuse, solderers have for ages used what is termed a flux, or fluxing agent (something like a detergent for metals), and this has usually been the common chemical powder zinc (or ammonium) chloride, which is, of course, corrosive. Then one day came hydrazine hydrobromide: "A solder flux," boasted its manufacturers, "that is nonpareil!"

Simple tests proved that it really was. Pellets of solder were dropped onto a hot metal plate divided into two parts, one part treated with the old flux, one with the new. On the hydrazine-fluxed part the solder spread over twice as large an area as it did on the other. Furthermore the new flux produced no corrosive residues because it vaporized and had therefore vanished by the time the solder had made its final bond. It could also totally remove the oxide coating usually present on aluminum's surfaces—which no other fluxing agent had been able to do—thereby making it possible for the first time to solder aluminum, and to solder it to brass! One automobile manufacturer now hydrazine-solders all his car radiators, and by attaching aluminum fins to the brass tubes eliminates many pounds of the weighty and expensive copper once used.

Another hydrazine compound has proved to be good medicine for boilers. A major headache of industrial plants using high-temperature, high-pressure steam boilers has always been the pitting of the boiler tubes by the oxygen that comes dissolved in all natural water. American power companies have now learned that as little as .5 parts per million of hydrazine injected into the feed water will completely "scavenge" the oxygen out of the tubes.

It does this by virtue of being what chemists call an anti-oxidant—in other words, something that takes away any oxygen present in something else. This same quality gives hydrazine and its compounds dozens of other practical uses, for example, as preservatives.

Mixed with rubber, paint-drying oils, or photographic developers, they lengthen the product's life. And two teaspoons of hydrazine sulphate solution mixed with a little manganese sulfate and sugar in a quart of water produce a magic elixir, small amounts of which make cut flowers "keep" far beyond their usual life span.

The chemists also claim that hydrazine is a marvelous "reducing agent," referring to its remarkable facility for splitting apart the compounds known as metallic salts and metallic oxides and separating out the pure metals they contain. If, for instance, a copper compound known as cupric acetate is dissolved in water with hydrazine hydrate and poured over a sheet of glass, the hydrazine makes the copper adhere to the glass in a gleaming red sheath.

The same hydrate similarly reduces the salts of nickel, cobalt, platinum, mercury, and gold; and this versatility is being put to profitable ends. A spectacular example is in mirror making, which used to be a drawn-out process. Now twin sprayer nozzles—one containing silver nitrate and the other hydrazine—are led up to the sheets of glass which are to be mirrored. The two sprays mingle in midair, where the silver nitrate is immediately reduced to a cloud of silver particles which plate the glass and almost instantly turn it into a mirror. The same process, using other metals, plates the surfaces of plastics, wood, textiles, metals, and leather. And if you want color, all you have to do is add dyes to the hydrazine spray mixture.

Hydrazine has also almost completely revolutionized the rubber industry. Traditionally rubber used to be vulcanized by using large amounts of heat and sulphur. Some hydrazine compounds have now made vulcanization possible without heat; others, without sulphur. Still others have given rubber fabricators new ways to make old products better and cheaper. One outstanding case is sponge rubber. Benzene sulfonyl hydrazide mixed with rubber at a certain temperature behaves like yeast in bread dough, creating sponge rubber full of bubbles of nitrogen. Sealed in, the nitrogen produces a crepe rubber lighter than any previously produced, and better crepe shoe soles, rug underlays, insulation materials, mattresses, life rafts, and beach boards have been the result.

"You can believe it or not," says one manufacturer, "but one of our beach boards made of this hydrazine rubber weighs only twelve ounces, but afloat buoys up to 150 pounds."

These are some of the high points in hydrazine's career so far. The question now is: Can the chemical keep it up? Is it almost mined out, or are there still more new and remarkable compounds to come?

The chemists, who know best about these things, believe there are; and the manufacturers in the chemical industry, who are building costly new facilities for hydrazine production, apparently hold the same conviction. One of them, the Fairmount Chemical Company of Newark, New Jersey, last year quadrupled its hydrazine production. Another, the giant Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, opened a new three-million-dollar plant at Lake Charles, Louisiana, devoted entirely to the making of hydrazine.

"Hydrazine have much of a future?" one chemical engineer remarked recently. "From the molecules of the hydrocarbon family scientists have created more than 500,000 different chemical compounds. Some chemists wonder whether the molecules of hydrazine and its cousin hydronitrogens can't in time be made to produce just as many."

I Saw Us

DIANA DER HOVANESSIAN

I saw us today in Harvard Square
An almost incandescent pair
That apple bloom I'd half forgot,
The magic ones, just as we thought,
Free of time's stain, free of impair,
We never saw me wistful there.

The Small Cars:

Fun on Wheels



Laurence Lafore,

R. W. Lafore,

and R. W. Lafore, Jr.

AMERICA is a land of headaches for the market analyst. The year before last, for example, the Chrysler Corporation bet that the buying public was tired of the trend to ever larger and larger cars and was ready for something slimmer and handier—a service apartment instead of the Chateau Frontenac on wheels. But Chrysler was proved dramatically wrong. The American mass market continued to buy the largest cars it could afford, and at enormous expense Chrysler has clambered back on the vast and gaudy bandwagon. But at the same time that this costly mistake was being made and discovered, Americans bought more small cars than they ever had before—cars much smaller than the compact Plymouths and Dodges, smaller in fact than anything seen on the roads of this country since the Model T withered away in the late twenties.

Fiats and Volkswagens, Ramblers and Renaults, Corvettes and Austins, became common enough in hundreds of communities that passers-by no longer stared at them with that combination of wonderment and envy so gratifying to their drivers. Automobiles, virtually all of them much smaller than standard American models, had become Britain's number one export to the United States.

It is hard to estimate exactly how many small cars there are in this country, but the figure is almost certainly under half a million —not more than one per cent of the total. On the other hand, the numbers are growing and the myth is growing even faster. Small-car owners represent a new and permanent, if tiny, social class; each of them also represents some sort of self-assertion in the face of both the advertising pressures and the undoubted efficiency of the American automobile industry and its product.

WHAT is a Small Car? The difference from the Big Car is not merely one of dimensions. It is also one of spirit. A small car blown up to Caddy-size would be a Small Car still. One may adumbrate a few generic traits, though each has many exceptions. The Small Car tends to have squarer lines and less chromium. It tends to look more like an automobile and less like a handsome Easter Egg. In fittings and function it tends to cater to the whims of the expert driver who uses a car because he likes it rather than emphasizing ease, comfort, and features which would be just as useful in a kitchen, like power-driven windows.

Indeed, one of the attractions of many small cars is undoubtedly the fact that they are frankly cars. Big-Car advertising, currently addressing itself widely to women, stresses interior color schemes and upholstery fabrics quite as much as mechanical excellence. One manufacturer offers "living-room comfort" as an inducement to buy his car. A certain number of Americans, both men and women, would prefer not to think of a car that way. They like to shift their own gears, turn their own wheels, and apply their own brakes without benefit of the supermatic helpers. In some

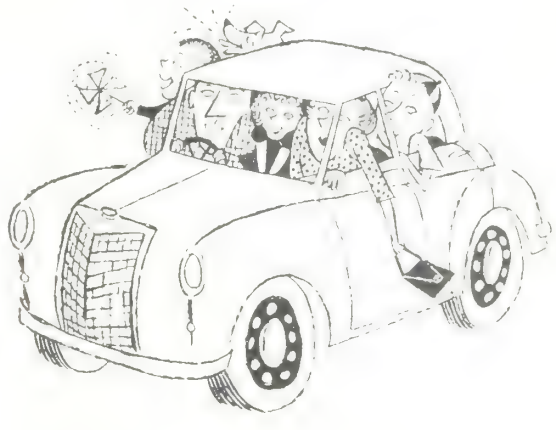
cases they even like fresh air, un-heated, unfiltered, and un-recirculated.

Diversity is more conspicuous than family resemblances among small cars. So is distinctiveness, and one kind of distinctiveness is foreignness. The great majority of small cars are foreign—the increasing receptivity of certain Americans to the slogan "imported" is nowhere more clearly illustrated. As a cheerful writer in a British motor magazine has put it, "America is developing an insatiable appetite for foreign goods." American manufacturers have tried to meet the new demand, but with little success. Chevrolet's Corvette, despite its admirable design and performance, has been a disappointment—its production schedule for 1955 has been cut from nine thousand to twelve hundred. The Henry J. has gone out of business. So has Crosley, although the King Midget still provides instructions and kits to a few home assemblers. The Nash Rambler is an exception, but it is not, strictly speaking, a Small Car, and the littler Nash Metropolitan has a lower production schedule. The percentage of American makes among small cars is unascertainable but assuredly tiny. If people buy an American car they seem to want a good big one with lots of glitter about the grille; if they buy a small car, they want the added charm of a foreign name.

The Charms of Diversity

Among the foreign cars there is no rule for discovering what type will prove popular. During 1954 the largest sales were rung up by the Volkswagen, a very small and mechanically unconventional car which shares with the Baby Renault the peculiar feature of having the motor in back and the trunk in front, but which in its general outlines is a miniature family car. Close to the Volkswagen in sales came the Jaguar which, as everyone knows, is a wholly different proposition. A Jag may be of several sizes and shapes, but all of them are racy, powerful, and expensive. In appearance and social standing it could hardly differ more from a Volkswagen. It is a prestige car, not a thrift car; a luxury car, not a utility car. It could not possibly be called "practical."

The third biggest import was the MG, which is a sort of teen-age Jaguar, lighter and cheaper; the camel's hair coat of the automobile world. But with the fourth on the list we revert to a more or less family car. The Hillman is, in theory at least, practical. Unlike the Jaguar or MG it seats four people under a roof. But all of its models are noted for slick design and some of them, notably the convertibles, are so sporty as to make them members of a hybrid species, the Sporty Family Small Car.

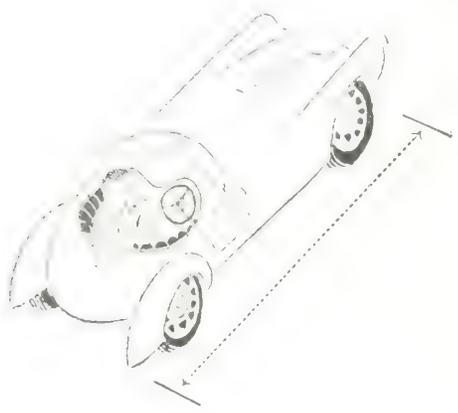


Sporty Family Small Car

The other significant imports vary as widely in design, purpose, and mechanical details as the leaders. In approximate order of popularity, they are as follows: the Austin-Healey, a sports car; the English Ford and the Austin, both family cars; the Triumph, most of whose models are sports cars; the Morris Minor, Sunbeam Talbot, and Porsche, all in the range between the sports car and the more staid passenger cars. With much smaller sales come Allards, Singers, Rovers, Renaults, Simcas, Fiats, and Siatas, all highly various. A new name of increasing popularity is the Morgan, which among other models produces the only known four-passenger sports car.

The choice among foreign makes is pretty much limited to these, although the connoisseur may find an occasional specimen of other, more exotic, brands. It is a considerable undertaking for a foreign manufacturer to set up regular sales agencies in the United States, involving an investment of several million dollars in parts and service facilities, not to mention advertising. The position of the *rara*

avis is difficult. A man who imported a Morris Oxford a few years ago, for example, found himself unable to dispose of it. Almost nobody is willing to risk a car for which replacements are unavailable and service difficult.



Ease in Parking

There are, however, quite enough sizes, shapes, and kinds of power among the foreign cars at present on the market to make the American's choice practically unlimited. In this, the position is quite different from that existing in the Big-Car field, for standard American makes have a much greater similarity in appearance and in specifications. To compare cars in the same price range, it is significant that the wheelbases of the '55 Plymouth, Chevrolet, and Ford are the same within half an inch. In rear-seat hip room the difference is less than three inches, and in over-all length it is less than eight inches. In horsepower ratings, the comparable models of the three cars differ by less than six hp. While the spread naturally increases as one moves upward in the price range, the similarity in design and in emphasis on luxurious driving comfort between a Chevrolet and a Cadillac is still remarkable. The most expensive American cars appeal to the same needs and kinds of people as the cheaper makes.

It is certainly in the diversity of small cars that the essential quality of Smallness lies. There is no doubt something indefinably alluring about smallness in itself; an MG has something of the same attraction as a baby or a kitten. But divergence from the norm is almost certainly the most important lure. Small Cars, like Little Magazines, offer satisfaction to individual and heterodox tastes. Further, their very possession gratifies a yearning for individuality. An illuminating story is told by a Chevrolet dealer of a young man who turned up in his agency with an MG to trade in on a Chevrolet. Dejectedly he explained that he loved the MG but that he had recently become engaged and his fiancée would not set a date for the wedding until he got a real car. Some would say that loving the girl more than the MG would rule him out as a true connoisseur.

DIFFERENTNESS is the chief selling point, as well as the chief market liability, of the small car, and an urge to differentness crops up in all sorts of places. One finds Renaults and MGs conspicuous in the serried ranks of parked cars in Levittown, or in the Executive Suburbs recommended by large corporations to their rising men, or in mining towns.

On the other hand, the greatest concentration is undoubtedly to be found among people who live in remodeled barns or on barges anchored in San Francisco Bay—or in Hollywood. In such places they are manifestations of a somewhat snobbish self-differentiation, but as is so often the case in America (and elsewhere) the self-differentiated take shelter in groups. Small cars abound in communities where there are enough cosmopolitan and high-brow people to make it safe (and socially advantageous) to be different. The fashionable, the artistic, the academic, and the cinematographic circles favor a sort of mass nonconformism, and small cars are accordingly sprinkled generously through the parking lots of Beverly Hills, Amenia, and Swarthmore.



Custom Made Tops

The geographical distribution of small-car registration figures, while it cannot be pinpointed very precisely, bears this out. One half of one per cent of the automobiles licensed in this country from January through August of 1954 were imported. Of these by far the largest number were to be found in

California, that haven of diversity whose climate, incidentally, favors the sports car. California had three thousand, and its percentage was twice the national average. Washington state, Connecticut, New York, Florida, and the District of Columbia followed closely, all with more than the national average. But in Kansas only thirty-two out of more than 45,000 new cars were foreign made.

Parking on a Dime

In addition to satisfying the owner's individualism and providing him with a certain cuddlesome social cachet, the Small Car has a number of genuine and palpable advantages. The most conspicuous of these is maneuverability. This is perhaps the lowest common denominator of sales appeal for all makes, for no one who has driven a small car in traffic can fail to realize its lure. Transferring to one from a big car gives you a sense of the miraculous: you can turn around in a driveway; you can filter between a trolley car and the inevitable parked car at the curb; you can sidle up to traffic lights beside trucks whose bulk blocks the second lane to a big car.

The Hillmans or Austins or Volkswagens recapture the convenience of an earlier era. They can go under porte-cocheres and into twenty-five-year-old garages. One commuter has calculated that he saves an average of ten minutes on each forty-five minute drive to his office by having an Austin. If you work this out at twenty minutes a day it comes to something like three and a half full days saved per working year. And as the big cars proliferate, growing bigger still, the savings increase proportionately.

Even more important for some people than maneuverability in traffic is ease in parking. In any except the narrowest street, a small car can be backed into a diagonal parking space on the wrong side of the street. In New York, a small car may frequently be trundled neatly and legally into the surplus space adjoining a fireplug. The desperate and conscienceless driver may edge his Morris Minor into the space deliberately left by the drivers of two big cars to facilitate their extrication (the wage of such a sin frequently being a crumpled bumper for the Morris Minor).

In Philadelphia, the advantage of a small car was recently illustrated in a court of law. A baffled cop had dragged before a magistrate the owners of two MGs which had both been parked in the motor space designed for a single vehicle. It was the view of the cop that this arrangement resulted in an illegal occupying of the city at the rate of a dime an hour. The magistrate disagreed: he commended the drivers for their ingenuity.

Weather and road performance vary not so much from size as from lighter and differently distributed weight. A small car is supremely handy in icy weather. It is almost never trapped by snow or mud, and it will almost never lose traction on a slippery grade. Its skids are rare and gentle. And its driver can enjoy the gentle experience of wending his way up a steep and snowy hill at an even speed among big cars which have skidded into the gutter or which lie helplessly athwart the highway.

For many of the commuting Californians who own two or more cars, these and



other advantages have dictated the choice of a small car as a supplement to the basic big car. The combination of, say, a station wagon and an MG provides a nice balance between capacity and chic and provides an escape from the status of a two-car family with all the financial and social implications it involves. A small car doesn't seem to be *exactly* a car; its sheepish owner can treat it as a gadget and explain that it costs next to nothing to operate.

Economy is certainly among the ostensible motives for buying a small car. As an argument, however, it is largely illusory. The cheapest new small cars available usually cost more than the cheapest big cars. The average gasoline consumption is of course generally

less. In city or suburban traffic, however, the difference is frequently not very substantial. On long trips, to be sure, a car like a Hillman Minx may average thirty-five miles or more to a gallon. But relatively few people seem to use small cars regularly for long trips, since they are certainly less comfortable and convenient than a standard-size, highly powered American car on an open road. In any event, the cost of fuel is for most car-owners a fairly minor item, and servicing and repairs for all makes of small cars run as high as or higher than for the conventional product.



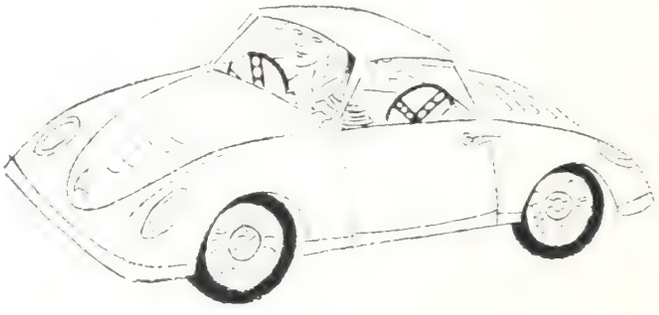
Hugs the Road

On the other hand, there are some genuine cost advantages. A good many New York garages, for example, charge five dollars a month less to shelter a small car than a big one, and for New Yorkers stowage charges are about the biggest maintenance item. There is also the matter of trade-in savings. Second-hand small cars notoriously command wretched prices, but on the other hand owners do not feel compelled to turn them in at regular intervals. Small-car owners are indifferent to, or even proud of, antiquity. This singular exception to the general habit of the annual or biennial exchange may arise in part from eccentricity of design, which makes it difficult for an onlooker to tell the vintage of a passing Porsche, but it is probably more often due to the fact that its owner regards a small car as a museum piece from the day it leaves the showroom. Whatever the reason, the attitude involves considerable savings, at least in the short run.

The Terrors of Tininess

THE chief disadvantage of a small car is its size. Size makes it easier to park but less useful once parked. Almost none of the small cars have adequate trunk room from the standpoint of a family planning a two-week holiday or even enough body space to accommodate two children and a week's groceries. Almost none of them have enough leg-room to permit a normal adult to sit in comfort in the back seat for long distances. Practically all sports cars are two-seaters, and none of the family-type cars will take more than four without squeezing. It is restricted space which has undoubtedly prevented the adoption of the small car, for all its assets, as a family car for a one-car family.

Small size has, or is alleged to have, more alarming implications than mere inconvenience. It is widely supposed, although it has not been proved, that the danger of being crunched to death is greater in a small car than a big one. Proponents will argue that steel is steel and that in any case maneuverability makes up for any possible lack of solidity. It is nevertheless true that most people will *feel* some insecurity when they find themselves in a Baby Renault with transport trucks on both sides so much higher that they cannot even see the truck driver, and everyone will admit the possibility of a small car's being overlooked by a truck. There is a story, probably apocryphal, of a Hillman which was completely run over by a truck whose driver failed to notice its presence in front of him.



Front and/or Rear Motor

Moreover, there are other dangers which lurk on the highways. The driver of a full-size automobile, pulling out to pass a transport behemoth, may suppose that an empty space exists in front of the truck only to find —too late to avoid a nasty head-on crash—that it is occupied by a Fiat. In general, neither modern roads nor modern mores are adjusted to the bizarre in car design.

A more frequent complaint than insecurity, however, is lack of power. This trouble is not universal—some sports cars are more highly powered than standard makes, and so are a

few other small cars like Porsches. Most small cars, however, are at a serious disadvantage on the getaway. On a hill a good deal of gear-shifting may be necessary to hold one's own with a ten-year-old Plymouth. Most small cars have four cylinders and a much lower horsepower than big cars. Four forward gears help to compensate for the weakness, but they are bothersome to anyone for whom shifting gears is not a matter of positive pride and pleasure.

The problem of repairs and servicing is the one about which a small-car owner is most often questioned by putative purchasers. It is hard to generalize. For American-made small cars, of course, there is no problem at all. Not only is a Corvette as easily serviced as a Chevrolet, but many American parts and almost all American tools are interchangeable. Not so with a foreign car. Almost any service station can successfully lubricate almost any foreign car (the biggest danger is that the transmission will get wrecked by a mechanic who feels that the standard location of reverse is part of the law of nature). But parts are hard to come by and sometimes standard tools won't fit. To be sure, there are at least a few dealers and mechanics specializing in foreign cars in all large cities. Out of upwards of seventy-five dealers in both Denver and Minneapolis, there are three foreign-car dealers in the former and two in the latter. In the open country they are few and far between.

Most foreign-car owners insist that the paucity of servicing facilities is not a serious handicap. One man who owns a Hillman has driven it twice from the East Coast to Colorado, suffering en route at least the usual quota of disorders and mechanical requirements; and he reports no difficulty whatever in finding prompt and adequate repairs and servicing. On one occasion, a mechanic in West Virginia forged an impromptu gasket for him in a couple of hours. Several service-station attendants expressed positive joy at the break in routine involved in lubricating a foreign car. On the other hand, a man in Philadelphia, living within five miles of two dealers, had to wait a week while one of them sent to New York for a clutchplate for his MG.

The unpredictability of service adds a note of adventure to motoring, long since vanished for big-car owners. The days when driving was an exciting sport are further recalled by the nature of the foreign-car agencies and repair shops, many of which are operated by *aficionados*. Such garages are run by their boyish proprietors along the lines of select clubs. They frequently operate with a one-man staff in a remote suburb, with an infinitesimal inventory of parts and an impressionistic business sense. The resultant service can be extremely irritating to a commuter in a hurry.

Many owners of small cars, especially sports cars, will agree that their chief headache arises from the intense loathing with which a part of the community regards their vehicles. This element includes some policemen and bureaucrats, and its loathing is the converse of the cachet of smallness and foreignness. For instance, one MG driver, prudently stopping for a light, was rammed by the lady behind him, driving a Ford. The lady's first observation on dismounting to survey the damage was: "These damned little cars oughtn't to be allowed on the roads." Since the collision was entirely and admittedly due to her negligence the remark may be attributed to frustration.



Easy Visibility

A purer case of xenophobia was the unhappy experience of a second MG operator in Maryland. Aware that he was being tailed by a trooper, he moderated his speed well below the legal limit. For the next twenty miles or so he was repeatedly passed by cars exceeding that limit with impunity; the trooper stuck obstinately to him. Eventually he speeded up to pass a truck and in doing so went a mile or two over the limit. The trooper instantly pinched him and explained, in a rage which had obviously been mounting for twenty miles, that he had been waiting expectantly for a violation. "I *hate* little cars," the trooper said. "I'd do anything to get them."

Three spectacularly able young politicians have moved in like a fresh wind . . . two of them might make Presidential timber . . . but the state isn't sure it has room for all their rival ambitions.

Too Much Talent in Tennessee?

Wilma Dykeman

JUSTLY or unjustly, Tennessee is equally famous for her mules, her moonshine, and her politics. Each has its own distinctive (if not always distinguished) quality—and each carries quite a kick. In the last century Tennessee gave the nation three Presidents, and today she has produced a trio of leaders whose combined potential of personality, youth, and power is probably unmatched in any other state. They are senior Senator Estes Kefauver, junior Senator Albert Gore, and Governor Frank Clement.

Many Tennesseans hope that these three will bring their state into a fresh period of national prestige and influence comparable to the great days of the last century. Whether any of the three can become an Andrew Jackson, or an Andrew Johnson who could succeed from the Vice Presidency, or a hard-working James K. Polk, remains to be seen. But it is already plain that the new life these men are injecting into Tennessee politics will not be confined to its home locale. This was impressively demonstrated in last November's elections. Democratic party leaders estimate that one-third of all the nation-wide speaking in behalf of their local and national candidates during the campaign was done by the three Tennesseans.

One reason for this was the public power issue, a subject on which Tennesseans can speak with eloquent conviction and the authority of experience. And it was Senator Gore who dug up the case needed to dramatize the question: the Dixon-Yates contract. In Oregon, where public power was the largest single issue, both Senators Kefauver and Gore came in to speak for Candidate Richard L. Neuberger and found wide public support for themselves, their candidate, and their cause. There may also be another reason, as we shall note in a moment, for their energetic campaigning outside their own state.

What is the new look in Tennessee politics and how have its three exponents risen to national prominence with the promise of much larger things to come? Actually it has been six years in the making—although it was the recent death of Boss Ed Crump of Memphis that symbolized to the nation at large the end of an era in Tennessee.

Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the new era is youth. Frank Clement, serving his second term as Governor at thirty-four and beginning Tennessee's first four-year gubernatorial term, is the youngest Governor in the United States. Senator Albert Gore is forty-six, and Estes Kefauver, beginning his second term in the Senate, is fifty-one. Besides youth, the three have other noteworthy assets in common: physical stamina, intellectual ability, and moral courage; wives who combine brains with beauty; a generally high level of campaign techniques and public stewardship; and last—but perhaps most important—ability to break all previous vote-getting records. Each is understandably ambitious, and all three have planned for a political career since early youth.

At the point where their vigorous ambitions collide, a lot of interesting speculation and maneuverings are now taking place in Nashville and Washington. To understand both the interest and the maneuvers—and their pos-

sible significance in national politics—it is worthwhile to examine each of the men involved.

The "Electrifier"

WHEN Frank Clement began campaigning for his first term as Governor he was only thirty-one, and courthouse old-timers throughout the state shook their heads and muttered, "Too young son." To which Clement replied, "If that's the only fault you can find, you'd better vote for me. I can outgrow that, but my opponents can't outgrow *their* faults."

Six feet tall, with dark curly hair, intense eyes, and a frequent handsome smile, Clement might be described as a political evangelist. He interprets the Bible literally, the Constitution liberally, and never forgets that more Tennesseans attend Wally Fowler's All-Night Sings (of hillbilly ballads and hymns) than listen to all the symphonic music in the state. His compelling power as a public speaker, which has aroused expressions of appreciation and commendation from party leaders all over the nation, stems from a kind of modern-dress revival of the William Jennings Bryan type of oratory. And it seems possible that, just as Bryan was known as "silver-tongued," so this stout advocate of TVA may become famous as "electrifying."

His chief contributions to Tennessee have been the blending of personal religious fervor with astute politics—plus some constructive reforms in mental-hospital facilities, education (free textbooks), and standardized methods of state purchasing. Even in a region distinguished for its adherence to fundamentalist Protestantism, he has made an impression with his frequent and public avowals of faith. (Undoubtedly one of the most controversial questions in Tennessee right now concerns the Governor's religious sincerity.) Hardly a Sunday passes that he does not fill the pulpit of some church, and few Tennesseans were surprised when the state newspapers in the summer of 1953 carried headlines: "Governor Clement May Quit Politics to Join Billy Graham's Evangelistic Team." Few were surprised, either, when the Governor denied these rumors, saying he had not received a call to preach.

He and the famous evangelist and their wives are close friends. And during a recent golfing weekend together at the Augusta National Golf Club, the two young crusaders agreed that America should use atomic bombs if circumstances make it necessary, but that the real problem was to control human nature rather than the bomb. Governor Clement is a rather persuasive student of that "human nature."

Some of his party's leaders are currently heralding Clement as the Democrats' answer to Richard Nixon. (His wife is as personable as Mrs. Nixon and his three young sons are a pleasing sight on any platform or TV screen.) Last August—after a primary in which he received the largest majority vote ever given a gubernatorial candidate in Tennessee—he was summoned to Chicago to confer with the Democratic hierarchy. By the time the Democratic National Executive Committee meeting in Indianapolis rolled around in September, his name was becoming familiar to the leadership, and he and Senator Gore were asked to join Adlai Stevenson, Representative Sam Rayburn, and Maine's newly elected Governor Ed Muskie on the roster of major speakers. Old-timers who attended noted that Clement's speech called forth more applause than Stevenson's, despite the fact that some commentators chose to describe it as "shelled corn."

Throughout the fall Clement toured the Midwest and the East. Reactions ranged from newspaper headlines heralding the "Democratic 'Veep' Hopeful" to Sam Rayburn's double-barreled: "Clement is a bright boy. Gore is brilliant."

EVEN his bitterest opponents do not deny that Clement has a way of convincing voters he is the right man—the only right man for them. He was already demonstrating this ability at the age of nin teen when he convinced a former schoolmate, Lucille Christianson, also nineteen, that they should marry at once. Admission to the state bar, employment by the FBI, service in the Army, and work as counsel for the state railroad and public utilities commission were the steppingstones to his 1950 announcement of candidacy for the governorship in 1952. Seasoned observers gave him a slim chance. But Clement won over three other candidates.

In his second campaign he merely under-

lined the themes he had sounded during his first: honesty, morality, and his theme song, "Take My Hand, Precious Lord." Easy familiarity ("Call me Frank"), almost embarrassingly intense mannerisms, and boyish enthusiasm again helped to pile up the votes.

Four years from now Clement's governorship will be at an end, and at thirty-eight he will be ineligible to succeed himself. This seems to leave only two courses open to so highly ambitious a man: He can serve his full four years and then challenge Albert Gore, whose term as Senator also expires in 1958; or he can make a bid for second-billing on the Democratic Presidential ticket in 1956.

Failing in the latter, he could, of course, always resort to the former, but there is the question of state *vs.* national popularity, and the two do not always coincide. There is in particular the question of the Supreme Court ruling on segregation. So far Governor Clement's attitude has been noncommittal. While resorting to none of the extremist threats of some of the deep-South Governors, he has made no open affirmation in favor of the decision either. Several unofficial discussions have been held in his offices, and leaders of both races have given him their views and advice. As a national Democratic candidate, however, he would be compelled to take a stand that could, in case of defeat in 1956, hurt his popularity for a state senatorial campaign in 1958—especially if, as Governor, he was called upon in the intervening two years to carry through the position he had taken nationally.

From the standpoint of the Democratic party leaders who envision Adlai Stevenson as their Presidential candidate in 1956, Frank Clement as running mate has very real assets. He would be a fresh face and voice on a ticket suffering the subtle stigma of familiarity and previous defeat. He has a powerful common-folks appeal to balance Stevenson's wit and sophistication. And he could be an effective block against any movement toward Kefauver.

The Man in the Coonskin Cap

Many were watching Tennessee's 1954 Democratic primary to see whether or not Senator Estes Kefauver's unsuccessful bid for the Presidential nomination in 1952 had lessened his strength on home ground. They learned beyond doubt that it had not: in percentage of votes received, Kefauver led all contestants in the record-breaking turnout—including Governor Clement by a small one per cent margin. In the early days of the campaign, Kefauver outdid Stevenson in his efforts to topple the GOP nationally and reports from the grass roots indicated that he could capture a good many delegations in 1956 unless Stevenson bestirred himself. (It was only a month after these reports that Governor Clement went to Illinois as a guest speaker for Jake Arvey and the Democratic ticket. He indicated his attitude toward possible Presidential candidates by describing Stevenson as "the greatest leader ever denied—temporarily, that is—the Presidency.")

It is unlikely that any state has recently witnessed a more vicious onslaught than the one directed against Senator Kefauver in the last primary campaign. A Democratic Representative named Pat Sutton with ambitions to move up to the Senate helicoptered over Tennessee, landing in rural pasture lots and on courthouse lawns; and for a while it seemed as if whenever he was not *in* the air he was *on* it, for he also introduced radio Talkathons, some of which lasted twenty-seven hours. The stone-age message conveyed by these atomic-age devices was that Kefauver had shirked his Army duties in World War II, that he was a Communist sympathizer because he believed in the United Nations, and that the terms internationalism and treason were interchangeable.

Through the long drought-ridden summer, Kefauver went up and down and across Tennessee, patiently sticking to issues, explaining his record in the Senate, indefatigably shaking hands in his quiet personable manner. His tall strong figure with its odd combination of dignity and doggedness again became as familiar to Tennesseans as it had once been to television viewers of his crime investigating committee. Only this time it seemed to some constituents that his professorial manner was overlaid by a certain pleasant polish, and that time and experience—even bitter experience—had given him greater poise, humor, and warmth.

Kefauver was not lured into a contest of mud-slinging or muddying of the issues. He

gave the crowds at county seats on Saturdays, the patrons at subscription dinners, and the individuals at home in front of radio and television sets credit for being interested in the twentieth-century world, for having intelligence. And they gave him their votes.

With a large personal following that seems —especially in the far West, Midwest, and parts of New England—to have survived the first two years since his unsuccessful bid for the 1952 nomination, it would be no surprise if Senator Kefauver still had Presidential hopes—even though he stated shortly after his election this November that he was "a Stevenson man." So far the hard core of the party organization shows no sign of encouraging higher ambitions in him, although he was asked to speak at the December National Committee meeting in New Orleans and got a good reception. Perhaps Kefauver recognizes that until some system of preferential primaries exists, he—like other candidates with large personal followings and little support from powerful organizations—stands small chance of securing the nomination.

Nevertheless Estes Kefauver is difficult to discourage. He seldom underrates his opponents, and after a struggle is over he does not berate them. The qualities which attended him during college days at the University of Tennessee, through Yale Law School and early practice in Chattanooga—patience, attention to detail, and an ability to file away large numbers of facts on vital questions—are still with him. His is an old-fashioned paternal sort of strength, yet in him it generates some advanced beliefs. His combination of pioneer individual integrity and urbane social enlightenment is rare in politics —and most effective.

The Astute Politician

Among his most eager supporters is a group which also favors junior Senator Albert Gore—the women of Tennessee. Kefauver and Gore are among the first politicians in the state to appeal to women voters through their own organizations. The same volunteer housewife, Mrs. Martha Ragland—a chic, attractive brunette and former state president of the League of Women Voters—led the women's division in both Kefauver's and Gore's first races for the Senate. (Friends were astonished that she should give her time and energy to two campaigns, especially in the South, where ladies are still supposed to remain slightly above the common clay of politics. "People have an idea that the only time women work for a political candidate is when he's a close friend of the family," she observes good-humoredly. "I simply wanted the best man to win each time, and I was willing to work for him.")

This emergence of women as organizers and effective campaign workers is an important feature of Tennessee's new political era. There are even leaders who claim that Tennessee today has more women working in politics, on a voluntary, vote-getting basis, than any other Southern state. And Senator Kefauver is quick to attribute part of his latest landslide to the women's vote.

"I think women are basically more interested in issues than men are," he explains. "A man asks, 'Will this be good for my bank?' 'Will that hurt my store?' A woman is much more apt to say, 'Would that be good for the country? Or my children?' "

Perhaps the fact that both Nancy Kefauver and Pauline Gore have developed into able politicians has made their husbands especially aware of women's abilities. Pauline Gore, who studied law at Vanderbilt University and the University of Wisconsin, practiced for a year before she married. It is a rather common remark throughout Tennessee, particularly from the Senator's opponents, that "she's the brains in the family."

It is typical of Albert Gore that such comments do not disturb him. Neither as flamboyant as Clement nor as subtle a combination of the pioneer and the sophisticate as Kefauver, he may well be the most astute politician of the lot.

He guards his health (his scrubbed freshness is striking), his reputation, and his future with a well-planned intelligence that has led some of his fellow politicians to compare him to a schoolmaster. The comparison is not altogether inept, and it has been suggested that if Gore is a schoolmaster, Kefauver resembles a professor, and Clement a cheer leader.

Senator Gore seems to have an extraordinary ability to take a firm stand on vital issues without alienating any large number of votes. And if his decisions usually seem wise politi-

cally, he has always avoided the accusation of opportunism.

His wavy brown hair (fast becoming a premature gray), his very direct blue eyes, his pleasant smile and soft diction, and his carefully-groomed look, have stamped themselves agreeably on Tennessee's public consciousness. In 1952 after fourteen years in the House, where he was rated one of its most intelligent and conscientious members, Gore announced that he would run for the Senate. His opponent was the eighty-three-year-old incumbent, Kenneth D. McKellar—who had, as one politico pointed out, probably given jobs to more Tennesseans than young Gore had ever shaken hands with. But even McKellar's friends felt one emotion for the old man that is more deadly in a political career than the meanest opposition: sympathy. "Sure we like K.D., but—" the voters said. And in that blank following their qualification they wrote the name of Albert Gore.

Gore conducted a campaign that gave McKellar's most indebted friends an easy conscience in retiring him from public office. He never attacked the elderly Senator personally and seldom mentioned him by name. Instead he offered his own record in Congress for the people's inspection and told them what he would try to do as their Senator. By announcing early for the race, by choosing to run against a man almost twice his age who had always enjoyed the strongest support of Boss Ed Crump and his organization, and by sticking to plain-spoken fact and platform, Gore confounded the experts and won by a 90,000 majority—a Senatorial record broken only by 1954's votes for Kefauver.

Once elected, Gore rose rapidly and solidly in the Senate. A hard worker whose thoroughness has been noted by his colleagues and deplored by his opponents, he dug into such questions as the new military policy, "hard money," trade treaties, and AEC patents, and headed a noteworthy opposition in these matters on the Senate floor. Several of the debates he led provided some of the most important issues of the fall campaign.

PROMINENT among these was the Dixon-Yates contract. This was written in December 1953 but not brought to public attention until the following April when Gore denounced it in an impassioned seven-hour address in the Senate. And it was Dixon-Yates which catapulted the whole complex question of public and private power into the national consciousness and helped to win the election for the Democrats.

Less publicized, but in many ways more important, is Gore's stand on reciprocal trade. A protégé of his fellow townsman, Cordell Hull, Gore has a firm grounding in international affairs and is today a stanch believer in trade as a weapon which can hit world Communism where it hurts most. "I studied this in the House and know something about it," Gore explains modestly. Opponents of tariff reduction in 1954 found that he knew so much about it that they were forced into the unhappy group who described the new Senator's impact as being "Gored to death."

His fellow Senators have learned to respect Gore's in-fighting. And there is mutual respect—if only surface warmth—among the two Tennessee Senators and their Governor. The force that holds them in steady, if uneasy, friendship is the Republican party in Tennessee.

Tennessee Republicans

WHEN Knoxville lawyer Ray Jenkins—dubbed "The Terror of Tellico Plains," after a hamlet in the wild boar-hunting country of East Tennessee—appeared as special counsel in the televised Army-McCarthy hearings, much of the United States became aware for the first time of the border state's Republican party. This dates from the days when a bitterly divided Tennessee gave over 30,000 men to the Union cause (more than Rhode Island, Delaware, or Minnesota and almost as many as New Hampshire or Vermont). And from one of its Republican pockets—the First District—comes Representative Carroll Reece, former chairman of the Republican party.

The report of his committee which investigated tax-exempt foundations—in which he "accused" certain foundation officials of "Socialistic" and "one-world" leanings—shows the nature of present Tennessee Republicanism.

After the 1952 Presidential election—when Tennessee favored Eisenhower by 2,437 votes—the Republicans badly muffed their best chance to begin building a firm two-party system in the state. Before the election, many

young voters moving into Tennessee, or returning from Eastern colleges or Western jobs, found themselves disillusioned with certain local and national conditions and joined the Republican party. Most of them were Eisenhower supporters. But they were poorly organized both before and during the Republican convention and this proved disastrous. Even after the official Taft-supporting Old Guard was defeated in Chicago, it managed to keep control of the state machinery. As a result, the one island of *status quo* in Tennessee politics today is the aging group which holds the Republican reins.

As one objective and intelligent observer remarked recently, "An important fact that the Republican leaders in this state don't seem to realize is that some of these days they're going to die."

Tight control by a few old-timers who have little concern about any broadening of the party base—plus their suspicion of newcomers and their refusal to give young aspirants a chance to gain political experience—has largely dried up the reservoir of rising young talent in Republican ranks. And the lost opportunities that have accumulated since 1952, coupled with the present Administration's locally unpopular attitude toward TVA, make it most unlikely that Tennessee will vote a Republican majority again for some years to come.

MEANWHILE, some Tennessee Democrats are beginning to wonder whether—just possibly—their party has too much talent. Is there room enough in one modest-sized state to hold the swelling ambitions of three young politicians of such notable endowments? If not—if the events of the next few years bring their ambitions into open collision—will the party be torn apart in the resulting scrap?

These worries are real enough, because there is no place for Governor Clement to go—except after one of the Senate seats now held by Kefauver and Gore. In either case, the fight would be rough, interesting, and unpredictable. It would not be fought—so far as anyone can now foresee—on any clear-cut issue, for all three men belong to what is loosely called the "liberal" wing of the party. Like so many political struggles in the Southern and border states, it would be mostly a conflict of personalities; which does not mean that it would be any the less bitter.

Apparently the only way such a collision can be avoided is for one of the three Young Lions to get himself elected to national office. If Kefauver could by any chance wind up in the White House or if any one of the three should capture the Vice Presidency, the survivors would be vastly relieved. That is why all three are looking forward to the 1956 Democratic convention with such avid interest; it may also help explain why they have worked so hard to build up a following, or at least to make their names known, outside the state.

Meanwhile, their politely-veiled rivalry provides the state with a fascinating subject for speculation; it probably has helped to raise the standard of national Democratic leadership; and it might eventually, as Tennessee would like to believe, put another one of its citizens into the White House.

Any Boy Can Grow Up to Be President

TAKE a male, native-born American citizen; let him be between thirty-five and sixty-seven years old, of Anglo-German stock, Protestant and white; let him come from one of about seven major States, and let him have either a brief military or a more extensive legal and administrative background; let him be identified with small-town life and possess a perfect record of marital fidelity; and let him have no definable record on major issues of contention. This man—and only about a hundred out of 160 million qualify at any given time—will be "Presidential timber."

—From a review of Sidney Hyman's *The American President* in the *Economist* of November 13, 1954.



The Medicine Men



A Story by William Eastlake

Drawings by John Groth

Kurt Heinitz was in absolute command of the third foreign-car rally of the Southwest. As he watched the gaudy cars pull into the rendezvous point at La Ventana he did not approve of anything at all.

Kurt Heinitz had begun his career with Rommel, achieved full command under Von Modell before he was switched to Guderian for the big push to Moscow. That the genius of Heinitz, Von Modell, Guderian, and Von Reichenau had failed was a monument to the insanity of a corporal trying to run things from Berlin. Heinitz had to remind himself occasionally that that was why he was playing with these toy bright cars that were streaming into La Ventana now instead of something real, and he blamed it all on insanity in a politician.

But it was not insanity that annoyed him with the Van Esters and the Johnsons, the Jag and the Porsche that were closest to him now. It was plain stupidity which, along with the naïveté, seemed to nail down Americans.

After the war Heinitz had tossed a coin to decide on Russia or America. The coin fell in favor of New Mexico, where he had something important and secret to do even after the American scientist, Oppenheimer, had been denied access to classified material. This amused Kurt Heinitz.

Heinitz was still missing nine cars. A slick, temperamental purple Gordini pulled in from Socorro. Heinitz was missing eight.

The Germans in New Mexico seemed fascinated that Heinitz had ordinanced the punch at Moscow from Yasnaya Polyana. It seemed some writer had lived there once. Sometimes the Germans were as hopeless as the Americans but no one was as hopeless as the Johnsons. Heinitz advanced toward them.

The Johnsons in the canary yellow and red Jaguar with blown-up fenders looked splendid in identical pink-and-white checked caps with purple pompons, Red Ryder shirts, blue jeans, and cowboy boots, and they were both worried about the same thing—Kurt Heinitz.

Mrs. Johnson preferred to be known as Helen Hooyar and her husband as Lonesome Johnson. He had a TV show that went on when everyone went to bed. The Platter Parade King of the Southwest, Lonesome Johnson. Mrs. Johnson thought that her maiden name should not be allowed to die, that it kept her from being thought of as a housewife. She had records of her singing pressed in Albuquerque under the name of Helen Hooyar; her husband played them and she had a feeling they were beginning to catch on. Her husband was kind and never showed her the mail. She was kind and didn't tell him she was having an affair with his biggest account. Everyone was kind except Kurt Heinitz. Why didn't he pick on the Van Esters?

Heinitz hesitated between the two cars and walked toward the Van Esters. Mrs. Van Ester had a thin long face that never relaxed from that set, tight holding-onto-the-door-handle look—"Isn't this fun!"—that she achieved at that climactic, bone-shaking moment that passes for high speed in a noisy car. Raoul Van Ester had a round, cherubic face for a man who drove such a formidable machine. They were again accoutered in those identical checkered and pomponed

caps that seemed to be the thing. But they did not affect the cowboy getup of the Lonesome Johnsons but ran to Tattersall vests and jodhpurs and King Alfonso boots, mail-ordered from the Country Store at Aspen.

Raoul Van Ester was an engineer and hated it and was practicing the cello and did not think he was very good. His wife encouraged him and they planned a pilgrimage to Casals in Prades. Last year they had gone to the Mexican Pan American road races instead, and when a Porsche won it they decided to get rid of the Volkswagen because it had a crash box transmission and anyway did not have a sunshine top. The Porsche didn't have a sunshine top either but it didn't have a crash box transmission. Pablo Casals would have to wait indefinitely.

They subscribed to *Furioso, Zero,* and *Botteghe Oscure* and, until they folded, *Horizon, transition,* and *Avant.* They had all the latest hi-fi contraptions which Raoul saved tons of money on by installing himself, the whole works including the diamond pick-up and five-dimensional sound, including the bathroom, eleven hundred and forty bucks. Who could resist? They were proud that they never joined anything. They went to the Great Books discussion but they were careful never to join. The leader, who had been trained in Chicago and had talked to Dr. Hutchins personally, handled them with kid gloves, but had subjected them to eight-millimeter cultural films which he had taken with his own hands and which the Van Esters knew were against the rules.

The Van Esters had a tape recorder with them this very minute in the car and were going to record cultural Indian chants and play them at the next meeting in their home town of Truth or Consequences. When a public-relations man for a soap company had wanted to pin that name on Hot Springs to boost a TV show, the Van Esters went along for the gag and now they were ashamed. But right now they were afraid; they were afraid of Heinitz who was coming up. They had turned up the speedometer in their car so they could compete for the *Concour d'Élégance* prize for cars with over 60,000 miles, and they were afraid of Heinitz.

Heinitz came over and touched the scooped door of the Porsche, gentle and relaxed. He wore a nondescript American suit on his long frame that made anything hang with a military assurance. He had emerged from a large, standard American car that was the color of dirt. When Heinitz selected a car he wanted to be inside when he was inside and outside when he was outside and no "Isn't this fun!" foreign-car nonsense.

"Are you enjoying yourselves?" Heinitz said, quietly, looking down on the Van Esters' purple pompons.

"Swell! Exciting first pass," Mr. Van Ester said eagerly, his round face dancing up at Heinitz.

"Yes," Heinitz said slowly, hitting the door a quick bop with his palm and moving away.

"By God, I know when I'm being patronized, Skeets," Mrs. Van Ester said tightly toward her husband. "I'm not strictly Truth or Consequences. I grew up with a set in Santa Fe and I know when I'm being patronized, Skeets."

Mr. Van Ester clasped the purple wheel tightly, looking straight ahead out through the tinted windscreen and over the yellow bonnet.

"You're imagining things, Bullet," he said toward his wife. "We're out to have fun. Don't ruin everything by imagining things."

"Imagining things, Skeets? Swell! Exciting first pass! Jesus must you grovel every time that Kraut shows? I mean let's face it, Skeets, we're people."

"Yes, we're people, Bullet," Mr. Van Ester said uncertainly, adjusting his pompon and wiggling his King Alfonso boots nervously. "We're people, Bullet."

Heinitz had placed his hands in back of him and walked up to the Johnsons' Jaguar as though he were thinking of something far away. The Johnsons seemed to scrunch a little closer to the gear shift on the floor and waited.

"I've been thinking," Heinitz said without any preliminaries to the Lonesome Johnsons, "how could the Van Esters have put 60,000 miles on their car in so short a time? I thought from the air scoop it was a '53. Still I could be wrong."

"I remember it was a '53," Lonesome Johnson said, excited. "November '53. They drove it up to our house nonchalant, as though they still had the Volkswagen, as though nothing

had happened, said they wanted to borrow a Miracle Cloth, pretending that's what they came for, as though nothing had happened. So I gave them the Miracle Cloth and pretended that's what they came for as though nothing had happened. They got sore."

"Thank you," Heinitz said, thumping the car before moving away.

"Poor show, Loney," Helen Hooyar said without looking at her husband. "Did you have to squeal on those chaps? I think it was a very poor show."

"Those snobs," Lonesome Johnson said. "And don't forget we're interested in that thing ourselves. How do you pronounce it?"

"*Concour d'Élégance*," his wife said. "And all the more reason it was a poor show. We've all heard of a little *noblesse oblige* and it would be inverted snobbery to pretend we hadn't." Helen Hooyar removed something from her nose with her pinkie finger. "A bloody, lousy show, Loney. Nothing resembling cricket at all."

"Bull," Lonesome Johnson said.

"That's what I mean by inverted snobbery, Loney. If you can't see it, can't you feel it?"

Lonesome Johnson said one word preceded by "oh." The word was short and obscene and the Navahocade moved off from an abrupt command by Heinitz, and Helen Hooyar laid down her long cigarette holder on her Apache snakeskin bag and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"It's Heinitz," she said. "There was nothing like this before Heinitz. He's making us into brutes."

The Navahocade was headed for an allotment or checkerboard area known as Tonatai because that was what the spot had always been called where the trader had his post. The Aspencade to Jemez had been brilliant under Heinitz' leadership, and so had the Atomcade to Los Alamos. No one could organize like Heinitz. And Heinitz enjoyed himself. It allowed him to keep his hand in.

Tonatai was selected because it was not just a big hole like Grand Canyon or Carlsbad where the tourists and tract-dwellers came by the thousands to gawk and erect platitudes. Not that some of the foreign car *sportifs* were not living in tracts, but it was a temporary thing until something happened that was sure to happen and they could move into that adobe *casa* in Taos with candles and the right wine.

Until then everything was temporary; they had the plans to prove it. They worked at the plans late at night and they used to argue, moving the right wing over to the left wing and making all the rooms convertible into something else. But some of the wives were beginning to suspect deep within their secret selves that nothing was going to happen. They began to plant permanent things along the rug of lawn and have expensive children. And when the plans were redrawn again late at night they didn't argue.



ANOTHER nice reason for having the Navahocade at Tonatai was that there were no roads. Kurt Heinitz had two MGs working the point, scouting about two miles ahead. The MGs had army-surplus walkie-talkies installed and their tall whip antennas were in touch with Heinitz. Heinitz brought up the rear of the main body of cars and he was using two Siatas to cover the flank. When the MGs spotted any trouble or difficulty in the terrain they were to contact Heinitz.

Heinitz got a message now that the trail had ended at an arroyo and he answered back that he was coming forward on the double. The long string of garish cars parted for Heinitz as he moved forward with his hand on the horn. Some did not move quickly enough and Heinitz was forced to run them in the ditch, but there were no complaints. They realized that they had been quite stupid and were turning the Navahocade into a very poor show.

When Heinitz arrived at the front his scouts were alongside their pink and chartreuse MGs looking vacantly into a thirty by thirty flood erosion, and making perfect targets, Heinitz thought absently. The wife in the pink MG whose husband had a black eye-patch, herself wore a pink snood and plaid-rimmed very dark glasses which—along with her posture in the bucket seat, and despite the fact that she was straddling a case of Schweppes—gave her the appearance of a holy woman being patient at Benares.

Heinitz assessed the situation immediately and sent the chartreuse to scout the left and the eye-patch to scout down the right bank and contact him when they discovered a crossing.

The sky over the Indian country reminded him of no sky he had ever seen before, a sea of almost green shot with orange and long strokes of black. What kind of people would live in this land that looked like the bottom of the ocean after the water had been removed?

Heinitz received a message now that chartreuse had made contact and he threw his car forward toward the scout. When he reached the chartreuse, an Indian was destroying a crude log bridge across a low point in the arroyo and damned if chartreuse wasn't arguing with him. Heinitz grabbed a wrench with quickness of mind and hit the Indian across the skull just in time to save the Navahocade from an embarrassing wait.

The Indian had been trying to explain in Navaho that his farm on the other side was just planted to winter rye. He had also tried to explain to the Moving People in his small Spanish, but the Moving People did not seem to speak any language at all. Fortunately Heinitz had arrived just in time to save the situation and Mr. Van Ester wondered aloud where the hell the club would be without Heinitz and Mrs. Van Ester had said, "But a spanner, Skeets! It's not quite playing the game to hit one of their chaps on the head with a spanner." And then in a low voice that was more her own, "We're not animals, Skeets." Mr. Van Ester seemed to think about this a minute before he said profoundly, "Biologically I suppose we are, Bullet. Yes, and by the by, who's got the tonic?"

"I don't want to play any more," his wife said in a tired voice. "I don't want to play any more with all this rich man's junk. I hate quinine tonic and I hate jodhpurs and boots and I hate open foreign cars and I hate Heinitz and I feel sorry for that poor damn Indian who got hit with a wrench."

Her husband said, reaching down and chucking her under the chin, "We've got to carry on, old girl," and then when he got no response but a sob he grabbed the wheel and said in his own voice, "Jesus, I guess we have to go through with it now."

The Indian who had been hit with the wrench had fallen down into the bottom of the arroyo. There was a dead, black and white feist dog at the bottom of the arroyo and the body of the Indian rolled until it almost touched the dead feist dog. The side of the arroyo was too steep for them to get to the Indian with succor, so they fixed the bridge and watched while three Indians came down the arroyo with one other Indian leading a spare mount. They watched while the Indians hung the body on the spare mount and one of the Indians who had not helped with the loading held the body on, leading both horses, as they went up the far bank and toward the log trading post they could all see in the distance. The Indians did not look at them once.

Felix Mount Royal, Lord Rundle, and Rabbit Stockings had discovered the body, and with the help of Tom-Dick-and-Harry, who was out chasing sheep with a spare mount, they lugged the body up to the post of the white trader, on into the back room heavy with the smell of sheep hides and brilliant with the blankets of their wives. The trader put some white man's medicine on the head of Coyotes-Love-Me and the Indian opened his soft dark eyes on the blankets that hung down too bright and turned his head until his soft eyes lighted on the hides that stank.

"Why really, he will be fine, he is better. Why really, everything will be all right." The Indians did not believe or disbelieve this that they told the trader but they wanted him to feel good about his religion, about his magic. The Indians always allowed the trader to try his magic first because after all these years they had grown to respect him and this was one of the ways they showed their

appreciation. Sometimes it even did some good and they did not have to have a sing, did not have to use their own religion. But for Coyotes-Love-Me they all knew that tonight they would have a chant. It was a terrible wallop. The white man's magic was not enough against the white man's blow; it would take serious medicine. The white trader's name was George Bowman and he knew the Indians were being polite. He knew they thought it would take serious medicine not only for the head of Coyotes-Love-Me but against the spirit of the man who had done it.

The white trader motioned them all into the front room and sat down on a small Victorian stool covered with perfect velvet. There was something regal about it, sitting there surrounded by all the turquoise and silver jewelry The People had pawned, against the flour and tobacco you could not see. It had an effect.

"Why really," the white trader began in their own language. "Why really, the jails of Gallup are full of The People who war on the white man. I have some medicine to use against this man, this man and his spirit, if you will permit me."

"Why really, no," Lord Rundle said quickly, raising his fiery jeweled hand to a brown face that was heavily dark-lined like a contour map beneath a red cotton band across his forehead. He was dressed in the Levis and boots of the others.

Some velvet-clad squaws came in now to watch the talk and sat on the floor sucking Pepsi and Royal Crown Colas.

"Why really, no," Lord Rundle repeated. "With this man we deal in our own custom."

There was a silence with the trader saying nothing, tipping a silver and turquoise pawn in front of him.

"Oh but really, it is true," Felix Mount Royal said. "The Gallup jails are full of us."

Felix Mount Royal's squaw congratulated him with her eyes and switched her cold bottle of Royal Crown Cola to her other hand.

"Why really, maybe I will listen to your plans, Sansi," Lord Rundle said.

"Ha-ko-shéé. Thank you," the white trader said. "My plan is to make him lose face. That is complicated to explain but excellent for permanent cure if I have luck."

"May you have luck," Rabbit Stockings said. All the squaws banged their Pepsi and Royal Crown Colas on the floor in agreement and approval and to make a noise which they liked too.

Tom-Dick-and-Harry, a short, white-appearing Indian with bandy legs and a clean scar under his right eye, came in now from the back room and gave them permission to put the hurt Coyotes-Love-Me in his hogan, as was his custom. It was not only that Tom-Dick-and-Harry was not convinced of the truth of the Navaho belief that the bad spirits would return to haunt a hogan in which one of The People died; it was also that he was certain that he had all the bad luck there was in this world right now and that no spirit could add much more to what was coming his way in the future.

Lord Acton, Silver-Threads-Among-the-Gold, Felix Mount Royal, and the Marquis of Steyne carried out the body of Coyotes-Love-Me with Tom-Dick-and-Harry leading the way and Rabbit Stockings bringing up the rear carrying a large economy-sized box of cornflakes and a pint of Sloan's liniment.

The squaws remained on the floor to finish their drinks. The squaws are not moved easily to excitement—which is probably good, the trader felt, because they carry the entire wealth of The People around their necks and waists in the form of coral, silver, and turquoise jewelry of expensive and good taste, and it costs nothing to giggle, but with excitement you never know. They would pawn the jewelry with the trader when the winter was deep and win it back when they sold the sheep. The jewelry was shown off well against billowing bright skirts of calico and velvet, cut in the manner of the American Army officers' wives at the stockade of Fort Sumner where all The People were imprisoned from 1864 to 1868.

The white trader put the velvet stool away on its shelf back of the counter where his father had kept it and put the piece of jewelry back in the case, beneath the books of his father, *Ivanhoe*, Burke's *Peerage*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and others his father had used to name the Indians, away from the names that had been too long for the ledger, like Son-of-the-Man-Who-Got-Kicked - in - the - Stomach - by - a - Deer - on - the-Other-Side-of-the-Mountain.

The trader had of course inherited the post from his father, who was killed in the Low Countries in the war of 1914-18. Along with the post had come the responsibilities of the Indians, the jewelry, the wool, and the velvet stool. The Indians trusted and respected the trader, even to the myth they had built up that his father as a boy had been stolen by the Utes from The People and finally had escaped back to them. The trader let it go at that but he spoke the language and knew the customs.

A mission had made a short and dull stand in the vicinity before it disappeared, to have immortality only in a sign which read: "Tradition is the Enemy of Progress." When the sign was completed the missionary had asked the trader to come and have a look, and the trader had said that if the missionaries believed it the church would collapse in the morning. Nevertheless the trader was sorry when the mission folded. They had brought food and clothing in the winter. And if they were rude enough to insist their religion was superior to The People's religion, they knew not what they did.

But the trader was concerned now about the invasion of the Moving People. Maybe this too was some form of Progress. The trader was not a romantic who was opposed to the word, but, although he believed it was inevitable, he did not believe it could not be selective. Although great parts of Progress were certain, this would never be: the destruction of the rye and the winter wheat, the busting of The People on the head with wrenches. The trader had decided to make his stand here at the store. Later he might use The People, but first he would meet the leader of the Moving People here alone.

THE trader had been tipped off to the invasion by an engineer from Albuquerque who had come up to check on the seismograph crews who were doing sample testing for Malco Oil in the checkerboard area. The white trader had told him to lay off because the Indians had most of the flat areas planted to rye and winter wheat and it would be impossible to stay off it. The engineer said it was his duty to report possible scenic rally points to the club and if Kurt Heinitz decided on this area there was nothing he could do, or anyone else for that matter. And if the trader and the population were going to be difficult and the terrain impossible, well that was what Heinitz was looking for—enjoyed. The engineer would get a brush on the back from Heinitz instead of a slap on the car and Heinitz did not give his favors lightly or often. He told the trader the date.



The trader had then gone into the vast back room to direct the sorting of the hides and think. When he had thought of something acceptable he wrote a message out on his father's desk and gave it to the sorter of the hides, Lord Acton, with instructions to ride full gallop to the trader at La Ventana. Then he had drained the gasoline from his own Sears gravity feed tank on stilts into his tractor and given the last remaining two gallons to the medicine man, Paracelsus, to use for bright fires.

He had then busied the remaining interval of time until today with the organization of treating the Indians' sheep against blue-tongue. As he looked out the window now he saw the advance scouting pink and yellow MGs pull up. They circled the post three times, each time in a smaller circle until they finally stopped. One of the women got out and walked toward the post and the others remained behind to contact the main force over the radio.

The woman in chartreuse with the huge chartreuse alligator bag walked up to the post and looked in the window; then she went to the door and opened it and looked in to see if what she had seen through the window was true. Then she closed the door and hollered

to the others. "My God! The boy in here is a love-boat. He looks exactly like Genghis Khan."

The others looked up from their sending equipment in surprise as she opened the door again and went in. She entered a room lined with silver and turquoise and food under a ceiling draped with saddles and boots, lanterns and harness, so that she had to move among them carefully until she reached the counter laden with pawns. She pretended an interest in this but all the while she was staring at the trader who was writing something, and working her way up the counter toward him, and now she was at the elbow of his heavy leather jacket.

"I don't like to be rude, but did anyone ever tell you you looked exactly like Ghengis Khan?"

The trader put down his pen and looked at her carefully.

"No, Ma'am, they never did."

"No but seriously, I don't say these things," she said. "You do look exactly like Genghis Khan."

Helen Hooyar came in now and the lady in chartreuse said, "Don't you think he looks exactly like Genghis Khan?"

Helen Hooyar was fiddling with the edge of one of the blankets and staring out at them between two saddles that hung down.

"By God, I think he looks noble," Helen Hooyar said. "I never met Genghis Khan but if he looks noble then he looks like Genghis Khan. He's a real man, not one of these city creeps. Living out here alone develops the soul, and something else too. I bet I could write poetry if I lived out here."

Lonesome Johnson and Mr. Van Ester came in now and Lonesome Johnson noticed the squaws lined along the counter on the floor sipping their drinks with the decorum of any DAR chapter.

Pepsi and Royal Crown Cola," Lonesome Johnson said. "The Coca-Cola people have reached a climax market with the small bottle. They'll never make vast inroads into the consumer dollar of the lower-income groups until they come out with the twelve-ounce unit. The general public doesn't know it but I understood down at the station that's exactly what is going to happen. On a more competitive market all the larger firms I am associated with are taking a heightened interest in the lower-income dollar. In this case, ten cents," Lonesome Johnson said, dropping his voice, realizing everyone was ignoring him. But in his business Lonesome Johnson was used to being ignored which was offset somewhat by the large corporations he had the pleasure of being associated with. Lonesome Johnson wandered down the shelves now until he found a certain brand of soap. Putting this on his shoulder he walked up to the trader.

"Does this do anything to you?" he said. "Strike any bell at all? No? Twelve o'clock every night, Channel 4, I merchandise this product. Still, way out here you're out of touch, kind of, with reality. You probably don't even have a TV set."

"No," the trader said.

"I certainly could use a character like you just to sit alongside me on the show and shill my pitch. You wouldn't consider it?" Lonesome Johnson said.

"No," the trader said.

"You know, you're right," Lonesome Johnson said and turned to the others. "No, but he's right. By God, I wish I could live out here myself. The air! Notice the air," Lonesome Johnson said, taking a deep breath of sheep hides. "By God, this country makes a man of you. I might chuck everything some day and come out here and start again. I could paint pictures."

Skeets Van Ester was looking through the window out at the mesa country. His wife wasn't playing any more. She was in the car reading T. S. Eliot. Soon she would wander around to have a look at the latest thing in hogans.

"It's spectacular," Skeets Van Ester said, still staring through the window. "It's like something out of Cecil B. De Mille. It makes you feel close to God. Imagine what a man like Kurt Heinitz could do with a place like this. Why he'd organize it into the greatest tourist spectacle in the world. All these beautiful possibilities wasting away waiting for a man like Kurt Heinitz."

"Everybody outside." Kurt Heinitz was standing just inside the door waiting for them to file out. They filed out.

Kurt Heinitz closed the door gently and walked quickly toward the trader, pausing



to examine a piece of jewelry on the way.

"You have fine workmen," he said, putting the concha belt down. The trader didn't say anything. "I've also come to apologize for that accident to one of your men." The trader still didn't say anything but he took the concha belt and put it under the counter before he went back to his figures.

"We want to be correct," Kurt Heinitz said. "We are not a mob. We are very well organized and I am the leader. We want to be correct if you will simply tell me what . . . "

"I think you had better go home," the trader said quickly, without looking up from his figures.

"Before we can discuss that we will need some gasoline," Heinitz said.

"No gasoline," the trader said.

"Perhaps we can make a deal," Heinitz said quietly, picking up the edge of a blanket.

"No deal. No gasoline," the trader said.

"But I told them," Heinitz said, his voice loosening, dropping the edge of the blanket. "I told them when there was no gas in La Ventana that they need not go on to Cuba and waste their time. I told them there was gas here. I had it on good authority. If we had to walk out of here they would think me a fool."

The trader dropped his pen and looked at Kurt Heinitz for the first time.

"We will see what we can do to get you out of here. I gave the medicine man two gallons of fuel for bright magic. Maybe you can talk him out of it. It will take you to Cuba where you can bring back enough to leave here."

"Good," Heinitz said, confidently. "I'm kind of a medicine man myself. Have you ever seen my rockets over Alamogordo? That is, I'm a twentieth-century medicine man. Countries bid for me. But I talk too much. Where is this other medicine man? I hope he speaks something recent."

"There is an interpreter outside the door. It has been arranged."

"Thank you very much," Heinitz said, turning.

"You have nothing to thank me for," the trader said.

"You Americans are all alike," Heinitz said, going out the door and smiling. "All alike."

The trader appeared to go back to the figures in the sheep ledger with his pen but actually he wrote across all the vertical lines on the ledger page in a clear hand and then he drew a line and wrote something else. Now he tapped the pen against

his nose in thought before he reached down and crossed part of something out. He got up now and stared out the window. The odd cars of the Moving People looked strange against the hogans.

Tom-Dick-and-Harry was outside. He was a mission Indian and he spoke a little of everything. Tom-Dick-and-Harry was kind of a mess. He didn't fit in with the whites and now he didn't fit in with The People. Tom-Dick-and-Harry didn't believe anything any more. But he would be a good interpreter.

The medicine man that the trader's father had named Paracelsus was dressed like the other Indians except that the quality of the clothes was better, his hogan was bigger, and his horses were fatter—just like most doctors on the outside except that here the payoff was in sheep—but he had knives and herbs and such that go with the business. And besides all this, the medicine man had sings, he was part of the religion, he treated the whole person. He had a lot of luck.

Was Heinitz going to get the gas? "Why really, of course," the medicine man told him, but first there were a few things he must do for a cure. Heinitz was desperate and willing and he tried to make some sand painting while the medicine man corrected him and the Moving People laughed. Now the medicine man explained the whole thing very carefully to Heinitz through Tom-Dick-and-Harry in one-syllable words. But Heinitz was still all thumbs and his Moving People laughed. He jumped on hot rocks while the Moving People laughed and he made signs to the sun while the Moving People laughed again.

But nobody laughed at the next medicine. Heinitz didn't have to do anything, The People took care of everything, and nobody laughed. No one laughed at all.

The trader was busy putting up saddles when Rabbit Stockings came in and got some matches. The trader had some bad thoughts about it at first but then consoled himself with the guess that they were probably for Lady Blessington's pipe. She smoked a home-made mixture put together by Paracelsus which was marvelous except that it was noncombustible. Sometimes it took two boxes of the matches to get a good fire going. Lady Blessington had smoked a pipe long before cancer became a fad, but she smoked it for her health and, not counting TB and a few other things she had in her own right, it seemed to work.

The trader smelled gasoline. He could be wrong but the wind was right and he thought he smelled gasoline. The trader put down the saddle.

"No more medicine," the trader said, cutting the ropes. "Why really," the medicine man said, "I was right in the middle of an operation."

"You certainly were," the trader said, taking the rope from around Heinitz' shoulders. Heinitz' face was perfectly white.

"Why really, he is not cured," the medicine man said.

"I promise you he is cured," the trader said.

"Thank you, Sansi," Paracelsus said. "I do the best I can with the little I have."

"Is there any gas left?" the trader asked, feeling the clothes of Heinitz soaking with it.

"We had to use it all in the medicine, Sansi. But you didn't think we were going to burn him?"

"It was just a scare," the trader said.

"That's right, Sansi. Just a scare."

"Well, you scared me," the trader said.

"Sometime it is necessary to treat everyone," Paracelsus said. "Evil is that kind of sickness."

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But this was only the beginning of the sing. As the strangers sweated to get their cars back across the arroyo, as the trader said they must, they could hear the thin, high wail of an alone singer re-echoing back off the dark mountains. Now the singer was joined by all of The People and it became a deep low-cadenced chant like a part of the wind noise coming through the mountains, part of the bright-banded cliffs and the mushroomed mesas, the big flat lands and the arroyos enormous with nothing. Perhaps, too, tonight the sing was deep and sad with the now-quickened remembrance of things that must always be forgotten—the Navaho Nation was once the greatest of all the Moving People.

You can get away with quite a lot—perfectly legally—if you know the fine points of . . .

The Art of Taxmanship

Or, How to Save Money Without Going to Jail

Sidney Margolius

IN THESE days of soaring taxes, the strategy of tax avoidance—or taxmanship—has become a new national pastime, second only to baseball in general interest and to none in excitement, because more people can play and all of them play for keeps. To provide for the growing enthusiasm for the game, a sizable new industry—tax experting, the science of "minimizing"—has sprung up with a literature and code all its own. J. K. Lasser's tax guide alone has sold more than thirteen million copies in its eighteen years as the taxpayer's *vade mecum*, and this year its sales are running 100 per cent ahead of last. There are also seven other annual guides, and Commerce Clearing House—one of the big professional tax services which ran its presses on three shifts during 1954—is currently building a huge new plant to keep up with the national hunger for tax tips. There is even a Tax Book Club for deduction aficionados and a monthly magazine, *Taxes*.

The tax-information industry plays the game itself, and one of its more inspired feats has been to establish that the costs of its literature and services are themselves deductible—as is, no doubt, this issue of *Harper's* if you bought it primarily for this article. And no less an authority than Justice Learned Hand has given his support to the whole performance by finding tax avoidance moral as well as legal. He wrote, in a famous decision: "Taxes are enforced extractions, not voluntary contributions. Nobody owes any public duty to pay more than the law demands."

But—let it never be forgotten—there is a thin but discernible line between tax avoidance, which is legal, and tax evasion, which is not. In tax avoidance, you look for loopholes. You postpone income until a more favorable tax year, or you marry on December 31 to get the tax-splitting advantages of a joint return for the whole year, or you plan to have your children born as close as possible to New Year's Eve to add another last-minute $600 exemption. In tax evasion, you break the law; you fail to report income. Modern practitioners of taxmanship should take care that they recognize this distinction, for the chances that they may be called to account are greater than almost anyone likes to think.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue checks an average of one out of every twenty returns. But the larger your income and the more unusual the deductions you claim, the stronger the chance that your return will be audited. If you are self-employed, the likelihood rises sharply; about one in ten returns from self-employed people come under scrutiny. And if you are self-employed and make more than $10,000, your return has a 50 per cent chance of being investigated.

There is an excellent possibility, therefore, that you will find a polite letter in your mail one of these days, inviting you to drop down to the local Internal Revenue office for a little chat—and to bring all of your canceled checks, receipted bills, and other records along with you. If you are a normal citizen, your first reaction is likely to be:

"This is it. Leavenworth, here I come."

You probably will be pleasantly surprised to find yourself, eventually, talking to a quiet-spoken, reasonable-looking man at one of a long row of desks in a big open room. The course of the conversation will then depend largely on how well you have kept your books. The ideal taxpayer, from the government's point of view, is apparently one who spends most of his evenings humped over a set of big ledgers, jotting down every detail of his fiscal autobiography.

At one such interview recently, a friend of mine was first questioned about a $75 charity deduction for a used sofa he had given to a hospital. The examiner commented, mildly, that he himself had found it necessary to pay someone to cart some old furniture away from his house. Had the taxpayer got an expert appraisal of market value on that sofa?

"Well, no. But it was a good sofa."

"You should at least have asked the hospital for a letter acknowledging its value," the examiner persisted. But he wasn't tough about it. After a little more friendly debate, they compromised on $50.

Then the government man got down to his real gripe. The taxpayer had claimed a $200 deduction for entertaining out-of-town professional contacts at his home. He had no receipts for food or liquor purchases, and in the end he found himself forced to compromise on $150. (The Treasury Department usually tends to slice from one- to two-thirds off a questioned entertainment deduction if it is not backed up by records.) Furthermore the $300 he had deducted as the cost of taking his wife with him to a professional convention was disallowed, even though he insisted that wives were expected to attend.

On the other hand, a ballet teacher who had deducted so many expenses that the government couldn't understand why she was still in business appeared before the examiner with all her records in order—and won her case. It is for reasons like this that one well-known economist and connoisseur of taxmanship refuses to carry cash. He has charge accounts at all restaurants and other places where he conducts various phases of his professional affairs.

Business entertainment and travel expenses are perhaps the grayest area in which ingenious taxpayers hunt deductions. If you count yourself among their number it is well to remember that tax officials generally apply three yardsticks to these:

(1) Is the expense necessary to produce income?

(2) Are all the expenses listed strictly business or do they conceal some personal expenditures?

(3) How do the deductions compare with the usual ones of people in the same income bracket and profession?

Considering the amount of human guile to which they are continually exposed, examiners still get surprisingly emotional about a man who accumulates a half-million dollars while paying only $4,000 of income tax. But they are apt to blink a tolerant eye at a workingman's small deduction for dungarees which he has listed as a special work uniform.

It Pays to Hate Golf

For it is a signal fact of the art of taxmanship that—as a tax expert pointed out to the dean of a medical school who asked if the cost of the teas he gave for students were deductible—"if you don't take a deduction, you never get it." The original expounder of this significant concept was the late J. K. Lasser, whose policy was always to carry the attack to the government, that is, to deduct first and prepare to argue later if questioned. And shortly before his death in 1953, according to Sydney Prerau, now director of the J. K. Lasser Tax Institute, he scored a major victory in this field in the famous educational-expense controversy.

A Rochester attorney attended Lasser's Institute on Federal Taxation at New York University and, under Lasser's direction, took off his income tax his travel and living expenses while there. The Commissioner and the Tax Court disallowed the deduction. But the Second Circuit Court of Appeals sup-

ported it. According to the judges, the attorney had "an immediate, over-all professional need to incur the expenses to perform his work." In time this decision may open the way for other professional people to take similar deductions—provided, of course, they can show similar compelling need to take the courses. Meantime a number of enterprising taxpayers have tried to get away with far less likely expenses.

In one celebrated case, the official of a New England shoe company deducted the $6,000 tab for his daughter's wedding because many of the guests were business contacts. The Tax Court turned him down because no actual business was written during the festivities and anyway the main purpose was to get the girl married. It rejected in like manner the undertaker who tried to deduct the cost of his family groceries because his wife solicited business while she was in the grocery store. But a lawyer who deducted the cost of joining a golf club to make business contacts earned the Court's approval when he testified that he actually hated the game.

THE revenue service is also always suspicious of part-time farmers who deduct agricultural losses from business income. But one weekend farmer won in the Tax Court by proving that he handled cattle, planted, and helped with the harvest. "This," declared the Court against the grumbling of the government's attorneys, "can scarcely be called recreation."

Taxmanship has wrought interesting changes in American life. It has swayed the choice of luncheon companions toward those who may legitimately be claimed as business deductions, and it has made the Dutch treat a thing of the past. It has encouraged the giving of expensive presents to business contacts, for gifts are tax deductible to the giver and not taxable income to the receiver—a taxpayer's dream of heaven. And if one taxpayer is now a fiscal expert to be reckoned with, two are a formidable team. I recently overheard a customer arguing with the proprietor of a stationery store. The customer wanted to pay his bill before the end of the year to take a deduction for business expenses. The stationer wanted to delay receipt of the money until after the first so that he wouldn't have to include it in the year's income. At length they agreed that if the customer mailed out the check on December 31, they both would be satisfied.

Playing Leapfrog with Congress

THERE are literally thousands of devices for minimizing taxes, and somebody thinks up new ones every year. But what keeps taxmanship an alive and challenging sport is that often, as soon as you have discovered an inviting loophole, Congress steps in and blocks it up. Several years ago the movie people—probably the single most tax-conscious group in America—devised the system of setting up corporations to collect the money they made on pictures instead of taking a salary. Subsequently the corporations would disband, and the actors or directors who owned them would cheerfully pay the lower capital-gains tax on corporation profits —and no regular income tax. Congress caught on and forbade collapsible corporations. But meanwhile it had innocently legislated an exemption on income earned out of the country, designed to encourage engineers and Point IV specialists to work abroad. Hollywood seized on the idea with joy and planeloads of actors took off to make movies in Europe and other tax-free oases. By 1953 Congress had caught up with them again and limited the amount of foreign earnings that may be exempted.

Congress has also lately ended one of the small taxpayer's favorite minimizers—the toothpaste deduction. For years the citizens' tax guides listed toothpaste and brushes as a deductible medical expense, and millions of people took it. The tax examiners were annoyed, but the amounts involved were too small to make questioning them worthwhile. Then a year or so ago an Oklahoma couple claimed so many deductions for sales tax, cigarette tax, toothpaste, and other such items that the Treasury Department fought it out with them in the Tax Court. There it was decided that toothpaste is a toilet article, not a medicine. And in 1954 Congress wrote this decision into the law.

In the same year it legislated more than 3,000 other changes, making the 1954 revisions in the tax code the most sweeping since 1942. However, it need hardly be added,

almost before the revisions were completed the tax experts had found loopholes in them large enough to wheel a deduction through.

One of the first loopholes they found was in the new dividend credit which exempts the first $50 of dividends from stocks or mutual fund shares and grants a 4 per cent credit on dividends received after July 31, 1954. Virtually as soon as the credit was announced investment firms started sending out notices to customers: their lawyers had discovered ways in which one family could get several credits. Not only could a man and his wife both claim the $50 credit, even on a joint return, if some dividends were held by each or if shares were registered in both names, but if they also registered shares in trust for their children, they could take a dividend credit for each child.

An even wider loophole—and one on which there will be heated arguments before the matter is finally settled—is the new rule on sick pay. Formerly the tax code permitted you to exclude from your taxable income any money received from a sickness-and-accident insurance policy paid for by your employer. The new rules allow you to exclude *any* sick pay received from a wage-continuation plan maintained by your employer. The big question is: Does your regular salary received while you are ill come under this provision? Many tax experts feel that it does, as long as your employer has a uniform policy of continuing to pay employees while they are sick. And the American Federation of Government Employees has scored an early victory by getting at least unofficial confirmation from Internal Revenue officials that government sick-leave pay is exempt.

The new rule may well prove a boon to delicate citizens who will find that they earn more actual take-home pay when they are sick than when they are working. However only up to $100 a week of such pay is exempt, and payments for the first week are taxable unless you are hospitalized for at least a day or your illness is due to an injury. (One business magazine has already suggested seriously to its readers that it will pay them to spend a day of the first week in the hospital.)

The new retirement income credit, which exempts part of the income of older people, opens other interesting possibilities. A son who is sophisticated as well as dutiful will find, for example, that it is more profitable to transfer an income-producing property to his elderly parents than to support them from his own wholly taxable income. A working woman with a child can do even better and couple the retirement-income provision with the new child-care deduction by paying her mother to take care of the youngster. The pay will be deductible to the working wife and tax-free to the grandmother. Although it may not have been one of the authors' objectives, the new credit can profoundly influence America's attitude toward elderly people.

The Taxmanship Way of Life

The tax laws are influencing our lives in other ways as well. The rule that has had the deepest social impact of all—according to John Powers, the president of Prentice-Hall, which supports an extensive tax-advisory service—is the 1942 provision

Sea-mark

FRANCES FROST

At dusk the fog-lost sea-mark on the sea,
the red buoy with its slow bronze throated bell,
called the island children into sleep.
Fog dripped like tangy rain from the cedar tree.

Late fishermen made landfall by that sound
past the black cliff and toward the lanterned dock.
The lonely child heard oarlocks coming home
and apples thudding softly to the ground.

Night deepened; rolling fog wiped out the stars.
Steadily the sea-mark leaned to sea.
All children slept at last, the fateful bell
faint in their dreams with oars and dipping spars.

allowing employers to set up tax-free pension and trust funds for employees. The government could not order employers to establish benefits for employees, but it offered spectacular tax advantages if they did, and thousands of employers seized the opportunity. Unimpeded by taxes, these funds are growing tremendously. Sears Roebuck's fund, for example, is now the single largest stockholder in that huge enterprise.

The funds have far-reaching effects for employee, employer, and society at large. They have already provided many moderate-income workers with sizable pensions. They have permitted companies to give their employees more real income at less cost. And their vast amounts of money available for investment have become a noticeable influence in raising stock-market prices. Finally, their importance in corporate affairs is growing steadily greater than that of any large individual investor.

The whole recent trend of tax legislation has been to encourage saving and investing. But for the vast numbers of taxpayers who are primarily interested in personal deductions—apart from business expenses—there are still three main avenues of "minimizing":

(1) ***Planning income*** to avoid bunching it in any one year which may put the taxpayer in a higher bracket. A wage-earner who depends chiefly on his salary can, of course, hardly postpone his income until another year unless he has also found a way to postpone eating. But many professional and self-employed people can, and do. And sophisticated investors with stock-market profits from the 1954 boom used a simple technique to nail down their profits late in the year and at the same time avoid including them in their 1954 income: they sold the stocks short while continuing to hold them long.

(2) ***Bunching deductions in alternate years.*** This originated as a high-income strategy, but it is trickling down to the moderate brackets. You plan to take the optional 10 per cent allowance on contributions and expenses one year in order to accumulate costs which you itemize the next. For example, two years' charitable contributions can be combined in one by donating at the beginning and end of the year. Doctors' bills, property taxes, mortgage interest, and the like can be similarly timed.

(3) ***Securing capital gains.*** It is now standard procedure among investors to seek long-term capital gains (only 50 per cent taxable) rather than dividend income, and for executives to take stock options as part of their compensation. Many corporations in which insiders have large holdings deliberately keep dividend payments low, since the value of the shares grows more rapidly if the profits are plowed back into the business. And the new tax code further encourages such hothouse cultivation of share values by putting the burden of proof of excessive accumulation of profits on the government, instead of the burden of defense on the corporation as before.

High-income taxpayers also have yet another minimizer—counting losses. Losses are 100 per cent deductible and long-term gains are only 50 per cent taxable. Thus a loss of $1,000 can wipe out the tax on a $2,000 gain. As Commerce Clearing House explains it, a capital-gains loss is valuable because it erases income in the top bracket.

Armed with these tips and suggestions you should find yourself at least a passable player in the game of taxmanship. But however skillful you become, Congress will always have the last word. When the taxpayers find enough deductions, Congress can simply raise the tax rate a couple of notches. And there is still an iron hand behind such recent public-relations touches as the change of title from "collectors" to "directors" of internal revenue, and from "Bureau" to "Service." As a matter of fact, late in 1954, the "Service" increased its staff of tax-detecting examiners by almost 50 per cent to cope with the intricate maneuvers of the taxpayers on the new Form 1040. Bear this in mind as you sit down to work out your return.

Those bloody "border incidents" are seldom accidental. . . . They are part retaliation, part a deliberate plan to force the Arabs to the peace table. Some call it "realistic," others "cynical"—but it promises to be effective.

Israel's Policy of Reprisals

Moshe Brilliant

NOTHING has soured world opinion on Israel as much as her sporadic eye-for-an-eye forays into neighboring territories, in which hundreds of innocent Arabs have been killed in retaliation for murder and sabotage perpetrated by Arab marauders in Israel.

The evil of reprisals is obvious, but the Israelis have not carried them out merely to satisfy a lust for vengeance. There has been nothing reckless or impulsive about the lethal raids across the borders. On the contrary, the policy of reprisals is the fruit of cold, unemotional political and psychological reasoning.

This policy has earned the Jewish State condemnations by the United Nations Security Council, censures by Mixed Armistice Commissions in the Middle East, and diplomatic raps over the knuckles from Washington, London, and Paris. Even the sympathy of co-religionists in the United States has been alienated; contributions to the United Jewish Appeal and other agencies raising funds for Israel invariably fall off in periods following reprisal attacks.

As a little nation which was established through United Nations good will and which continues to depend heavily upon international—and particularly American—benevolence, Israel has been deeply hurt by this alienation of world sympathy. But there is an understandable feeling amongst Israeli leaders that certain matters outweigh considerations of international prestige and popularity. One of these is physical survival. In the final analysis, the Israelis maintain, the blood-letting across the borders has saved lives and advanced the cause of peace in the Middle East. And strange as it may seem, there is some logic behind these contentions.

Force as a Persuader

FUNDAMENTALLY, the case for reprisals is based upon Middle East history since 1948 when the armies of Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, and Jordan joined the Arabs of Palestine in an effort to nip the State of Israel in the bud.

There is no doubt that the Arabs started that war. The Jews had accepted the United Nations resolution of November 29, 1947, to partition Palestine into Arab and Jewish States. The Arabs sent planes, tanks, and columns of infantry into the Holy Land in an attempt to nullify it. On July 9, 1948, the United Nations proposed a cease-fire. The Arabs spurned it. Ten days later, they suddenly reversed their position and accepted the truce.

What made them somersault? During the ten days, the Jews had broken the Arab lines in the Negev, around Jerusalem, and in Galilee. They had captured Nazareth, Lydda, Ramleh, and other towns and villages. The Arabs, apparently, found that a continuation of the hot war would be to their disadvantage. So they agreed to a truce.

For a while after the cease-fire, the Arabs would hear nothing of armistice talks. In 1949, however, the Egyptians flew a delegation to the Mediterranean island of Rhodes and signed an armistice treaty with Israel. One by one, the governments of Lebanon, Jordan, and Syria followed suit. What made the Arabs reverse their position this time? The Israelis had taken advantage of breaches in the cease-fire in the south and had driven the Egyptians out of the greater part of the Negev. They had used other pretexts to clear the Arab forces out of a large pocket in Central Galilee. It seemed only a matter of time before the Israelis, who were obviously getting stronger from day to day, would dislodge the Arabs from their last footholds in Palestine. The Arabs, apparently, found that the continuation of the truce situation would be to their disadvantage. So they agreed to convert the truce into an armistice.

In view of these precedents, there is a feeling in Israel that the only way to get the reluctant Arabs to the peace table is to make the armistice situation disadvantageous to them. This line of reasoning goes against the grain of most Americans. But its logic is hard to resist. Moreover, it has been strengthened by events since the armistice agreements of 1949.

Arab League policy since the armistices has been to resist any contact with Israelis which might be used to advance a peace treaty, including efforts by the United Nations to arrange high-level meetings. Nevertheless, a number of Arab governments have quietly negotiated minor treaties with Israel.

Syria signed an agreement in January 1952, providing that Syrian or Israeli merchant vessels in distress which enter each other's territorial waters shall be released. What was the incentive for Syria to deviate from Arab League policy? The Jews held a Syrian ship which had entered Israeli waters.

The Lebanese, in March of the same year, went a step further. They signed an agreement providing that not only ships but also herds, property, and human beings entering each other's territory should be returned. The incentive? The Lebanese had impounded a Turkish ship carrying beans for Israel. The Israelis countered by impounding a flock of Lebanese sheep which had crossed the armistice lines to graze.

Finally, in July 1953, Egypt signed a pact similar to the Israeli-Syrian agreement for the release of merchant vessels in distress. An Egyptian sailing boat had been seized by the Israelis in their territorial waters.

Thus, each reluctant step the Arabs took from hot war toward peace was taken when they were held by the throat. When there was no such pressure, they were intransigent. On the basis of this experience, many Israelis feel that only rough tactics will induce the Arabs to pacify their frontiers with Israel.

An Eye for an Eye

On September 30, 1954, the Jerusalem *Post* reported a normal daily crop of border incidents. Automatic fire was opened from Egyptian positions along the Gaza strip armistice line on an Israeli unit patrolling in the vicinity of Kisufim. . . . Marauders who had stolen a mule from Ness Harim were dispersed by fire from settlement watchmen. . . . A band which tried to break into Azrikam was driven off by settlement guards. . . . Settlers at Shuva routed a group of marauders who had tried to steal the irrigation pipes. . . . An infiltrator who stole a donkey from Beit Hanan was caught and arrested. . . . Arab Legionnaires threw stones from the walls of the Jerusalem Old City at Musrara Quarter. . . . An alert fifteen-year-old girl from Naham was responsible for the flight of Arab marauders who had penetrated the settlement and tried to pilfer the sheep pen. . . . Ain Hashofet's flock of 480 sheep worth $40,000 was stolen by armed Jordanians who shot and wounded the shepherd.

Individually, these crimes were not world-shaking but the cumulative effect is appalling. The shepherd of Ain Hashofet was the 796th casualty reported by the Israelis since the armistice of 1949. The shooting at Kisufim was the 1,828th armed attack. In the same period, the Israelis reported 5,092 thefts, 203 armed robberies, and 108 cases of sabotage by Arab marauders. Losses were estimated at $4,000,000.

The Israeli "eye for an eye" policy does not mean retaliation for every crime. Reprisals have been executed only for specific cases of deliberate sabotage or lethal attacks.

To the Israeli public, the pattern of reprisals is crystal-clear. On November 4 of last year, when an Israeli force swooped down on a Bedouin encampment in the Sinai peninsula and drove one hundred sheep into Israel, everyone in Tel Aviv knew that this was an answer to the Egyptian rustling of a herd belonging to Israeli Bedouin in the Negev six days earlier. When a central water-pumping station in Gaza was blown up by Israelis on August 14, it was an obvious retaliation for the Egyptian sabotage of a water pipeline at Beeri in the Negev on August 10. The raid against an Arab Legion base at Beit Likia on September 2, when two Jordanian soldiers were killed and four wounded, was a reprisal for the killing of a watchman named Benyamin Yemini at Ramat Raziel a day earlier. When an Israeli force stormed an Egyptian outpost in the Gaza strip on July 10 and killed six soldiers, it was seen in Tel Aviv as a logical reply to an attack from that outpost upon an Israeli patrol that same afternoon in which an Israeli soldier was blinded.

Six lives for an eye is admittedly peculiar mathematics. But in their infrequent counter-raids, the Israelis try to make up for the times they omit retaliation.

The pattern of Palestine border strife is not so obvious to foreign observers. The unspectacular but repeated Arab outrages merit little attention outside of Israel. Only in extraordinary instances—as when a busload of holiday-makers was massacred at Scorpion's Pass on March 17, 1954—are Arab outrages prominently reported in the United States. Therefore, when reports of large-scale counter-raids hit the front pages of the American press, they usually come unexpectedly. To many Americans they don't seem like reprisals at all. They seem to be unprovoked.

Grenades Through the Window

The outrage which brought the practice of reprisals to the notice of Americans with a bang was the Kibya raid. On the night of October 14, 1953, a Jewish force went through Kibya, firing from automatic weapons into doorways and windows, throwing hand grenades right and left, and using bangalore torpedoes and sticks of TNT to blow up houses over their occupants.

Kibya was not the first reprisal raid, but it was the bloodiest. Fifty-six Arabs, including many women and children, perished in the massacre.

Kibya is—or was—a Jordanian village, not far from the armistice line. Arab brigands who terrorized Jewish villages across the border were believed to have used Kibya as a base.

Two nights before the Kibya massacre, a band of Arab marauders had stolen across the armistice lines and reached the small Israeli village of Yahud. They crept up to an outlying farmhouse and tossed a grenade through a window where a family slept. A mother and her two small children were blown to bits.

Israelis had buried hundreds of victims of Arab bullets before October 12, 1953. Most of them had been soldiers or policemen on border patrols, settlers on guard duty, or farmers who were killed trying to prevent marauders from stealing their property. These hazards of life in border settlements made sense. But when a mother and her children could not retire at night without fear of being blown up in their beds—that was different. The triple murder at Yahud was a severe blow to morale in settlements all along hundreds of miles of Israel's borders with Jordan. At the funeral in Yahud, there were mutterings that this outrage could not remain unanswered.

On October 14, Israeli commandos smeared soot over their faces, picked up their guns and their dynamite, and delivered their reply to Kibya.

The reverberations of the explosions in Kibya were heard in Yahud and other Israeli villages. The people smiled with satisfaction. But when news came through later of the proportions of the reprisal, they recoiled in horror. Something, they felt, had gone wrong. Some people blamed the Arab menfolk of Kibya who fled when the Israelis approached without stopping to collect their wives and children. But most Israelis felt that the men who blew up the houses of Kibya with the people inside were a discredit to the nation.

Needless to say, the people who advocate or condone a policy of reprisals do not have in mind massacres like Kibya. They have in mind raids like the one against Nahalin in March of last year.

Nahalin is also situated in Jordan territory. It is in the Hebron hills, southeast of Jerusalem. Like Kibya, it was reputed to be a base for Arab brigands. Even before the establishment of Israel in 1948, inhabitants of Nahalin were said to have participated in the massacre of thirty-five students of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem who were trapped in the Hebron hills. They were also said to have helped wipe out the population of Kfar Etzion, an isolated village of religious Jews which was overpowered by Arabs a short time before the British withdrew from Palestine.

On March 26, 1954, a fifty-year-old farmer named Moshe Leon was shot dead near a barn in Kisalon, across the border from Nahalin. The tracks of the killers led toward the Hebron hills.

Nahalin was prepared for the counter-raid which came later in the week. Members of the volunteer Arab National Guard were in position to meet the attack on the outskirts of the town. Soldiers of the British-trained Arab Legion in a camp down the road were alerted and rushed re-enforcements to the scene of battle.

But at a bend in the road, the Legionnaires ran into an Israeli ambush. A truck was overturned and the occupants were caught in the cross-fire of Israeli sharpshooters. At Nahalin, too, the guardsmen got the worst of the fight.

The Arabs reported ten dead. Nine of them wore the red and white checkered cloth headgear of the Arab Legion or the khaki battle-dress of the National Guard. The tenth was the *mukhtar*, or headman, of Nahalin who also died with a rifle in his hand.

There was no sense of shame in Israel over that particular operation.

"A Flagrant Violation"

A MONTH later the Israelis carried out a reprisal of another type against the Egyptians in the Mediterranean coastal strip near Gaza. The rainy season had just ended and sorghum, a tall, earless, maize-like grass, was ripening in the fields of the semi-arid Negev. There had been an unusually favorable rainfall and the pioneer farmers in the frontier settlements were looking forward to a bumper harvest after the drought of the previous year.

But before the harvest could be organized, infiltrators from Arab refugee camps in the Gaza strip reaped part of the crop. Night after night, groups of infiltrators crossed a ditch which demarcates the armistice lines and beat paths to the heart of the sorghum fields where they camped. With small hand-sickles, they cut off the heads of grain and stuffed them into sacks. Before dawn, they loaded their booty on donkeys and returned to Gaza.

The Israelis sent armed patrols to the area in an effort to combat the menace. The patrols traveled in ammunition carriers up and down the demarcation line seeking traces of the infiltrators, such as fresh tracks in the demarcation ditch or newly beaten paths through the grain fields. But they were constantly harried by rifle shots from the Egyptian side of the border. Between April 6 and April 24, the Jews complained of twenty such attacks from Egyptian army positions along the ridges overlooking the Israeli fields.

ON THE morning of April 25, a bullet pinged into the engine of an ammunition carrier. The Israelis decided it was time to hit back. The artillery was called and sent a few shells whizzing over the border toward positions east of Gaza from which the firing had come. Two buildings were blown up.

The following morning Egyptian mortar shells from the direction of Deir el Ballah, further south, crashed into the Israeli fields as the patrols went out. Israeli artillery returned the fire. The Egyptian sniping ceased abruptly and the Israeli patrols moved in comparative safety for a while.

Israel's behavior in this affair was a flagrant violation of the armistice agreement with Egypt which specifically bars any resort to military force in the settlement of the Palestine question, and Israel was duly censured by the Mixed Armistice Commission. But most Israelis feel that it was worth getting an admonishment in order to put an end to the Egyptian sniping.

Israel was likewise sharply condemned for the raids against Kibya and Nahalin. But graphs on the walls of the headquarters of the frontier police show a drop of more than 50 per cent in the rate of Arab infiltration immediately after the Kibya raid. Later there was a slight upswing in the graph but in March, after the Nahalin reprisal, there was another sharp drop.

There is no telling how many lives the reprisal raids have saved.

The Lesson of the White Paper

THERE was a time, not many years ago, when the Israelis practiced what their friends in Washington now preach. The Arabs shot, knifed, and bombed, and the Jews exercised restraint.

The time was 1936 and a British general was the High Commissioner of Palestine under a League of Nations Mandate. Countrywide riots organized by the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, the supreme Moslem religious leader in Palestine, were designed to influence the British to halt the immigration of Jews into the country and to outlaw the sale of land by Arabs to Jews.

Jews who ventured near Arab quarters were stabbed or stoned to death, and their bodies mutilated. Organized bands attacked Jewish towns and settlements, shooting with high-powered rifles into houses and streets. Arab snipers fired at Jewish busses, cars, and trucks on the highways.

The Jews kept away from Arab quarters. They built their own little port in Tel Aviv, so that they should not have to venture into Arab-controlled Jaffa. They defended their villages from behind the fences of outlying houses, but made no attempt to pursue the attackers to their lairs. That they left to the British general and the forces of law and order. They put steel sheeting around the walls of busses and trucks to make them bullet-proof. They never hit back at Arab traffic or at Arab villages.

This restraint was lauded by the League of Nations, the British parliament, and the world press. The British High Commissioner assured the Jews that his government would not be intimidated one jot by terror. But the Arabs interpreted the Jewish restraint as weakness, and they intensified their attacks. Eventually, in 1939, the British government issued a White Paper which in effect conceded the Arab demands.

As a result, His Britannic Majesty's bayonets barred the gates of the Jewish National Home to European Jews fleeing the Nazi gas chambers and furnaces. Some shiploads which reached the Middle East were turned back to Europe to perish.

This disastrous experience made an indelible impression upon the Jews of Palestine. They became less sensitive to what the world thought of them, and less scrupulous about the Marquess of Queensberry rules in their struggle for Palestine.

They defied British laws and landed Jewish refugees on the beaches of Palestine illegally, at gun point. Terrorist groups killed British soldiers and policemen, blew up government, police, and army installations. No holds were barred.

Those who had commended Jewish restraint now condemned their lawlessness. But that no longer mattered. In 1947, the British threw in the sponge and the United Nations voted to establish a Jewish State in a part of Palestine.

Model deportment had brought the Jews compliments, and ultimate disaster. Gun powder and dynamite earned them censures, and ultimately the coveted prize. Maybe there was no moral in that. But there was a lesson. The Israelis never forgot it.

Forecast

THEY say that Berthelot has predicted that in a hundred years of physics and chemistry, man will know what the atom is, and that with that knowledge he will be able to change, snuff out, or relight the sun at will as if it were a Carcel lamp. Similarly, Claude Bernard has said that with a hundred years of physiology, man will understand the organic law and be able to create human life in competition with God. We have no objection, but we certainly think that at that moment in science, the good Lord in His white beard will appear on earth, swinging His great bunch of keys, and say to the world, as they say in the taverns at five o'clock, "Closing time, Gentlemen."

—*The Goncourt Journal,* April 7, 1869.

What happens when you expose a group of young business executives to Joyce's Ulysses *and the* Bhagavad Gita? . . .

Bell Telephone's Experiment in Education

E. Digby Baltzell

On June 23, 1954, thirty-one children and their parents were enjoying themselves at a picnic on the lawn in front of an old colonial farmhouse in Media, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia. Many of the children were a long way from home: Melinda and Gayleen Woodruff lived in Palo Alto, California; Sally, Sue, and Cindy Hoverstock came from Houston, Texas; and Judy and Dick Asel had just driven up from Little Rock, Arkansas. They would all be driving home across America the next day. These children had come to visit their fathers, a carefully chosen group of businessmen from the Bell Telephone System, who were celebrating their completion of a novel experiment at the University of Pennsylvania. These young executives were, perhaps more than they knew, pioneers.

Many leaders in American business have been frankly worried about the supply of broadly educated executives for top management positions. Talented and conscientious young men who are now climbing the large-corporation ladders too often exhibit the "trained incapacity" of the narrow expert, and for understandable reasons: many of them are recruited from business and engineering schools rather than liberal-arts colleges. Moreover, the pressure of their jobs narrows rather than expands their interests in the world about them.

The Bell system, with more than 700,000 employees, is the biggest industrial organization in America. To keep its tremendous daily traffic of calls, installations, and services humming requires, of course, a vast army of technically trained specialists. But there is nothing static about this business and at the policy levels executives are continually forced to solve new problems and find fresh answers to old ones. For some time the Bell system's top management has been worried about over-specialization among its younger executives, the very men who are ultimately going to have to be the system's imagination.

W. D. Gillen, President of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania and a trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, determined several years ago to find some way of broadening the educational background and expanding the point of view of Bell's most promising young men. In 1952 he discussed with the representatives of the University of Pennsylvania a new kind of education for executive leadership—together they decided that in contrast to the usual executive *training* program, young executives needed a really firm grounding in the humanities or liberal arts. A well-trained man knows *how* to answer questions, they reasoned; an educated man knows *what* questions are worth asking. At the policy level, Bell wants more of the latter.

Mr. Gillen took the plan to several other presidents of Bell companies and got their support. In the spring of 1953, as a consequence, the Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, sponsored by Pennsylvania Bell, came into existence on the campus of

the University. Classrooms and administrative space were assigned, and Dr. Morse Peckham, an associate professor of English who had initiated a liberal arts course for businessmen the previous autumn, took on the job of director.

The first group of Bell executives arrived the following September and, as a member of the faculty assigned to keep close tabs on the experiment, I got to know them and their problems well. There were seventeen of them, carefully chosen for from various sections of the country. But they were all from the middle levels of management. Eleven were between thirty-five and forty years of age, only two in their early thirties, and one was forty-eight. Their average length of service with the Bell system was thirteen years; all were married and all, save one, were fathers; fourteen were college graduates, nine had B.S. degrees, and six had B.A.'s.

Each of them was granted a ten months' leave of absence with full salary from his regular job in order to devote his full time to the Institute. The first nine months of the program included 500 hours of lectures, discussions, and seminars. The final four weeks of the program were set aside for a reading period during which the men were entirely on their own.

To say the businessmen seldom got out of the job atmosphere from which they had come, the courses were deliberately arranged so as to proceed from unfamiliar ideas and material to those closer to their own lives and experience. In the early months of the program the men received a highly concentrated dose of systematic logic, the study of classical history and music, and the reading of such works as *The Republic* of Plato and *The Prince* of Machiavelli. Gradually, as they became less defensive about their unfamiliarity with the American suburban groove and business routine, the seminars moved to the subjects which depressed the "Bagdad Geisha," they felt, was a

[illegible]

industrialization of America: *Sister Carrie* and the revolution in American sex mores, *Main Street* and the disillusionment of the 1920s, and *The Lonely Crowd* and American character structure. The course was organized on the theory that one approaches Carol Kennicott's struggles with Main Street from a broader point of view for having known something about Prince Genji in tenth-century Japan.

Through James Joyce's Ulysses

The study of James Joyce's *Ulysses* was the most controversial part of the curriculum. It was the director's pet idea, and he fought for it. To him it symbolized the function of a liberal arts education: to provide a liberating experience and to stimulate the intellect. He believed that an intensive analysis of Bloom's day in Dublin, June 16, 1904, would do just that. (One of the students sent postcards to the other participants on June 16, 1954. On the card was written: "Happy Bloom's Day.")

The Ulysses course consisted of eight three-hour seminars for each of two groups of students. Fortified with the extensive "pony" literature on Joyce, dictionaries of mythology, encyclopedias, and Webster, each man prepared one or more reports for his seminar group.

They found it a challenging, and often exasperating, experience. At the close of each report, there was a sigh of relief from the man who had to report, and a wave of congratulations from the rest of the students: "I was proud of Gene. I never got half the stuff he saw in the chapter when I read it." And neither had anyone else, on even a careful first reading.

The final report on one of the *Ulysses* seminars suggests the tone of the whole program. The man who gave it was an accountant and, incidentally, a musician who had earned his way through college during the Depression by playing in dance bands. Fittingly (and rewardingly), the works of Mr. Joyce, he finally volunteered to report on Chapter XI, the "Sirens" section, in which Bloom's extreme loneliness is portrayed in a highly complicated and technical musical theme. His report took him forty-two hours to prepare. "You know, this man Joyce has something for everybody.

if he looks hard enough. I really got interested in that —— chapter." The report was so thorough that the instructor had it mimeographed for distribution to the whole seminar group and for the use of his future graduate students.

The Institute courses were taught by several members of the faculty from the University, supplemented by two professors from Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore colleges. In addition, to make sure the students came in contact with the best in the intellectual world, each instructor was asked to invite a series of guest lecturers. One hundred and sixty of America's leading intellectuals—including Lewis Mumford, Clyde Kluckhohn, W. H. Auden, Jacques Lipchitz, Delmore Schwartz, Henry S. Commager, Virgil Thomson, Ludwig Lewisohn, David Riesman, and Eric Goldman—visited West Philadelphia last winter.

The guest lecturers were interested both in the nature of the experiment and in the men who were participating in it. In a club room rented in a hotel near the University they had a chance to meet the students at the cocktail hour for informal discussion. "You mean," one of them said to me, "that this idea came from the Bell Telephone people!" Public relations cut both ways in these meetings. The distinguished visitors became acquainted with and, above all, were appreciated by the students.

For ten months the seventeen Bell men were kept busy. In addition to the regular classwork, they read constantly (more than the average graduate student); they went on formally planned trips to art galleries, museums, and historical sights in Washington, New York, and Philadelphia; a block of seats was reserved for them at the Philadelphia orchestra; and they visited and studied in some of the distinguished examples of residential and institutional architecture in the city.

All of the men seemed determined to make the most of the experience. Not only did they want to justify the costs of the program to the Bell system, but they seemed to want to make up for what they had missed in their formal education. "College wasn't like this, or at least I never found it so," some of them said, and one graduate engineer told me: "It was the degree as a ticket to a job, not an education, that we were after in those Depression days."

Aspirin After Poetry

In Utopia, perhaps, men will be "trained" in their teens and "educated" in their thirties. While twenty may be the best age for learning mathematics, chemistry, or engineering, maybe *Hamlet* or *Faust* are better understood in maturity. To these students, a discussion of pragmatism was naturally related to their own anxieties about permissive education (one father, trained in a teachers college, disciplined his child without feeling guilty about it for the first time during this period); *Babbitt* or C. Wright Mills' *White Collar* suggested disturbing insights into their own lives; and these men who had lived through the Depression knew what Walt Whitman was giving up when he left a well-paying editorship to devote his life to poetry, even if they could not quite understand his motives.

A real education is an emotional as well as an intellectual experience; and there were both pleasant and unpleasant experiences in this first year's experiment. Few of the students, for example, will ever forget the lecture on Leonardo Da Vinci in the art class or the reading of Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos*.

One morning in May a student described the slide-illustrated lecture on Leonardo to me over a cup of coffee at Horn and Hardart's restaurant. When the class was over, so his story went, the lights were turned on and the instructor walked out of the room with tears in his eyes; after several minutes of silence, the students filed out behind him. The eyes of this tall Lincolnesque executive, a Lieutenant Commander, USNR, who had seen the bomb damage at Nagasaki, were somewhat moist that morning as he described the lecture on Leonardo.

The poetry of Ezra Pound is still a controversial artistic fact. Whereas many young graduate students follow fashion, and either like Pound or not as the intellectual climate demands, his *Pisan Cantos* were an unpleasant emotional issue at the Institute. On a Wednesday evening in February, during a heated and somewhat tense discussion of Mr. Pound's poetry with a

[illegible] little sympathy for either the guest's admiration for the *Pisan Cantos* or his friendship for Mr. Pound. Driving home after the discussion, one of the students said: "You know I was so upset reading Pound last Monday night that I took two aspirins before going to bed and then got up at two in the morning to take a sedative before finally getting off to sleep. I could not, for the life of me, understand what the man was trying to say in [illegible]."

This is my one big opportunity," one of the men said to me after he had been in the course for several months, "and I mean to make the most of it." This sense of cramming into a short ten months what might have been for many men several years of education raised several questions. Were these men interested primarily in doing a good job in the Institute because it might mean later promotions in the Bell system for them? Having been exposed to an experience that would presumably change their attitudes toward their jobs and their leisure, was there a chance that they would never again be satisfied with the struggle up the corporate ladder? These were questions that those of us on the faculty asked ourselves, and some of the answers became apparent during the course of the year. Others will remain unanswered for some time.

The Lasting Effects

[illegible] Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives [illegible] introduced seventeen men of affairs to a new world of ideas, new values, new interests, and [illegible] personalities who [illegible] the way they looked at their own affairs changed considerably. They have taken to buying books and building [illegible] own libraries, they are collecting classical records; they think about replacing "wall-to-wall" with art in their homes; and they [illegible] more often [illegible] with [illegible] themselves [illegible] me.

When my brother-in-law recently gave his daughter a red Buick convertible for a graduation present, my wife and I thought how a trip abroad would have been a much more lasting gift. A year ago we would have taken the convertible for granted."

[illegible] of its members was asked to fill out an anonymous questionnaire in which he was to give his opinion of the course and the effect it had had on him. A number of revealing, if not surprising, changes in attitude came to light. Reading habits, for one thing, had changed. "I'm taking more advantage of library facilities, reading two newspapers, and reviewing several good news magazines," one man said. Another reported, "I approach newspapers and periodicals with much more curiosity and speculation than before: politics make more sense: the art section in *Time* is not only readable but interesting: I read the book review section in the *New York Times:* questions concerning McCarthyism are thought through with some real attention to ultimate questions."

But perhaps more revealing comments were made by the men at a dinner held last May in a private dining room at the Philadelphia Racquet Club where Cleo Craig, the president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, was the guest of honor. After the entree Craig asked each of the men to summarize briefly what he had gotten out of the course. It was evident that the men had primarily learned something about themselves.

"When I first went to work for Bell during the Depression, I spent twelve to fourteen months collecting coin boxes," one of them said. "From that time on, I worked all the time and sacrificed everything to get ahead. Now things are different. I still want to get along in the company but I now realize that I owe something to myself, my family, and my community."

A second man said, "This course has given me a new interest in my status and my inheritance, and a mode of determining what they are." Another was "less content with personal values than before," and went on to say [illegible] that the course had "stimulated a creeping discontent and loss of complacency." Finally, one of them summed up his feelings about the program as follows: "Before this course, I was like a straw floating with the current down the stream. The stream was the Bell Telephone Company. I don't think I will [illegible] ever be like that straw again."

The men all went back to their jobs in July. Almost six months later, during

Christmas week. I talked with seven of them and had long letters from three others. Although the effects of such an educational program as this one cannot be measured with any precision, some interesting effects that it has had on the men are already apparent.

In the first place, it must be remembered they were chosen because of their demonstrated abilities and strong drives towards success in the Bell System. They are, they report, glad to be "in harness" again, and on the whole they have found the transition back to their jobs much easier than getting used to the program of the Institute. One theme runs through their comments on the effects of the program: they have considerably more confidence in themselves, which, in turn, has "created an even stronger desire for more and broader responsibility in the business."

This self-confidence has resulted, they feel, in a greater ability to make decisions: "I think the chief benefit from the program is a kind of emotional detachment. I don't feel the same personal involvement and emotional insecurity about business problems. This increase in objectivity adds to my confidence in taking the risk of decision. I get more sleep now too!" To find this confidence born of objectivity is all the more gratifying to those of us at the Institute because several of us visualized the successful business executive as someone who "flew by the seat of his pants, as the saying goes, and possessed some kind of intuitive "feel" for the right decision. Well aware of the archetypical intellectual's difficulty in arriving at decisions because of a tendency to see all sides of every question, we were afraid that the Institute's program might educate this intuitive feel out of these promising young men. The following comment seems to me a wise refutation of these fears:

"I have been much more efficient in organizing the relevant facts and placing alternative courses of action in sharp focus. Although I now see more angles and am less sure that any particular decision is *the* right one, I am aided in making it by the realization that there is probably no *one* right solution to many problems. I am now much less upset, and more able to learn, by mistakes." Another man says of his new sense of perspective and objectivity: "This may sound contradictory, but I find myself to be much more critical than before and, at the same time, much more tolerant."

This confidence and assurance evidently has not been limited to their life in business. One man in a large Midwestern city, for example, talked about the Institute to a social club composed of professional people interested in the arts and literature: he was extremely gratified both by their response to his talk and because he got along with them so well in informal conversation afterwards.

These young men of affairs have not *become* intellectuals. They are not bringing bookish ideas from the program into their business and community life: rather, they have developed into sympathetic and informed listeners, or catalysts in drawing out other people's interests. As one writes: "A particularly well-read person in the company who used to interest me very little has become a fast friend of mine and is fostering my continued interest in ideas unwittingly. I of course do most of the listening."

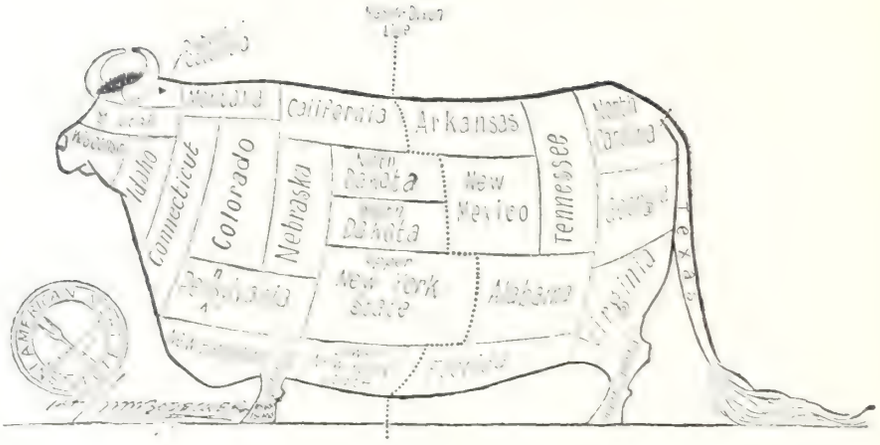
Intellectual Know-How

What Americans proudly call "know-how" has produced many things: great corporations, great bombs, and a great many automobiles and refrigerators. In the Institute of Humanistic Studies for Executives, however, Bell's high managers are seeking to remedy a weakness in American democracy which Tocqueville discerned over one hundred years ago: "It would seem as if the rulers of our time," he said, "sought only to use men in order to make things great; I wish they would try a little more to make great men; that they set less value on the work, and more value upon the workman."

From the point of view of the Bell System, it is far too early to assess the value of their experiment. But it is perhaps significant that the wives, at the picnic celebrating the completion of the program, provided a large cake with one candle and this inscription:

With Love and Kisses
to
"The Humans"
Class of 1954

After Hours



Meat Mores

"If you prefer ham-on-rye or sliced-tongue-on-whole-wheat beyond all other sandwiches," a press release on my desk says, "it's a safe bet that you grew up in or near New York."

I happen to be a peanut-butter-and-jelly-on-white-toast man myself, but I wouldn't expect a writer who works for the American Meat Institute either to know that or to take cognizance of such waywardness if he did. Meat, you might say, is his oyster, and he goes on to demonstrate how it is possible to tell where any American comes from by his preferences in cold cuts and steaks and legs of lamb. Did you know, for example, that the meat industry is quite aware that there is a "bologna belt" that runs from Oklahoma City through Detroit? Do you associate pickled lamb tongue with New England? It says here that if you don't, you should. It also says that the meat industry couldn't get along at all unless it knew such things and that the four thousand meat-packing firms in this country "know their meat mores and the constant fluctuations within them."

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, a persistently enlightening and often entertaining source of information on American culture, we (that is all of us) ate about thirteen billion pounds of beef last year, or roughly seventy-nine pounds for each man, woman, and child. This year we will probably eat about the same amount at slightly lower prices. It would seem that we hardly had time to do anything else, but we evidently have time to eat a great deal of mutton and pork and, though the Meat Institute wouldn't have anything to say on this subject, chickens and turkeys and ducks and fish besides.

But let us stick to meat and mores, to which of us likes to eat which meats and where.

The cold cut, like bologna, has a "belt." Where you find miners and steel-workers who want lunches that give them the quick energy from meat protein and fat you find cold cuts in lunch boxes. The cold-cut belt of liverwurst, salami, bologna, cervelat, and head cheese runs through a line of hungry stomachs from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to Chicago and back. Workers who come from the South, or below the belt, are likely to bring their meat-eating habits with them. Southerners who move North continue to like pepper sausage. (I have even known some Southerners who moved North and continued to like turnip greens.)

National meat habits, however, are more enlightening when looked at in the large. There is nothing larger in meat than beef, as we have noted, and Americans are quite fussy about the kind of beef they will eat. One would think that those who lived closest to the cattle country would be the fussiest about the quality of beef and the greatest connoisseurs of it. In my judgment this does not seem to be the case. It is New Englanders who insist that they get the heaviest steer beef that stockmen produce, and furthermore they want it properly aged in a butcher's cooler for thirty to sixty days.

The Pacific Coast states also like their beef from heavy steers, and Californians are the hungriest beef-eaters in the nation. On an average they eat two pounds of beef a week

(on the hoof?) as against a pound and a half for the rest of us. (My figures come from several different sources, and I hope no one will check them out too carefully.) In the area that extends from Virginia to the Southwest people prefer what is called "baby-beef" and "leaner carcasses." This taste evidently stems from an old Texas custom. Ranchers liked the sweet, tender cuts from young animals in their teens (twelve to eighteen months) and weighing 400 to 600 pounds. Anyone traveling through the Southwest gets the impression that ranchers must eat any edible beef that isn't shipped elsewhere. Only in Missouri have I eaten worse steak than in Texas. All states in the areas not heretofore mentioned, according to the Meat Institute, prefer medium-weight and medium-fat stock.

Compared with beef habits, pork habits are a great deal more complicated. "Pork was the mainstay of the American diet through the colonial, covered-wagon, and clipper-ship eras," the report says. "Consequently, hundreds of local habits and convictions have built up, hamlet by hamlet and city by city, around its variety of food products." There seems to be, however, a nice neat way of dividing up the pork eaters: you just extend Mason and Dixon's line due west until it hits the Pacific, and those who live above it by and large are fresh pork eaters and those below prefer smoked pork. The reason seems initially to have been less a matter of taste than of refrigeration but the preferences persist. Northerners like fresh hams, pork chops, loin roasts, spare ribs, and link sausages. Southerners want jowl meat, "pungent" breakfast bacon, and long-cure hickory-smoke hams.

There's a ham belt, too, that runs through hamlet to hamlet from Virginia west through Arkansas and then north to Missouri and Iowa. This is a belt for what are called "long-cure, country-style hams," but it doesn't seem to account for the fact that Philadelphia and New York are the largest consumers of ham sandwiches. That is explained by the Irish, who evidently were looking for a quick and easy way to make a meal, and—after a variety of meals—then to boil the ham bone with beans for soup. As a by-product of ham, its fat used to serve as a base for theatrical make-up, especially for minstrel-show performers. If you call an actor a "ham," you should remember what the theatrical profession owes to the Irish and their interest in quick meals.

When you get into the question of pork sausage you are involved in minute local customs. In New England sage and garden herbs were traditionally blended with pork containing quite a lot of fat so that the sausage came out pale pink and succulent. New Yorkers and Philadelphians liked theirs a little darker in color. In Tidewater Virginia and Charleston, peppercorns and spices were added to the mix, and in the Gulf Coast area and across the Southwest to the Pacific, French and Spanish influences introduced chili and, of course, garlic.

But people do not stay put and their preferences in sausage move with them. This complicates the meat packers' shipping and allocation problems, and as if mobility weren't enough of a headache, each state has its own set of specifications for the composition of sausage and luncheon meats. Soybean-raising states insist on soy flour, wheat states, wheat.

As I was reading through the section of the report on veal I looked across the room at my secretary and said, "Do you realize that families in most dairy territories are infrequent veal eaters?" To which she replied incongruously, "We haven't had veal in our house for years." The lady in question is Irish by descent and presumably a ham-sandwich eater. It is also true that sheep herders do not eat mutton. The most ardent veal-eaters live, as you might expect from their French connections, in New Orleans, where the average family consumes $45.27 worth of veal a year. Newark, New Jersey, for reasons that are opaquely obscure to me, seems to be the runner-up. Veal consumption in Newark averages $21.27 per family.

New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Boston are lamb and mutton towns and their inhabitants eat approximately ten times as many sheep per family as people who live in Omaha, Norfolk, Albuquerque, or Des Moines. San Franciscans and Bostonians prefer leg of lamb to other cuts; New Yorkers like rib chops and breast meat for stews.

The long view of American meat habits comes to me from another source—an article in the *New Leader* by Oscar Schnabel, which quotes figures from the *United Nations Statis-*

tical Year Book for 1953. The figures are given in kilograms (one kg. equals 2.2046 lbs.). We eat 76 kg. of meat per capita per year, compared with 47 kg. in the United Kingdom and only 16 kg. in Italy, where they eat mountains of *pasta*. Our meat consumption has been climbing gradually in the past fifteen years, and we have been eating less cereal and fewer potatoes. Our total intake of food per person, however, has remained about the same. Since 1935 the number of calories we average each day has gone up only ten . . . from 3,150 to 3,160. Our nearest competitors, the British, consume 2,990 calories a day.

I hope you now have a better perspective on your meat-eating habits than you did a few minutes ago, and I hope you won't try to confound your butcher (and the Meat Institute) by asking for cuts that you, in your section of the country, are not supposed to like.

By Any Other Name

I HAVE here a modest proposal for solving the problem of American unpopularity with the rest of the world. Our trouble is that we've been trying to merchandise the living daylights out of the American way of life without letting on that foreigners can get much out of it. We've let the Melting Pot Myth go stale; increasingly we give the impression we're either a pure-bred lot or wish we were. My solution, therefore, is merely to require movie stars to appear abroad under their real names.



Recently a Britisher making his first visit to these shores remarked that nobody had prepared him for the discovery, which he made almost on arrival, that this is not an Anglo-Saxon country. In the abstract, he was aware of our multi-national origins, but he simply hadn't visualized their outcome.

He had taken us at our own pretensions—those represented by the innocuous-sounding names (to English ears) of our most world-famous group of citizens.

The film folk stand for our implicit promise to any underdog that here he can attain to immortality. As far as backgrounds, facial types, and personalities go, these are representative Americans; and they do us credit. Minority for minority, they are much more representative than their over-all suggestion of uncontaminated Puritan ancestry would lead you to suppose. In lip service to a moribund distribution of prestige, they have been ethnically deodorized.

TO TEST the theory, I've asked a number of the major studios to give me a list of a handful of their stars' original names. Here is a sampling of the results (with a key for the uninitiated on page 81). *Warner Brothers*: Doris Kapplehoff,[1] Larry Skikne,[2] Bernie Schwartz,[3] Mladen Sekulovich,[4] Marie Tomlinson Krebs,[5] Frances Gumm,[6] and Arthur Gelien.[7] *20th Century–Fox:* Max Showalter,[8] Virginia McMath,[9] Mitzi Gerber,[10] Bella Wegier,[11] Claudette Chauchoin,[12] and Ethel Zimmerman.[13] *M-G-M*: Vito Farinola,[14] Susanne Burce,[15] Joseph Meibes,[16] Tula Finklea,[17] and Spangler Arlington Brough.[18] *Columbia*: Dianne Laruska,[19] Judy Tuvim,[20] Gwyllyn Ford,[21] Margarita Carmen Cansino,[22] Aldo Da Re,[23] and Vincent Zoino.[24] *Paramount*: Zelma Hedrick,[25] Frederick Bickel,[26] Donna Mullenger,[27] Sarah Fulks,[28] Ella Geisman,[29] Issur Danielovitch,[30] John Lincoln Freund,[31] David Kaminsky,[32] Dino Crocetti,[33] and Joseph Levitch.[34]

Admittedly, the evidence has been loaded a little by leaving out the ones you would be bound to recognize; people lucky enough to come into the world as Brian deLacy Aherne[35] can better withstand the press agents who want to improve on nature, or—if they're Leslie Townes Hope[36] or Harry Lillis Crosby[37] —can get away with slight adjustments. Others, like Yewell Tompkins[38] or Derek Harris,[39] can juggle the names they already have, in the interest of euphony or mnemonics. Still others have had to abandon perfectly acceptable names for accidental reasons: *viz.* the actor (not Jimmy Stewart) who was so incautious as to be born Jimmy Stewart.[40]

For the most part, however, you can see the process at work that perpetuates a snobbery beyond its time.

Nobody really believes any longer that a popular singer named Arthur Benedetto[41] or Frank Lovecchio[42] or Norma Jean Speranza[43] can't succeed, but somebody clearly believes that outside of the opera they can't, so named. Why? Nobody is fooled. We are at a particular moment in history when Italo-Americans, for otherwise irrelevant reasons, are turning up in large numbers on the two traditional avenues of upward mobility—entertainment and politics. In politics, if you can call yourself Furculo, DeSapio, or Pastore, you'd be a fool not to; but in the popular arts a different logic operates. When there are ornamental figures from the entertainment world on the dais of a big public banquet, a list of them reads as though they had all arrived on the Advance Mayflower.

By this time any fair-minded reader will be objecting that there are ample motives for name-changing that have nothing to do with the class struggle. As a way of sloughing off one personality and acquiring a new one, the pen name is not a new idea, nor historically limited to the arts; Joseph Djugashvili[44] had more to leave behind in Tiflis than a police record, and in principle there is small difference between his adopted identity and the name that appears at the end of this column. There are names and names. Who would make Archibald Alexander Leach[45] his model of sophistication, or regard Norma Jean Baker[46] as the embodiment of salubrious languor she has become, under a more alliterative label?

Nor is the trend always away from the unusual and toward the obvious. Jennifer Jones is pure Main Street, but so was the name it replaced.[47] Virginia Jones,[48] on the other hand, had to become something less ordinary. Between Gustafsson and Garbo the choice was always easy, and often allowances are made today for names that sound almost glamorous enough as they stand. Marilyn Novak[49] got to keep the Novak, and Rosita Dolores Alverio[50]—though she couldn't remain so overtly Puerto Rican—at least didn't have to be totally Anglicized.

Making all the allowances, however, it still seems to me that the tendency to abandon names that too obviously connote origins is on the increase. In the first place, there are more people arriving at the peak of prominence who omitted to be born of the old stock. In the second, they are no longer self-consciously exotic, as Lupe Velez or Rudolph Valentino must have been, but want to be judged on their merits as Americans—an opportunity no one could deny them. My only worry is that, in the process, their efforts at a final amalgamation may be cumulatively self-defeating; each success at this kind of verbal "passing" makes it harder, rather than easier, to do away with the whole silly business. As it looks from abroad, furthermore, it denies us credit for our greatest success. How are people to know how hot the Melting Pot really melts if we keep pouring all this cream sauce over the top of it?

We were not always thus. I find myself remembering how Mr. Dooley, who had the experience of his own day with the "pure race" doctrine, dealt with it in 1898:

> An Anglo-Saxon, Hinissy, is a German that's forgot who was his parents. . . . An I'm an Anglo-Saxon. I'm wan iv the hottest Anglo-Saxons that iver come out of Anglo-Saxony. . . . I tell ye, whin th' Clan an' th' Sons iv Sweden an' th' Banana Club an' th' Circle Francaize an' th' Pollacky Benivolent Society an' th' Rooshian Sons iv Dinnymite an' th' Benny Brith an' th' Coffee Clutch that Schwartzmeister runs an' th' Holland society an' th' Afro Americans an' th' other Anglo-Saxons begin fr' to raise their Anglo-Saxon battlecry, it'll be all day with th' eight or nine people in th' wurruld that has the misfortune iv not bein' brought up Anglo-Saxons.

[1]Doris Day, [2]Laurance Harvey, [3]Tony Curtis, [4]Karl Malden, [5]Marjorie Main, [6]Judy Garland, [7]Tab Hunter, [8]Casey Adams, [9]Ginger Rogers, [10]Mitzi Gaynor, [11]Bella Darvi, [12]Claudette Colbert, [13]Ethel Merman, [14]Vic Damone, [15]Jane Powell, [16]John Ericson, [17]Cyd Charisse, [18]Robert Taylor, [19]Dianne Foster, [20]Judy Holliday, [21]Glenn Ford, [22]Rita Hayworth, [23]Aldo Ray, [24]Vince Edwards, [25]Kathryn Grayson, [26]Fredric March, [27]Donna Reed, [28]Jane Wyman, [29]June Allyson, [30]Kirk Douglas, [31]John Forsythe, [32]Danny Kaye, [33]Dean Martin, [34]Jerry Lewis, [35]Brian Aherne, [36]Bob Hope, [37]Bing Crosby, [38]Tom Ewell, [39]John Derek, [40]Stewart Granger, [41]Tony Bennett, [42]Frankie Laine, [43]Jill Corey, [44]Joseph Stalin, [45]Cary Grant, [46]Marilyn Monroe, [47]Phyllis Isley, [48]Virginia Mayo, [49]Kim Novak, [50]Rita Moreno.

—*Mr. Harper*

The Case for the Red Smith Irregulars

Charles Einstein

The most widely syndicated sports writer in America is becoming a cult in which eggheads and lowbrows vie with each other to do their hero honor . . . and no wonder.

It is considerably easier to say that Red Smith is the best sports writer in the business than to prove that Walter Wellesley Smith is a sports writer at all. The by-line of Walter (Red) Smith—the most widely-syndicated in its field—emerges, painfully at times, from the typewriter of a small-boned, quiet man who has the look about him of one who would not be caught dead at a sporting event, even if he could get a ticket. What is more, as a contributor to a field of journalism that frequently seems ordained to be read with the lips, Smith is commandingly literate.

The effect of this vast anomaly is that the Smith column "Views of Sport," which appears in the New York *Herald Tribune* and about sixty other newspapers, has acquired a dedicated following of some four or five million daily readers, many of them certified eggheads. They read Smith as much for turn of phrase as for subject matter. No one else, they reason, is likely to cover a dog show and come away writing about "a Boston terrier in a crimson turtle-neck sweater, looking like the Harvard captain of '97." Of the pilgrims aboard a special Princeton football train en route to the Yale game, Smith wrote, "There were so many crew haircuts that the tweedy passengers looked like a clipped privet hedge." Once, when fellow-columnist Jimmy Cannon quoted some Florida waitresses who said that fishermen as a breed were both abusive and poor tippers, fishing enthusiast Smith rose for the defense. "If Mr. Cannon says he has done research with waitresses," he wrote, "nobody has the right to dispute him. But if he talked fishing with 'em, it was the biggest form reversal since Jim Dandy won the Travers."

Although a good deal of his time is taken with the Big Four of American sports—baseball, football, horse racing, and boxing—Smith's columns, which appeared in book form so successfully in 1950 that a second compendium was published last year, have ranged from cockfighting and Finnish sauna baths to duck-billed platypuses and the question of octogenarian delinquency in St. Petersburg, Florida. On one occasion, Smith devoted two columns hand-running to the eerie assertion that Sherlock Holmes was "a horse player of degenerate principles who thought nothing of fixing a race and probably had his syringe in the veins of more than one thoroughbred saddled by his mysterious acquaintance, 'Wilson, the notorious canary trainer.'" An excerpt from this unnerving thesis is here in point.

> Immediately after the Wessex [Smith wrote], Holmes gave further evidence of his insatiable lust for gambling. Silver Blaze's owner, Colonel Ross, was looking for information about his horse, but the detective cut him off with: "As I stand to win a little on this next race, I shall defer a lengthy explanation." Note those words: "I stand to win a little." Not: "I am risking a trifle on the next race." Holmes knew there was no risk. At the track he left nothing to chance.

> As best he was able, the discreet Watson suppressed reference to his idol's nefarious activities on the turf. For example, he alluded only obliquely to Holmes's connection with "Wilson, the notorious canary trainer." But Watson's very reticence is in itself revealing. How could a canary trainer become notorious if he stayed with canaries? There is absolutely nothing whatsoever in any way, shape, or form notorious about canaries. A bird trainer, however, can branch out, as Hirsch Jacobs has demonstrated in our day; Mr. Jacobs began with pigeons and went on to become America's leading horse trainer in eleven of twelve consecutive years.

This unearthly inquiry, which Smith abandoned only after hinting broadly that Holmes also had a hand in rigging the Oxford-Cambridge Rugby match, was printed just before Smith attended, by invitation, the annual banquet of the Baker Street Irregulars. The name of this group—which is essentially a highbrow Sherlock Holmes fan club—is peculiarly suggestive; it might not be inappropriate to make a case for another organization known collectively as the Red Smith Irregulars. It seems a fair way to describe Smith's admirers, who originate at all points of the social compass.

The ranks of dyed-in-the-wool Smith fans include Robert E. Sherwood, Shirley Jackson, Rocky Graziano, Professor Mark Van Doren, Ernest Hemingway, and—though it rests uneasy upon Smith's mind—Beau Jack, the former lightweight champion of the world. Smith learned of Jack's devotion through one of a series of subway and commuter-train advertisements the *Herald Tribune* ran some years back, in which famous figures were depicted praising the newspaper's reporters in their fields. In the field of sports, it was Beau Jack saying, "I like Red Smith's column!" Beau Jack was nationally famous for being able neither to read nor write.

No such allegation can be leveled, of course, at Miss Jackson, who said in the *New York Times* that reading Smith's first book, *Out of the Red,* was "like looking into Chapman's Homer"; nor, for that matter, at Mr. Hemingway, whose own fondness for Smith's writings was expressed by the dispirited colonel in *Across the River and into the Trees.* At Columbia, Professor Van Doren has used Smith's columns as textual standards in his journalism classes. In being voted the sports-writing award of the National Headliners' Club, Smith was hailed as a throwback to the golden age of sports, the twenties, which produced not only their Tildens, Granges, and Ruths but sports writers to match. The names of Grantland Rice, Ring Lardner, Damon Runyon, Paul Gallico, Davis Walsh, Bill McGeehan, and Hype Igoe tripped as easily off the tongues of sports fanciers as did those of the athletes themselves.

How He Got the Call

WITH the death of Rice last summer, Red Smith became, statistically in terms of syndication, the number one sports writer in the country. He was at the time forty-nine years of age, with an annual income of $30,000, a home in Stamford, Connecticut, and the assurance that no sports event of any consequence, anywhere, was complete without him. All of these were relatively late acquisitions; ten years before, Smith was a sports writer in Philadelphia, beset by that commonest of sports-writing ambitions—to get to New York. Indeed, when the call did come, it was not from a New York paper but from the Brooklyn *Eagle* instead. Smith reasoned, not inexpertly, that Brooklyn was farther away from New York than Philadelphia was. He remained where he was, and betimes Stanley Woodward, then sports editor of the *Herald Tribune*, signed him up.

Smith already had, of course, a sizable reputation in the trade. His newspaper career, including general-news and copy-desk work, had taken him from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, to the St. Louis *Star*, to the Philadelphia *Record*. It turned him into a sports writer when, in St. Louis, the management of the *Star* fired the whole sports staff and threw Smith into the breach. Perhaps it was this casual approach to his specialty, coupled with the sane conviction that when all is said and done the field of sports is essentially fun and games, that helped keep Smith from joining the ranks of the breathless, or Golly Moses, school of sports reporting. Smith's style of writing is essentially sparse: it prefers the verb to the noun and the noun to the adjective. He is bemused by the creations of some of his colleagues, especially sports broadcasters.

Suppose," he once wrote thoughtfully in a column discussing the tribulations of the typical sportscaster, "—maybe it's an outlandish hypothesis, but after all, we're just supposing —he should lapse into English."

Smith's writings frequently display wonderment, but never awe. His own athletic career was limited to a lone one-mile race as a member of the track team at Notre Dame. He came in last. Slight of build, he has worn eyeglasses, for the correction of nearsightedness, since his boyhood in Green Bay, Wisconsin. His nickname derives from a now-thinning stand of red hair, which, receding from an already high forehead, has left in his long oval face and clear blue eyes a look of sheer scholarship. His brow is ribbed by furrows which do not increase in number when he concentrates, which is often, or frowns, which is seldom.

"It's a good thing Red don't get mad," a Brownsville admirer has said. "If he did, how could you tell?"

The Slug-fest with Happy

Probably the maddest that Smith ever got in print was in 1947, when a report reached his ears that Happy Chandler, the then-unhappy commissioner of baseball, was claiming that a junta of leading sports writers, Smith included, was conspiring to do him in. "And I wouldn't be surprised," Chandler was reported as alleging further, "if there's a lot of money behind it."

With infrequent exception, Smith favors the third-person style in his columns, but he made a point of departure here.

"I wish to state, using the first person," he wrote, "that if I can get paid for thinking Happy Chandler has performed like a clown and a mountebank, then I want all that kind of money I can get. Ordinarily I have to work for mine."

When, some four years later, Chandler was ousted as commissioner, Smith could be heard to murmur that, "Nothing that Happy Chandler did in his six unquiet years as baseball commissioner became him so well as his leave-taking. . . . Not many men can achieve an air of perfect nonchalance when they have been publicly divested of their pants."

It is a rule with Smith that he seldom rides to battle, and then only against the high and the mighty, such as the multi-millionaire management of the New York Yankees. Once, when the entire sporting world was up in arms over a close play at the plate in a vital pennant game at Yankee Stadium, Smith, eyes trained on the play, delivered his verdict.

Only an idiot," he wrote, "would base an opinion on what he could see from the Black Hole of Calcutta that serves as a press box in Yankee Stadium. On a big day it is all anyone can do to cover a game from that slum, let alone umpire it."

Another time, when the Yankees established separate dining and club quarters underneath the stands for moneyed patrons, Smith observed that almost all of the members of this society were listed "in either the Social Register or the telephone directory."

Unlike some of his colleagues, however, Smith has not sought to establish himself as a branch official of the Better Business Bureau. He delights in the twilight world of sports, the fringe area where gather the six-day bicycle riders, the punch-drunk sparring partners, the channel swimmers, and the seriocomic athletic directors of our great universities.

"Views of Sport" is peopled with characters. One of these, who appears frequently in the column simply as "Butch," is a Brooklyn clothing salesman named Feldman who is old in the ways of what is known in the city streets as "action"—policy, numbers, horses, dice, cards.

The cop on the beat says why don't we go play in a cellar somewheres and he won't bother us," Smith quotes Butch as saying. "What he don't understand is if five guys go to play in a cellar, why, there's only five guys in the game. But if you play on a corner a couple of truck-drivers come down out of their trucks and maybe a Department of Sanitation guy gets in it and maybe even a cop will stop by for a pass or two. On the corner there is fresh money all the time."

The Photographic Ear

Smith has what is known in the trade as a photographic ear. "You listen for that key line," he has said. "You want to interview someone so that next day, when it comes out in the column, a third person who was there at the interview will say, 'Look at

that! They talked for an hour, the guy never took a note, and here it all is, word for word.' Actually, it isn't word for word, of course. You've just listened for that typical expression, and that makes the whole thing read like a verbatim transcript."

Smith's reluctance to take notes during an interview amounts almost to an obsession. Once, he talked with an Australian jockey for upwards of an hour.

"'e never took a note," the horseman reported afterwards, in awe. "Not till just before the very end, when I give 'im the names of three of me mounts. 'e wrote them down, but 'e apologized for it. Said 'e could never remember the names of 'orses."

"If you could get mad at Red for anything," a friend has said, "it's that note-taking business. Once I gave him some stuff for a column, over a lunch table, and there were a couple of guys whose names were part of the story. I spelled the names for him, and then I wrote them out on the back of an envelope and handed it to him. He said thanks, and next day there was the whole column—except for those two names."

SMITH is wide open to suggestions for column material. A phone call to him at the *Herald Tribune* usually gets him direct, and the most outrageous ideas of a penny-ante huckster may stir him to action. "You get so you sense what will make a column and what won't," Smith said not long ago. "You walk around with antennae that quiver when a column is there."

Once he is on to something, however, he does it all himself—from the leg-work down to writing the four cross-lines, one of which will be used to caption his column and the others to separate paragraphs. His concern with the question of taking notes (he feels that it hampers the flow of conversation during an interview) is heightened by the fact that he does so much interview work. Nowadays, it is only at rare intervals that Smith actually spot-covers an event. That task is generally left to another member of the *Herald Tribune* sports staff; a situation which Smith does not find unpleasant, for both out of habit and preference, he is a slow worker.

"I have always taken a dim view," he reports, "of those sports writers who were supposed to be at their best 'under the guns'—you know, going against that deadline, half drunk."

His late, dear friend Joe H. Palmer, whom Smith described, in the dedication to his latest book *Views of Sport*, as "the best writer I ever knew," was, Smith thinks, one of the few exceptions. Palmer, who covered horse racing for the *Herald Tribune*, was a former professor of English. "He not only wrote fast," Smith said, "but he used the touch system. It used to get me mad as hell. His stuff not only was effortless, it even *looked* effortless. And it was beautiful."

Smith himself will take two hours and up to do a column of 1,000 words or less. At times he will work at home, free of distracting influences. He and his wife, the former Catherine Cody, whom he met and married in St. Louis in the early 1930s, live in a seven-room Cape Cod house at the end of a quiet lane in Stamford. Their half-acre plot includes a swimming pool measuring twenty feet by twelve—"the smallest," Smith believes, "in Connecticut." They have one daughter, Catherine, now twenty-two and a senior at Middlebury College in Vermont; and a son, Terry, seventeen, a junior at St. Luke's Preparatory School in New Canaan, Connecticut. No one in the family can be described as an all-out sports fan.

The Agony of Words

SMITH writing a column is something to behold. "Every day," he has said, "you bleed a little." He adopted a policy of agonizing reappraisal long before John Foster Dulles. Sometimes he will dwell for half an hour on a single word. Among other things, he has to fight off the strong writer's weakness for puns. Fortunately for his readers, he is not always successful in holding off. Covering the Olympic Games at Helsinki in 1952, he expressed doubt as to the reliability of Soviet track and field records.

"Western skeptics," he wrote, describing the background of a Red runner named Kazantsev, "suspected the Russian had been clocked by a *Pravda* copyreader while running down a flight of steppes."

One time in New York, when second baseman Junior Gilliam of the Dodgers had had a big night in a game against the Giants, Smith began his column with: "There is no

balm in Gilham for the Giants." Then he added, "And that'll be enough of that," and went on to discuss another subject.

Baseball is one of Smith's favorite sports to cover. There are two others—boxing and horse racing. "I used to be a nut on football," he recounts. "I couldn't get enough of it. In Philadelphia, I'd cover Villanova or Temple Friday night, Penn on Saturday, the pro game on Sunday, and then the high-school city championship. But it sort of faded on me after the two-platoon system came in; and besides, all the press boxes at football fields seem to be a lot higher than they used to."

When asked to select his favorite columns, however, Smith is wont to point to the ones that concern horses, his Brooklyn buddy Butch, and fishing. Smith gets in a good deal of trout and bass fishing (he has described the black bass as a "derby-wearing, cigar-smoking fish to whom a hook in the mouth is no worse than a bad cold") when he vacations each summer at the home of his parents in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, a fishing paradise. The period just before vacation each year is the only time at which Smith attempts to get a few columns ahead. Ordinarily, his is a day-to-day effort. He knew a fellow columnist in Philadelphia who at one point was one hundred and five columns ahead.

"My God," Smith said to him, "what if you should drop dead tomorrow? That's half a year's work for nothing."

"Red couldn't write ahead if he wanted to," a friend has said. "He's not a machine. He's *human*."

Red Smith does provide warm, attentive company. He is hardly offended by the Saxon vocabulary of the sports world, and a tolerance for Scotch and cigarettes proves helpful. Some of his closest friends are sports people, like columnist Frank Graham of the New York *Journal-American*. But even though he has a strictly newspaper background—he majored in journalism at Notre Dame, and his brother Art is a rewrite man on the New York *Daily News*—Smith has exceeded the boundary lines of his profession. The following paragraph, taken from a Smith column depicting a bass-fishing excursion, is offered in illustration.

"There should have been a vast and congested bass population alongside the patches of water hyacinth in the rushes, just off the tough, elephant-eared weeds they call 'bonnets,' and around the roots and knees of the big cypress trees that stand out in the water like bathers. The lures splashed and popped and jiggled on the surface. Nothing else happened."

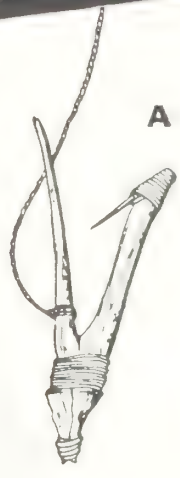
To use a word that Red Smith never uses, Wow.

The Making of a Worm

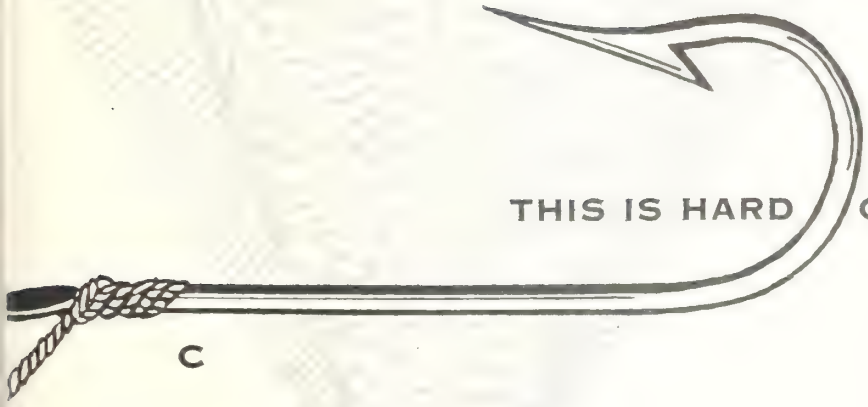
I TELL you the American hotel clerk is the concentrated embodiment of dignity. Perhaps you don't know what I am driving at. Just go and ask one of these bedroom potentates of the whereabouts of some friend of yours, who may be an inmate of the house. Words fail to convey the idea of the way in which you will be crushed. Not that the great men are rude, oh, no! But there is a majesty, a loftiness, an exaltation, a consciousness of power in their words, looks, and gestures, which reduces the inquirer, in his own estimation, to the last verge of inferiority. Christians who are always strong to humble and abase themselves, whose besetting sin is pride—just [take] a dose or two of hotel clerks. Whenever I feel that I need taking down a peg or two, I have a never-failing remedy. I merely step into a first-class hotel and ask, "Is Mr. Smith stopping here?" The great man, after four or five minutes, lifts his eyes, and I feel that I am a worm; he speaks, and I am a Chinaman.

—From the *Hotel World Review*, 1878.





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THIS IS HARD ON HALIBUT but it helps make things easy on the people who read the article on "Fishery" in World Book Encyclopedia. These pages are lively, interesting, informative, largely because the man most responsible for them is a four-way expert: (1) he owns a Pacific Coast purse seining vessel, (2) he's an expert on fishing of all kinds, (3) he's no amateur as a writer, and (4) he does excellent pen-and-ink drawings. All of which contributed to World Book's story of "Fishery."

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Ghosts from Germany—and Fascinating Performances by Marquand, Elmer Davis, Stephen Potter, and Assorted Cats

Bruce Bliven, Jr.

In 1904, at the opera house in Linz, Austria, a young apprentice upholsterer named August Kubizek struck up an acquaintance during an intermission with a pale, skinny, glistening-eyed fellow habitué of the Promenade, the standing-room section for students and music lovers who couldn't afford seats. Kubizek was sixteen, nine months older than his friend, whose name—which didn't come up until they had stood together through a number of other performances—was Adolph Hitler.

For the next four years Kubizek and Hitler were about as close as friends can be. They saw each other practically every day. They were so involved that neither had time to know anyone else. And, for part of 1908, before Hitler broke off the friendship, they roomed together in Vienna, where Kubizek, continuing studies he had begun in Linz, attended the music conservatory. Hitler was supposed to be studying painting at the Academy of Arts, and did, in fact, work with a passionate frenzy on all sorts of artistic projects. But his work was self-assigned, since he had failed the Academy's entrance examinations, a fact which he concealed from his roommate for months. Most of Hitler's artistic schemes were childishly grandiose: detailed architectural drawings for rebuilding whole cities, a visionary prospectus for a traveling national orchestra, and others of similar scope, with every minute problem sketched, measured, weighed and solved—all of them nothing but pipe dreams in the head of a poverty-stricken, unqualified, nineteen-year-old boy. Forty years later, according to Kubizek's testimony, a good many of these ridiculously visionary plans were materialized, brick for brick, on Reichschancellor Hitler's orders.

The story of this unusual friendship is contained in ***The Young Hitler I Knew*** (Houghton Mifflin, $4) by August Kubizek, who grew up to be a minor public official in Eferding. It is extremely good reading, and a powerful book in the sense that it compels the reader, no matter how sick the thought of Hitler's career may make him, to enlarge his mental image of the man to include this unforgettable, lightning-flash illumination of the megalomaniac as an adolescent.

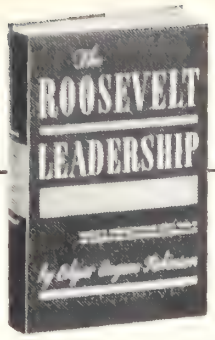
One gathers that Kubizek, who was, at the time, bowled over by the force of Hitler's personality, has not yet recovered from his experience; he seems dumbfounded, rather than horrified, by the things his beloved friend did later. This is not to suggest that Kubizek argues in favor of Nazism; on the contrary, he reports that when they talked politics, as they occasionally did, they disagreed. But the two boys were less concerned with politics than with art and music, coping with parents, living on practically no money, and getting set to make some sort of mark on the grownups' world. Kubizek conveys, and very ably for a man who is not a professional writer, that young Hitler was a talented, thoughtful, sensitive human being.

Hitler's Love

There was just one fault: at sixteen young Hitler was completely out of touch with reality. It was not so much that he was unable to distinguish between the real and the imaginary, but that he preferred his dream world. Perhaps the best illustration of this is Kubizek's account of Hitler's "love affair," a fantasy sustained for more than three years, built around a real girl named Stefanie. Hitler never spoke to her. He saw Stefanie one evening walking along the Landstrasse in Linz with her mother, and decided, on the spot, that he would be in love with her and marry her, but that he couldn't speak to her without an introduction and wouldn't seek an introduction until he amounted to something—or, according to his calculations, not for four years. From that moment, whenever possible, the two young men waited on the boulevard at five o'clock in the evenings just to watch Stefanie and her mother stroll by. Once or twice Stefanie smiled in their direction.

But that was the sum total of it; Hitler never so much as spoke a word to his love. Yet he was convinced that Stefanie's one desire was to marry him. He threw fits of jealous rage when other young men walked with her, as occasionally they

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did. He was convinced that Stefanie shared all his views on all subjects, and he took it for granted that she had great musical talent and a fine voice because he wanted her to sing Wagner to him. Stefanie was in Hitler's mind constantly, and she was included in all his plans, until about the time he broke off his friendship with Kubizek, stopped writing to his relatives, and disappeared into Vienna's slums.

It's possible that Hitler never again had as good a friend as Kubizek—one, that is, whose affection and admiration were given without any reserve or self-interest. And this is simply and unabashedly a friend's report. It is candid, complete, and profoundly sympathetic. "But for the question, then unknown and unexpressed, which hung above our friendship, I have not to this day found any answer: 'What were God's intentions when He created this man?'" Kubizek writes. It is marvelous that the only person who is in a position to fill in this portion of Hitler's biography has done so with utter guilelessness.

Boasts and Lies

WHEN Kubizek met Hitler in 1904, Ernst von Salomon, who has written a polemical autobiography called ***Fragebogen*** (Doubleday, $6), was only two years old. He lived in Prussia—in Kiel, to be exact. The place is important because, forty-five years later, when von Salomon looked back on his life, having been born a Prussian was just about the only achievement in which he could take pride. He has been a terrible fellow, he says. One is skeptical about almost everything von Salomon reports, but it does seem certain that he has been *very* bad. He has tried his hand at assassination (he was an accomplice in the murder of the German foreign minister, Walter Rathenau), banditry (as a member of the Freikorps, German irregulars who fought the Poles after World War I), Nazi propaganda (as a writer of movie scripts for Goebbels during World War II), and various other sins, including tax-dodging, seduction, cowardice, gluttony, cynicism, and stupidity.

Von Salomon's boasts about his wickedness impress me less than the fact that he must have sat in front of his typewriter for hundreds of hours to produce this 525-page apology. He'd like you to believe that he, as a member of the extreme right, an anti-anti-Nazi, cannot be blamed in any part for Nazism. He tries to say that it was just one of those things; Germany can't be blamed; nobody can be blamed. I suspect that if he himself believed his thesis, he wouldn't have gone to all the trouble of writing this book.

A good many persons have expressed alarm because *Fragebogen* has been a sensational best seller in West Germany, where more than 250,000 copies have been sold. But whether or not the book's popularity is ominous depends entirely on what the 250,000 think of von Salomon's unreconstructed Prussianism and his violent hatred for the United States. For all I know they may be reading it in the same spirit as thousands of Americans read Polly Adler's book: fascinated, but not necessarily approving.

Someone ought to state, just for the record, that von Salomon's description of the brutal behavior of American soldiers, and in particular the actions he attributes to our Counter-Intelligence interrogators in the last days of combat and immediately afterwards, are lies. It happens that (a) I attended the Army's Counter-Intelligence school at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, where our German interrogation personnel were trained, and (b) I was an officer in a combat division much like the one von Salomon describes in the last section of his book, and not very far from the scene. So I shall say it: von Salomon lies. Indeed, his gangster Americans carrying Chicago-style Tommy guns (there were only a few Tommy guns in a whole division's worth of weapons) are preposterous. They are imaginary creations, and overdone, like the clothes von Salomon makes up for Majie, a charming young French girl with whom he had an affair. He isn't content to have Majie disdain underwear and favor thin, clinging dresses; he keeps getting her dress wet for maximum clinging effect—and never once does she catch cold.

Revolt in the Arctic

Vorkuta, by Joseph Scholmer (Henry Holt, $3.75), is also a memoir. It is a graphic, disturbing account of three and one-half years (ending in January 1954) that Scholmer, a doctor and a former member of the German Communist party, spent working as a slave coal miner in one of the Soviet Union's largest prison colonies. Vorkuta is about one hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, just above the Ural mountain range on the map, in the midst of the bleak tundra. Practically no one escapes because the terrain, like the wild moors around Dartmoor Prison, is unbeatable. Vorkuta has plenty of coal, if nothing else. That's why the miserable place has a population of about 235,000: 105,000 prisoners in camps, 120,000 "free" exiles, and ten or twelve thousand guards, NKVD officers, and other officials assigned to the job of keeping the others from getting away. Vorkuta, according to Dr. Scholmer, supplies nearly one-twelfth of the Soviet Union's coal—all of it mined by unwilling workers.

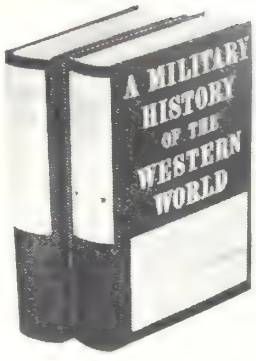
As far as I know, Dr. Scholmer's book is the first report on this slave city by anyone who has been imprisoned there. He has done a fine job of exposition, using a narrative style that is eminently readable and filling his story with

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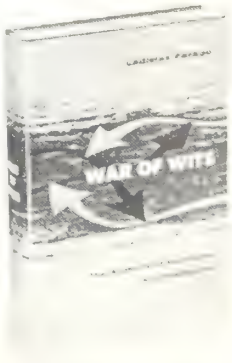
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memorable sketches of real people, mostly his fellow prisoners. He succeeds in borrowing some of the pace and excitement of good melodrama, while it is always clear that the story is limited to what he himself knows at first hand.

You might expect Dr. Scholmer's account to be all grimness and misery. On the contrary, he almost shrugs off the horrors of daily life in Vorkuta. He is much more interested in a remarkable event that took place toward the end of July 1953: ten thousand of the prisoners, despite their hopeless predicament, had enough spirit to stage a mass strike. They refused to work the mines for several weeks. The strike is the climax of the book, although naturally the striking prisoners got nowhere. They were starved out, and their revolt was only a gesture of defiance.

"The most important thing about the strike was that it ever took place at all," Dr. Scholmer writes. "It had a profound effect not only on the prisoners but also on the civilian population in other parts of the Soviet Union." For it was the first visible popular demonstration against the government of the Soviet Union in recent history.

Dr. Scholmer believes that the June 17th Berlin riots, together with the Vorkuta strike six weeks later, shocked the Kremlin to its foundations. He's deeply disturbed because the West—meaning all the anti-Soviet world—isn't doing more to stir up internal opposition to the Soviet government, and doesn't seem to realize the strength of its allies, including the slave laborers, inside the USSR's borders.

Davis at His Best

ELMER DAVIS has produced another brilliant volume in his heroic effort to make his fellow Americans think seriously about serious matters. Its title: ***Two Minutes Till Midnight*** (Bobbs Merill, $2.75). It ought to be as big a hit as its extraordinarily successful companion volume, *But We Were Born Free.*

This time Mr. Davis is talking about "the political and psychological conditions which might bring on, or might not bring on" a thermonuclear war, and "might or might not persuade many other nations to be on our side." He believes that people had better start thinking about the hydrogen bomb and the good chance that it is about to be used. And by "people" he means, in particular, those people at the head of the United States government.

"That war may never be fought," he writes. "If it were fought, I do not say that we would even probably lose it; I am only saying that we had damn well better take care not to lose it."

I haven't the audacity to attempt a summary of *Two Minutes Till Midnight;* it would be easier to try condensing the alarm, "Fire!" All I can say is that if you have time to read just one book, read this one.

And, most anti-climactically, I'd like to remind you that Elmer Davis's prose—completely apart from his information and the hard logic of his thinking—is something wonderful. With the sound of his clarion call ringing in my ears, I'm almost embarrassed to mention writing style. Still, I think that for the lucid exposition of ideas, his writing is the best we've got.

LUCKILY, quite a few of this month's books don't demand a furrowed brow or the facing of stern realities. For example, ***Sincerely, Willis Wayde,*** by John P. Marquand (Little, Brown, $3.95). His hero, this time, soars higher into the firmament of American business success than any Marquand character has soared before, if I recall the altitude record correctly. Willis Wayde, son of a mechanical engineer, becomes the head of the biggest conveyor-belt manufacturing combine in the United States. En route to the top Wayde outgrows the Harcourts, the rich Bostonians in whose small belt factory he got his start, and in whose home he first acquired his taste for fine brandy and distinguished antiques. I rather doubt that a man as stuffy as Willis Wayde, who gets stuffier and stuffier with each step up, could really make such a killing unless, along with his appalling lack of imagination, he possessed at least a little more aggressiveness. Be that as it may, tycoons are fun to read about.

I WAS delighted with ***Sense & Humour,*** by Stephen Potter (Henry Holt, $4), who is just

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famous for his *Gamesmanship* and *Lifemanship*. Mr. Potter starts out briskly, at the beginning of the book, to explain why what's funny is funny, especially to Englishmen. He's in earnest and academic about it, and often witty as well as wise—although his theory certainly doesn't begin to account for his own success as a humorist.

Most of the book, however, is not written by Potter, but only selected and arranged by him: more than a hundred pieces of funny writing, mostly very short, a delicious potpourri of great variety.

Adventurers

PAUL HERRMANN'S ***Conquest by Man*** (Harper, $6) is fascinating on two separate levels, which surely ought to be fascination enough for any one book. He tells about the great voyages men have made from prehistoric times to the beginning of the Renaissance, epic journeys by Carthaginians, Greeks, Vikings, and Arabs, among others. They're exciting stories, and they leave you with a good deal of respect for human beings, who seem to be able to take care of themselves in the most unlikely situations. Not to mention respect for geographer-historians, who have been able to piece together detailed descriptions of these sagas from, in some cases, mere scraps of evidence. It's their deductive reasoning—much of it Mr. Herrmann's own work—that provides the book's second-level interest. I wished, in fact, that the author had, on some points, explained more fully how he knew or why he felt so certain: he argues disconcertingly quickly, leaving me to wonder (in my total ignorance) whether other explanations might not be equally plausible.

THE Hansons, Lawrence and Elisabeth, have done a good workmanlike biography of Paul Gauguin, ***Noble Savage*** (Random House, $5). The facts of the painter's life, beginning with his quitting his job as a stockbroker in Paris to risk everything for art, are so dramatic that one could hardly bear to have the story told at all except in the authors' plain, sensible fashion. They are interested in Gauguin as a man, and

re extremely modest, in the preface, bout their qualifications to discuss is work; and yet it seems to me that nowing how the artist lived, and hat a queer, courageous fellow he as, must affect the eye to some xtent.

ats

ANDY WILSON's musical comedy, "The Boy Friend," had me en- anced and mooning with delight, that I approached ***This Is Sylvia*** Dutton, $2.50), his first book, illus- ated with fifty-four of his drawings, ith almost limitless optimism. The lea, I thought, was pretty promis- g: to do a parody on actresses' emoirs, so many of which deserve . But I was disappointed. A couple wry smiles here and there, that as all. Poor puns. A tedious inven- on—the notion of making the tress a cat-human—pushed and rodded and belabored almost end- ssly. Which is no reason, however, conclude that Mr. Wilson's play a flash in the pan. Nothing of the rt. I feel reasonably confident that e cat-actress whimsy merely got out hand.

I am fond of cats, I assure you. hat's why—or at least part of the ason why—I was much taken by ***ly Zoo Family,*** by Helen Martini Harper, $3.95). Mrs. Martini is the ife of the head keeper of the Lion ouse at the Bronx Zoo. She loves nimals as much as Mr. Martini does, hich is a lot, for he gave up a career a jeweler, Gauguin style, to devote is full time to them—a job which, learn to my consternation, pays nly $100 a month. Mrs. Martini arted helping out by taking the aby zoo animals whose mothers ere not willing to look after them, nto her house. Each one, as cat vers will understand, is a person- lity in its own right, whether a lion, tiger, a leopard, or a jaguar. Well, me of the things that have hap- ened. . . . But there is no point in y going on about it. Mrs. Martini, ho now runs a nursery at the zoo nd has taken on apes, monkeys, eer, and exotic mammals of all escriptions, has told the whole story her experiences and told it eautifully. A few of the thirty-two ages of photographs, moreover, are riceless.

MARQUAND

Sincerely, Willis Wayde

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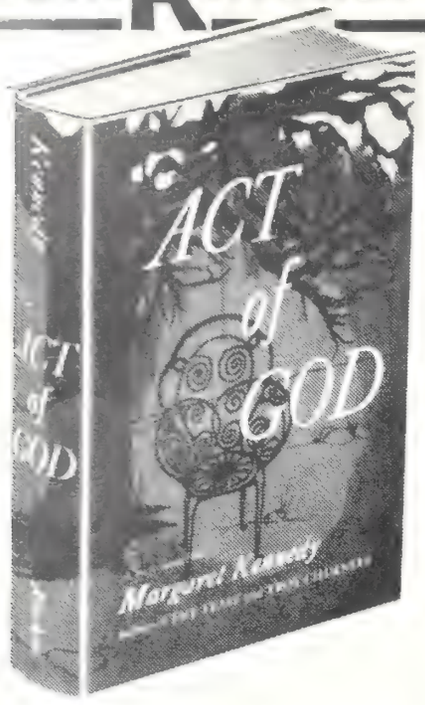
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Willis is only one of many memorable characters in the new Marquand novel. Indeed, Sylvia Hodges, daughter of a Harvard professor and seemingly the last woman in the world to be devoted to Willis Wayde, is perhaps the most sympathetic heroine Mr. Marquand has ever created.

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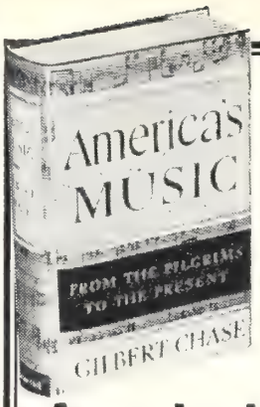
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By Katherine Gauss Jackson

FICTION

Act of God, by Margaret Kennedy. Conrad Swann, a well known modern sculptor runs away with his best friend's wife and establishes himself and their five various children in a small English seaside town. The effect of this motley household and Mr. Swann's incomprehensible art on the inhabitants, especially on a young married couple, is the central theme of this amusing if somewhat predictable novel. Miss Kennedy always tells a good story; there are nearly always piquant characters harking back to *The Constant Nymph;* and her picture of a whole village trying to make peace with what most of them call "mod'n," rings very true, and some of it very funny. And the payoff, though predictable, is a pleasure. Somewhere along the middle I felt I'd been tricked by a paragraph that seemed to indicate that the young husband had gone away forever, when in flesh and blood, at least, he hadn't at all. But it's a minor criticism of a most pleasant story of good people trying to find mental and spiritual security in an insecure world. Rinehart, $3.50

The Judas Kiss, by Jay J. Dratler. Violence is surely a literary fashion these days and here's a book that manages two killings, a suicide, various entries into other than marital beds—and still makes not only good, but rather ingratiating reading. An insurance man, happily married to an extremely nice wife, finds himself involved in establishing that one of the death claims against his company is phony. The beneficiary who has to be investigated is a most charming and credible young widow who promptly falls in love with the insurance man who can't help finding her irresistible. So does the reader. How the author unravels this impossible situation without affronting too much the sensibilities of his reader is his secret, but he does. Of its tough genre, and it surely is tough, it is a satisfying performance. Holt, $3



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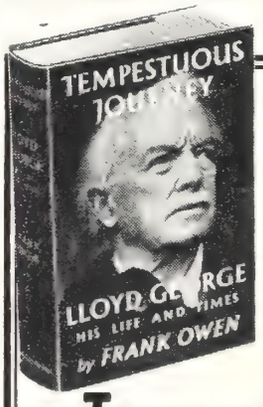
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Simple Truth, by Elizabeth Hardwick.

And here, still in the cult of violence, is the fictionalized story of the trial of a young Iowa college boy charged with the murder of his sweetheart. The story of the trial is based in fact, but the novel's slim thread winds itself around two of the spectators—one a lady amateur psychiatrist who knows that all the lad's troubles stem from psychological flaws in his family relationships; the other a gentleman, an amateur sociologist, who is equally sure that all the boy's violence—if violence it was—arises from the fact that the girl's family was wealthy and his was not. Both amateurs are miserable in their certainty that the jury, chosen from local Iowa folk, will not grasp these subtleties of the case and that the youth is doomed. The author, who has all along the way in the rather slow-moving tale produced excellent small scenes and characters, pulls off a fine ironic twist at the end when the jury, apparently able to arrive at simple truth by simple measures, acquits the boy. The two champions with their complicated theories, to the surprise of their friends and families, are deflated rather than elated at the news, and the book ends on an echo of their disturbed telephonic twitterings. A nice idea, amusing bits, too long drawn out.

Harcourt, $3.50

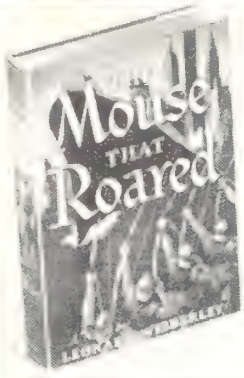
NON-FICTION

Human Society in Ethics and Politics, by Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster, $3.50

The Public Philosophy, by Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown, $3.50

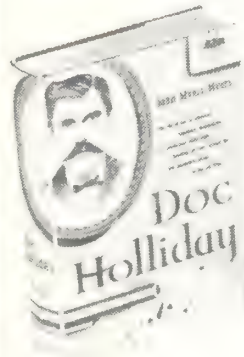
The Renewal of Man, by Alexander Miller. Christian Faith Series. Doubleday, $2.95

It is an absurdity to try to do more—in this kind of space—than list the publication of these three recent books concerned on the highest level with the problems of man's spiritual survival. It is not surprising that many of the same ideas weave in and out of all of them; or that both Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Miller quote from earlier works of Lord Russell whose words have had such an explosive effect on the philosophic and theological sound track of our time. The temptation in noting the books



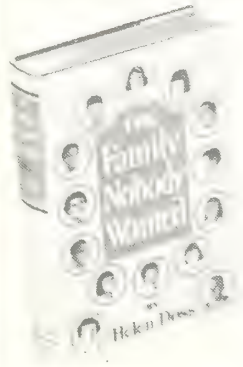
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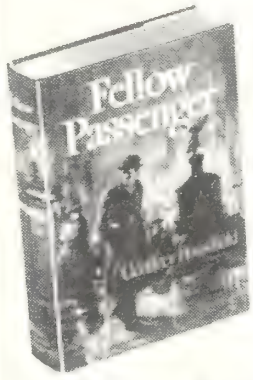
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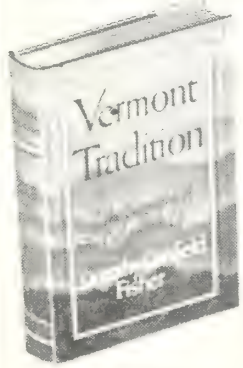
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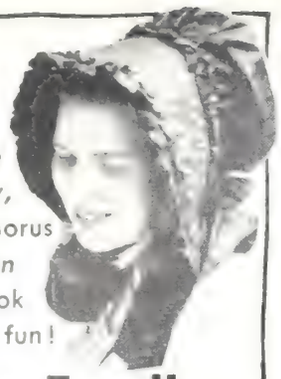


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together, is, of course, to point out the obvious similarities or differences; it's about all one can do. But in doing so one must admit at once that thus many subtleties of thought and argument—and sometimes even subtleties of context—are lost. But it makes a stimulating crossruff, nevertheless, and so one succumbs.

In the very large, Lord Russell's plea is that man should use his reason to find a way toward those ends to which his best emotions direct him.

> If men are to escape from the consequences of their own childish cleverness, they will have to learn, in all the powerful countries of the world, or at any rate in America and Russia, to think not of separate groups of men, but of MAN. [Author's caps.]

And though he does not believe in faith (it is faith which most often leads to war) he does believe:

> The future of man is at stake, and if enough men become aware of this his future is assured. Those who are to lead the world out of its troubles will need courage, hope, and love. Whether they will prevail I do not know; but beyond all reason I am unconquerably persuaded that they will.

All of which to this unphilosophic mind seems to be coming very close to a statement of faith. His book (which he started work on ten years ago) is subtitled: An Examination of the Basic Human Passions and Their Effect on Human Destiny.

Mr. Lippmann's book (which he began work on fifteen years ago) carries the subtitle: The Decline and Revival of the Western Society. It surveys what seems to be a smaller area, confined as he is by definition to Western Society. His great concern is the increasing impact of the mass mind—when aroused by hysterias, as in war—on the legislators and executives of our democratic governments; the loss of the constraints (through increasing lack of able teachers, philosophers, theologians) which should come from a strong "public philosophy" on which the Founding Fathers counted. And though talking in terms of Western Society, he, like Lord Russell, thinks we need these good and able men to help formulate and create our picture of Man.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

That is how and why philosphy and heology are the ultimate and deci ive studies in which we engage. n them are defined the main char icteristics of the images of man vhich will be acted upon in the arts nd sciences of the epoch.

id from these accepted philosophi and theological concepts stem o the political ideas.

'or political ideas acquire opera ive force in human affairs when . . they acquire legitimacy, when hey have the title of being right vhich binds men's consciences. Then they possess, as the Confucian loctrine has it, "the mandate of ieaven."

id a further paragraph of Mr. ppmann's on the teachings of ilosophers, leads directly to Mr. iller's book:

What the prevailing philosophers say about religion is not itself, in Tillich's terms, religion as an ultimate concern of worship and ove. But if the philosophers teach hat religious experience is a purely psychological phenomenon, related o nothing beyond each man's psychic condition, then they will give educated men a bad intellec ual conscience if they have relig ous experiences. The philosophers annot give them religion. But they an keep them away from it.

r Mr. Miller, who is writing "a th-Century essay on justification by ith," is, of course, thoroughly out patience with those who suggest at religious experience is a purely ychological phenomenon. Here is man who stands at the opposite le from Lord Russell. The latter es nothing but danger in faiths. r. Miller is openly scornful of Lord ussell:

He is not the only rationalist of his generation who has made good Christian copy by confessing to a new and wholesome helplessness in the face of contemporary crisis: though not all of them have sold out to the pious so completely as Bertrand Russell, who has been known to end his lectures of late with a coy reference to "that dirty word, Love," and has even gone so far as to drag in "*Christian* love" as a viable option for a repentant rationalist.

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explains the Christian dogma as it applies to our problems today. He, like Lippmann, complains of those who see religious experience simply in terms of neurosis. There are fascinating passages in the book on the work of contemporary writers as they illuminate or question current theological and ethical beliefs (Koestler, Greene, Penn Warren). There are references, of course, to the work of Sartre and Huxley among others, and a tidy dismissal of William Buckley of Yale. And there are statements of faith as at the end.

> To live *here* [in the Community of Faith] is to measure life not in achievement but in obedience, even if it be only the obedience of a sincere penitence: God be merciful to me a sinner. Here is the place where the power and the glory of God are seen, not in the Church's accomplishments but in the face of Christ. It is here that we learn, not only that the death of the self is the beginning of selfhood and the meaning of our salvation, but by what merciful mechanisms of grace the self is struck down.

Reading Mr. Miller will be a moving experience for many, though in spite of its affirmations and the persuasive introduction by Reinhold Niebuhr I find the book more lacking in grace and less stimulating than the less dogmatic but no less heart-felt work of Mr. Lippmann. And Lord Russell's intellectual fireworks are as illuminating as ever, even though much of the basis of his thought will be already familiar to his perennial admirers.

The Missing Macleans, by Geoffrey Hoare.

The story of the British diplomats who vanished in 1951 and of the disappearance two years later of Mrs. Maclean, the wife of one of them, and her three children, is a story of terror and mystery peculiar to our times. One reads with concentration as if by so doing one could unravel the mystery—and of course one can't. Not by reading the known facts of the case. Thus this book by a reporter who knew the Macleans rather well is a disappointment though it gives a great deal of family and character background. But none of that really helps either. Indeed to one who has read the newspapers and the Cyril Connolly book, *The Miss-*

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And another reminiscence of Tony and Nick's night club by the author of "Protection for a Tough Racket," ***Cordelia Baird Gross***

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Diplomats, this one seemed repe tious and spread pretty thin. The hole last section is called "Where d They Go?" but neither the thor nor anybody else has been le to answer that big question ut.

Viking, $3.75

FORECAST

ndbergh, Garbo, Malenkov

ography and memoirs come in eat variety this spring. In March ntheon is publishing ***Anne Mor- w Lindbergh's*** first book in eleven ars, a personal narrative, called *t From the Sea*. From Doubleday March comes *Garbo* by ***John inbridge***. . . . In April we can look rward to ***Mary Pickford's*** auto- ography, *Sunshine and Shadow*, so from Doubleday, to the second olume of the ***Eduard Benes*** *emoirs* from Houghton Mifflin, id to *Hogarth's Progress* by ***Peter uennell***, from Viking. . . . In May cGraw-Hill is to publish a "per- nality analysis" and an account of e life of the Soviet Premier Georgi . Malenkov, by ***Martin Ebon***, and arcourt Brace will publish a emoir by ***Grace Hegger Lewis***, a ook telling of the early years of her arriage to Sinclair Lewis and the ys of his first successes, *With Love om Gracie*.

istory

s a transition between biography id history we have *Andrew Jackson* es, again) *Symbol for an Age*, by ***ohn William Ward***, coming from xford in May. Earlier on, in March om Doubleday comes a new book the Mainstream of America Series, *rom Lexington to Liberty, The ory of the American Revolution* by ***ruce Lancaster***. . . . And in May xford will publish an odd book of istory called *1848: Biography of the ear*, by the journalist and historian ***aymond Postgate***.

riticism

wo poets turn critics this spring. In larch ***Louise Bogan's*** *Selected Criti- sm: Poetry and Prose*, comes from oonday Press, and in April Viking ill publish *Predilections*, a book f criticism by ***Marianne Moore***.

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THE NEW RECORDINGS

Hi-Fi in the Record Player

Edward Tatnall Canby

It's worth mentioning, even if it seems obvious, that the automatic record changer is first of all a machine for producing dance music, cocktail backgrounds, and discreet musical *décor* at more highbrow evening parties. The essence of such entertainment is that it takes care of itself. Stack on the records, flip the switch, and let mechanical ingenuity do the rest. That's what a changer is for.

The classicophile (and the high-jazz man) definitely wants greater control over his "foreground" listening. He's quite ready to jump up and down to get it, especially at the longer LP interval. Frankly, I don't think the changer was ever popular with the listener who puts music in the foreground, even in the days of the massive 78 rpm album and the "AM" and "DM" automatic couplings of fond memory.

Judge your own listening habits and choose from these categories of new developments accordingly.

Changers. (1) Standard U. S. models, continued from year to year, are improved (aside from pastel colors and streamlining in significant details) for hi-fi needs. Webcor and V-M changers, the leaders, now feature larger, longer-lasting, four-pole motors in most models, with decreased rumble and better magnetic shielding. In addition to the built-in crystal or ceramic turnover cartridges of so-so quality, there are models less cartridge (your choice) and models with the GE Triple-Play magnetic hi-fi cartridge built in.

But, at the price, you may still run into deficiencies, notably in rumble and pitch steadiness, if you have a big system and a keen ear.

(2) European imported changers have led the way toward higher quality, but at a higher price. British Garrard and Collaro changers are comparatively cheap and generally durable, though with some persistent bugs and clumsinesses. Swiss (Thorens) changers offer typical precision-at-a-price, the German Miracord (about $60, less cartridge) is a good buy now that earlier bugs have been removed.

Manual players. These increasingly popular alternatives to the familiar changers give equivalent values in performance. Complete with motor, base, and arm included, Garrard's Model T (the RC-80 drive mechanism) is low priced, somewhat clumsy, at $32; Collaro sells a similar British manual model. The German Miraflex XM-110 ($40) is preferable, I'd say, to its more elaborate changer equivalent, the Miracord (above), an excellent machine. There are Swiss Lenco and Thorens models, though the latter's traditional center-shaft drive is quite expensive. Bogen's imported B50-4LC is a variable-speed arm-and-table (notches for 33, 45, 78) useful for special purposes at $50, lowest price of its type.

Professional-grade turntables. The prices may horrify you, but many people are willing to pay them for superior performance here. Rek-O-Kut's new Rondine tables include a low-price two-speed model, L-34 ($50) which dispenses with the old 78 speed, plus new designed three-speed models, much lighter in construction than previous Rek-O-Kuts but with equivalent performance ($70 and, with special hysteresis motor for extreme quiet and accuracy of pitch, $120). De luxe indeed

Rek-O-Kut's growing competition includes a new Presto T-15 ($55); the somewhat bulky D & R, with a plastic outside-driven table; the Component with a linen belt drive; the Thorens direct-drive (above); and a top-quality ultra-quiet motor from H. H. Scott of Cambridge, Mass. All these, of course without arms, cartridges, or mounting. A good arm ($15 up) plus diamond point cartridge ($25 up) are reasonable accessories to match such high quality.

Something to dream about, and worth looking forward to, I can guarantee, for good music as well as good hi-fi.

Worth Looking Into . . .

Song with Orchestra

Mahler: Three Rückert Songs. Kathleen Ferrier; Vienna Philharmonic, Bruno Walter. London LD 9137 (10″).

Three profoundly beautiful examples of this unique Mahler song form, with his best orchestral interpreter and the late British soprano, beautifully paired.

Bach: Coffee Cantata; Amore Traditore. Bruno Mueller, bar., Friederike Sailer, Sopr., J. Feyerabend, narr.; Pro Musica Orch. Stuttgart, Rolf Reinhardt. Vox PL 8980.

An amusing and very musical rendition of the Bach farce about the coffee craze (not unlike the present one for mambo) sparked by the excellent Friederike Sailer, one of the best Bach singers in operation.

Richard Strauss Operatic Recital. (Excerpts from Arabella, Ariadne auf Naxos, Capriccio.) Lisa della Casa, with Paul Schoeffler, Franz Bierbach, Vienna Philharmonic, Hollreiser. London LL 1047.

Splendid excerpt from the curiously compelling late Strauss (1912-48), now increasingly popular. Della Casa, Swiss, is a fine (though cool) Strauss soprano.

Solo Voice—Songs and Singers

Bach: Geistliche Lieder, complete. Hildegard Roessel-Majdan, sop.; Hugues Cuenod, tenor; R. Harand, cello; H. Holetschek, hps. Westminster WAL 402 (4).

The three hundred and some "Bach chorales" were Bach's arrangements of then-familiar hymns (plus a few of his own) for choir use and for organ accompaniment to congregational singing. Many of the same strong tunes, of course, appear also in his large choral works and in the organ chorale preludes and in the works of other composers. These "ghostly" (sacred) songs are the same tunes in another form, the melody set with no more than a figured bass—*i.e.,* a bass line with figures to indicate keyboard accompaniment harmonies. The intention was for solo singing, not in church but in the home.

And what songs they are! Luther was supposed to have said, "Why let the devil have all the good tunes?" and accordingly, many of these were adapted directly from popular ditties. The Lutherans knew the universal emotional appeal of a strong melody, whatever its origin, and they were unmoved by the sort of battles over "secular" influence that have confused so many church music-makers.

Songs of Brahms. (Four Serious Songs; Two Songs with Viola obbl.; Im Stille Nacht; Sandmännchen.) Nell Rankin, Coenraad V. Bos, pf.; C. Cooley, vla. Capitol P 8289.

The four last songs of Brahms, the "Serious Songs" to sacred texts of gloomy purport, are about the toughest

Brahms there is to get across; this version is the most accessible I've heard and should "sell" the songs to many who have floundered in their inky convolutions before now. The reason, aside from Nell Rankin's naturally accurate and lovely voice, is perhaps Coenraad V. Bos, who coached her—and who was the pianist, in Brahms' presence, at the first performance in 1896!

Nell Rankin's American-style voice is big, of the Traubel sort; her pitch sense is excellent and she has learned style remarkably well. Only a certain telltale instrumental monotony of tone color, a slight lack of "speaking" quality, indicates that the German lied is not her native song.

Irmgard Seefried. (Wolf and Brahms Songs). With Erik Werba, pf. Decca DL 9743.

HERE you will find summed up the difference between a fine German singer singing a German song and a fine American doing the same. This lady not only has a beautiful voice and a superb musical sense but she sings this music as though by instinct, for it is her own heritage and she understands it through and through. An interesting point for us Americans, who are eternally absorbing other people's styles in so much of our music-making life.

The series of twenty-two Wolf songs (*Italienisches Liederbuch*) is outstanding here. Wolf is seldom done well in quantity. It takes a fabulously good musical ear to follow and to project his often-complex harmonic progressions, and few singers are entirely at ease with him. These performances are a joy, full of drama and humor. Good recording of voice and of the excellent pianist, the surfaces unfortunately so-so.

Dvorak: Biblische Lieder; Zigeunerweisen; Liebeslieder. Hildegarde Roessel-Majdan; Franz Holetschek, pf. Westm. WL 5324.

THE soprano and keyboardist of the Bach songs (see above) in a memorable group of Dvorak songs, two dozen in the three collections, most of which are rarely heard. (And what inferior stuff is usually heard instead!) The Biblical Songs, to psalm texts, are curiously rich and red-cheeked, right out of "Hansel and Gretel" and "The Bartered Bride"—lovely and fresh, if incongruous. (No more so than most other Western Bible-inspired art.) The Gypsy Songs add a pleasing touch of "Hungarian Rhapsody" style to the same; one in particular is a superb lyric piece. The love songs are more serious and romantic than those of Brahms. All in all, a transcendently honest and lyric Romantic expression. Better recording, better surfaces, than the Decca above.

Couperin: Leçons de Ténèbres. Hugues Cuenod, Gino Sinimberghi, tenors; F. Holetschek, hps., organ; R. Harand, cello. Westm. WL 5387.
Couperin: Three Tenebrae Services; Audite Omnes; Motet pour le Jour de Pâques. Nadine Soutereau, sopr., Janine Collard, contr., with organ continuo, strings. Haydn Soc. HS-105.

THE same music on both of these (with two dividends on the Haydn Society disc)—the three unique settings of the "Lessons of Darkness," the Lamentations of Jeremiah, that are all which remain of nine composed by Couperin. The first two are for solo voice, the third for duet.

Though Hugues Cuenod (he has recorded the first before) sings seriously and with dedication, aided by Sinimberghi in the third piece, most listeners will find the version for women's voices far easier listening. The limpid and pure solo contralto of Janine Collard is relaxed as well as dramatic, where Cuenod's tenor is taut and nervous; Collard's subtle change of style—for the profoundly beautiful *vocalises* on the Hebrew letters that come between the more dramatic text-settings—contrasts with the overdone pianissimo that Cuenod uses; the Cuenod harpsichord and cello accompaniment is too close and loud where the Collard organ, with a discreet string or two, is far more natural and unobtrusive. But tastes differ—better sample both.

Debussy: Fêtes Galantes, First series (1892); Trois Ballades de Villon (1910). Suzanne Danco; Guido Agosti, pf. London LD 9146 (10″).
Debussy: Proses Lyriques (1893); Chansons de Bilitis (1897); Trois Ballades de Villon (1910). Flore Wend; Odette Gartenlaub, pf. Haydn Soc. HSL-106.

A FINE pair to take together, in each the early and impressionistic Debussy contrasted with the late "Villon" ballades. Far beyond his lush youthful style, the latter are saturated in that acid bitterness of concentration that makes for such difficult (but rewarding) performance in the late songs, chamber music, piano music, and orchestral works alike. Both ladies sing authoritatively, well within the crystal-clear tenets of good French style; Danco is the bigger, more operatic singer, often blasting her mike in the dramatic loud parts; Wend's smaller voice has a touch of the Parisian *gamine*, an earthiness, that has expressive meaning in these songs. Altogether an excellent exposition of singing in the French way.



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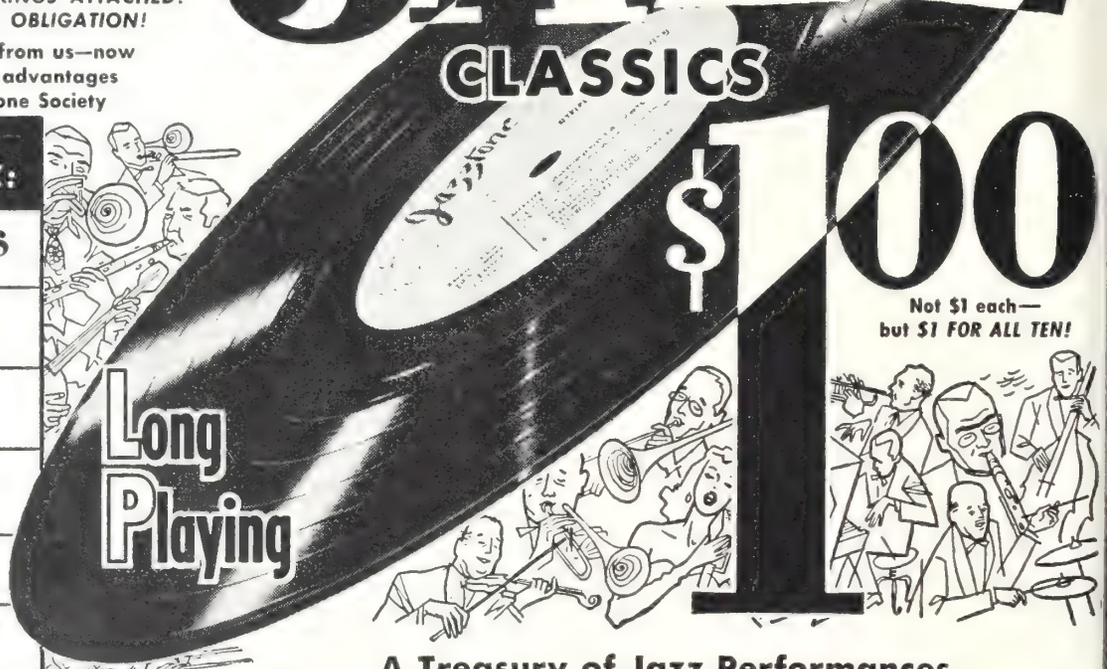
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The Telephone Pole That Became a Memorial

The cottage on Lincoln Street in Portland, Oregon, is shaded by graceful trees and covered with ivy.

Many years ago, A. H. Feldman and his wife remodeled the house to fit their dreams ... and set out slips of ivy around it. And when their son, Danny, came along, he, too, liked to watch things grow. One day, when he was only nine, he took a handful of ivy slips and planted them at the base of the telephone pole in front of the house.

Time passed ... and the ivy grew, climbing to the top of the pole. Like the ivy, Danny grew too. He finished high school, went to college. The war came along before he finished—and Danny went overseas. And there he gave his life for his country.

Not very long ago the overhead telephone lines were being removed from the poles on Lincoln Street. The ivy-covered telephone pole in front of the Feldman home was about to be taken down. Its work was done.

But, when the telephone crew arrived, Mrs. Feldman came out to meet them. "Couldn't it be left standing?" she asked. And then she told them about her son.

So the pole, although no longer needed, wasn't touched at all. At the request of the telephone company, the Portland City Council passed a special ordinance permitting the company to leave it standing. And there it is today, mantled in ivy, a living memorial to Sergeant Danny Feldman.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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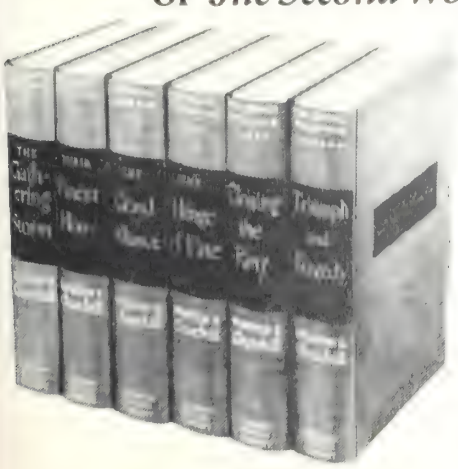
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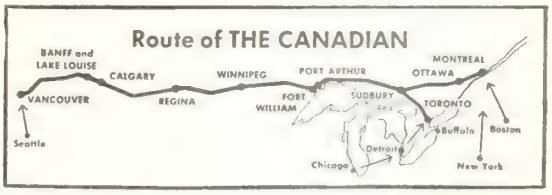


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Mr. Justice Holmes
United States Supreme Court
May 8, 1905

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LETTERS

Where There's Smoke—

To the Editors:

The piece on cigars by Keith Monroe ["They Made the Cigar Respectable," February] was amusing, entertaining, and fairly inaccurate. Apparently he did a minimum of research on this subject.

How can anyone review the history of the cigar business as an industry without mentioning me? With the possible exception of Winston Churchill (and I'm willing to argue about that), I'm sure that I'm the best known cigar smoker in the world. Each week on TV thirty-five or forty million people watch me blow out puffs of pure Havana.

Are you sure this piece wasn't written by Marilyn Monroe?

GROUCHO MARX
Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor:

Some excellent proof has been offered that Mr. Keith Monroe was correct in terming a classic the campaign by cigar manufacturers to make the stogie respectable.

Will you refer to page 62 in the February issue of your magazine which contained the extolling article? Author Robert Bendiner describes the New Yorker who reads corpses as "a crusty, precise man of seventy, barely saved from an air of primness by an ever-present cigar."

Perfecto or Panatella?

WINSTON CRAM
Toledo, Ohio

To the Editors:

"They Made the Cigar Respectable" I approached with interest, read with fascination, and reflect on with growing horror. You see, I've always felt comfortably superior to the obvious wiles of the hucksters. . . . Only now do I begin to recognize my past naïveté. I've been alert only to the direct assault and completely unguarded against the fifth-column "persuasion by indirection" technique detailed in this article.

Cigar-smoking in itself being a minor vice, it is not the success of this campaign that disturbs me but rather the prospect it unveils of far more frightful monsters, now properly hated, which we may similarly unwittingly be induced to embrace. Given the desire—and the money—to employ these techniques, can't anyone change everybody's mind about almost anything? . . .

In the beginning of *1984* the her rejoices that at least a few cubic cent meters inside his skull remain his ow The horror of Orwell's picture of th future lies in the fact that he eventuall loses even those. The Cigar Manufa turers Association's success suggests tha by the time 1984 actually rolls aroun the torture techniques of "brain-wash ing" described in the book will hav been completely outmoded by the wid reach and similar results of the "pul lic-relations wizards."

LOUISE E. RORABACHER
Lafayette, Ind.

Florida Stretch—

To the Editors:

Re William L. Rivers' article, "Flo ida: The State with the Two-W Stretch" in your February issue, I a certainly happy at any time to be me tioned in such an outstanding public tion as yours.

Of course, in reading the article an noting the concluding paragraph o page 36, I was rather surprised to lear that having been in a sense, I gues promoted by the voters of the First Di trict of Florida to the United Stat House of Representatives, in your mag zine I was rather unexpectedly an undoubtedly, unintentionally demote to my previous station as a member the Florida House of Representativ where I had the privilege of serving Minority Leader.

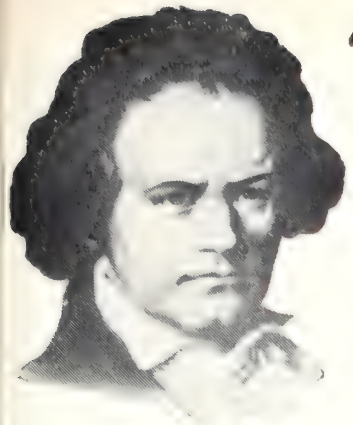
This is to inform you that Florid has taken the step of electing a Republ can to Congress and, as a matter of fac the first Republican to be elected sout of North Carolina since Reconstructio days. . . .

Florida now has *six* GOP Hous Members and one Senate Member i the State Legislature. . . .

WILLIAM C. CRAMER
Member of Congress
First District, Florida

To the Editors:

William L. Rivers' nice—if ligh weight—piece on Florida included reference to the defeat of former Ac ing Governor Johns, "a man of broa background in the state Legislature, an plain features" by the incoming go ernor Leroy Collins, a candidate o "pulchritudinous stamp." The implic tion was that Florida's gubernatori election was decided on the basis of th candidates' "looks" and that only Joh



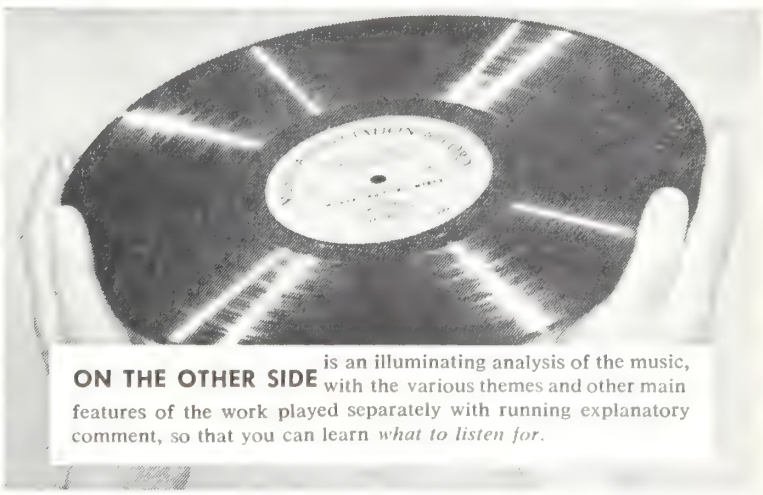
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To the Editors:

[illegible] told only part of the story. We lived in Gainesville for two years before [illegible] to California, and even a two-year [illegible]tence to Florida living seemed [illegible] made us long for the nice cool slu[illegible] Chicago. . . .

[illegible]

Menlo Park, Calif.

[illegible] could properly be described as [illegible] colony. . . . Florida art is usu[illegible] art derive from noticing roadsid[illegible] art museum or gallery?

[illegible] contemporary art is a Florida [illegible] Florida art is owned and show[illegible] our painters and sculptors. [illegible] to membership professional artis[illegible] cal limit of 125 and a waiting li[illegible] founded in 1926 and said to be [illegible] up of local artists throughout [illegible] been active in Florida art . . [illegible] some major art galleries. . . . A[illegible]

LETTERS

even touching on the art depart-
s of the two state universities. . . .

RALPH H. MCKELVEY
Bradenton, Fla.

Military Information—

he Editors:
annot resist the urge to congratu-
William Stucky on his hilarious ex-
"How to Collect Military Infor-
on" [February].
ving spent two years as an Air
public information officer—ped-
such trash by direct order— I am
y to see a literate valuation of the
led "home-town release program."

JOHN R. STEVENS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

he Editors:
lliam Stucky's article was amusing,
must have created the erroneous
ession that Army public informa-
officers are burying editors under
alanche of unwanted news stories.
e Army Hometown News Center
established in Kansas City in 1952
minate the situation described. . . .
e Center is staffed by trained news
who screen hometown stories re-
d from Army posts overseas and in
United States. Amateurish, inac-
, incomplete, or questionable
s are discarded. A single envelope
s several stories to the military
, and a determined effort is made
sure that no editor receives more
one envelope a day.
e Center is now sending material
6 per cent of the daily newspapers
e United States, 90 per cent of the
ies, and 78 per cent of the radio
ns. . . . All editors receiving this
e have requested it—in writing. . . .
e poorly written stories cited by
Stucky are not typical of the prod-
eing turned out by the Army, and
sure he will be interested to know
the three Army areas which were
using the Center at the time his
was written are now using it. As
dt we anticipate fewer mistakes of
ype which provided the basis for
cetious story.

GILMAN C. MUDGETT
Major General GS
Chief of Information and
Education
Washington, D. C.

Welcome, My Darling

he Editors:
Though Mr. John Sack presents a
ing and sympathetic picture of
Swatis ["The Wali and Other
fs," February], one point mars what



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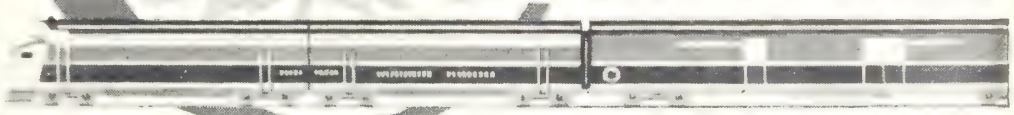
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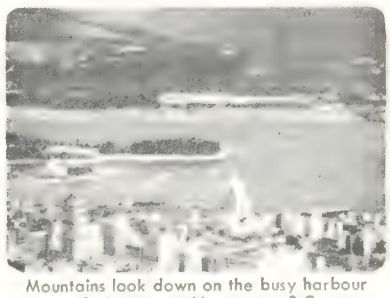
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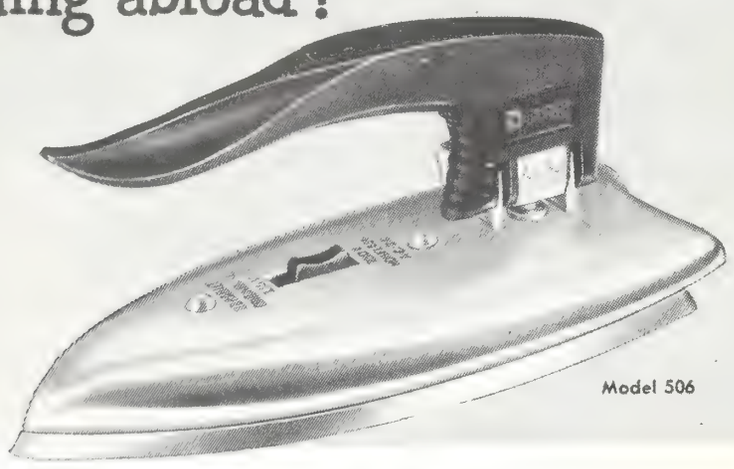
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LETTERS

might otherwise be considered a erudite presentation. I refer to the par graph commencing: "The people Saidu Sharif were quite friendly, an many cried 'Welcome!' to me in th streets. One boy, in fact, cried 'We come, my darling!' . . . Homosexualit is common among the Swatis, who women go in purdah, and I often sa men walking hand in hand."

Here is an intellectual non sequitu of a serious cast. Mr. Sack implies, b the juxtaposition of these two sentence that the boy who persisted in callin "Welcome, my darling!" was actual making a homosexual advance to hir . . . I believe that there is a much mo plausible explanation: mistakes ca easily occur when rendering idiomat phrases from one language to anothe . . . In my many years in India I four few Indians, even amongst those wl were highly intelligent and highly ed cated, who could resist responding "How do you do" with "Thank you."

Mr. Sack's inference that men wal ing hand in hand is indicative of hom sexuality being "common among th Swatis" is also inadequate. There is noted absence of squeamishness of su casual physical contact amongst me from Port Said to Bangkok and beyon and I do not believe that the consens of psychiatric opinion would indica marked homosexuality amongst the me living in that vast area. . . .

G. L. Coldblood
Madison, Wisc.

The Hair Sofa—

To the Editors:

I suggest that you change the nar of your column to the "Hair Sofa From avid reading of Mr. DeVoto's co tributions I come to the conclusion th he is not a man who ever reclines an easy chair. But—I like the g Somehow or other his chronic in ability strikes a responsive chord wi me. I find myself agreeing with so ma of his dislikes—bad coffee, bum fo automatic gear shifts, nylon shirts, p ple who despoil our National Parks, a people who would convert all o natural scenic beauty to kilowatt ho and board feet of lumber.

John Kaluf
Colonel USMC, Retired
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

Mr. DeVoto's article in your Febru issue is of special interest to me becau I have just returned from a two-we trip through the South. I traveled 4,0 miles by air, 1,200 miles by train, a 800 miles by rented car. . . . I was delayed by either the railroads or

LETTERS

ies. Everyone was quite courteous
he air lines were especially help
hen I had to re-arrange my sched
. . I think Mr. DeVoto must be
ky or just plain crabby.

ROBERT A. EBERSOLE
Park Forest, Ill.

e Editors:

DeVoto's comments on travel
l be reprinted and sent to all the
travel agencies in the country. . . .

BERNICE ENGLE
San Francisco, Calif.

Engineer Training—

e Editors:

Odiorne's "The Trouble with
eers" in January was excellent,
t me add one detail. I am told
ıot many who anticipate a five
iberal arts–engineering course as
ıen follow the program to its con-
n.

of the main reasons, I have ob-
, is the necessity of leaving the
l arts college at the end of the
year and entering a new institu-

ts has solved this problem by of-
a formal liberal arts–engineering
ım in five years on the same cam-
. .

GRANT E. CURTIS
Director of Admissions
Tufts College, Mass.

Reading Corpses—

e Editors:

e Man Who Reads Corpses," by
Bendiner [February], made in-
ıg reading. It would also be
ting to hear how many inquiries
ıve had about that lethal 35 per
f carbon monoxide in the blood.
nt chemistry handbook indicates
ater will absorb only about two
ee thousandths of one per cent
dioxide on a weight basis. Can
blood dissolve over 10,000 times
h?

ROBERT E. HODGSON, JR.
Atlanta, Ga.

Editors:

ln't mean that the unfortunate
's blood was more than 35 per
rbon monoxide by weight, but
that the carbon monoxide blood
on exceeded the 35 per cent
. Gettler says can be fatal. That
e than 35 per cent of the hemo-
was combined with carbon mon-
in the form of carboxyhemo-
Enough, apparently, to have
ıe lady in.

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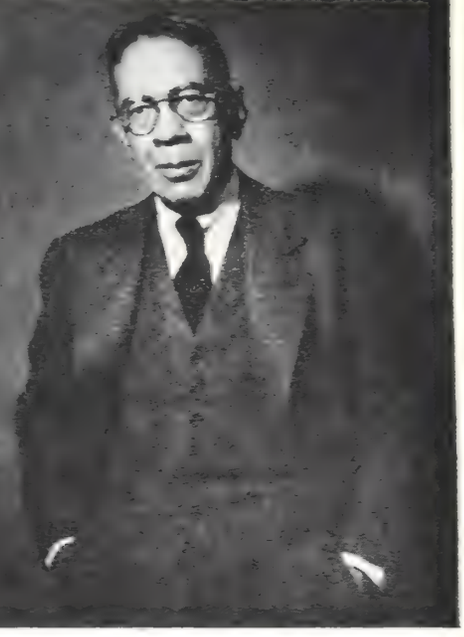
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The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



GUILT BY DISTINCTION

PARANOIA, the textbook says, is "a chronic mental disorder of insidious development." It is characterized by "persistent, unalterable, systematized, logically reasoned delusions." The text goes on to speak of "delusional beliefs which become the uppermost and guiding theme of the patient's life." No scientist, I believe, has tried to produce it experimentally. But we have seen that it can be grown from seed.

In order to follow the Reece Committee, which was appointed to investigate tax-exempt foundations (all over again), one must do a lot of reading. Its Report runs 432 pages. Add the 943 pages of the first volume of the Hearings which are mainly devoted to an attack on various scholarly foundations and societies. Some additional material of this kind appears in the second volume, 298 pages long, but most of the volume consists of the statements which a number of foundations filed in rebuttal to the accusations by the Committee's staff and its hand-picked witnesses.

There are some interesting accessory facts about the Report. The minority members of the Committee, Mr. Wayne Hays of Ohio and Mrs. Gracie Pfost of Idaho, announce that they were not consulted during its preparation and say that, so far as they can tell, the majority members were not consulted, either. They add that the staff, which prepared it, altered some portion of the text of the Hearings, "changing the context and meaning of questions by minority members." Also, the report contains a supplementary statement by Mr. Reece vilifying Mr. Hays, which was added to it without Mr. Hays's knowledge.

Finally, there is a remarkable omission, which is connected with some odd behavior by a member of the Committee, Mr. Angier L. Goodwin of Massachusetts. Mr. Goodwin signed the Report, thereby making it a majority report, on December 20, 1954. That is, the Report as printed carries that date. But on December 18 Mr. Goodwin gave Mr. Reece a statement of "Additional Views," which has been mimeographed. A note prefixed to it says that the Report had been filed for printing two days earlier, on December 16. In his statement Mr. Goodwin says that he dissents from the principal findings of the Report that carries his signature. He says that the Cox Committee, of which he had been a member, investigated the same charges against the foundations and explicitly and specifically denied what the Reece Report affirms. He ends the statement, "Nothing has transpired in the proceedings of the present committee to cause me to alter or modify the views expressed in" the Cox Report. Why he signed a verdict which he considered unjustified and untrue is not explained.

Most of the press has shrugged off the Reece Investigation as too idiotic to be taken seriously. I am afraid that this attitude was a mistake. The investigation was a brilliantly planned and executed attack not only on scholarly foundations but on much else besides. The Report is preposterous but it is permanently on record as the findings of a House committee. From now on it will be useful to anyone who may be interested in growing paranoia from seed.

The Cox Committee ended by reporting that the mishmash of accusations about the foundations with which it had dealt were unjustified by the facts. Mr. Reece's motives in procuring

another inquiry into the same mishmash may or may not be obscure, but his purpose was clear. In July 1953 he made a speech in the House; rather, he made part of a speech and entered the rest of it in the *Congressional Record*. It was a bill of particulars which set forth the conclusions he was directing the new committee to reach. The dreamlike or phantasmagorical state in which the committee was to operate begins with this speech. It is composed of fantastic allegations presented as facts. Of the ultimate Report the minority says, "Some of the statements of fact and opinion contained in [it] are untrue on their face, others are at best half-truths, and the vast majority are misleading." That goes for Mr. Reece's speech.

HERE is a specimen.. Mr. Reece alludes to "a grant of $15 million to protect the civil liberties of Communists and to investigate the Congress of the United States," which he says has been made by the Fund for the Republic, an offshoot of the Ford Foundation. A couple of sentences farther on this becomes "$15 million being set aside to investigate the Congress of the United States." To Mr. Reece the grant seems not only subversive but blasphemous, and his outrage was to be faithfully echoed by the staff in the Hearings, but what is he talking about? About this: a grant of $50,000 to the highly respectable American Bar Association. One of its committees was to make seven studies of the state of individual rights under our security system, among them one dealing with "the extent to which Congress should limit the scope and regulate procedures of its investigations." Observe: not investigate but study; not $15 million but one-seventh of $50 thousand; and not Congress but some of its committee procedures which many other organizations are studying.

The Committee was named and in September 1953 a staff of fifteen was appointed, of whom one, apparently clerical, was assigned to Mr. Hays and Mrs. Pfost. The preparation of an *ex parte* case occupied the staff eight months, till May 1954. In May and June twelve public hearings were held. Mr. Reece, Mr. Hays, and Mrs. Pfost attended them faithfully. Mr. Goodwin was present occasionally, the third majority member hardly at all. He was Mr. Jesse P. Wolcott of Michigan, a trance-bound figure whose only contribution to the proceedings was a melancholy assent to the thesis of a witness that Fabian Socialism had destroyed Great Britain and was rapidly destroying the United States.

"I do not like what I see on the horizon," Mr. Wolcott said. "The sun is not coming up. It is a very cloudy day in America because of Fabian Socialism."

His and Mr. Goodwin's proxies were in Mr. Reece's pocket, so that the minority could be voted down whenever they tried to bring realism or fairness into the hearings.

There were only twelve witnesses. Three of them were members of the staff and two were officials of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The latter two had been brought in to represent that the foundations should be denied tax-exemption because they were engaging in propaganda and financing subversive activity, but they were much too honest to do so. Six of the remaining seven had been sedulously hunted out, apparently by means of the Cox Committee files, to support the case which the staff had put together—the most bemused of them was the one who saddened Mr. Wolcott by establishing that the downfall of the United States was the work of Fabians. (The Fabians made a "beachhead" here in the early 1890s. The destruction they have wreaked on us goes back to their first great triumph of subversion, the income-tax amendment.)

The other witness was Dr. Pendleton Herring, of the Social Science Research Council. His calm and lucid statement instantly reduced the staff's hurrah's nest to its constituent lies, slander, irrelevance, and nonsense. He was not permitted to complete his appearance and no one else was permitted to testify for the foundations: Mr. Reece called off the hearings. The Report says that the conduct of Mr. Hays had made further ones impossible. It also says that the foundations will be permitted to file statements and that they will thus escape "the embarrassment of cross-examination." (Yes, that is exactly how it reads; see page 2.) All along this had been the staff's idea of how to conduct the investigation. There should be no witnesses, they thought, only "research"; best simply to enter their own paste-up of selected excerpts, assertions, and allegations protected from the embarrassment of cross-examination by Mr. Hays and from any requirement that supporting evidence be offered.

THE OPPROBRIOUS conduct of Mr. Hays consisted of his daily effort to bring out the facts which the staff refused to submit. A witness would make an extreme, ominous, and usually irrelevant assertion of something that was supposed to be fact. Mr. Hays would force him to reduce it to a private opinion, then to a vague suspicion, and finally to mere gas. (Thereupon the Chairman would let the witness proceed on the assumption that his original wild statement had been established incontrovertibly.) Mr. Hays would demand that one or another of the scholars casually maligned by suspicion or slander be brought in and allowed to speak for himself. Mr. Reece or the staff would reply that he certainly would be as soon as the staff's case was completed, but none ever was. Mr. Hays would ask that an issue raised by a witness be explored in the interest of de-

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THE EASY CHAIR

ency, he would be told, "Everything at the proper time," and that was the end of that. The wire services featured his success in getting a member of the staff to identify excerpts from two Papal encyclicals as typical of the "Communist thinking" that the foundations are supposed to have succeeded in imposing on our betrayed society. It was a valuable demonstration but it was less important than his obstinate struggle to expose the dishonesty, distortion, misrepresentation, and malice in the testimony that has been printed in the Hearings.

I cannot summarize here nine hundred pages of allegations that are usually crackbrained when they are not dishonest. The staff claimed to have studied only about ten foundations but succeeded in traducing several dozen. Its prime targets were those established by Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Ford money, and great professional and educational organizations to which they have granted funds. These, the case is supposed to establish, have been captured by an "interlock," a managerial caste, which uses them to subvert American scholarship, education, government, foreign policy, religion, morals, family life, and what have you. They are anti-American, international-minded, "globalist," pro-Russian; also collectivist, Socialistic, and headed toward Communism when not already Communist-controlled. Their principal instrument of subversion is the social sciences, most of all sociology. In fact it is the social sciences that have poisoned us. They stand for "moral relativism" and "empiricism." They are subversive and the foundations finance their subversion.

THE scarlet thread that unifies this hodgepodge is the theme of conspiracy. Whenever Mr. Hays was able to nail a witness down, he backed away from the word and spoke instead of a "tendency"; but the existence of an active conspiracy is frequently asserted and endlessly implied. We are to believe that a large and growing group of scholars and foundation officials are working to convert the United States into a Socialistic if not Communistic society, to destroy our political sovereignty, and to force world govern-

SUMMI
FESTIV

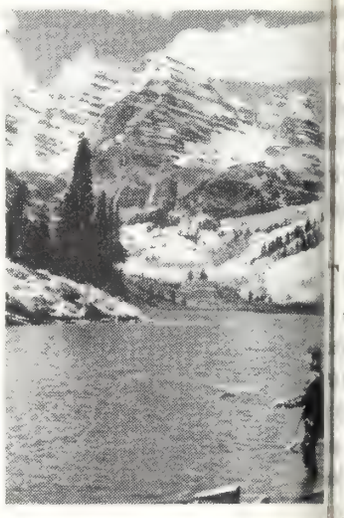
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...t on us. (And that many more ... do not know what they are ...g serve the same ends.)

...he conspirators have made use of ...entism," the philosophy of John ...ey, the Kinsey Report, progres- education, the New Deal, and ...y other principle of education or ...orical event that the staff could ... in. (There was an amusing ...ment when Mr. Reece, who repre- ...s a Tennessee district after all, ... to turn a somersault in midair ... come up defending T V A, which ...eone had said was Communistic ... conspiratorial.) Almost every- ...g that has happened in or to the ...ted States in three-quarters of a ...ury was wholly or in part the ...k of this conspiracy. Its activities ...tiply all the time.

THIS mass of innuendo, in- ...sinuation, allegation, and mis- ...ment is too insubstantial to be ...t with critically. But the past ... years have made us all too fa- ...ar with the methods used to ...ad it on the record. It is a ...tage. The staff presents in- ...erable extracts from books, ...rts, and other documents ... ched out of context (frequently ...llision) and made to say, or to ...y or suggest, what they obvi- ... do not mean, often the exact ...posite of what they obviously do ...n.

...any of the assertions and in- ... does that the record contains ...of such a kind that they cannot ...necked or even analyzed. Many ... s are absurd and still others are, ...e minority says, untrue on their ... The trumped-up case makes ...f any material whatsoever that ...be made to bring the persons ... oundations involved under sus- ...n—no matter that one allega- ...often contradicts another one. ...ntrives to mention accusingly or ... iously a far larger number of ...ars and public figures than any ...er exercise in defamation. Other ...ures have tried to defame re- ...able people by use of the by ... wearily familiar principle of ... by association. But the Reece ...mittee has created two new ...ories, guilt by distinction and ... by advanced education.

...d at the end of its Report the ...mittee draws up a new list of

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With these principles to guide him, the Catholic finds it both logical and necessary to fulfill his obligations to other men . . . to obey the civil laws . . . and to labor for the improvement of society as well as personal gain. For him, the basic principles of democratic freedom are not merely a political code of ethics but a fundamental part of his religion. Human rights, the right of private property, and government with the consent of the people, are essentials of Catholic philosophy of life.

Communism, the lawyer says, is a deadly menace to the world because the solutions it offers to men's problems, though definite, are false and often hideous. Catholicism alone, he adds, offers answers equally as definite and forceful, and backed up by an equal unity and zeal.

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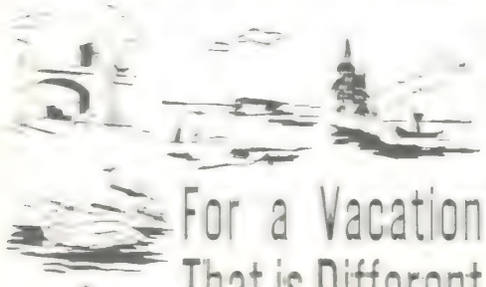
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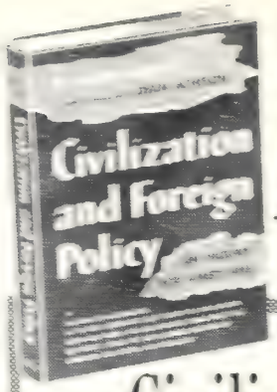


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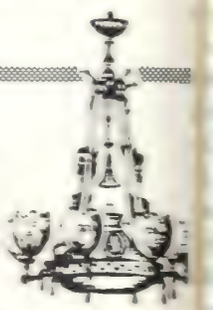
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is hard enough, God knows, for a
ble mind to keep a firm hold on
ality, to control the impulses to
e from it that we are all subject to.
hat about unstable minds? There
those who fear they may be in-
ior and therefore fear people who
ey think may be superior to them.
ere are those who are under al-
st intolerable pressure to flee from
rifying realities into a fantasy of
st time supposed to be safe—to
ieve safety by withdrawing from
present and repudiating the
cessities of our age. There are
se whose judgment has already
n impaired by something very
ch like delusional beliefs—and
ose fears can be converted into a
nviction that there is directed at
m a wholly imaginary hostility
other people, of anyone at all.
t especially of a conspiracy.

TO CREATE suspicion that a conspiracy is at work is the st effective way to make such fears o "persistent, unalterable, sys-natized, logically reasoned delu-ns." We have seen the carefully ppagated delusion of conspiracy solve away the cements that held er societies together. Here in the ited States we have seen many ple labor to create in troubled nds a conviction that countless , institutions, ideas, and events stitute a conspiracy whose aim is destroy the United States from hin. Many of the best and truest ng us have been defamed with icion for which there was no on at all. Now the Reece Report done what it could to taint with suspicion of conspiracy the in-tions of scholarship and learn-and to suggest that colleges and versities are agents of the con-acy, or when not its agents, then aptives. To suggest that our high ols and primary schools and lergartens are its victims. That poisons it spreads are constantly ork among us, our children, our rnment, our press, and all the r institutions of our society.

he press was right in calling this osterous but not in dismissing it nly that. It is the kind of non-e that can be used to make the s of paranoia germinate. Is it in the most exact sense, subver-



What will happen to Krystyna?

This is Krystyna, aged 4½. Her parents, forced labourers deported from their native land, fled from behind the Iron Curtain to "freedom" in a DP camp in Western Germany where Krystyna was born. Her father died of old wounds. Her mother now has TB. There is no chance for emigration. Shifted from one depressing camp to another, they are the world's unwanted citizens. For Krystyna there seems to be no past, no present and what seems to be no future. She is not grimy faced, ragged or unkempt . . . but she represents a picture of hopelessness greater than any children of any other lands. . . . Who will give Krystyna a future . . . this child of a lost generation?

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Our nation has historically and successfully relied on free competition as the best method of providing abundance at reasonable price Americans have come to view peacetime price-fixing and controls as necessary only where there is an exclusive franchise. Now Federal pla regulate natural gas producers raise basic questions. Here the Natural Gas and Oil Resources Committee, an organization of small a large producers and others concerned about the issue, tells why it believes a dangerous precedent is being set.

Competition vs. Controls

A Basic American Issue as Seen by The Natural Gas and Oil Resources Committee

THERE is a major issue facing us all. It concerns a new interpretation of Federal laws that imposes controls on all natural gas producers who sell to interstate pipelines.

This means that for the first time in peacetime history there will be Federal price-fixing of a consumer commodity at the source.

Supporters of such regulation argue with sincerity that it will somehow benefit the consumer. They imply that ownership of gas wells is so concentrated that regulation is called for.

Opponents argue with equal sincerity that free competition among more than 5,000 gas producers is clearly the best way to regulate prices and assure abundant gas supplies for consumers.

The Natural Gas and Oil Resources Committee, and many others who have examined the issue, believe that the proposal to substitute Federal controls for free competition will ultimately hurt the consumer, will spread harmful effects to other industries and will *benefit no one*. They believe that if the American people understand the issue the people will reach the same conclusion.

Here are key questions on which thinking Americans will want to base their conclusions:

What is meant by "Federal Regulation" of the Producer?

THE FEDERAL POWER COMMISSION now has been ordered to fix the prices received by more than 5,000 competing producers for gas sold to interstate pipelines that transport gas for sale in other states.

It has ordered that prices established in long-existing contracts between producers and pipeliners were frozen at June 7, 1954, levels, and that any contract agreements for changes in these prices are no longer valid. And producers are also prohibited from making new deliveries—or discontinuing former deliveries—of gas to interstate pipelines without prior approval and certification.

What brought about this Federal Price-Fixing?

IN JUNE of 1954, Federal price control was brought on by a new interpretation of a 1938 law. Congress intended that this law regulate the interstate pipelines which carry gas from producing areas into consuming areas. It specifically exempted "production and gathering" of natural gas. But the language of the law did not clearly reflect th intent of Congress, and last year a 5-to-3 majority of t Supreme Court *re*interpreted it to mean that produce were subject to Federal control.

Many authorities do not agree with this interpretatio For example, Mr. Justice William O. Douglas, in his d senting opinion, stated:

> "Regulating the price at which the *independent produ* can sell his gas regulates his business in the most vi way any business can be regulated. That regulati largely nullifies the exemption granted by Congress

How do we get Natural Gas?

THERE ARE 31 states in which natural gas is produce but five southwestern states produce 85 per cent of

The job of getting gas from the underground reserves the 26,000,000 consumers in 43 states falls to three separa groups: the producers who get it out of the ground, t pipeline operators who transport it to market, and t distributing companies—local public utilities—who deliv it to the ultimate consumer. Producer sells to pipeli pipeline to distributor, and distributor to consumer. The are more than 5,000 producers, more than 100 interst pipeline companies, and 1,200 local public utility g companies.

Hasn't the Gas Industry always been Regulated?

GAS DISTRIBUTION, yes. The local gas company is a pub utility and, because it receives an exclusive franchi its rates have long been regulated by a local regulato body. Similarly, the interstate pipeline companies ha been regulated by the Federal Power Commission—t they are usually sole suppliers to the gas utilities.

But there are no exclusive franchises in *finding* gas. The sands compete keenly to find it and to sell it. That is w the Federal Power Commission has eleven times declin to do what it is now ordered to do—impose price-fixing the producers of natural gas.

Do only a few Big Companies produce Gas?

NO. No single company produces as much as 5 per ce The more than 5,000 producers compete vigorous

en a single pipeline negotiates for the gas of as many as producers and ends up buying from as many as 200.

l Price Controls on production reduce ousehold gas bills?

ARDLY. On a national average only about 10 per cent of the household bill goes to the producer who finds gas and sells it. That is the producer's total share, not profit. The other 90 per cent goes to the pipeline com- y and the local public utility to cover the heavy cost of smission and distribution. If the producer *gave* his gas y, the average household consumer would save less 1 2 cents a day.

v did the Consumer fare before Controls?

OM 1945 to mid-1954, the cost of living rose 49.7 per ent while the cost of gas to the household consumer only a nation-wide average of 12 per cent.

we have Adequate Supplies of Natural Gas?

GOROUS exploration by producers has added to our proved, recoverable reserves every year. Even so, re- es have increased by only one-third in a ten-year period n demand has doubled.

here are entire areas where the demand has not yet 1 met. New pipelines to these areas can be justified only the development of large underground reserves of ral gas to supply them.

iere a Financial "Risk" in producing Gas?

:s. Despite the most advanced scientific studies, explor- tory wells have no assurance of success. In fact, over a od of years, producers have drilled eight wildcat pratory wells that yielded nothing for each one that uced. Each drilling averaged approximately $100,000 ost; some $1,000,000 and more.

ie penalty for a bad guess is increasing steadily, be- e most of the known potential gas-bearing structures the surface have already been explored and new wells be deeper, hence more expensive. These risks are n in anticipation of the reward to be gained from the essful wells.

can Federal Controls and Price-Fixing fect Gas Supplies?

EY REDUCE the incentive for exploration because they ffect the possible reward and subject the producer to tless forms, applications, hearings and suits. This, in could well lead to a marked reduction in new discov- And normally when supplies decline, prices rise.

can the Government fairly fix rates for tural Gas Producers?

AN'T. What size bureaucracy supported at public ex- nse, or how skilled a group of absentee regulators could handle the job fairly? Regulation of more than 5,000 producers, facing an even greater number of separate production problems, requires almost individual consideration of every well they drill. One producer may bring in gas with one $100,000 well. Another may spend $2,000,000 and get nothing. A third may find both oil and gas.

A fourth may be successful in one area, and unsuccessful in another.

The result of an attempt to fix prices in a situation like this is bound to be indescribable confusion and delay.

The real question is: Why Federal regulation in the first place?

How would Federal Regulation affect Conservation of Natural Gas?

FEDERAL regulation can only interfere with the excellent job now being done by the individual states because the purposes of the two are entirely different. The state's interest is in regulating the rate of oil and gas production to conserve the energies of the underground pool, so that the maximum amount of these resources may eventually be recovered.

Withdrawal of gas from the ground and preparing it for pipeline delivery involve a series of highly complicated steps. At any point in this chain the producer may face a conservation measure which tells him to do one thing and a Federal order which tells him to do the opposite.

Will Gas Control work when competing fuels are Free?

THE OPA LEARNED from experience that control of anything was an impossibility *unless competing products were equally controlled.* With fuel oil and coal free at the producing source, it is both unfair and unsound to price-fix natural gas at its source.

Would other dangers arise from Federal Regulation of Gas Production?

SINCE GAS is produced in so many cases with oil, regulation of one can lead to regulation of the other. Where next would regulation extend? Would it not extend to another competitor, coal—and then perhaps to lumber, mining, farm products—anything that is produced?

Where does the Public Interest lie?

OUR POLITICAL freedom has depended on men and ideas competing for selection by a people free to choose at the ballot box. Our economic system has been based on the same kind of free competition among products and services offered to a people free to choose. The public interest lies in this freedom to compete.

The issue goes far beyond natural gas. It goes to the very roots of America's greatness.

For further information write to:

NATURAL GAS AND OIL RESOURCES COMMITTEE, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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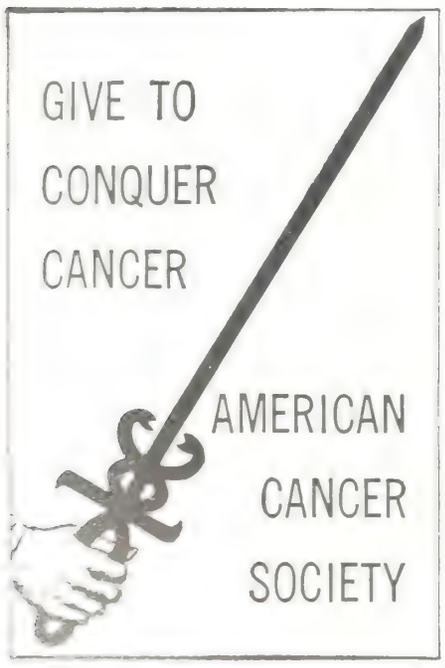
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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

Khrushchev As a Host

IN THE spring of 1946 I had a chance to get acquainted with Nikita Khrushchev under somewhat unusual circumstances—including one evening when he got staggering, glassy-eyed drunk.

His behavior on such relaxed occasions may throw a gleam of light on one facet of a personality which suddenly has become important to all of us. Since he now has the power to kill a good many Americans at any hour he might choose, even the smallest scrap of data about his habits and character may be worth noting. Moreover, the impression of that character which I picked up does not altogether tally with the newspaper speculations which have been appearing since he overthrew Malenkov.

I had not used my notes about him before because I had been, in a way, his guest. He was still a long way from the top of the Soviet hierarchy; and any suggestion that he had behaved indiscreetly in the presence of foreigners might have caused him embarrassment. Now, however, he clearly is above any such concerns.

For a couple of months that spring I was working in the Ukraine as a member of a small official mission sent out to check on the use made of some $125 million worth of United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration supplies. Khrushchev was political boss of the Ukraine and a junior member of the Politburo. Because our mission had authority to cut off shipments if our work was impeded, he and his subordinates treated us always with at least surface cordiality. With some of the lesser bureaucrats, this developed into a fairly easy, informal working relationship.

Such contacts provide a scant basis for judging the character of any man—let alone one as complicated as Khrushchev. Other members of the mission (including Marshall MacDuffie, its chief) have interpreted them somewhat differently. These comments, therefore, are far from dogmatic. Yet I got no impression that Nikita Khrushchev was either "an amiable chatterbox"—as one recent news story described him—or Second Stalin. For what it may be worth, this is the way he looked to one observer:

(1) IN APPEARANCE he is remarkably like another empire-builder who came up fast: Robert R. Young, the collector of railroads. He has much the same stature—about five feet, four inches—the same restless energy, the same impatient self-confidence of manner, and even a certain resemblance in facial expression. Like Mr. Young when talking to a Senate committee, he knows how to assume an air of earnest, wide-eyed sincerity which is most persuasive. He is equally dapper about his clothes. (When he reviewed a May Day parade in Kiev, Khrushchev turned up in the cloth cap which is *de rigueur* for such occasions—a fashion set by Lenin, and symbolic of the Working Man. But his was especially tailored of cream-colored linen, with a suit to match.)

(2) HE FRANKLY enjoys the luxuries that go with power. His office—located high up in the eleven-story heavily-guarded Palace of Ministers of the Ukraine—was furnished with the heavy Victorian lavishness which seems to characterize upper-class Soviet taste. At that time he maintained four houses—residences in Kiev and Moscow, a country *dacha* and a Black Sea vacation place which one of his subordinates described as "true palaces."

The dinner party at which he drank so freely was ostentatious even by Soviet standards. Each guest was attended by an individual waiter liveried in the style of Louis XIV, and the procession of courses—which marched on from 8:00 P.M. until nearly 2:00 A.M.—ranged from sturgeon and caviar (four varieties) through a dazzling array of elaborate desserts. Up to the point where he had to be led out of the room by two worried aides, Khrushchev

led all of them with obvious o. (Curiously, however, he passed the vodka and the wines, drink- all nine of the formal toasts in nch cognac.)

uch tastes are hardly surprising man who had spent his younger s as a coal miner, sheepherder, hand, and pipe fitter. But the kness with which he displayed n was, perhaps, a little unex- ed in a Soviet politician—espe- ly at a moment when the back- h of war had left his people in eme privation. Maybe it is re- d to his strange streak of reckless- , noted below.

) LIKE BILLIS in "South Pacific," oves projects. He seemed to get main fun in life out of conceiv- and pushing through a variety of diose schemes. When I knew , his chief project was the re- ding of the devastated Ukrainian s. The conference table in his e was littered with blueprints, ples of plywood and ceramic and models of buildings—all of h he explained with boundless usiasm. Later he plunged into schemes for prefabricated con- construction; for settling mil- s of acres of virgin land on the Artic frontier; for transforming le provinces to corn-hog farming, eled on the Iowa pattern; and eplacing the traditional Russian ges with super-collective farms, centering on a big "agricultural

me of these projects evidently tackled with more enthusiasm forethought. The super-collec- for example, never worked very and his diversion of thousands actors from the old farming to the undeveloped frontier d bring on the present crisis in t food production. (He has ged, however—at least for the ent—to blame these failures on nkov.) The same headlong trait tedly characterized some of his s during World War II, when is in charge of guerrilla opera- in the Ukraine. And his drink- abits have never been exactly nspect.

far as I know, there are no sym- of alcoholism. But he does to have some inner tension periodically demands alco- holic relief. His prowess with the bottle was mentioned, half jocularly, by several Ukrainians who had known him a long time. During the war, for example, he sometimes would enlist partisan leaders in drinking bouts, where he liked to down a water tumbler full of vodka in one long gulp.

(4) HE IS DANGEROUSLY ignorant of the outside world. Except for one recent trip to China, there is no record that he has ever traveled out side of the Soviet domain. His questions about America suggested that his views about it conform strictly to the Marxist legend. My guess is that he really believes that sooner or later the United States "inevitably" must attack the Soviet Union. On the night he drank too much, his one verbal indiscretion—if it can be called that—came near the end of a rambling, somewhat incoherent speech about Stalin and his glorious leadership during The Great Patriotic War. Bracing his fists on the table, Khrushchev looked fixedly at the Americans present and said (according to the translator at my elbow):

"We don't ever want to fight again. But I want you to remember that if anyone attacks us—anyone—we will fight to the last drop of blood."

(5) HE PROBABLY WILL never gain the absolute power that Stalin held: and at the moment he probably depends heavily on the support of two soldiers. One of these—Marshal Konev—he worked with during the Ukraine campaign. With the other—Marshal Zhukov, the country's leading military hero—he developed an intimate relationship at the time when Zhukov was exiled after the war to an obscure post in Khrushchev's bailiwick. Quite possibly he gained their help against Malenkov by promising to reverse the trend toward consumer's goods, and to devote Soviet industry primarily to the production of military hardware.

(6) HE HAS CERTAIN human qualities that Stalin never displayed. It goes without saying that he is ruthless, passionately ambitious, and skilled in intrigue. Without these qualifications, no Soviet bureaucrat rises very far. Yet where Stalin was

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Khrushchev is outgoing, gregarious, and quite capable of turning on a high voltage of politician's charm. While by no means a "chatterbox" —his conversation always was to the point—he undoubtedly does like to talk. (His Russian, according to my translator, is crude and rather slipshod.)

He gets around more than most inmates of the Kremlin: during harvest season he used to visit a collective farm almost every day, shaking hands and kissing babies like an Alabama Congressman. His mind is by no means closed to new ideas: and he might be capable of diluting Communist ideology with a little sensible pragmatism. In comparison with Stalin, he seems to be a little more the politician, a little less the conspirator. He is never likely to yield an inch of the Soviet conquests —but it is just possible that he might prove a trifle more reasonable in international negotiations.

The oddest thing about Khrushchev's seizure of power was the fact that Malenkov was demoted, not executed. Perhaps his liquidation was merely postponed, so that he can be used as the scapegoat for some future blunder. But it is also possible that Malenkov's survival means that politics—in the Western sense—is beginning to seep into the Soviet system.

If politics can be defined as the art of governing without murder, then it is fair to say that this art has been virtually unknown to the Russians throughout their history. Indeed, the very concept of government by consent, rather than coercion, seems to be hard for the Russian mind to grasp. I have no idea whether Khrushchev is, in fact, attempting a first tentative experiment with this kind of politics. (If so, it may turn out to be his most reckless venture yet.) But he does show indications of some talent for it—and even the frailest and most temporary sprouting of a less violent political life in Russia would be a hopeful sign for the rest of the world.

—*J. F.*

•••Sometimes our own brand of politics also looks frightening to the outside world. It is untidy, complicated, and rowdy. And it almost always sounds more violent than, in fact, it is. Small wonder that it dismays foreigners, and at times baffles even the folks at home.

Not, however, **William G. Carleton**, whose "The Triumph of the Moderates" appears on page 31. During the past ten years he has built up a reputation, through more than a hundred articles published here and abroad, as one of the coolest and most far-sighted of political analysts. A professor of political science at the University of Florida, he spent a good part of last year traveling all over the country and talking to scores of politicians. One result is his account of our new Era of Tranquillity.

•••Three days after **Cordelia Baird Gross's** "Protection for a Tough Racket" appeared in the December *Harper's*, her telephone began to make a noise like a cash register. Reprint rights were bought by the *Reader's Digest*. Other offers poured in from theatrical, television, radio, and film producers—including a $10,000 proposal from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Miss Gross felt that this was "an encouraging reaction" to her first published short story. Her second, "Fulfillment in Canarsie," appears on page 38. Miss Gross is a Texan, who taught school in Manhattan and worked evenings in a night club to eke out her salary. It was, she says, "a very happy night club, where love overflowed from every nook and cranny."

•••A recent visitor to the General Motors diesel locomotive factory at La Grange, Illinois, asked a foreman how anybody could possibly tell whether such a complex plant actually was operating efficiently.

"That's easy," the foreman said. "If I see anybody who is sweating, or anybody who is bored, then I know something is not organized right. When a man is bored, that means he is doing a repetitious job which a machine probably could do better. And if he is sweating, that means he is using muscle for a job that ought to be done by mechanical power. An ideal factory would only hire men to use their heads, never their backs."

Although he didn't know it, this foreman was giving a pretty fair description of Automation—perha the most revolutionary inventi America has yet produced. For re sons which **Peter F. Drucker** explai on page 41, it is likely to make t revolutionary notions of the Sovie look curiously old-fashioned a irrelevant; and it already is begi ning to work vast changes in Am ican society.

"The Promise of Automation" the second in a series of four artic by Mr. Drucker.

•••To **Louis J. Halle**, who e amines the reasons "Why We A Losing Latin America" (p. 48), t situation is not a blind or hopel one. He is a former State Depa ment policy officer, now research p fessor at the University of Virgin who resigned from the governme in 1954 after nearly thirteen years intimate concern with affairs of t Hemisphere. His latest book, *Civ zation and Foreign Policy*, is a hea liner in its field.

•••**Walter Kerr**, whose tender p scription for "Killing Off the Th ter" appears on page 55, has be reviewing new Broadway plays New York *Herald Tribune* dra critic since 1951. He taught dra at the Catholic University in Wa ington and was one of the found of its theater. For the professio stage, he has written and direct "Sing Out Sweet Land" and "Tou and Go" and he directed his wif play "King of Hearts." He has j completed a book, *How Not Write a Play*, to be published so by Simon and Schuster.

•••In "How Much Poison Are Eating?" (p. 63) **Ralph G. Mar** sums up the evidence in terms human health for and against so of the great chemical discoveries our day. Mr. Martin is associ editor of *Newsweek* and the auth of *Boy from Nebraska* and *The B Is None Too Good.*

•••**Norman Nicholson's** poem his 35th birthday (p. 67) appeared England in *The Pot Geranium.*

•••As a Capitol reporter, **Cab Phillips** has long been watching t fluctuations of American immig tion policy and recently of "Th

ony Refugee Law" described o
ge 68. He is Washington corre
ndent for the Sunday department
the *New York Times* and was
n in Williamsburg, Virginia—as
says, "within a visa's throw of the
t permanent refugee center in this
ntry, Jamestown."

•"The Genius and the Goddess"
ginning the first of three install-
nts, p. 73) is the first novel by
lous Huxley to be serialized since
er Many a Summer Dies the Swan,
ch appeared in Harper's in 1939.
Each of Mr. Huxley's many
els—the first of which, *Crome*
low, appeared in 1921—has set a
e in fiction in advance of, and
rt from, current trends, and many
them now stand as intellectual
lmarks of our times: for example,
nt Counter Point, Brave New
rld, Eyeless in Gaza.
Ir. Huxley has lived in California
many years, and his new novel is
n the United States.

Maurice Dolbier, guest critic of
ie New Books" (p. 90), is literary
or of the Providence *Journal-*
letin. He has published five
ks for children and his first book
adults will be out this month
here Near Everest. He calls
self "a hopeful playwright (still
here Near Broadway)."

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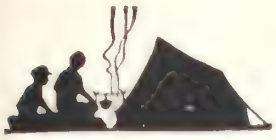
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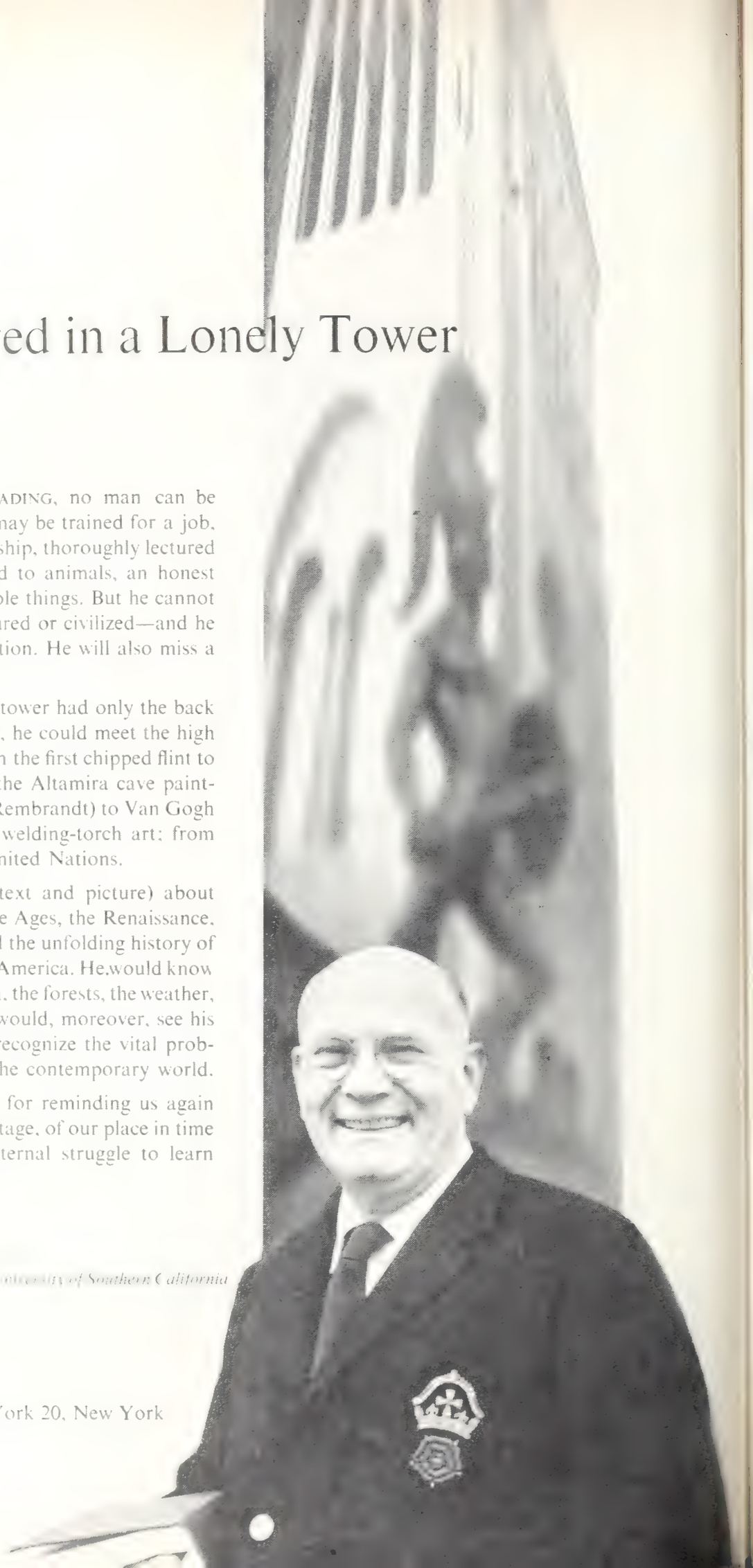
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MAGAZINE

THE TRIUMPH OF THE MODERATES

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

Why the extremists are losing out in both parties . . . and why American politics is entering its first Era of Tranquillity in half a century.

IT IS notoriously hard to tell what is really happening in American politics. Like the Missouri River in springtime, our political life is likely to baffle the casual observer. The surface is so covered with froth, floating brush, and cross-riffles that it takes a lot of probing—and long experience of the channel—to guess where the main current is running.

For the last few years the guessing has been even more contradictory than usual. Some observers have seen a steady drift toward reaction. Others were just as sure that the Republican party was tearing itself apart, leaving the way open for a return of "New Deal radicalism." Still others predicted a deadlock of two almost evenly balanced parties, which would paralyze the nation. A few—mostly Europeans—have expected us to plunge into some American brand of Fascism, or to be swept into war by hysteria.

All of these alarmed observers have, I suspect, been misled by the froth on the surface—by the deceptive violence of our political oratory, and by those short-lived emotional whirlpools which look so frightening and mean so little. Moreover, those who have come to think of American politics mainly in terms of our twentieth-century experience may need to probe a little deeper into our history. For I believe that the soundings now indicate that the main current has shifted—away from its accustomed channel of the last half-century, and back into the old stream-bed of the 1870s and 1880s.

In those decades we enjoyed our last long period of political tranquillity. I suggest that we have now entered another such period, although the country is not yet fully aware of it. It might be called an Era of Moderation; and it may well last for a considerable time. For the moderates have triumphed in both parties; they are still gaining strength; and the parties themselves are closer together—both in number and in agreement on fundamentals—than at any time in the last sixty years.

AS EVERYONE knows, the 1954 elections strengthened the pro-Eisenhower wing of the Republican party and weakened the right-wing extremists. It has been less generally noted that both the election and subsequent political events

have strengthened the moderate elements in the Democratic party, too. Control there is now firmly in the hands of middle-of-the-roaders—such men as Sam Rayburn, Lyndon Johnson, Dick Russell, Paul Butler, and Adlai E. Steven-

ized. The red-hot liberals of the Harry Hopkins–Henry Wallace–Harold Ickes persuasion have shrunk into the background, and many of the present leaders regard Americans for Democratic Action—the organizational Old Folks' Home for nostalgic New Dealers—as more of an embarrassment than

Moreover, the 1954 returns showed that the Democrats no longer hold their traditional numerical superiority. Outside of the South, they polled about 165,000 fewer votes than the Republicans. The margin by which they control Congress is extremely narrow, by twentieth-century standards; and so was the margin of Republican control in the Congress which preceded it.

Since the 1880s a succession of "close" Congresses has been unusual. In 1894 the so-called "Cleveland panic" resulted in a Republican victory by whopping majorities in both Houses; and from then until 1946 American politics was generally characterized by landslide elections and vigorous swings in policy. From 1894 to 1904, during the McKinley-Hanna era, the trend was decidedly conservative. From 1904 to 1918—the Roosevelt-Wilson era—the trend was just as decidedly progressive. The 1918-30 period marked a swing back to conservatism; and the years from 1930 to 1946 belonged to the New Deal—though it faded steadily after 1938.

Since 1946 the trend, viewed at close range, has looked confused and ambiguous; but in a longer perspective it now seems clear that the current has been setting toward the center. It has taken us a long time to recognize this fact, simply because the experience of a long lifetime has taught us to expect sharp swings either to the left or the right.

WHERE REBELS COME FROM

THE TRUTH is that the country is now assimilating the New Deal, and adjusting to the mixed economy which has been developing ever since the turn of the century. The first tentative steps toward the welfare state provoked a vigorous reaction in the twenties. The very violence of this "revolt" under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover has probably moderated our present swerve back toward conservatism. The economic disaster of the thirties—which in part grew out of the extremism of the first conservative reaction—still burns too vividly in too many memories. As a consequence, the Eisenhower Administration has left most of the New Deal intact; what it is now attempting is a conservative accommodation to it.

Much has been written about the peaceful and democratic way in which Britain has been moving into a semi-collectivist society. This is considered remarkable because so many other countries have either been paralyzed by conflicting forces—as in France and Italy—or have gone collectivist the hard and violent way, by means of revolution and dictatorship. But few political analysts have yet noted that America, too, is moving toward its own less collectivist version of the mixed economy, by methods just as peaceful and democratic as Britain's. Perhaps this is because the gasconade and hyperbole of our politics sometimes make it *appear*—especially to outsiders—that we are heading for extremism.

The last great adjustment of the kind we are now making occurred in the period from 1870 to 1890. Then the nation was going through another economic revolution—from agrarianism to industrial capitalism. Much of the economic shift had, in fact, been made already—but most people were still working out their emotional and political adjustment to it. The Republicans took the lead in this adjustment, while the Democrats under Tilden and Cleveland followed a sort of "me-too" policy.

The main resistance to this trend came from agrarian rebels, led by such men as John W. Daniel, Ben Tillman, and Tom Watson in the South, and by Ignatius Donnelly, James B. Weaver, and "Sockless Jerry" Simpson in the Midwest. Today the chief protest against the trend comes, not from either of the major parties, or from third parties, but from minorities *within* both the Republican and Democratic organizations. Today's rebels spring from almost exactly the same areas which produced the earlier trend-buckers. The right wing of the Republican party—under such diverse leaders as Kenneth Wherry, Karl Mundt, and Joe McCarthy—has its last stronghold in the farm belt; while the Democratic right wing—typified by the widely varying styles of Harry Byrd, Gene Talmadge, and "Pappy" O'Daniel—has made its stand in the South.

This is not, of course, simply coincidence. These two areas have lagged behind politically, in both periods, because they industrialized last. They still feel the need for industrial stimulation, rather than regulation; labor is still relatively weak; and industrial property is still thought of in terms left over from the days of rural individualism.

The parallel between the two periods becomes even more striking when we look at the voting record. In the two decades after 1870, the two parties were—as they are now—closely balanced in voting strength. In 1876 Tilden actually got more popular votes than Hayes, although he lost the Presidency in some most peculiar Electoral College maneuvering. In 1880 Garfield won by only about 10,000 ballots; in 1884 Cleveland squeezed through with the help of a few thousand votes, returned late from a handful of New York City precincts; in 1888 Harrison won the Electoral College, but not the popular vote.

In those decades, too, the control of Congress seesawed between the parties, frequently with a margin of two or three seats in the Senate and a score or so in the House. By the standards of that time, today's Congressional situation is perfectly normal.

THE TWO-PARTY SPREAD

THERE is, however, one important difference between politics of our present Era of Moderation and the earlier one. Today the strength of both parties is much more evenly distributed throughout the country.

Then, in contrast, the balance was achieved by stacking a one-party Republican section against an equally one-party Democratic section. New England, Pennsylvania, Michigan, the Prairie States, and the Far West were—by and large—solidly GOP. The South and the Border States—Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri—were just as dependably Democrat. (Occasionally some of the Prairie and Mountain states would go Democratic in a Presidential election, but otherwise they remained essentially one-party areas.) Only six—Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—were at that time genuinely two-party states.

Gradually, with the decline of Civil War passions and our remarkably rapid shift of population and industry, two-party politics has spread. This was first noticeable in the Border States, and in Massachusetts, Michigan, and Pennsylvania. Then the Democratic triumph of 1912, resulting from a Republican split, stimulated Democratic organization in most of the remaining Republican areas.

The big break, however, has taken place since the New Deal. From 1932 on, Democratic strength has perceptibly increased in all the old Republican strongholds except Vermont; while the Republicans—or their Dixiecrat allies—have gained steadily in the South.

In the Prairie States, the Rockies, and the Pacific Northwest, the Democrats have had the advantage of being on the popular side of such issues as farm relief and public power. Particularly in Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, they have been gaining members from among the old Norris and LaFollette Progressives, the Farmers' Union, and the young people. The influence of the old "AAA alumni"—those dirt farmers elected by their neighbors to handle local administration of the farm programs—also has frequently been thrown to the Democrats. As a result the Democrats have developed a grass-roots organization, and are running local tickets in counties which have never had them at all, or at least not since the Civil War.

Another result is the rise of a new breed of Democratic politicians—young, able, aggressive, liberal, and bent on winning elections rather than merely dispensing patronage from Washington. Typical examples are Kenneth Holum and Joseph Robbie in South Dakota, Senator Hubert Humphrey and Orville Freeman in Minnesota, and Carl W. Thompson in Wisconsin. In the two latter states, the Democratic gains in 1954 are particularly significant for the future. Wisconsin's popular Republican Governor, Walter J. Kohler, was re-elected, but by a surprisingly narrow margin; and in Minnesota another popular Republican governor lost to Freeman, a young man of unusual promise—idealistic, serious to the point of grimness, and a dynamo of energy.

THERE are good reasons why the Democratic party is developing more rapidly in these two states than elsewhere in the Midwest. For one thing, the traditional agrarian radicalism has a larger labor vote with which it can make common cause. For another, the anti-Catholic issue can no longer be safely used by the Republicans. Democratic leadership in the farm belt is still

frequently Catholic—though less so than it once was); but the Catholic population has grown so large that the opposition now prefers to avoid religious questions whenever possible. Minnesota has moved toward the Democrats faster than Wisconsin, largely because the leaders of the old Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota have merged their following into the Democratic ranks; while in Wisconsin the sons of the elder LaFollette—Bob Jr. and Phil—refused to lead the remnants of their Progressive party across the Rubicon. Moreover, Wisconsin has more German voters who are traditionally isolationist and (since the partition of Germany) violently anti-Communist—hence anti-Wilson, anti-Roosevelt, and anti-Truman.

WANING PREJUDICE

THROUGHOUT the Midwest in general, however, one can see a waning of the three attitudes which have long been the chief obstacles to the Democratic party—the old, ingrained prejudices against Catholics, labor, and the South. A political-minded young Iowa lawyer recently returned from a visit to Washington, where he had a chance to size up the Southern delegations for the first time. He told me—with all the irritated resentment of one who has just discovered that he has been taken in—that the Southern Democrats were not nearly as reactionary as he had always believed. Indeed, he said, their attitudes and voting records were not as conservative as those of right-wing Corn Belt Republicans. And—biggest surprise of all—he found that the Southerners were mostly gentlemen, not yahoos.

Similar astonishment was expressed by Anthony Crosland, a Laborite member of the House of Commons, who recently completed a long tour of the United States. He discovered—contrary to all his preconceptions—that Southerners were more concerned about civil liberties (at least for whites) than the people of any other section. They also showed a more sympathetic understanding of British foreign policy, with its emphasis on caution and the long view; and Eisenhower's moderation in international affairs was highly popular.

These political attitudes would not have surprised anyone who has watched at first hand the growth of Republican strength in the South. It has not sprouted as rapidly as the Democratic strength in the Midwest, but the signs of a budding two-party system are already unmistakable. They are most noticeable among the fast-multiplying business and professional classes, and in Presidential years. Even in the 1954 Congressional elections, however, there was a surprising break away from the established Democratic organization. It resulted in the election of Republican Congressmen in Florida, Texas, and Piedmont North Carolina, and the unprecedented victory of Dixiecrat Strom Thurmond in a write-in campaign in South Carolina, where his name did not even appear on the ballot. In much of the South, too, the GOP is developing younger, more aggressive leaders, just as the Democrats are in the Prairie States. Many of them are Eisenhower men—a significant fact, because the rudimentary Republican machine in the South used to be a sort of feudal appendage of the Taft family.

Paradoxical as it may sound, the burgeoning of the GOP may actually hasten the drift of the South away from its ancient conservatism toward a more middle-of-the-road variety of politics. The character of the new GOP leadership is only one of the reasons why this is likely. Another is the growth of industry, which already is providing a spotty but substantial labor vote. A third is the increasing political activity of Negroes. Inevitably both parties will bid for the support of these new and growing political forces—and they can bid successfully only by offering relatively liberal candidates and programs. Moreover, both parties are likely to soft-pedal the racial issue, as the Negro vote becomes increasingly important.

At present the various pieces on the Southern chessboard tend to interact in a rather curious fashion. Many of the poor white farmers are liberal on economic matters, but still conservative on racial questions. Consequently in the Democratic primaries—which decide local, state, and Congressional contests—they often vote for conservative candidates who exploit the racial issue. In these same primaries, factory workers and Negroes vote liberal. This just about cancels out the farm vote, leaving the balance of power to the conservative classes in the small towns and nonindustrial cities.

Presidential contests, however, are no longer decided solely in the Democratic primaries. Increasingly they are being fought out *between* the parties. Here the poor white farmers—traditionally attached to the Democratic party and strongly favoring federal farm subsidies—tend to vote for liberal candidates, along with the

Negroes and industrial workers. This explains why Truman carried most of the South in 1948, and why Stevenson carried more of the South than he lost, in spite of the Eisenhower landslide. As the two-party system gradually penetrates farther down, it probably will bring the poor farmers into alliance with industrial workers and Negroes on the local and Congressional level, as well as on the Presidential level. The fading of racial issues would, of course, speed up the process.

In some Southern states an effective liberal alliance of poor white farmers, industrial workers, and Negroes has not waited for the development of a two-party system, for such an alliance is making itself felt *inside* some Southern Democratic primaries on the state and Congressional level. This is particularly true where industrial labor is strong. It is best reflected in Alabama, where liberal Senators like John Sparkman and Lister Hill are repeatedly elected. There are signs that it is increasingly taking place in Texas.

What is happening in the South has been foreshadowed in the Border States. The population in all of them has a largely Southern origin and orientation. Yet the Republican party is pretty well rooted, and they already enjoy a sizable industrial development. The result is a fairly harmonious marriage of agrarian and industrial liberalism—and both political parties put up liberal candidates in impressive numbers. Witness Gore and Kefauver in Tennessee, Cooper and Barkley in Kentucky, Kilgore and Neely in West Virginia, Hennings and Symington in Missouri.

If the Border State experence is any guide, the prospect for the South—after it has accommodated to industrialism, a two-party system, and full Negro participation in politics—is a better balance between the parties and a substantial moderation of its conservative habits.

FAILURE OF THE EXTREMISTS

IT HAS already become obvious that the right-wing extremists—what Europeans like to call "neo-Facist elements"—are nowhere near as powerful as many liberals had feared. Even in the Southwest, where they were supposed to be strongest, they have failed to combine into a major political force, and have suffered repeated setbacks.

True enough, the super-patriotic bombast of the Gerald L. K. Smith–Bonner Fellers–Edward A. Rumely–Allen Zoll–Joseph Kamp brand of demogogue gets a larger hearing in Texas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Southern California than it does elsewhere. In these areas, too, there is more apparent response to the Facts Forum programs, the Minute Women, the disturbed old ladies of Pro-America, and to such extremist splinter groups as the Congress of Freedom, the States Rights party, and the Christian Nationalists. It is increasingly clear, however, that these forces are unable to unite into an effective political movement. Their very fanaticism makes it impossible for them to get together behind a common program and a common leadership. They are proving once more that the ability to work out reasonable compromises is the essence of American politics; and that money, enthusiasm, and dedication don't go very far whenever this genius for accommodation is lacking.

Note what has happened in Louisiana. That state has five right-wing leaders who hold approximately the same views on economic matters; if they could unite their efforts, and their personal followings, they might swing a formidable weight in both state and national politics. Yet they insist on riding their hobbyhorses in all sorts of different directions. Governor Kennon supported Eisenhower in 1952. Democratic National Committeeman Frank B. Ellis backed Stevenson. John U. Barr, of the Southern States Industrial Council, is a leading spirit in the Congress of Freedom. District Attorney Leander Perez has called for the organization of a states-rights party. And Colonel Bluford Balter conducts his private patrioteering ventures with little regard for any of the others.

The much-vaunted influence of the Texas oil millionaires also has been vastly overestimated. When Roy Cullen and Glenn McCarthy brought General MacArthur to Texas for widely-advertised appearances, the crowds which turned out were small and chilly. Senator Joe McCarthy's reception at last year's San Jacinto Day celebration was equally disappointing to his big-money supporters. Even in Dallas, H. L. Hunt's Facts Forum programs have declined in popularity. As one Dallas citizen put it:

"Since Facts Forum has been paying letter-writers to send in their right-wing views to the newspapers, *all* right-wing letters which show up in print are suspect as being planted."

In Houston, Ralph S. O'Leary got wide applause for his articles in the *Post* exposing the

officious meddling of the Minute Women in the public schools, and the Minute Women's radio program is now off the air. And when John O. Beaty, professor of English at Southern Methodist University, attempted to raise a Communist scare there, he drew little support and much condemnation.

THE CATHOLICS of the Southwest also play a role considerably different from that assigned to them in the customary political clichés. In the North many Protestants deplore Catholic conservatism; but in Texas and Louisiana many Protestants worry about Catholic liberalism. The archdioceses of both New Orleans and San Antonio have announced they will end segregation in their parochial schools, although they are not bound to do so by the Supreme Court's anti-segregation decision. Moreover, the Archbishop of New Orleans has taken a vigorous public stand against local anti-labor legislation, and so have leading professors at Loyola University.

Many Texans are amused and exasperated by the serious attention which their millionaires get outside the state.

"Why all this sudden bother about the political wallop of Cullen and Hunt and Sid Richardson and Glenn McCarthy?" one Texas newspaperman asked me. "Texas sprouts a lot of people like that, and we know down here how ordinary they are. None of them knows much about politics, and none will follow any political line for long. Besides, they divide among themselves and neutralize each other. Who do you suppose is the financial angel of the so-called liberal side in Texas politics—the fellow who largely financed the Ralph Yarborough campaign against Governor Shivers? None other than J. R. Parten, a rich Houston oil man."

(He might have added that two of the wealthiest Oklahomans—Senator Bob Kerr and former Governor Roy Turner—are both Democrats with moderately liberal leanings.)

The truth is that Texas—highly individual in this as in everything else—has developed a fairly healthy political life under its own private brand. It has gone farther than any other Southern state in building a two-party system within the ancient framework of the Democratic party. The very aggressiveness of the conservatives had sharpened the issues and called forth bold counteraction by the liberals. Both sides claim to be the true heirs of the Democratic doctrine; both are organized right down to the grass roots; and they are now fairly even in strength.

The liberal group here—as in the Southeast—is made up of farmers, with their long Populist tradition, plus labor and the Negroes. But in no other Southern state are the wage-earners and the Negroes so united and well-organized. (During the recent Shivers-Yarborough contest for the Governorship, nearly every Negro business displayed a Yarborough placard, and anti-Shivers stickers appeared mysteriously in Negro waiting rooms in railroad and bus stations.) Both CIO and AFL enter vigorously into the fights for precinct committeemen, county chairmen, and delegates to the party conventions. Ultimately it seems inevitable that the industrialization of Texas, now proceeding at an almost feverish pace, will result in a considerable strengthening of the liberal and pro-labor elements. Even in the 1954 primaries, conservative Governor Allen Shivers—once considered invulnerable—had to spend his last dollar of political capital to defeat Yarborough, a challenger who didn't show much political flair or luster.

THE EISENHOWER STRATEGY

PERHAPS the most notable triumph for moderation is President Eisenhower's success in holding together the warring elements of his own party.

Many experienced politicians—including Adlai E. Stevenson—predicted that he could never do it. Others insisted that he shouldn't even try; they urged him to lash out against McCarthy early and hard . . . to try to oust Knowland from his leadership of the Senate Republicans . . . to defy Congressional investigating committees, and protect the civil servants whom they attacked . . . to force out of the party all of the right-wing rebels who challenged his leadership.

These critics misconceive the nature of the American party system. Each of the major parties contains many elements—some with little in common, others flatly contradictory. Any President who does not hold together his party—however conglomerate—is almost sure to fail. A President who deliberately splits his party—as Tyler, Buchanan, Johnson, Cleveland, and Taft did—is headed for disaster.

In spite of his scanty political experience, Eisenhower apparently understood the nature of our system better than his impatient critics. He

decided to handle the right-wing extremists, not by excommunication, but by a combination of concession, patience, and maneuver. His maneuverings were often clumsy; his patience sometimes seemed too Job-like for this harsh world; his concessions occasionally were excessive, and some of them certainly were dangerous to civil liberties.

But it is now clear that, fundamentally, he was right. His strategy has worked. For the right-wing extremists—only two years ago the strongest single faction in the party—have now been reduced to a manageable minority. In the 1954 elections the Republicans fared much better than the dopesters had led the country to expect; and the Eisenhower moderates came out far better than the right-wingers. The farm-belt revolt against Secretary of Agriculture Benson's moderate farm program did not reach the proportions anticipated. Right-wing Senatorial candidates went down to defeat in normally Republican Illinois, Wyoming, and Oregon; Eisenhower Republicans won in Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Colorado. Without any shrill name-calling, the Administration boxed-in McCarthy, and alienated him from a large part of his Senatorial following. Now that the Democrats are in control of Congress, the President can deal with most of the remaining intransigents as individuals, rather than as heads of powerful Congressional committees. Time, patience, and the normal course of events are likely to dispose of these bitter-enders, just as their counterparts —Fish, Nye, Wheeler, and Reynolds—were disposed of a decade earlier.

The maneuvers necessary to accomplish all this have been most embarrassingly awkward in the field of foreign affairs. There the actions of the Administration have been consistently cautious and moderate—a continuation, in fact, of the Truman-Acheson policies which were designed to contain Communist expansion and at the same time to relax tension wherever possible. In order to placate the right-wing extremists, however, the Administration found it necessary to *talk* much tougher than it ever had any intention of behaving. Hence the oratory about "liberation," the phony "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek, "massive retaliation," and "agonizing reappraisal." Such violent language has confused and alarmed our allies—who, understandably, cannot grasp the intricacies of our intra-party politics. This is unfortunate; but it can be argued that our allies have much to gain (even when they don't know it) from a policy which moderates and unites the Republican party.

For if that party had been split apart in a vindictive factional struggle, control might well have passed to the extremists. Republican foreign policy might then have become unbridled in fact as well as in language; at best, the Administration would have been hamstrung and its range of possible action in foreign affairs would have become dangerously limited. Worse yet, the issue of civil liberties probably would have been transformed from a blunted contest *within* the parties to a clear-cut conflict *between* them. Then indeed freedom in the United States—and in the rest of the world—would have been in mortal peril.

What we have been witnessing during the last few years is the American political system coping with a major historical adjustment, in its usual mysterious but effective fashion. Its operation is complex, highly individual, and sometimes messy. It looks illogical to those who yearn for tightly-disciplined parties, each with its own rigidly defined ideology. It certainly is less tidy than the sharply-aligned politics of Europe. But for all this we can be eternally thankful. For our political system, with all its quirks, works better than almost any other in the world to curb extremists *within the major parties;* to blur and compromise conflicts before they become irreconcilable; to adapt to changing economic patterns; and—in the end—to deposit power in the hands of the moderates, as it is doing now.

That's us all over

> THE designs of the American cars . . . are not, as we used to say, functional; they are romantic. They have little to do with the rules which would be followed to obtain a given performance under given conditions, and everything to do with the Western, above all the American, state of mind and spirit. They are awkward to handle and, using the word scientifically, their engines are not very efficient. They could only have been produced by an exciting, wildly romantic, and impractical people indifferent to such mealy-mouthed attributes as taste and utility.
>
> —From "At the Motor Show," the *New Statesman and Nation*, October 30, 1954.

Cordelia Baird Gross

fulfillment in Canarsie



Drawings by Joan Cummings

WHEN I first met Pansy St. Clare, she was young and beautiful and she had, as her mother said, the loveliest navel in the five boroughs. Since I could never have placed third even in Staten Island, I naturally felt that Pansy had everything.

I had gotten a job, right after finishing college, as a part-time secretary at THE TONIC, a night club in New York, and Pansy was the strip-tease artist there. But I hadn't been at the club a week before I saw that although her costumes were real creations, her heart wasn't in her work.

She wasn't the least bit lazy. She'd put 'em on and take 'em off, put 'em on and take 'em off and never complain, even when a norther blew up and the improvised stage got pretty drafty.

She wasn't self-conscious, either. Every night at the end of her act, she'd take her time about finding her robe. If the lights went on before she'd located it, she didn't pretend to be embarrassed. All she wanted were her big, horn-rimmed glasses, for she was so near-sighted she was almost blind without them.

She was amiable even about her glasses and never held a grudge. One night the bus boy carried them to the kitchen by mistake. Pansy didn't scream or fling a tantrum. She had been too well brought up. She just stood there, bare and blinking and beautiful in the sudden light, until finally a waiter grabbed up a tablecloth and threw it around her.

Yet for all Pansy's sweetness and despite her many blessings, I felt more sure every time I saw her that she was either deeply frustrated or was coming down with sleeping sickness.

I asked Homer Chiddy, the piano player, about her. Homer was from Montana and since I'd just come, green as Johnson grass, from Texas, this made a bond between us.

"You've seen her mother?" asked Homer.

I nodded.

"An iron woman," Homer said. "She wants Pansy to marry a millionaire."

"What does Pansy want?"

"She wants to cook," explained Homer. "From birth she's trouped in burlesque with her mother. She's eaten in a thousand cheap cafés. She's warmed ten thousand meals on an electric plate. She dreams of soufflés, lighter than her feathers. And pies and cakes her Ma could never bake."

Sometimes Homer's classic name sort of carried him away.

"She'll be eighteen next month," Homer said, "and for her birthday, she's got her heart set on a big white stove with two great ovens."

"Can't she get it?" I asked.

"Not while her mother lives," said Homer, "and I'll make book she's here to stay."

This made me even fonder of Pansy.

I COULD almost see the tug of war going on between mother and daughter. Some nights Pansy seemed a little more animated and I felt she was winning. She'd come into the office between shows and bring her scrap book of recipes for me to admire, or she'd go into the kitchen, and Leon, the head chef, would let her stir the onion soup or decorate a shrimp.

Other nights she was the picture of defeat and

would just slump down at her dressing table and not speak a word to anyone.

"I'm waiting for her to yawn in our faces and then go to her final rest," said Tony, one of the owners of THE TONIC. He was too tenderhearted to fire anyone; so I wasn't really worried for Pansy.

About two weeks later Pansy came up to Homer and me.

"Hey, kids," she said in her throaty, whisky voice, which was always surprising, since she drank only lemonade. "Can ya come up t' my place tomorra afternoon? I'm a Libra on the cusp. Tomorra's my birthday."

We accepted with pleasure.

"She seemed happy," I said when Pansy had left us. "You think she's getting the stove?"

"Naw," said Homer, "and she lives in Canarsie's nethermost night. We'll need five Indians and a guide to find it."

AT FOUR the next afternoon we arrived at the rooming house where the St. Clares lived. Pansy opened the door for us and even through her glasses I could see she'd been crying.

"Happy birthday," we said and stepped into the bed-sitting room.

It was more fully clothed than Pansy at the beginning of her act. Ruffled skirts concealed every table leg. Lamp shades dripped with ribbons and beads. Dolls in satin and gold lace hid the wide surface of the bed. Pansy was compensated at home for the bare simplicity of her art.

"Welcome, folks," said Mrs. St. Clare. "Pleased to see you, I'm sure."

Homer gave Pansy some flowers we'd brought, but they looked mighty feeble against the competition they met. The room was gay with enormous branches and buds and leaves and blossoms, too brilliant to be true.

"From my act when I left burlycue," explained Mrs. St. Clare, crawling beneath a flowering peach tree in the corner to dig out an extra vase.

"Sit down, kids," said Pansy. "Rest yourselves."

Mrs. St. Clare was a gracious hostess.

"I put you down as a Capricorn, Mr. Chiddy," she said. "They're so powerful."

"Right," said Homer.

"My little girl has told me how wunnerful you are to her. She's an artist to her toe nails and she senses everything."

"Right," said Homer.

"She's got a great future with me to guide her," said Mrs. St. Clare, never taking her eyes off Pansy.

"Gee, Mom," said Pansy, squirming at the prophecy.

"I started her stripping the year after her voice had changed," explained Mrs. St. Clare, "and now she's gotta ú-nique act. It's nothing out of the ordinary."

"Right," said Homer.

"I'm giving her some gorgeous, expensive, white doves for her act," continued Mrs. St. Clare. Then a bitter note entered her voice as she added, "But I'm afraid she'll want to cook 'em."

"Gee, Mom," cried Pansy, "just cause I wanna stove."

"It ain't that I don't trust ya, Pansy," said her mother kindly. "I jus' got no confidence in ya."

The afternoon flew by.

Finally Pansy said, "Tell the kids some dirty stories, Mom, while I fix the sandwiches."



Mom obliged. The sandwiches were delicious. Pansy had made them in the bathroom, for she had no kitchen.

As we started to leave, Mrs. St. Clare said, "You folks know the way now. The latchkey's always out."

"Right," said Homer.

"Take good care of my little girl, Mr. Chiddy," Mrs. St. Clare yelled after us. "And be sure to make the orchestra take plenty of time for her tease."

Pansy and Homer and I started walking to the subway.

In an empty store window was an announcement of a coming attraction. The local branch of the Eastern Star was giving a bazaar and a box supper. Prizes would be awarded for the most handsome apple pies.

"My stove!" cried Pansy, stopping suddenly and pointing to the display. "Lookit that gorgeous stove they're giving away."

We stood and appreciated the gleaming beauty.

"It's got only one oven, Pansy, honey," I said, hoping to lighten her loss, but I had to admit to myself that the stove was nearly perfect. Pinned to the oven door, a blue ribbon garnished with pearls proclaimed it to be the first prize

and showed what could be won if a girl put her mind to it.

"Gee," said Pansy, and her throaty voice quivered like a viola string, "thinka baking such a swell pie you'd win that stove and the blue ribbon."

Tony met us at the door of the club.

"She get the stove?" he whispered to me. "I thought I saw her pulse flutter."

"She's getting doves," I said.



LIFE went on, but there was a subtle change in Pansy. She'd often hung around the club kitchen and everyone there liked her. Leon, the head chef, was a particular friend and when not too busy, he always watched her performance. Now she made the kitchen her second home.

She no longer played three-handed solitaire with Homer and me. When we asked her a question, her answers were vague or irrelevant. She'd always looked dreamy, but she'd never heard voices before. We were deeply concerned.

One afternoon, a few weeks after the birthday party, I arrived at the club and saw Leon talking excitedly to Homer.

"Leon says Pansy's ill," Homer told me.

"She's a sick girl all right," said Leon. "She may not be in tonight."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Did she telephone?"

"She was in round noon," Leon explained. "She's a ambitious girl, y' know. Been coming in early every day the las' two, three weeks."

"Good Lord, why?" asked Homer.

"Practicing," said Leon. "Rehearsing. Picks things up fast. Why, today we worked—I mean—*she* worked two hours as hard as she could." He blushed and Homer and I looked at each other in amazement. "Then she got pains," Leon continued quickly. "The poor kid *hadda* go home."

"She's a Libra," suggested Homer, "maybe it's her lucky day to lay in bed."

"Don't talk that way in front of Baby here," said Tony who had come up to greet me. My B.A. degree always uplifted him, but he thought Texas University, my Alma Mater, was a sort of convent and he must keep on sheltering me.

"Well, Baby," replied Homer, bowing low to me, "if Pansy don't show, perhaps you'll oblige."

"Over my dead body," retorted Tony piously. "I'd as soon push on my mother."

Everyone in THE TONIC spoke of Pansy and wondered how she was.

"Send anything but flowers," said Homer.

TWENTY minutes before Pansy was due to work the dinner show, she came running into the club. She wasn't wearing make-up, but her cheeks were delicately pink. Her eyes, usually gentle and misty behind her glasses, sparkled like her sequined garter belt.

"You kids be sure an' catch my act tonight, will ya?" she panted breathlessly. "And promise you'll get Leon, too. I got no time to explain, but he's gotta see this show."

We promised and Homer went right away to find Leon.

The lights were dimmed. The orchestra played softly. Pansy made her entrance.

"That's my girl!" cried Leon.

"My God," exclaimed Tony, "she's alive!"

She was indeed. She was bursting with radiant self-confidence. She was glowing with creative fire. Every movement was the poem her mother'd dreamed of. Each garment whispered silkily to the floor.

And then as the lights shimmered a little brighter for the climax, Pansy flung off her last remaining vestment. For a moment she stood poised, happy and triumphant. Then the lights went out.

But not before we had seen, pinned onto Pansy's glittering G-string, the jeweled blue ribbon of the Eastern Star.

Peter F. Drucker

The Promise of Automation

America's next twenty years, part II

The revolution that uses machines to run machines can bankrupt a business, create new demands for educated managers, make office workers obsolete, or introduce a welcome stability into economic life.

LAST December, in his presidential address to the annual convention of the CIO, Walter Reuther introduced an ungainly technical term into the headlines. He spoke of the coming "Automation Revolution." Automation, Reuther declared, is not in the future; it is already here.

Though the general public had not heard a great deal of "Automation" before, Reuther of course was not the first to interest himself in either the word or the thing it stands for. The word was coined all of ten years ago—by Del Harder, Ford's manufacturing vice-president—and despite its ugliness is now firmly established in the business language. For the past three or four years, in fact, "Automation" has become one of the most popular subjects of discussion at management association meetings; whole three-day sessions are sometimes devoted to this single topic. Two flourishing technical magazines deal with nothing else, in addition to a substantial number of books on "Automation."

There can be no doubt that Reuther was entirely right in his main assertion: Automation is not just in the future; it is here. And there is just as little doubt that it represents a major economic and technological change, a change as great as Henry Ford ushered in with the first mass-production plant fifty years ago. Automation is the technological revolution of the second half of the twentieth century, just as mass production was of the first half. Its impact may be equally great, and may come faster.

Examples of Automation at work abound. A modern oil refinery is a pretty good one; and so is the pipeline system through which crude oil flows from Texas, guided by electronic impulses sent out all over the country from one control center. The way checks are cleared today in one of the big New York banks is a good example, too; and so is the system by which large insurance companies send out premium notices to millions of policyholders. A telephone dial exchange is another example; and so is the machine that registers the time of a long-distance call, computes the cost, and puts the amount on the customer's bill. Ford has an engine factory in Cleveland which comes very close to Automation; and the Sears Roebuck mail-order plants, though there is very little machinery in them, are organized on a system which remarkably resembles Automation.

What do all these highly different applications have in common? What makes them examples of Automation? How can the term be defined?

Automation can be defined simply though superficially as the use of machines to run machines. We use machines today primarily to *do* things to material; to cut it, to sew it, to heat it or to cool it, to mix it, or to separate it. But for machines to be able to perform these functions four things must be done to help them. First, material must be moved to the machine, in the machine, from the machine. Second, keeping the machine doing its job requires a lot of routine

judgments: Is the tool getting too hot? Is the speed right? Do the pieces come out the way they should? Third, the setting of the machine (and the tools in it) has to be changed every so often—in most production jobs, very often. Usually the machine has to be stopped to do this, has to be opened or partially dismantled and then put together again, all by hand. Fourth, and finally, we need a lot of information to keep the machines running—the number of pieces it turns out, what kind of pieces, how fast, how many of them are faulty, and so forth. This information has to be gathered together somewhere, to be interpreted, and to be passed on to other people.

On the whole, astonishingly little attention has been given by engineers and production men to these four jobs. Yet we have known for a long time that they cost more than the actual fabricating done by the machines. They take more people and more time; in a typical metal-working plant, for every hour the machine works, at least five, sometimes even ten, man-hours have to be spent on them; and they account for practically all the employment on the production floor of a modern plant. Hence the importance of Automation, for in essence it means that these four jobs of (1) materials-handling, (2) routine judgment, (3) machine-setting, and (4) data-processing are done by machines—in a fraction of the time and at a very much lower cost.

As Mr. Reuther said, this is no longer in the future. For some time it has been possible to mechanize any *one* of these jobs. Mechanical machine-setting, for instance, is as old as Jacquard's automatic loom, all of a hundred and fifty years. What has hitherto been lacking was primarily awareness of the size, cost, and importance of running and controlling machines. Once these appeared—largely as a part of the World War II experience—"Automation" was here, full-fledged. All that remained was the purely technical job of designing instruments, and that is being tackled with speed and energy.

HOW TO GO BANKRUPT

SO FAR this all sounds like a job largely for engineers and tool designers. That is the way it has often been tackled, the way Walter Reuther still sees it—a sort of push-button performance that puts men out of work. The "automatic factory" and an "automated business" are assumed to be almost the same thing.

But they are nothing of the kind. To try to build an "automatic factory" in a business that has not otherwise been "automated" is like trying to put a 1955 Turbojet aircraft engine into a 1913 Ford Model T. The business could not use the power that the "automatic factory" delivered; it would be impossible to connect one with the other; and, even if it weren't, the "automatic factory" would literally shake the business to pieces. To put automatic factories into a business that has not first been "automated" in other respects may well bankrupt it; at the very least, they will saddle it with risks and costs way beyond any benefit they can possibly produce.

The "automatic factory" is the end product rather than the beginning of Automation. As we will see, Automation properly does not start with production at all, but with an analysis of the business and its re-design on Automation principles. The form that automatic production takes in the plant is determined by that analysis and re-design; and mechanization, the replacement of human labor by machines, is a detail of Automation and not always the essential one. The reason for this, the reason why Automation has to be business-focused rather than production-focused, is that it radically shifts the area of *business risk*.

CREATING THE MARKET

IN THE traditional systems of production the major risk, that of economic fluctuation, is absorbed by production. Production is cut down when business falls off; it is stepped up when business improves. Our entire economic theory, as far as that goes, is based on this risk-absorbing function of production. Under Automation, however, production can no longer absorb the risk of economic fluctuations, or only to a very limited degree.

Automation requires continuous production at a set level of output for a considerable period of time—three months, six months, maybe a year. This means that short-term adjustments cannot normally be taken care of by changing production schedules except at exorbitant cost. In fact, under Automation it may no longer make much sense to speak of "cost per unit of production." A much more appropriate unit of cost may be "cost per time of production at a given capacity rate," which is the cost concept of our most nearly automated industry, petroleum.

One illustration of the marketing system developed, of necessity, by the petroleum industry

is the old story of John D. Rockefeller's giving away kerosene lamps to the Chinese coolies, to establish an assured demand for his products. For Automation, as an absolute first condition, requires the establishment of a fairly predictable, stable, and expanding market. For example, to apply Automation to the manufacture of kitchen appliances such as ranges, dish washers, and automatic washing machines would require an organized market for second-hand appliances. It might even be necessary for the manufacturer to stop selling appliances entirely and instead sell the housewife a five-year service policy, with the appliances on loan or at a nominal rent at the end of five years they would then be replaced by new appliances—thus making possible a predictable production schedule. Nor is this idea as outlandish as it sounds: a study made for one appliance company concluded that the "service contract" would work, if only a manufacturer existed who knew how to make good on it.

Automation requires that management find out the basic facts about its business, the market for its products, its demand expectations, the variations between different products and different product lines. It requires hard work on product planning, pricing, product design, and product service. Indeed Automation in many cases requires a complete "re-thinking" of the product. It certainly requires deliberate planning for technological change—that is, directed efforts to make products systematically obsolete by bringing out better ones on a pre-set schedule. It requires new concepts and new methods of information and measurement. And it requires exceptionally clear thinking about the design and structure of the entire business—its goals, its environment, its resources, and its organization.

WHAT MAKES IT WORK

THERE are three basic principles which make up the logic of Automation. Wherever the three are actually used there is genuine Automation even if there are no automatic machines, no electronic controls or computers, no "mechanical brains." Unless they are understood and consciously applied, Automation will not work.

The first of these is the principle of *economic activity as a process.* In early industry, as typified by the job shop, the integrating principle of work was skill. In Henry Ford's concept of mass production the organizing principle was the product. In Automation, however, the entire activity of the business is a whole entity which must be harmoniously integrated to perform at all.

A process knows neither beginning nor end. It may have stages but it does not divide into parts as such. From the ultimate consumer back to the first supplier of raw materials it has to be seamless, so-to-speak, yet at the same time conform to the second principle: that of *pattern, order, or form* behind the seemingly random and unpredictable flux of economic phenomena. If a business is to be considered a continuous process, instead of a series of disjointed stop-and-go events, then the economic universe in which a business operates—and all the major events within it—must have rhyme, rhythm, or reason.

Without this underlying structure of forms in the economic universe, Automation would be both inconceivable and incapable of achievement. Such patterns apply to events of all kinds. They might be found in the rate and distribution of incoming orders. They might have to do with the "mix" in the demand for different products at different times. They might concern the speed with which the market becomes ready for new products. They might relate to personnel problems such as absenteeism, sickness, turnover, or employee performance. Even changes which appear unpredictable, such as changes in fashion, should be found to follow a clear (perhaps even a strict) pattern if properly analyzed.

Finally Automation has a principle of *self-regulating control* which derives from its nature as process. As every true process must, it contains the means of its own regulation and correction. It must be able to maintain the equilibrium between ends and means, output and effort. And it must be able ahead of time to set standards of acceptable performance, which it then can use as pre-tests and as governors. In electronics this is called "feed-back"—that is, a control in which the process, by its own product, regulates itself. The businessman has of course long been familiar with one such control: profit—the simple, though crude, device that uses the results of economic activity to control its future direction and the quantity of new resources devoted to it.

In these basic principles, Automation is little more than a projection into the economic sphere of philosophical beliefs that have become dominant in the past fifty years. The idea is distinctly characteristic of the twentieth-century thought that a diversity of "patterns," "proc-

esses," or "forms"—each capable of logical expression, logical analysis, and systematic synthesis—underlies all phenomena. It is the common contribution of the founding fathers of modern scientific philosophy like Poincaré, Bohr, and Planck; Willard Gibbs, Mendel, Hunt, and Malinowski. It was clearly understood by Henry Adams. It might, with considerable over-simplification, be called an "organic" philosophy—if only to distinguish it from the strictly mechanistic approach on which Henry Ford's concept of mass production was based.

It is of course not necessary for a business manager to know anything about the philosophical foundations of Automation, let alone to be a philosopher or scientist himself. It is not even necessary for the experts in Automation within a business to know these things. But it is absolutely necessary for both the businessman and his Automation specialists to understand clearly that Automation is not a box of tricks or a bagful of gadgets. Automation is a methodology, with all the strengths and limitations that the term implies.

THE IMPACT OF A METHOD

IF AUTOMATION were a simple matter of technology, or replacement of human labor by machines, its social impact would be precisely what Walter Reuther predicted: large-scale displacement of workers. It might still be arguable whether this displacement would result in mass unemployment, as Reuther says; the fact that during the next twenty years our working population will grow but slowly (as shown in the preceding article of this series) makes it implausible that there will be chronic unemployment, even if Automation comes very fast. Still, as long as Automation is seen as a mere matter of technology, displacement of workers would be the thing to worry about. But considered in its larger dimensions, as we have been considering it here, Automation's most important impact will not be on employment but on the qualifications and functions of employees.

There may actually be no workers on the production floor of tomorrow's "push-button factory." There are practically none today in a power-generating station or an oil refinery. But at the same time incredibly large numbers of men will be required behind the scenes in new, highly skilled jobs as machine builders, machine installers, repair men, controllers of the machinery and of its performance, and "programmers" to prepare information and feed it into the machine. In addition, large numbers of highly educated men will be needed in new jobs as designers of machinery, draftsmen, system-engineers, mathematicians, or logicians. Finally, large numbers will be needed for new managerial jobs requiring a high ability to think, to analyze, to make decisions, and to assume risks. And this increase both in the numbers of managers and in the demands made on them may well be the largest of all the social impacts of Automation.

MACHINES AND MASTERS

MANY people seem to fear that Automation will downgrade the worker by making him a slave to a mechanical monster. "I have charge of one of the large electronic computers," a young engineer said to me a few months ago. "I am constantly appalled by the number of people who seem to think that the machine has charge of me."

One look at the industries that are virtually "automated" now, such as electric-power generation or oil-refining, should show that they have plenty of employees, that they pay the highest wages, and that there is little room in them for unskilled or untrained labor.

Mass production upgraded the unskilled laborer of yesterday into the semi-skilled machine operator of today—and in the process multiplied both his productivity and his income. In just the same way, Automation will upgrade the semi-skilled machine operator of today into a highly skilled and knowledgeable technician—multiplying his income again. Norbert Wiener, MIT's distinguished mathematician, who did much of the conceptual thinking that underlies the new technology, has predicted that Automation will lead to "the human use of human beings"—that is, to our using man's specifically human qualities, his ability to think, to analyze, balance and synthesize, to decide and to act purposefully—instead of using him, as we have done for millennia, to do all the dreary work machines can do better.

There are two reservations to the prediction that Automation will not cause large-scale labor displacement. First, Automation will mean a sharp cut in employment for routine office work. There machines will indeed replace men and women. But this, in total numbers, is not a major segment of the working population; it is

largely composed of young, unmarried girls fresh out of school, who are in short supply today and will remain so for at least ten years. This has always been a labor force with a very high turnover, where it will therefore be possible to introduce Automation without laying off people—all that is needed is to replace at a progressively slower rate the employees who quit.

The second reservation is that Automation will involve a considerable shifting of men to new jobs with new employers. For instance, there will be a tremendous demand for men to build machinery and equipment, but this demand may not arise for them in the same company that employs them now. Thus there may be considerable "dislocation unemployment" in a particular industry, and it may extend to a whole area that one industry dominates.

But the most important of these dislocations is likely to be a shift of employment opportunities to *smaller* business. In the first place, Automation should strengthen the competitive position of the small company, if only because mechanical machine-setting enables the small organization to offer a more complete and diversified range of products at a competitive cost. Secondly, Automation will create opportunities for countless small businesses to specialize in servicing equipment. One indication of the growth we can expect is shown by the small but highly expert tool-and-die makers who serve the automotive industry; it is an open secret in Detroit that these small shops make a higher profit on their capital and enjoy greater stability than General Motors.

Socially, the shift in job opportunities therefore should be healthy. But it will still impose on management a responsibility to plan systematically for the retraining and placement of workers during the shift to Automation. Union leaders, too, should similarly accept responsibility for the changes in their rules that will be necessary. Even such sacred cows as seniority or apprenticeship restrictions may have to be slaughtered. It is a good sign that some managements—notably General Electric—and some unions—notably Reuther's United Auto Workers—are already at work on these matters.

The really serious social problem is not employment but the need to upgrade whole segments of the population in very short time. Automation requires trained and educated people in unprecedented numbers. The quantitative need alone will be so great (as the preceding article of this series showed) that the eight or ten million college students we can expect fifteen years hence will be barely sufficient. One large manufacturing company (now employing 150,000) figures that it will need *seven thousand* college graduates a year, once it is automated, just to keep going; today it hires three hundred annually.

But the need is above all qualitative—for *better educated* people. The "trained barbarian," the man who has acquired high gadgeteering skill, will not do. Even in routine jobs, Automation will require ability to think, a trained imagination, and good judgment, plus some skill in logical methods, some mathematical understanding, and some ability well above the elementary level to read and write—in a word, the normal equipment of educated people. Under Automation, a school could do a student no greater disservice than to prepare him, as so many do today, for his first job. If there is one thing certain under Automation it is that the job—even the bottom job—will change radically and often.

NEEDED: EDUCATED MANAGERS

THE GREATEST educational need may well be in management. Of course there will always be need for "intuition," "hunch," and "experience" in business enterprise, at least as long as we eschew state planning. But in an automated business the "intuitive" manager is obsolete; and "experience" under Automation will not be a very reliable guide. To be a manager in an automated business, of course, a man need not have a formal education, let alone a degree; indeed it would be hard to find an institution of learning where he could acquire today the education he needs to be a manager tomorrow. But, in the sense of being able to handle systematic knowledge, he will have to be *highly* educated.

This educational job will have to be done, to a very large extent, in and by the business itself; and large companies in particular will have to become educational institutions—and interest themselves in formal education—even more than they do today. For the foreseeable future, there will simply not be enough new people with the new knowledge and skill required to fill the new jobs; and this will be true in all areas of the

organization: rank and file, office work, technical and professional work, managerial work. On every level, adult education—largely on the job—will be needed.

THE NEW STABILITY

IN ANY case, whatever dislocation Automation produces will take place in the period of transition from the old to the new, and it will be temporary. Permanently, Automation should introduce a new stability into the economic society. For Automation will have to stabilize the two factors which have hitherto both caused and suffered the greatest instability: capital investment and employment.

Piecemeal capital investment—to replace a machine here, to make an operation more efficient there—is simply not possible under Automation. Nor is it possible to make capital expenditure entirely dependent on cash income and business conditions, lopping them off as soon as sales or prices fall and hectically pushing them up in good times. The whole plant, under Automation, must be conceived as one integrated piece of machinery. No one part can be replaced, improved, or changed without changing the entire plant and all its parts; and once a capital project has been started it has to be carried through, on a timetable pretty well fixed in advance. If the project is abandoned midway, the sums already invested may be lost entirely.

This obviously creates new and serious risks. Obviously it will raise still higher the demands on management's ability to make long-range decisions. But at the same time it also means that a sizable portion of our capital spending will increasingly be carried out independently of the business cycle, and this in turn will stabilize the cycle. It will hardly eliminate economic fluctuations altogether, but it should prevent the extremes of boom and bust.

Probably we are already feeling these effects. Both the "inventory recession" of 1951 and the recession of 1954 were expected by the great majority of businessmen to turn into long, hard down-swings. Yet few businesses stopped their capital expenditures programs; few even cut them back. The reason they gave for this totally unprecedented behavior was that capital investment programs are integrated and long-term and can hardly be adapted, once they have been begun, even to major cyclical fluctuations. As a result, neither recession went very far.

Automation should bring even greater stability to employment. In this area lies one of its greatest opportunities, but also one of the hottest political issues of the coming years.

Management today still proceeds on the assumption that "labor" is a current expense which fluctuates, on the whole, with volume of production. Already this concept may be obsolete; in most large companies one-third or more of the employees are salaried; and of the hourly employees, a half or even two-thirds, in many industries, have to be kept on the job as long as the plant is open, regardless of output.

Under Automation, however, the traditional concept will be untenable, if not dangerous. Labor under Automation must be considered a capital resource, with wage costs being treated virtually as fixed costs. The essence of Automation is its inability to adjust production to short-range economic fluctuations, except within narrow ranges. The number of people employed will therefore not fluctuate directly with volume, and the investment in the skill and training of workers will be much too great for the enterprise to disperse them, except in a situation of extreme peril.

Automation thus creates the opportunity for a high degree of employment stability—an opportunity that comes none too soon, since the social pressure for such stability has long been building up. This is partly a result of the American economy's success in making the worker "middle class"; the most potent emotional symbol of middle-class status has always been the "salary" in contrast to the "wage." In part it is also the result of the disproportion between the rapid increase in total population and the slower increase in working population, and of the resulting labor pressure. But, in any case, the demands for stabilized employment and predictable income are certainly not inventions of the "power-hungry union bosses." They are the most important goals of the American worker.

GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE

THIS is the background of Walter Reuther's demand for the "Guaranteed Annual Wage," which seems likely to be the storm center of American labor relations in the years ahead. But the "Guaranteed Annual Wage," in my opinion, will not do the job. Any such absolute guarantee of income for all, or most, of the men on payroll could simply keep

management from hiring new workers. It could actually create unemployment, and on a large scale.

The horrible example is Italy's experience with a state-imposed guaranteed annual wage. When the law was adopted in 1947 a virtual ban on laying off or dismissing any employee with more than a year's seniority was necessary; it probably prevented Italy from going Communist during those crucial days. Today the same law is the cause for a very large part—maybe a quarter, if not a third—of Italy's chronic unemployment, the worst in Europe. For very few employers will hire new workers. Even if he has to meet a tremendous demand for his product, an employer will prefer to pay ten hours' overtime each week at double and triple wages —as a manufacturer of Italy's ubiquitous motor-scooters has done—rather than bring in new people; for, once hired, they stay on the payroll forever, regardless of future business. Or the employer, like Italy's largest power company, will string out a five-year building program over ten or fifteen years rather than hire new crews, despite a crippling power shortage and constant "brown-outs." In fact, no Italian employer could easily take on additional workers as long as his present employees do not want to share—and inevitably dilute—their own security. Everybody in Italy, the unions included, knows perfectly well that the guaranteed annual wage has become a deadly disease. Yet no one, not even the secretary of the Manufacturers Association, dares criticize it in public; for, being "security," it has become untouchable.

Yet, in most industries here, there is a way to give a high degree of employment stability—amounting to an all but absolute guarantee for the bulk of the employees. That is to guarantee a carefully worked out employment prediction for the twelve-months ahead, based on the worst experience of the past. With the stability in production which Automation requires, this prediction would be increasingly reliable for workers in the majority of manufacturing and service industries. It should enable most of them to budget on an insurable promise of at least two-thirds of a full year's income for the year ahead.

To work out such a predictable income and employment plan—or at least to find out whether it is possible—ought to be a major management task even if Automation had never been heard of. Failing in it, management will have no defense against the demands for a "Guaranteed Annual Wage"; it will not even have the facts to rebut the union's argument. Certainly any promise of employment stability should at first be modest, but the aim should be to improve as experience is gained. Management should hold itself committed to this goal—and primarily because the business demands it, not just because the union demands it. Above all, it is the American public that should demand that both management and union leadership seize Automation's opportunity for making income predictable and for stabilizing mass purchasing power.

HOW FAST WILL IT COME?

THE Automation Revolution is here, and it is proceeding at high speed. But it will be many years before it permeates the entire economy. Most businesses will not convert to Automation overnight but will go at it piecemeal, which will not be easy. It will require more capital than wholesale Automation, and it will entail greater risks. But the mental strain will be less. Fewer people will have to "re-learn" fewer things; and they will have more time to do it in. While it is a major revolution, Automation is therefore not likely to be dramatic; there will be no point when one can say: "This is the year when the American economy went into Automation."

But only the speed of Automation is uncertain. There can be little doubt that the direction of our progress is toward it. There can be little doubt that it means a tremendous upgrading of the labor force in terms of skill, employment security, standard of living, and opportunity. Above all, there can be little doubt that "Automation" is not "technocracy" under another name and that the "push-button factory" is not its symbol. Automation is not gadgeteering, it is not even engineering; it is a concept of the structure and order of economic life, the design of its basic patterns integrated into a harmonious, balanced, and organic whole.

In his third article Mr. Drucker will describe the growth of The New Tycoons. "America's Next Twenty Years" will be available in its entirety in reprint form at 50¢ per copy at the conclusion of the fourth installment in June. Please address all inquiries to:

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By LOUIS J. HALLE

Drawings by Robert Bruce

WHY WE ARE LOSING Latin America

Money will not cure our troubles in Latin America. A former policy planner for the State Department produces an unexpected diagnosis—and suggests a new kind of treatment.



AN ESSENTIAL function of diplomacy among nations that make common cause is to maintain a public appearance of harmony, whether it exists or not. Families that quarrel in the privacy of the home do well to dissemble when they go out to dinner.

Our own diplomacy, however, has been increasingly strained since the war to maintain even the appearance of harmony between us and our Latin American neighbors. At the Caracas Conference in March of 1954—in spite of valiant efforts by Secretary Dulles and his able coadjutors—the task seemed almost impossible.

"One of the principal accomplishments in the economic field," read a report on the Conference which the President sent to Congress, "was the frankness and clarity with which the delegations summed up their positions on outstanding problems." By the omission of any additional citations the report let it be known that this was, in fact, the only accomplishment in the economic field.

In the political field it was able to cite as a major accomplishment the majority vote in favor of our modified anti-Communist resolution. But this resolution, in reality, provided for nothing that had not already been provided for in Article Six of the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro, which was signed in 1947 and has since been ratified by all twenty-one of the American republics. When we find ourselves battling at a conference to get seventeen votes out of twenty-one for the reiteration, in effect, of what had already been unanimously affirmed we may properly suspect that something is wrong.

At the Conference of American Ministers of Finance or Economy, convened outside Rio de Janeiro last November, the fact that the United States stood alone could no longer be disguised. The Conference opened like a meeting between belligerents under a flag of truce. The question before it was what price the United States would pay for peace. The *New York Times* reported from Rio the consensus of the South Americans gathering for the Conference "that the United States will offer nothing new and that the Latin Americans do not find past offers a satisfactory solution for their fundamental problems." The United States was clearly being arraigned before its indignant neighbors, at whose insistence the Conference was called. When the Conference closed, after much agony, it had no greater accomplishment on its record than that of passing a batch of resolutions affirming the agree-

ment of the conferees to consider in the future those problems that it had been called to consider.

Our inter-American relations have been slowly deteriorating for a number of years now. While the high old resolves and the statements of unalterable solidarity are still proclaimed at the end of every inter-American gathering, the former sense of common purpose has, in fact, been giving way to a mounting misunderstanding.

As the common purpose has been progressively lost we have seen a growing emphasis on economic matters. This has led to the current cliché of the experts in the field, here and in Latin America, that the solution of our inter-American problems today must be found in the economic sphere. The growing emphasis on economic matters, however, may in fact be a sign that the inter-American system has been degenerating into a mere marketplace in which our neighbors—no longer conscious of making common cause with us—trade with us for such bounty as they can get in return for their votes. Even the outward appearance of harmony has come to have its price, a price that responds with time to inflationary pressures.

IF WE COMPARE the spirit and behavior of our inter-American community today with its spirit and its behavior in the 1930s we confront a paradox. Then, as today, the countries of our Western Hemisphere found themselves in a global environment of increasing menace. Hitler had embarked on another of the historic attempts to conquer or dominate the European continent. If he should succeed, the republics of our New World would find themselves confronting, on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, a ruthless totalitarian power in the face of which they could hardly hope for long to retain their traditional freedoms.

As the thirties passed, it began to look as if he would, in fact, succeed. After the occupation of the Rhineland and Austria, and after the capitulation at Munich, it looked to many as if the time for containing him had already passed. This was the environment in which the independent republics of our New World generated their increasing solidarity from year to year through the developing organizational devices of the inter-American system.

There is nothing sordid about the fact that Hitler deserves a large share of the credit for the achievement of our inter-American solidarity. All the great coalitions, beginning with the Hellenic coalition against Persia in the fifth century B.C., have depended heavily on external pressure for their cohesion.

But the same situation of external menace that existed in the thirties exists again today. A menace greater, even, than that of Hitler—a menace no less conspicuous on the horizons of our Western Hemisphere—has grown in the decade since the war just as the menace of the Axis grew in the decade preceding it. Yet the cohesiveness has become progressively less. The rise of inter-American solidarity in the prewar decade has been matched, as in a mirror, by its gradual decline in the postwar decade.

THE MYTH OF NEGLECT

THIS paradox, with its possible implications for future years and conferences, demands explanation. Most of us Americans from here to the Horn who have occupied our minds with these matters have been painfully aware of the situation for a number of years, even when discretion has forbidden us to be publicly outspoken about it. But when we have looked for explanations, our identification with the advocacy of particular programs or our more general intellectual commitments have often impelled us to offer merely those commonplaces that serve to hide the truth.

I cannot satisfy myself with the common explanations that deal in recrimination or the partial allocation of blame. I am not satisfied, for example, with the explanation that our Latin American neighbors are showing themselves excessively immature and incapable of understanding their international responsibilities. There may be a modicum of truth here, since all nations including our own are less mature than they might be.

But this is not enough, for these neighbors of ours did not show themselves excessively immature and incapable in the nineteen-thirties and forties. It seems unlikely that they have gone downgrade since.

I am even less satisfied with the commonest explanation of all—that our country, having won the war with Latin American assistance, has since devoted itself to neglecting Latin America. The material facts, at least, fail to bear this out. If it is a question of economic assistance,

except for government loans on a relatively modest scale, we gave virtually no economic assistance before the war. The Good Neighbor Policy started out, not as a policy of largesse, but as a policy of mutual respect which might be considered incompatible with largesse. Moreover, what assistance we gave during the war—most of it in direct support of our own wartime procurement and defense programs—has since been matched by our constantly growing peacetime assistance. The wartime assistance has been greatly exceeded if one eliminates, in both periods, such assistance as we were really giving ourselves in direct connection with self-serving programs of our own—for example, sanitation



programs to make possible the exploitation of rubber from the Amazon, or the $83 million postwar program to eliminate the cattle disease in Mexico that threatened ranching in our own Southwest and beyond.)

Indeed, the eleemosynary element in our assistance, virtually unknown before the war and only incidental during it, has attained its present proportions only since the war. The Institute of Inter-American Affairs' programs of technical co-operation, which averaged $10 million per annum during the war, were in excess of $24 mil-

The stubborn fact is that the increase in this kind of assistance has been closely accompanied by the continuing demoralization of our inter-American relations and the constant nagging accusations of neglect. For several years now it has appeared that the more we did to help Latin America the more we were blamed for the inadequacy of what we did. This is an onus that we did not have to bear in the days when it never occurred to anyone that we had an obligation to do anything at all.

Those who attribute the demoralization of our inter-American relations to our neglect may, consequently, have fallen into the common error of confusing opposites. This possibility is reinforced by indications that the complaints are most bitter where our assistance has been greatest. A distinguished Brazilian statesman and scholar recently reported that thoughtful Brazilians feel they would have done better in obtaining public loans from us if—like other Latin American countries of which Argentina was the most notable—Brazil had shown an uncooperative disposition and exploited her potential nuisance value. The fact is, however, that on June 30, 1954, the outstanding credits to Brazil on the books of our Export-Import Bank amounted to $587,479,000, which was more than the total outstanding credits to all the other Latin American countries put together ($560,-

It remains true that dissatisfaction with our co-operation is probably nowhere greater than it is in Brazil today. Does the cause, then, lie in our neglect to give economic assistance? Or does it lie, rather, in our neglect to give unlimited economic assistance? As a matter of human nature such assistance, continued until it has become customary, acquires the character of tribute: taking its existence for granted, the recipient is impressed, at last, only by its inadequacy. This is likely to be true however great, within practicable limits, the volume of assistance may be.

Here is another paradox that may offer a clue to the explanation we are seeking.

Inter-American solidarity grew during the nineteen-thirties and forties with the growing menace of the Axis. One would have expected, as natural, a relaxation of that solidarity with the conclusion of the war and the destruction of the Axis. But this is not what happened. The war ended in 1945, the threat to our common safety having begun to recede two or three years before that. Inter-American solidarity, however, reached its highest development two years later at Rio de Janeiro with the signing of the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance. It was still at a high stage of development in the spring of 1948, when the Ninth International Conference of American States met in Bogotá, the conference that created the Organization of American States—although at Bogotá, we can, I think, detect the first clear signs of deterioration.

This paradox is compounded when we recall that it was not until these years, 1947 and 1948, with the Communist seizures of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, that the new Soviet menace became fully evident to the Western world.

What happened about 1947 to reverse the trend toward increasing inter-American solidarity, and to reverse it in spite of the growing external menace?

YEAR OF DECISION

AS THE passage of time improves our historical perspective, I think we shall see more clearly than ever that the year 1947 was one of the great years of decision in our national history. This was the year in which we finally abandoned our traditional but outworn policy of isolation, of peacetime aloofness from the Old World, and deliberately embarked on a new policy of committing our national strength to the establishment and maintenance of a balance-of-power throughout the world.

During the 1930s the twenty-one American republics had had a common defense policy as a basis for their co-operation. They had had a clearly understood common doctrine and a common strategy. They all spoke and acted from common assumptions about the position of the Hemisphere in the world and the requirements of its defense. These assumptions can be summed up in the term "Hemisphere isolationism."

For that was our policy too. It was not national isolation but Hemisphere isolation that we espoused. We took our stand on the Monroe Doctrine, maintaining that we in the New World had a set of interests essentially different from those of the powers in the Old World, that we must consequently abstain from interference in the ordinary affairs of those powers, and that we could not view with complacency any intervention by them in the affairs of our New World. In the 1930s that doctrine came to be accepted as the basis of common action by all the American republics.

In terms of military strategy this meant that we would defend ourselves when our Hemisphere was actually invaded, but not until then. We mounted our defenses, so to speak, along the beaches of our own continents rather than pushing them out, by means of our sea power, to distant shores.

This strategy was not even questioned by any American government as late as September of 1939, when the war which had already broken out in Europe prompted the twenty-one republics to come together for an emergency meeting in Panamá. Mr. Sumner Welles, the representative of the United States, addressing the meeting at its opening session, asked for a joint declaration of what he called "the inalienable right of the American republics to protect themselves . . . from the dangers and the repercussions of a war which has broken out thousands of miles from their shores, and in which they are not involved."

The result was the Declaration of Panamá, which drew a line around the Hemisphere (Canada excepted) beyond which the mighty tides of war were adjured not to go. Three months later, to the accompaniment of unauthorized cheers from the American peoples, some British warships chased the German pocket-battleship *Graf Spee* right into the estuary of the River Plate, where it committed suicide.

Underlying inter-American solidarity, however, and essential to it, was a common policy of continental defense. Such a policy, good or bad, existed up to March 12, 1947, that historic day when President Truman announced that, instead of the policy of mounting our defenses on the beaches of the New World, we, the United States, would hereafter follow a new policy of defending ourselves at a distance.

REVOLUTION IN THINKING

ONE MAY well ask why our government, in 1947, did not put itself in a position to speak for the entire Hemisphere rather than for the United States alone in announcing this new departure. When he set forth our policy on March 12 of that year, President Truman might have stated that "it must be the policy of *the Hemisphere* to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation. . . ." He might have expressed the "frank recognition that totalitarian regimes imposed on free peoples . . . undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of *the whole Hemisphere*," not just the United States. Why should our government not have embarked, beforehand, on a course of inter-American consultation to gain the participation of the twenty other American republics in our revolution of policy?

Surely this is what our government should have done if only it had been possible. Note,

first, that the President did not tell Congress what our new policy was but what it "must be." The fact that, our Constitution notwithstanding, the Congress was free to accept or reject his new policy would in itself have inhibited the Executive's conduct of prior inter-American negotiation.

Secondly, there is reason to doubt that the twenty other governments could have revolutionized their own traditional thinking overnight at our behest. What has happened since bears this out.



FINALLY, one forgets with the passage of years the limitations that bear on hours in the day, days in the week, and sheer human endurance. In the atmosphere of emergency that prevailed in Washington during the spring of 1947 the human resources of our government were stretched to the utmost. There was not time and energy enough to do everything. It was the last day of February when the British publicly announced that their own domestic crisis forced them to withdraw their support from Greece and Turkey in a month's time. It was March 12, less than two weeks later, when President Truman went before Congress and announced the new policy whereby we would replace Britain in Greece and Turkey. When he left the Capitol at the end of his address he boarded a plane for Key West under doctor's orders to take a badly needed vacation.

This leaves one question unanswered. Should we not have anticipated the need for our change of policy and so given ourselves the time to bring it about by due deliberation and debate? Indeed we should! We should have anticipated it almost fifty years earlier about the turn of the century when our advent to world power coincided with the decline of the Pax Britannica. It seems plain that our persistence for half a century in a policy which the times had rendered obsolete cost us the experience of two world wars. But the American people did not understand this and a whole generation of American statesmen had been blind to it. Even in 1947 the final replacement of our antique foreign policy would not have been accepted by the Congress or the American people except under the stress of a dire emergency. It is doubtful that even on February 12 the President could have done successfully what he did on March 12.

The fact remains that since 1947 we have not had, as we had before that date, a common inter-American policy of Hemisphere defense—a policy in which all the American republics participate on the basis of consultation and effectively share responsibility with us. We in this country have given up our own isolationist thinking, but there is no evidence to show that we have taken the other American republics along with us.

Instead, our inter-American system has gone on of its own momentum as if the revolution in the defense policy of the United States had never taken place. In the Rio Treaty we formally continentalized the defensive aspects of the Monroe Doctrine. The Inter-American Defense Board has been engaged ever since in studying the common defense of the Hemisphere on its beaches. Meanwhile, we alone, unilaterally, have been bearing the real current burden of Hemisphere defense in Greece and Turkey, on the barricades of Berlin, in Korea, Formosa, and Indochina. For we may say, if we wish, that this is simply United States policy for the defense of the United States; but because the defense of the United States is inseparable from Hemisphere defense it is really the total defense of the Hemisphere that we are undertaking to encompass by our new policy.

SUSPECTED OF DESERTION

THE STATEMENT of the new United States policy, of its purpose and of the need for it, was quite clear as it was delivered by the President on March 12, 1947. Although no special effort was made to communicate it to our Latin American neighbors and get their agreement, anyone who read the newspapers knew what the new policy was.

On the other hand, our announcements of what came to be known as the Marshall Plan had, necessarily, an element of ambiguity in them. The circumstances were not so clear, so simple, and so dramatic as those of the Greek-Turkish crisis. In his Harvard address of June 5, 1947, Secretary Marshall could only suggest

to the countries of Europe that if they would themselves get together on a common plan of their own for their own economic salvation, then we would be disposed to co-operate with them for its realization. Our policy, in this case, had to depend on their policy.

The Marshall Plan had two aspects. On the one hand it was an effort simply to keep the common civilization of the Western world functioning, to avert a collapse that might have led to such barbarism as followed the collapse of the Roman civilization. As such it did not represent that policy of containing Communism all over the world which President Truman had announced three months earlier. The Communist countries were, in fact, invited to participate and to share in the benefits of the Marshall Plan.

The other aspect of the Marshall Plan, however, did make it in effect an extension of the Greek-Turkish aid program, designed to serve the same purpose of containing Communist aggression. For the economic collapse of Western Europe would have meant the extension of the Communist empire to the shores of the Atlantic, where it would immediately constitute an overwhelming threat to the safety of our Hemisphere. The refusal of the Soviet Union to joint in the Marshall Plan or allow its satellites to join made it inevitable that this second aspect—the containment aspect, the defense-at-a-distance aspect—would gain in prominence.

But in the early stages especially, if the Plan was to work, it was necessary to play down the containment aspect in public. The Western European nations on whose policy it depended, feeling their extreme weakness, were wary of provoking the Soviet Union and would join in the Plan only upon assurances that it was, in fact, open to the Communist as well as the non-Communist world.

From the point of view of our Latin American relations it made a sharp difference which aspect of the Marshall Plan was emphasized. If the Plan represented our new policy of defense at a distance we might properly go to the Latin Americans and say:

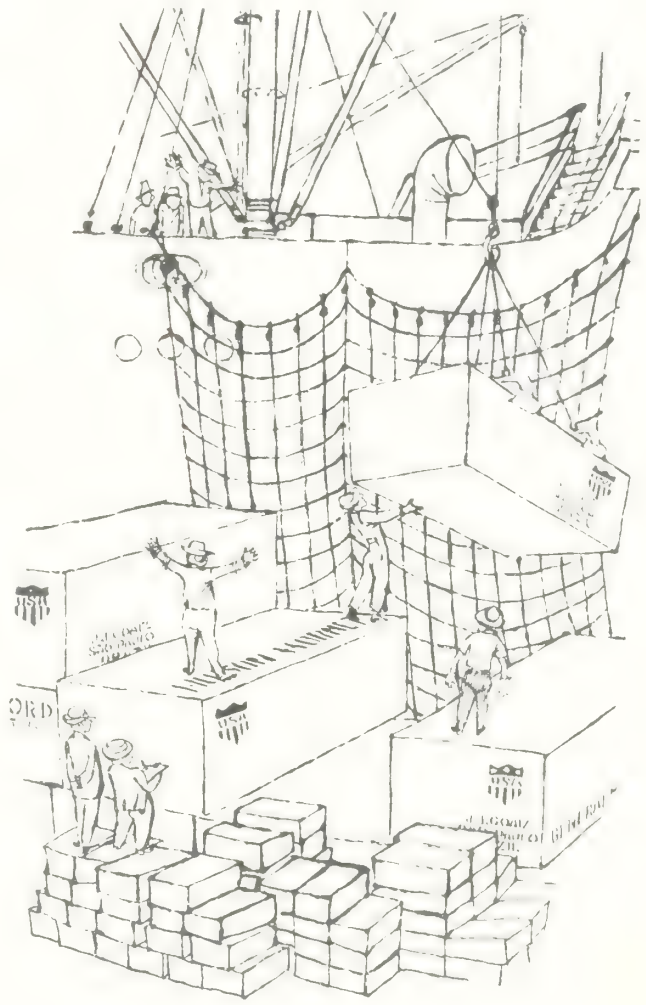
"Look! This is your defense as well as ours. As you share in the security it produces so you should share in the responsibility and the burden."

But the case was quite different when we said, as Secretary Marshall necessarily did say at Harvard:

"Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation, and chaos."

In that case the Latin Americans could point to their own hunger, their own poverty, the elements of desperation and chaos in their own jurisdictions. They could say, and did, that they had just as good a claim on our largesse as any of the European countries.

This was, in fact, the point of view that was all but universally taken throughout Latin America. The Latin Americans swallowed their



ancient pride and, preoccupied with their own economic problems, made clear their view that charity should begin at home. They were our traditional friends, and all of us in this Hemisphere, including the United States, had long been agreed to hold aloof from the powers of Europe. Now, instead, the United States had broken ranks and was cultivating new friends among those same European powers in a manner so lavish as to give color to the embittered charges that it had forgotten its old friends.

Secretary Marshall made a vain effort at

Bogota in 1948 to dispel this growing bitterness by emphasizing the defensive as distinct from the eleemosynary aspect of the European Recovery Program. "If human rights are blotted out in Europe," he said, "they will become increasingly insecure in the New World as well. This is a matter of as much concern to your countries as to mine." It was no use.

"His words," according to the *New York Times*, "were followed with close attention but without applause."

The bitterness continued, and it continues still. The genuine misunderstanding that has grown up between the global United States and the still isolationist Latin America persists and grows deeper with the passage of the years.

WHAT MONEY CANNOT BUY

HERE, I think, we have what may be the the principal reason why the common understanding which had distinguished our community of American republics has become confounded.

Behind this reason, or coincident with it, are others. It would be a mistake to present too simple a picture. Latin America, like North Africa and the southern rim of Asia, is struggling to emerge from economic colonialism. It is one of the "underdeveloped" areas that, impelled almost blindly to achieve new status, have invoked the genie of nationalism to help them. It does have economic problems serious enough to give it concern, although its economies and its standards of living have been developing since the war at a pace unmatched by any other area. It has become culturally disturbed—partly as the result of improved communications that have brought in new thoughts to challenge the old beliefs, partly because of the unlimited expectations aroused by science, technology, and the Hollywood view of life in the United States. There has, perhaps, been some loss of that self-respect which would have made it difficult a generation ago to offer some forms of assistance without offense; and the assistance we have been able to furnish has certainly whetted the appetite for more. Self-reliance may have diminished.

All these are developments which must make tension between us and the Latin Americans. By themselves, however, they are insufficient to account for the bitterness with which the Latin Americans feel that United States foreign policy, since the war, has somehow abandoned or betrayed them. They recognize implicitly, what we in this country would do well to recognize explicitly, that we all did have a common political policy in the 1930s on which to base our solidarity, and that we have one no longer.

AS IS ALMOST always the case when international relations begin to sour, the remedy is not to be found in any simple single action, or even in any one field of action. It is surely not to be found in a mere increase of the volume of our economic assistance, as the Latin Americans and so many of our own citizens advocate. Economic aid to Latin America can be an excellent thing within limits; beyond those limits it may have to be continued for no better reason than that it has been begun. In this respect such aid is like a tariff: while it may originally have been unnecessary, its existence alone creates the conditions that make it indispensable. It is one thing not to undertake programs of economic assistance at all; it is something else to cut them off. If we understand the meaning of our experience in Latin America, however, we shall be more careful in the future to give our assistance in such forms as to lessen rather than increase the need to continue it.

This means, for one thing, that we shall not with our own resources establish in any Latin American country permanent government services—of public health, say, or agricultural extension—on a scale which makes it impossible for that country ever to absorb those services within its own budget. It also means that we shall do our best to avoid giving aid on such terms as to impair the recipients' self-respect, although we cannot hope to avoid this altogether. Finally, we shall be most reluctant by our aid programs to seem to assume, in the eyes of other countries, responsibilities for their welfare that we cannot meet to their satisfaction, so that the total result is simply to arouse the resentment of those we help.

No matter how wisely we shape our economic policy toward Latin America, however, the unity of the Americas will not be regained unless we can re-establish the political and strategic basis for our common action in the world. The fundamental challenge is in the isolationist thinking that still dominates Latin America as it formerly dominated us. Once that is transcended we shall again have the political foundations for a mature and cohesive community which is able to cope with the dangers of a common environment.

Walter Kerr

KILLING OFF THE THEATER

One of New York's outstanding drama critics explains why the "serious" theater has driven away its audience—and how it might lure it back.

IT'S NO secret that the American theater has lost its hold on any sort of mass audience, on that once lively band of ready-made drop-in customers who were both casual and loyal in their playgoing. There are now exactly enough habitual theater-goers left in New York City to fill a single theater for a single evening. Opening nights are crowded. Second nights—unless that rare "smash hit" has been hailed by the newspapers—are empty. I spent a year as a second-night regular reviewing plays for a magazine; it was the lonesomest year of my life. On one occasion a saddened management scurried down the aisles to ask the reviewers to bundle together in the center of the house so that the actors might be encouraged to go on.

Nobody—but nobody—is willing to subject himself to any contemporary theatrical experience he can get out of. The average American knows that the theater exists, though he is not quite sure why. He is vaguely aware that there is, in a limited number of cities, a peculiar activity supported by specialists—worthy of encouragement if the encouragement can be given in absentia, apparently valuable in some dim educative, intellectual, or historical way, like Williamsburg or Shaker furniture or the novels of Thackeray. The notion that, when he is looking for a good time, he might deliberately choose playgoing over poker, golf, movies, television, or bourbon on the rocks does not seriously enter his head.

He has been to the theater—once or twice. He has been going with a girl and isn't quite certain how else they are going to pass the earlier hours of the evening. Or he has come in from out of town, is lonesome and of high moral character, and has finally spent the evening at a show he can talk about when he goes back out of town.

The problem that faces the contemporary American theater—and that gives rise to most of its current financial difficulties—is this: once the customer has been there, it doesn't occur to him to go back. The visit will have had a certain ritualistic value; but it will not have brightened the man's life, caught his fancy, stirred his soul, or fired a brand-new passion. If the visitor never sees another legitimate play so long as he lives, he will feel no sense of loss.

It is difficult to make anyone who works in the theater, and who therefore cherishes it for very personal reasons, believe that this is so. A professional can only insist that the drama itself is dandy, but that that wandering, indifferent customer is feeble-minded. Holding stoutly to this position, the professional continues to make the same gestures he has been making all along, and the customer continues to ignore them. The professional may lament the loss of the mass audience, but—refusing to believe that he is in any way responsible—he does nothing to lure it back. The playwrights keep on writing—and expertly—the same plays that got the theater where it is, and the producers go on producing them—also expertly. The trouble is that they are largely based on two traditions—those of Ibsen and of Chekhov—that are extremely aged now, and that were never very popular in the first place.

For instance, a young student who keeps turning up at my office has a great idea

for a play. It's a play about his aunt.

The little old lady has lived in a third-floor room for fifteen years. Her family cannot remember when she last came out of it. She has a rocker, and can be heard rocking herself to sleep right after lunch. She is an avid reader, and has a vast collection of magazines dating back to 1907. She will chat agreeably enough when her sanctuary is invaded, but her eyes cloud over whenever it is suggested that she take a day in the sun. The children come up to see her on their birthdays, and she gives them little homemade presents on which she has worked long and hard. Ask her about her private life and you will get a sharp glance that says you must go now. No one has ever known her secret. No one will ever know. She lives, as I understand it, on shredded wheat.

Now I have nothing against this student, and I have nothing against his aunt. If, in talking to him, I occasionally feel a pang of alarm, it is because I am morally certain he will write that play; I am morally certain it will be produced; I am morally certain it will fail; and I am morally certain that, immediately it has failed, there will be a handful of angry letters in the *New York Times* denouncing a barbarous public for its inability to see beauty where beauty is. The play will be ruefully remembered by twenty people for twenty years. In time it will be revived at City Center, where it will fail again. The tears of the twenty will be shed anew.

You can see the play. There will be a setting designed in evocative browns by Boris Aronson. Perhaps Lillian Gish will be persuaded to inhabit it. The performance will be a fragile and strangely perceptive one. The little old lady will putter about doing odd and interesting things.

The children will come, and we will have a scene of gaiety broken by the youngest's thoughtless suggestion that she come down to see his bicycle. The oldest, glancing back, will shepherd the tumbling crew away. There will be a significant pause, as the old lady leafs a magazine, not seeing it. A knock on the door. Her brother, the father of the family. They both know why he has come, but neither will speak of it. He has come to make amends, and to make one more effort to lure her from the room. But he must circle the subjects, letting an inference waft across the room as she wafts one back. His wife appears. There is an ugly silence. They go. The old lady rocks.

As the play goes on, there will be one cruel effort to shock the recluse into life. It will fail. Then the oldest daughter will come quietly one twilight, seeking help. The mother and father are driving her toward a certain way of life, their way perhaps. The girl needs a champion. The old lady is sharp with her, fighting down her own impulse to help. The girl leaves, in tears. The old lady is terribly disturbed.

Eventually there is a scene in which the aunt, after a profound inner struggle, bestirs herself. She will come down. She dresses. She does all the little feminine things she did fifteen years ago. She steels herself. She walks, haltingly, to the door. Her hand touches the knob. There is a breath of air from the window, and the curtains stir slightly. There are sounds of children's voices from the street below, perhaps the sudden shrill sound of a mother calling them. The trembling hand falters. The old lady does not go.

Sometime later, in the dusk, the door opens. The girl enters, slowly. She has given in. She will lead the life that has been planned for her. When it is ended, or nearly ended, she, too, will be a recluse. These two stare at one another, in understanding. The old lady rocks. The girl leans against the window. Curtain.

It must be understood that all of this will be sensitively done. When a saddened reader writes to the *Times* of the sorry, sorry waste, the waste will have been real.

PLAYWRITING, ANYONE?

OUR THEATER has not come to its time of troubles through any lack of talent, of sensitivity, of technical skill. The problem is not really one of craftsmanship. If every year thousands of youngsters beg to be taught "how to" write a play, every year hundreds of teachers teach them how.

We have made it remarkably easy. We have placed at everyman's disposal a number of reasonably trustworthy playwriting manuals—textbooks that tell a man, a woman, or an indefatigable grandmother (half the grandmothers I know are writing sex plays; the other half are writing allegories about world peace) how to get characters on and off stage without having one of them say, "Tennis, anyone?", how to slip a piece of vital exposition into an apparently innocuous telephone conversation, how to get the second-act curtain down without having used up all of the material for Act Three, and how to

spell out the commoner stage dialects (North Carolina, upper and lower Bronx, and Eugene O'Neill Irish).

We have almost made it possible for the well-rounded youngster to pick up this sort of information without interrupting his college education. A good many universities offer good courses in playwriting. Here the serious-minded student will apply himself to the structural subtleties of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," ferreting out the play's underlying thesis, examining the position of each character in relation to the thesis, and reveling in the masterly showmanship with which Ibsen fused an unfolding purpose and a stinging theatrical excitement.

He will examine the symbolism of O'Neill (the horizon, the jungle, the illusion-ridden saloon run by Harry Hope), the muted tension of Chekhov ("The fact is, Constantin has shot himself . . ."). Nor will he confine himself to the modern masters. He will give due attention to the effective mechanics of "Three Men on a Horse," learning how to place the key word in a calculated gag in just the right rhythmic position to make the line explode. (You mustn't swallow your kicker by writing, "Temptation is the one thing I can't resist"; you must swing around and write, with Oscar Wilde, "I can resist anything except temptation.")

When the modern novice is through doing his homework, he will know quite a bit about the indispensable mechanics of his trade. He may talk a rather grandiose game of "organic structure," but he will at least realize that he has got to wrap up the evening in a big scene somewhere and that—if the scene isn't going to seem wildly irrelevant—he has got to begin preparing for it from the rise of his first curtain. He will know how to blend scenes smoothly, how to conceal information suspensefully, how to introduce coincidence casually, how to imply "larger" values in a limited domestic situation ("It's not just you, Mother. It's not just me. It's all of us—all of us together"). He will, in fact, be quite a glib young man.

HOW TO WRITE A BAD PLAY

STRUCTURAL gaucherie is relatively rare on our stage. In two recent seasons on Broadway, twenty-six "first" plays were produced—the fledgling efforts of our most promising youngsters. If twenty-three of them failed, it was not for want of technical dexterity. There wasn't a transparently clumsy piece of play-building among them.

There was the carefully articulated labor play. Scene: The Dockyards. Act One: the heroine decries any sort of violence, makes her lover swear he will never resort to force. Act Two: the lover, attacked, meets force with force, and is scornfully denounced by the girl, who will hence forth have none of him. Act Three: the girl's pacific attitude results in the death of her father and the severe mauling of her lover, whereupon she clasps the latter's bloody head to her breast, recognizes that evil must be fought, and faces up to the sorry challenge of the modern world. Curtain line: "If this goes on, night after night, what will we all be?" The play moved forward with an always professional fluidity.

THERE was the psychopath play. Scene: Central Park. Act One: a detective explains to his fiancée that she oughtn't to come into the park alone, there have been stranglings recently, nearby a mild-mannered young man sits on a bench with his doting mother. Act Two: the fiancée keeps coming into the park, begins to feel sorry for the lonesome young man, is in a nice position to be strangled as the curtain comes down. Act Three: the fiancée is rescued in the nick of time, whereupon she is not so much grateful as incensed. She now speaks, in ringing accents, the thesis of the play: neurotics aren't criminals, they're sick; don't put them in jail, put them in hospitals. There were no real flaws in the author's management of his scenes.

There were two environmental studies. One found the younger generation, in a south-side Chicago tenement, looking in horror upon the disintegration of the older generation, and vowing to escape the same fate. Sample environmental detail: the young hero, who is of a rather poetic turn of mind, announces that he is going to puke, and attempts to do so into a large basin. (He does not succeed.) The other detailed the efforts of an ineffectual jeweler, living above his all but bankrupt shop, to bind his frustrated wife, his wayward daughter, and his drunken son into some sort of family unit. In Act Three, everybody left home. Neither play betrayed ineptitude at the surface; each was well enough made to win production.

Then there were three or four rewrites of "An Enemy of the People." In one a druggist discovered that he was manufacturing a harmful medication, that his businesslike board wanted him

to go right on manufacturing it, and that, if he were going to be a man of integrity in a corrupt society, he would have to stand alone. In another a television executive discovered that he had harbored a friend suspected of Communist sympathies, that his employers wanted him to disavow his friendship, and that, if he were going to be a man of integrity in a panicky society, he would have to stand alone. In yet another, a political ghost-writer discovered that his employer was guilty of slandering an opponent, that he was expected to write a speech confirming the slander, and that, if he were going to be a man of integrity in a venal society, he would have to stand with his arm around his girl, defiant. This last was a comedy, and perhaps doesn't count. One of these rewrites was a model of mechanical deftness; the others revealed a comfortable acquaintance with standard stage practice.

All of this is the work of our most promising newcomers, eager young men and women who are talented enough to have earned the interest of theatrical agents, the devotion of theatrical producers, and the money of theatrical backers. It is noticeably slick work, rich in "know-how."

THE PLOT WENT THATAWAY

IT REMAINS, however, singularly unappetizing to those millions of Americans for whom it was presumably written. This is due, in part, to the fact that the major models—Ibsen and Chekhov—on whom so much excellent imitation has been expended were never at any time "popular" in this country. Since the Ibsen model is now more than seventy years old, and since no dramatic model ever seems to survive much longer than that, there is probably no point in belaboring the Norwegian master here: his cult is likely to vanish at any moment.

The Chekhovian model, though, was somewhat slower in reaching us. It has had a more gradual growth, and its roots are going to be harder to dislodge—provided we ever do decide that we want to dislodge them. Of the two forms, the Chekhovian is now clearly in the ascendant; it may be indeed the most respected style available to ambitious playwrights. (My young student will still write that play about his aunt.) And it has at least one characteristic calculated to keep the mass audience at bay forever. Nothing ever really happens.

I once spent an extremely pleasant evening walking the streets of Washington, D. C., from the Willard Hotel to the White House and back, in the company of Thornton Wilder. What I remember most clearly from the conversation is Mr. Wilder's insistence that the theater of story—the theater of "what happens next?"—was in deep discredit, had outlasted its usefulness.

The author was in part explaining his latest play, "The Skin of Our Teeth," which had just begun its Broadway run to considerable critical acclaim. Mr. Wilder is one of the most genuinely observant men now not working regularly for the theater, and "The Skin of Our Teeth" is in nearly every respect a fascinating play.

As the season wore on, though, it picked up an odd reputation. Taxicab drivers, who normally head for the theatrical district around eleven o'clock, took to lining up at the Mansfield a great deal earlier. "The Skin of Our Teeth" became known as the hit with the largest number of people leaving after the second act. The play was the talk of the town; but a lot of the talk was shrill with outrage. The production did not get its expected run in New York, and was a sudden failure on the road.

The usual explanation for this strange state of affairs has always been centered on the liberties Mr. Wilder likes to take with dramatic convention: the bold leaps in time, the practice of addressing the audience directly, and so on. The audience, it was suggested, stubbornly resists this sort of innovation. But Mr. Wilder had already done most of these things in "Our Town" without enraging anybody.

IT LATER occurred to me that perhaps the real reason for the curious reception given "The Skin of Our Teeth" lay in the fact that nothing happened next. The play was built circuitously: the same thing happened over and over again. In Act One the human family survived physical disaster; in Act Two the same human family survived domestic disaster; in Act Three it survived military disaster. Each act was joyously illuminating; but each act was complete in itself, built to a recurring pattern, no one of them requiring the others to fulfill its meaning.

Mr. Wilder was, of course, quite right about one thing. "What happens next?" has, as a compelling principle, been thoroughly discredited in our generation. We no longer believe in the importance, and certainly not in the primacy, of narrative. "Story" is something we make half-hearted concession to; "action" is a quality suit-

able for Western films; "plot" is no more than a monstrous artifice, abhorrent to men of taste; "situation" is the province of hacks.

We are repeatedly told that character is primary. If not character, mood. If not mood—mood sometimes sounds a bit romantic—then the objective study of environment. These are not only the dramatist's sources, the well-springs for his creation: they are the actual ends toward which he is working; they fulfill, in themselves, the requirements of drama.

If one half—the Ibsen half—of our drama has been dedicated to the illustration of intellectual opinion, the remainder has been devoted to the dispassionate examination of character, mood, and milieu—to plays in which these things are the predominant, when they are not the exclusive, content. We are now in the realm of Carson McCullers' "The Member of the Wedding," Truman Capote's "The Grass Harp," John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," Paul Osborn's "Morning's at Seven," Jane Bowles' "In the Summer House," William Inge's "Picnic."

THE OLD CHEKHOV CURSE

WE HAVE come to this second strain, I think, in two ways. In part it stems from our rebellion against the souped-up narratives of nineteenth-century melodrama. The theater that preceded ours had made action everything, character nothing. Horrified by the garish hues and cardboard humans of this "insincere" theater, we have hastened to invert the process, to make character everything, action nothing.

I suspect that we were further—though perhaps subconsciously—distressed by our experience of Ibsen. Ibsen gave us our social format, our impulse toward the drama of purpose. But he gave it to us in a sham narrative context, a context that seemed to be telling us a story while it was really telling us off. An orphanage might burn down for a second-act climax; but we were to understand that it wasn't an orphanage burning down, it was a corrupt way of life. A wife might dance a tarantella in the living-room to keep her husband from answering the postman's ring; but the dance wasn't really a dance, it was part of a diagram.

We sensed the uneasy relationship between the concrete thing that was being acted out and the abstract intention that made it impersonal: in time we began to titter at the juxtaposition. The idea and the illustration were self-conscious in one another's presence: too pat when they fitted, too puzzling when they didn't. We felt that something was wrong. Either the thesis was out of place, or the story was. An age committed to thesis made a natural deduction: the story was the interloper. Story now had a second strike on it.

At the same time that we were making wry grimaces at such melodramas as "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" and worrying over the unresolved element in Ibsen, Chekhov flickered faintly on the horizon.

More than any other available model, Chekhov has appealed to whatever is "sensitive" in the contemporary playwright. Here is humble, patient, perceptive, even poetic work; and its focus is character. Such action as it contains is known by its absence, like a day that is clearly remembered because no mail came. In "The Three Sisters" the principal characters wish to go to Moscow; they do not go. In "Uncle Vanya" an old man brings himself to the point of firing a gun at the nonentity on whom he has wasted his life; he misses. In "The Cherry Orchard" a charming incompetent makes inadequate gestures toward salvaging a way of life; the way of life vanishes. In "The Sea Gull" the members of a family grapple, in John Gassner's phrase, with "their inability to realize themselves in a static environment."

To any writer it must always have been clear that the value of Chekhov is not in what is done. It is not even in what is not done, though this is admittedly more important to the Chekhovian scheme. The value is in the many-sided character revelation—now an impulse, now an inhibition, now a moment of exhilaration, now a moment of despair—that takes place in the narrative void. In one sense it is the very existence of the void that makes so much revelation possible: because the people are suspended, they may be examined with infinite patience. This was a drama of nuance, of overtone, fragile perhaps but filled with shimmering images. It was worth the attention of a poet.

Let me say at once that the Chekhovian manner does seem to me preferable, in a great many ways, to the Ibsen manner. It takes its origins from life, it respects life, it imposes little that is mechanical upon life. The man who uses it has unquestioned creative freedom in the direction of character, of atmosphere, of environmental evocation. The movement of the form is toward

the concrete and three-dimensional, not toward the theoretical. The creative processes that it employs seem to me—so far as they go—wholly valid.

THE ART OF BORING AUDIENCES

YET THE form is shatteringly unpopular. Chekhov himself is almost without peer in his power to chill American audiences. Occasional stars with trusted followings have occasionally sandwiched his work between giddier, and more reliable, ventures. In 1941 a supreme effort was made to carry the day for this admired, imitated, and uncommercial dramatist: Katharine Cornell, Judith Anderson, Ruth Gordon, Dennis King, Edmund Gwenn, Tom Powers, and Alexander Knox joined forces to produce "The Three Sisters." At least four of these people were independent stars with independent followings strong enough to push lesser plays to success. Together, in Chekhov, they could do no more than eke out a thinnish run in New York and a few disappointing weeks on the road. When London's Old Vic, at the height of its powers under the Laurence Olivier–Ralph Richardson regime, made its first visit to New York in 1948, it suffered the familiar repertory experience: modest success with Shakespeare, disaster with "Uncle Vanya," salvation with Sophocles' "Oedipus."

The plays to which the Chekhovian tradition has given birth—plays such as "I Am a Camera" and "The Member of the Wedding"—sometimes earn a relative popularity through the interest of their stars. But we must pause to consider how relative that popularity is.

"I Am a Camera," with an extraordinary performance by Julie Harris in its principal role, was able to last out a season in New York. It rarely played to capacity. It was not popular in the sense that "A Streetcar Named Desire" was popular. It was not, of course, popular in the sense that a successful motion picture is popular. It was, at best, "popular" with that very small, very dedicated band of die-hards who continue to attend the New York theater and whose support is not sufficient to maintain that theater.

It is not difficult for me to enjoy what is—socially, a play like "The Member of the Wedding." I know the sort of play I am going to see. Seeing it, I recognize it for an excellent example of its kind, the best that is available to us. Because I am professionally concerned with the theater, and interested in its survival on any terms, I find myself liking it.

But I cannot, let's say, make my mother-in-law like it. She came away in vague dissatisfaction, as much irritated with herself for failing to succumb to the play as she was with the play for failing to make her succumb. All that quality, and why don't I care?

In addition to trying to point out the merits of "I Am a Camera" through the columns of the newspaper for which I work, I urged a number of friends to see it. I never found one who thanked me. I got the tentative, rather sorely tried, agreement: yes, it's well done, yes, it's literate, yes, I suppose I should admire it.

"But it didn't honestly hold me: I certainly wouldn't go back: I couldn't in conscience tell a friend he'd enjoy it."

These were intelligent non-professionals: people who read fairly widely, listen to a certain amount of music, go to a selected number of movies. They are, quite simply, the audience that has disappeared from the theater and cannot, even after a couple of honest tries, be lured back.

What has crippled the drama descended from Chekhov is its calculated inertia. Chekhov was specifically concerned, as he clearly announced, with "disappointment, apathy, nervous limpness, and exhaustion." (We forget that these special characteristics were derived from, and intended to mirror, a given time, place, and state of mind: the moribund Russia of the nineteenth century. Russia itself has long since thrown off Russian inertia: only we continue to cling to it.)

Out of admiration for a remarkable but highly specialized dramatist, we have made ennui almost a point of honor.

WHAT MAKES EXCITEMENT

THE THEATER is a somewhat ruder place than this. It is—and we are often appalled to discover the fact—quite a primitive place. A great many seats have been lashed together in an outsize building so that a great many people can come together for a robust and companionable outside experience. The audience is not confused about the kind of experience it is looking for. When it wishes a private experience, it makes suitable arrangements. Intending to pore quietly over a delicately-wrought character sketch, it snaps on one light in the living-room, settles into the most comfortable

armchair, murmurs a silent prayer that the telephone won't ring, and shuts out all thought of company. When it comes to the theater, it comes looking for company. It comes looking for noise—it takes a loud play to fill a large building. It comes looking for color—it takes bold hues to hit the top of the second balcony. It comes looking for activity—it takes a lot of activity to spellbind this on-the-town and out-for-the-evening band. An arena has been erected so that an event may take place.

Whatever is uneventful dies peacefully in the arena. Whatever is soft or slow or small shivers and expires in this busy barn.

Once upon a time there was a theatrical requirement known as magnitude. When Aristotle tried to pin down the essentials of tragedy, he described the form as "an imitation of an action that is complete in itself, as a whole of some magnitude." And he quickly added, "for a whole may be of no magnitude to speak of." When Aristotle spoke of Beauty, he called it a "matter of size and order." Finally, he ventured so far as to say that "the longer the story, consistently with its being comprehensible as a whole, the finer it is by reason of its magnitude."

IN GENERAL we distrust scale nowadays. Certainly we distrust spectacle. We know that the audience yearns for extravagant events: but we are inclined to think of the yearning as one of the least attractive of the audience's characteristics. It is a superficial desire for thrill: it is a primitive fondness for excessive color: it is a fairly shoddy form of escape, of sublimation, of vicarious romantic experience. It constitutes an unrealistic attitude toward life. So it is banished to those deplorable but popular fringes of the theater—musical comedy, movies, and television.

I'm not sure that we understand this passion for excitement correctly. Actually it may be a passion for reality—especially that reality which cannot be grasped in any other way.

Extravagant things, violent things, events of notable magnitude, do from time to time touch the outer edges of our lives. I suppose most of us have known suicides. A good many of us have married friends who do one another physical damage. People do cut one another up in bars. Each of us has heard a screech of brakes and some sort of thump, and then moved cautiously toward the crowd at the curbstone.

At this point, though, something happens to us. We are drawn toward the scene of violence by an immediate, unquestioning impulse. But the closer we approach it, the more intense does a counter-impulse become. Having shouldered our way to the edge of the spectacle, we are overcome by a powerful urge to turn away. We are simultaneously fascinated and repelled.

We are fascinated by something that is real. We are repelled because it *is* real. Whatever charity we may have in us, whatever sense of the ugly, whatever awareness that the victim is a man like ourselves, casts a veil over the event—over our clear sight of the event. Because we are humane, we deny ourselves a direct vision.

Should the disturbing event come closer, should it strike with shattering force either family or friends, our vision of it, our grasp of it, is hazier still. We are, quite literally, blinded by emotion: we cannot see the event for the intensity with which we feel it. Yet there is something actual and meaningful and perhaps majestic to be seen.

Our art forms are often concerned to show us with clarity those events that are much too tremendous to be seen clearly in life. Intense passion, at close range, involves us too much: in the theater we may watch it without that direct involvement which obscures its meaning. The larger the event, the more likely are we to lose hold of it in life; and the more necessary does it become for the theater to seize and to shape it for us. If the greatest plays of the past are those in which characters tear out their own or one another's eyes, in which characters kill or are killed, in which sons turn violently upon their mothers or husbands upon their wives, it is not because audiences once asked for cheap stimuli—but because audiences did ask to have their experience, their clear knowledge of life, enlarged.

RECIPE FOR RICHES

THE CONTEMPORARY theater insists that a play, to be true, must be small and casual. And there are small and casual truths. They are, however, the truths we are best able to deduce for ourselves from the daily round. We pin them down with a reasonable accuracy as we listen to the children at the breakfast table, overhear our neighbors on the commuters' train, or watch our fellow workers at the office party. To have such small-sized truths confirmed in the theater gives us a mild pleasure: we

recognize, we nod, we smile. But the experience cannot exhilarate us; it has not added notably to our knowledge.

In contrast, we remain grateful to the play that shows us more of the truth than we dared to face by ourselves. We are also excited by it.

The contemporary theater is extremely honest about trivia, and extremely indifferent to any activity more pronounced than the rustling of a leaf, a dress, or a newspaper over coffee. Indeed it is hostile to the idea of activity.

I am convinced that this is the main reason why the mass audience is hostile to the theater. There is, of course, a risk of vulgarity in turning our minds toward what pleases the "common" customer. We may quite possibly slip into banality as we try to stir up a good narrative, write a scene with the momentum of a shot, draw the kind of character who would be a stimulating companion for roughly two-and-one-half hours. (There is banality at the Chekhovian level, too: we see quite a bit of it in the course of a Broadway season.)

But I suspect that the risk must be run, for two reasons. One is that the theater must continue to shrink if we do not do it. The other is that it seems to me, on the available historical evidence, to be a good risk. The theater was not created by a sensitive minority for a sensitive minority. It was created—in its Greek, Roman, and medieval beginnings—by a crowd for a crowd. It has, since these beginnings, been at its healthiest when it was closest to the crowd. There is a favorable chance, with the crowd, of arriving at serious art.

EVEN WITHIN the general forms we know—and while we are waiting for some new impulse to overtake us—we can teach ourselves to pay greater attention to what might attract an audience, to what might hold the audience rapt when it gets there, to what might send the audience away from the theater with a satisfied glow and a genuine desire to come back.

And I think we might test, for a while, the possibility that really laboring to please the audience might profit us not only financially, but aesthetically. I think we must do this wholeheartedly, not with nervous reservations: that we must take off the hair shirts we have worn so long, and stop scratching our consciences with the fear of turning panderers. It would be good if we could bring ourselves to have quiet confidence in the common instincts toward pleasure and excitement—to believe that satisfying these instincts is one way of arriving at importance.

My guess is that by working with the universal audience we may get universal plays. By showing the audience some affection—rather than a haughty and ascetic indifference—we may find the affection returned. And we may, to our horror, get rich.

PORTRAIT OF A PHILADELPHIAN

III

IMPREGNABLY enveloped in civility,
Disparaged ostentation:
Deploring vehemence of glance or of
allegiance,
Endorsed humility and moderation.
Shod in serenity she stood,
Radiating rectitude.

None received extenuation
Of careless lapse or truculence,
By bursting foam of penitence:
Rebuked apologies and explanation,
Disdained regrets.

Admonished tolerance. Devoutly hated
Sign of improvidence. She waited
Her evenings with untarnished conscience.

Gave lavishly to charity, and stipulated
Its distribution be rigorously regulated:
Award should be commensurate with merit.

Distress was strictly secondary.
Extremity of need implies
Its correlary,
Immoral lack of enterprise.

In garden shadows languid sun embroiders,
She found a modicum of solace,
In flying paws of shy marauders,
All anxious ears and whiskered flurry,
Worried small alert and wary,
Who plunder innocent of malice.

She died at sixty. Graciously,
She entered immortality.
With gentle nod,
Assenting to agreeable hospitality,
She greeted God.

Ralph G. Martin

How Much Poison are we Eating?

The chemicals sprayed on food crops to kill pests have become essential to prosperous farming, but how many menace health? A new law, with teeth in it, should help us find out.

LAST year more than two billion pounds of insecticide were manufactured in the United States. Some 30,000 registered formulas, containing some 100 pesticidal chemicals, have become virtual necessities to American agriculture. These are poisons, yet small quantities of them inevitably get into food. Though their manufacturers and the food producers spend vast sums to keep the amounts as low as possible, or to make certain the substances have no adverse effect on humans, we are nevertheless not wholly certain how much poison we eat—or can eat without harm.

To answer this question a Congressional committee (the House Select Committee to Investigate the Use of Chemicals in Foods and Cosmetics) held two years' of hearings and took four volumes of testimony. Unlike a number of Congressional investigations, this one produced few headlines. Stranger still, it resulted in actual legislation—a new law that offers better protection from insecticide poisons than we have ever had before. Now, for the first time, it will be up to the manufacturer to show comprehensive proof that the residue of his insecticide left on crops can safely accumulate in the human body over an entire lifetime.

Up to now, anybody could put an insecticide on the market without having to demonstrate its harmlessness—the burden of proof was on the government, and prolonged court cases were necessary to get some dangerous pesticides off the market. Scattered through the pages of the committee transcript are numerous illustrations of how dangerous this method of control—or lack of method—could be. Here, for example, is the testimony of Dr. W. C. Hueper, chief of the Environmental Cancer Section of the National Cancer Institute:

Question: Was the discovery that acetylaminofluorene produced cancer an incidental or accidental one, or was an attempt being made to determine the fact?

Dr. Hueper: The authors made it quite clear in their communication that it was accidental.

Question: In what part of organs of the body did it produce cancer?

Dr. Hueper: It would produce cancer of the liver, the stomach, the breast, the thyroid, the pelvis, the kidney, the bladder, the female genital tract, the external auditory canal, and occasionally the brain.

Question: After the discovery that this proposed insecticide did produce cancer it was discarded for that use, was it not?

Dr. Hueper: That is right. It was never used for that purpose.

Question: If the fact that it did produce cancer had not been ascertained in the accidental fashion which you mentioned, it might now be used as an insecticide; is that correct?

Dr. Hueper: Doubtlessly it would have been.

Question: After the discovery was made with respect to acetylaminofluorene, did you know whether a general program was started by anyone to test other insecticides then in use for their possible tumor-producing or cancer-producing properties?

Dr. Hueper: Not that I am aware of.

To be sure, the testimony was double-edged; it underlined the urgent need for insecticides as well as their dangers. With the exception of the really convinced believer in compost, or "organic" gardening, few people deny the importance of insect poisons in checking pests. Out of 80,000 insect species, 10,000 are harmful, and in this country each year they do four billion dollars' worth of damage, consuming crops equivalent to the harvest from 127 million acres.

The use of insecticides has quick and dramatic results. It has doubled livestock production, and almost doubled the annual yield of the land since 1945. Insecticides have rescued millions of acres of forest from the gypsy moth and the spruce budworm. One fungicide has increased

the yield of Anjou pears by 300 million bushels a year. Control of grasshoppers in Montana and Wyoming alone is estimated to have saved enough pasture grass to produce 11 million pounds of beef. Some cattlemen claim that a pound of DDT—by ridding steers of annoying insects—can add 1,500 pounds of meat to a herd.

The result is a constant pressure for more—and more effective—poisons, coupled with increasing worry over their use. Long before the Congressional hearings, industry had been deeply concerned with research and control. Twenty insecticide companies spent about three million dollars a year, while Swift, General Foods, Quaker Oats, and dozens of others maintained large laboratories. A&P had several thousand people testing its products. Beechnut alone was spending $100,000 a year to keep insecticide residues out of baby foods and was active in the push for a stronger law. Food processors have long been conscious of the criticism made by consumer organizations of their use of various chemical softeners and preservatives (which Congress considered but which will not concern us here). Many companies, in their own interest, have supported the Nutrition Foundation, which makes further research grants to hospitals and universities.

THE REASON for all this anxiety is not the microscopic bit of insecticide residue on any one apple you eat. It is fear of the unknown cumulative effect, the long-range build-up inside your body of the vast variety of toxic materials that may crop up in every meal. In his testimony, Dr. Francis E. Ray, director of the Cancer Research Laboratory of the University of Florida, explained why in his field this problem is particularly difficult to solve. "Long continued application of small doses," he said, "is more effective in producing tumors than are large doses frequently applied. . . . Cancer of the internal organs may pass unnoticed until it has progressed to the fatal stage. In human cancer, therefore, it might be very difficult to prove that a tumorous growth was initiated by the long-continued ingestion of small amounts of chemical in food."

With any proposed chemical, the questions about its residual effect are many and baffling. How can the manufacturer offer a lifetime guarantee when there are so many unknowns, and so much controversy about what little is known? How much of this or that chemical is actually retained by the body? How does it change in composition after it enters? Is it fair to assume that what happens to an experimental animal happens also to a human being?

YOUR DAILY DDT

THE LONGEST, and certainly the loudest, controversy has been over DDT. It is the most used; it has not only saved countless millions of dollars but countless lives. The Southern United States used to have millions of cases of malaria—DDT cut it down to a few thousand a year. Malaria had flourished in Sardinia since the thirteenth century B.C.—DDT wiped it out. In Italy in 1944 DDT stopped a typhus epidemic.

Here is an insecticide that has been almost wholly integrated into our way of life, as familiar as orange juice. Last year we used at least a hundred million pounds of it, and sprayed it on everything from hotel beds to whole cities. We eat DDT all the time, all of us. An investigation reported at a recent meeting of the American Public Health Association revealed that no meal had been found in which some trace of DDT did not appear, and that the daily menu for the average American contained 184 micrograms of it. The researchers quickly added that this amount was far below the dosage human volunteers had taken without injury.

But DDT is a poison—a sticky, clinging fat-soluble neurotoxin that attacks the central nervous system, working its way up the spine to the brain. Acute DDT poisoning is described by the American Medical Association as "hyperexcitability, generalized tremors, spastic or flaccid paralysis, and convulsions." Some eight years ago, O. G. Fitzhugh and Arthur A. Nelson reported in the *Journal of Pharmacology and Experimental Therapeutics* the results of their two years' research with rats; DDT showed a minimal tendency to cause liver tumors.

DDT also seems to take a long time to lose its potency. Investigators at the Utah State Agricultural College sprayed DDT on alfalfa, fed the alfalfa to cows, milked the cows, skimmed the cream, churned it into butter, fed the butter to rats, killed the rats, and found substantial amounts of DDT in the rats' body fat—with its toxic properties intact.

What particularly concerns the doctors is the tendency of DDT to store up in the fatty tissues of all animals, humans included. Dr. Francis

Pottenger, Jr., secretary for the Los Angeles County Medical Commission for the Study of Environmental Contaminants, made a random sample in his community. "If people, after four or five years," he reported, "who have no reason to suspect that they have DDT in their bodies, are found to have from zero to thirty-three parts per million of DDT in their fat, what is going to happen after we have been using DDT from ten to fifteen years?"

On the other hand, the negative evidence is all in DDT's favor. No case of human death as a result of DDT has ever been brought forward. There is no recognized proof of any connection between DDT and virus infections or virus pneumonia. Experimental animals fed large quantities of DDT for as long as 113 days have shown no changes in liver, kidneys, or gall bladder. Dr. Samuel Simmons of the U.S. Public Health Service goes even further, claiming that DDT retained in human body fat soon changes into a substance he believes to be less toxic (not all specialists agree).

Similarly, Dr. George C. Decker of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station reported that cattle and other animals fed many times the amount of any DDT residue, and accumulating up to 300 parts per million in their fats, showed better health records than the untreated check animals. "We should not become too panicky," he added, "over some toxicological tests conducted in a laboratory when the field records of both animal and human health do not entirely bear them out. . . . Someplace we will have to take a calculated risk."

THE INSECTS GET IMMUNE

WHILE we're waiting to find out how bad the long-range risk will be, we go on producing insecticides of ever-increasing strength. "The trouble is," says Dr. Arnold J. Lehman, director of the division of pharmacology of the Food and Drug Administration, "these insects keep getting more and more immune to the different poisons, so we have to keep making poisons stronger and stronger."

Insects, that is, compress into a short time a process of survival-for-the-fittest that would take the human animal ten thousand years, so that resistant strains soon replace the ones the insecticide destroyed. Then we have to develop new brews like chlordane, four or five times more poisonous than DDT.

After its introduction in 1947, chlordane proved so effective on food-crop insects that more than a million pounds of it were quickly sold. When the American Public Health Association tested it on animals, however, they found degeneration of the liver and kidneys among the results. Making their own tests, the Food and Drug Administration discovered that pigeons put in a chlordane-treated room couldn't stay alive in it—even after the room had been scrubbed with alkali and aired for several weeks. Dr. Lehman testified before the Committee that he himself would hesitate to eat food that had any chlordane residue whatever.

With chlordane—as with other poisons in common use, like toxaphene, aldrin, dieldrin, and heptachlor—the residues are powerfully difficult to remove; you cannot wash them off most foods, even with a hot detergent bath. Worse still are the poisons that have staying power in the soil. Even if they are banned for use on edible food, crop rotation may bring them out in foods grown years later on the same ground. Take, for example, BHC (benzene hexachloride).

BHC started out as an insecticide wonder, which it still is. It kills all kinds of harmful insects. The early scientific consensus held it to be "relatively harmless for humans," and soon 98 million pounds were being sold per year. It was used to air out homes and restaurants; it was even dusted on troops in Korea. Then government researchers noticed that BHC was turning up in the brain tissues of test animals, and producing elsewhere abnormal cancer-like cell growths. That was enough for the Department of Agriculture to urge all growers not to use it on edible foods.

But BHC, once used, maintains up to half of its original concentration in the soil, even after three years. What happened next was described by Dr. L. G. Cox, of the research staff of Beechnut Baby Foods:

> [In 1948] we had to reject thirteen out of eighty-nine acres contracted for squash from Florida, peaches from Pennsylvania, and celery also from Florida. . . . But the year 1950 brought us to probably one of the worst dollars-and-cents losses in handling vegetables exposed to BHC treatment. We were originally contracted on South Carolina for our total requirements of sweet potatoes. By the time we had tested all the soils in these contracted acreages, and had found residues of BHC on a large percentage, we were forced into buying on an open market. At our California plant, we had to reject dehydrated

celery because of BHC contamination. During the 1951 apple season, we were forced to reject contracted apples in New York.

BHC is still used extensively on cotton, where it has greatly increased and simplified production. One of the biggest rotation crops with cotton is peanuts, "and our own experience has confirmed that it is quite difficult to obtain peanuts with a BHC content less than 0.5 ppm [parts per million] from certain areas."

THEN THERE are the systemics, a whole new group of phosphate chemicals. One ounce of these in a thousand gallons of water is enough to rid an acre of pests for a full season—with incalculable benefits, and perhaps equal danger. A systemic poison is absorbed into the plant itself, not merely sprayed on the outside, so that insects sucking the sap from the foliage get it into their own systems and are killed. Dr. Louis Pyenson, entomologist of the Long Island Agricultural and Technical Institute, was asked how food processors could test the products on which systemics had been used.

"Well," he said, ". . . I understand after the chemical gets in the plant it sometimes changes its composition, and it might be difficult to find how much of the chemical was there in some form."

Question: That presents a fairly serious problem, then, does it not, from the point of view of both the public and the food canner?
Dr. Pyenson: It does.

To make systemic insecticides even more effective, scientists have soaked the seeds of plants in systemic solution; the seeds absorb the chemical and spread it through the whole plant as it grows (this has already worked experimentally on peas and cotton). Only two and a half parts per million of the poison kills an insect who feeds on the leaf so grown.

Under the new law, approval for thousands of new systemics will be sought; some have already had limited approval under the old law. The Department of Agriculture has permitted their use on trees and cotton, and tests are being made on tobacco and citrus fruits. They are obviously powerful poisons, nonetheless, and there have been claims that one of them, OMPA (octamethyl pyrophosphoramide) reduces the cholinesterase level of the blood and thus disturbs nerve impulses.

Confronted with the strong demand for such chemicals as these, and the many uncertainties that attend their use, one can sympathize with the angry complaint of Dr. Morton Biskind, in the *American Journal of Digestive Diseases,* that "no matter how lethal a poison may be for all forms of animal life, if it doesn't kill human beings instantly [then we think] it is safe." Dr. Biskind went on to describe the increasing use of insecticides as "the most intensive campaign of mass poisoning in known human history." On the one hand, we may be opening up a whole new future for farmers, a chance to multiply the food production of the world; on the other, we may be converting food from the source of health into its most covert menace.

A JOB FOR THE PUBLIC

THE OBJECT of the new law is to resolve this dilemma by increasing the severity of governmental requirements. This is the way it will work. A manufacturer of a new pesticide will ask the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to set a tolerance for his product—that is, the amount of residue it may leave on plants. The Department has ninety days to examine the evidence submitted to prove its safety. If there is any question, National Research Council experts may have another sixty days to render their opinion. The applicant has final recourse through formal hearings and a court decision, but the burden of proof (and of expense) is on him throughout. This is only a skeleton of a law, but it is a strong one.

Whether it is filled out with strong flesh or left bare depends on public pressure. So far, the chemical companies and the food processors have been much more conscious of the need for the law than the average consumer, for the press gave the hearings almost no coverage. This silence partly results from the positions of the people involved: the companies have no desire to raise a clamor; and even the scientists who feel most strongly would be disturbed at an emotional scare campaign, such as the one stirred up over fluoridation. At the extremes of this argument, as with any other, there are fanatic views that tend to obscure its true seriousness.

Nonetheless, there is a growing group of agricultural experts who feel that too heavy a use of insecticides may lead us into a downward spiral toward disaster. Many of them belong to what is generally known as the Organic Farming school, which holds that healthy plants in naturally fertilized soil can resist insects and dis-

ON MY THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

NORMAN NICHOLSON

THERE is no time now for words,
Unless the words have meaning; no time for poetry,
Unless the poem has a purpose; no time for songs,
But songs of work and wild methodical hymns.

There is no time for love,
But love of the world in the one; no time for joy,
But joy that is secreted between shells of pain; no time for hope,
But hope that is fermented in the compost of despair.

No time for you, no time for me;
No time for the bramble-blundering of the bumble bee,
The forty winks with the forty thieves
Under the crab apple tree;
No time for time,
But only for eternity.

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ease without the aid of chemicals. There is often much mystical philosophy in this view; its claims cannot all be supported; and for large-scale farming the composting method would be prohibitively expensive. But, despite the violence of the discussion Organic Farmers have aroused, there may be much to be learned from the questions they raise.

For example, Dr. William Albrecht, the nationally-known nutrition expert of the University of Missouri, points out that you can kill insects and get more pounds of corn per acre, but the total amount of protein taken from that acre remains the same. And author-farmer Louis Bromfield, with much-publicized success, has operated farms in France, Ohio, and Texas without using insecticides at all. Other "organicists" have warned that insecticides could backfire (as they may already have done) by creating super-insects, bred from those that are immune, and thus increasing the ultimate pest population.

Another group offers a different solution. They urge that more research be concentrated on the development of a non-poisonous poison—that is, something that will kill insects quicker and hurt people less. Dr. Palmer Craig of the University of Miami did precisely this with the deadly parathion, making it 54 per cent less toxic to humans and animals but 10 per cent more effective against insects. Dupont, to prove that safer but more effective insecticides are possible, has come up with methyoxychlor, which you can spray on a milk barn to kill the pesty horn fly, without worrying that it will store up in the cows' fatty tissues or come out in the milk.

In the long run, of course, the real solutions will come from increased knowledge of insecticides and of nutrition. Strange substances get into the body in many ways, some of them—like the friendly but not wholly innocent ingredients of liquor, coffee, and tobacco—by deliberate human choice. If insecticides are now a serious problem, they are so because of our ignorance. "In many cases," warns Charles W. Crawford, former Food and Drug Commissioner, "we do not know whether the insecticide after application is absorbed into the body of the food, whether it is destroyed on weathering, whether it degenerates perhaps into a more toxic substance. There were even insecticides put out for which no chemical method of identification or analysis is known."

The hope of the new law is severe enforcement. It is the hope that government scientists will always think of consumer health before pest-killing efficiency. It is the hope, too, that before long research will have revealed many more non-poisonous poisons like methyoxychlor. And it is the hope, most of all, that public awareness will maintain constant pressure to keep the new law strict and strong, so that never again will the American people be 160 million guinea pigs.

Cabell Phillips

That Phony Refugee Law

Compassion by Slide Rule

In the name of "security" and "humanitarian relief," the last Congress slammed the door on Europe's most vigorous anti-Communists . . . and prospects for re-opening it are dim.

SELDOM has there been a more calculated piece of legislative hypocrisy than the Refugee Relief Act of 1953. Though thousands of "wetbacks" cross the Mexican border into the United States every year without benefit of passport, Congress has made legal immigration by European refugees from Communism all but impossible.

If you wanted to bring a refugee family from Europe to live in your home, to work on your farm, to teach in your school—or for any other reason of selfishness or altruism that might occur to you—the probability is that you couldn't do it. The refugee law ("a great humanitarian act," President Eisenhower called it) stands squarely in your way to keep the refugees where they are—or in any event, away from the United States.

Ostensibly, the act lays out the welcome mat for over 200,000 victims of Nazi and Communist oppression—chiefly political refugees and "escapees" from behind the Iron Curtain—over a three-year period ending in 1956. But in the name of "security" it has been cluttered up with so many restrictions and prohibitions that it is virtually inoperable. At the beginning of this year, with almost a third of the period gone, some five hundred refugees had cleared the mountainous hurdles set for them and reached these shores. If, under existing circumstances, as many as ten thousand make it before the act expires, it will be little short of miraculous.

The President had great hopes for the bill when he signed it into law in August 1953. "It demonstrates again," he said pridefully, "America's concern for the homeless, the persecuted, and the less fortunate of other lands." That sentiment was shared by millions in the United States and around the world. In the bleak, jammed refugee centers of Western Europe where hope is like a dimly remembered dream, it brought a fresh vision of deliverance. But that was before the booby traps were sprung.

Pressure to put some justice and workability in the refugee act has been mounting. Early in the present session of Congress, Representative Emanuel Celler, new Democratic chairman of the House Judiciary Committee (which has jurisdiction over immigration matters) introduced legislation to eliminate some of the more restrictive features. Senator Herbert Lehman was planning a similar move in the Senate. But the opposition forces are on the alert, too, and it is clear that the President will have to take a strong hand in the matter if the great promise of the refugee act is to be validated.

For the cost of this fakery has been high. First, hordes of democratically-minded Europeans, who gambled their lives and their livelihood on the West's promise of freedom if they fled their oppressors, now find those promises empty. Second, thousands of Americans sincerely wanting to help provide a haven for these uprooted millions are frustrated in their desire. And third, we have made a mockery before the rest of the world—and particularly before our propaganda-wise Communist enemies—of those sentiments of compassion, generosity, and humanitarianism which we proclaim so proudly.

If you as a citizen well disposed toward your fellow man, should decide that you wanted to sponsor the relocation of a refugee family in

this country—it might be a kinsman, a professional colleague, a promising scholar, or just an anonymous "case" whom you would like to see get a fair shake out of life—you would find the responsibility so onerous that you probably would want to back out of it.

First, you would be required to execute a binding agreement with the government that you, personally, guarantee that the alien and his family will not become public charges. You buttress this with affidavits about your own employment and income, your bank credit, and a copy of your last income-tax return. Your church, your service club, or some local welfare agency cannot share this responsibility with you; it is yours alone.

Second, you cannot defer getting your alien a job until after he arrives and has had a chance to look around. You must fill out a form at the start specifying that you have procured for him a *particular* job with a *named* employer at a *stated* wage which does not displace any other job holder. All this must be certified by the local representative of the U. S. Employment Service and then by the Department of Labor in Washington. It is up to you to see that the job is held open until your alien arrives, which is calculated—even under "normal" circumstances, which do not now exist—at anywhere from four to eight months.

Third, you must be equally explicit about the housing you have provided—the street address, a description of the accommodations, the name and address of the landlord.

THE WHEELS GRIND

AFTER at least a couple of months—and probably a good amount of anguished reappraisal—you may have assembled all of your documents and mailed them off to the Refugee Relief Administrator, at the Department of State, in Washington. Then the wheels of bureaucracy will slowly begin to grind on the other side of the ocean. Your alien naturally will have to go through a mass of red tape to qualify himself to emigrate. But two hurdles will be unique, and quite possibly, insurmountable.

First, he must procure from some government —preferably the one under which he is currently living—a guarantee that they will readmit him if at any time and under any circumstances his residence in the United States is terminated. The groundwork for these guarantees has been concluded with most countries by diplomatic negotiation during the last year. But each guarantee is issued individually on the merits of the particular case, which creates frightening complications for most refugees. Their welcome has already worn thin in most instances—West Germany has absorbed over seven million into her fragile economy—and their hosts are understandably reluctant to take them back once they have departed.

Second, your alien must affirmatively establish his political and ideological purity of heart for at least two years preceding his application to emigrate. In other words, he must pass a security check of his neighbors, fellow workers, employers, and the police to show that he is free of Communist or other subversive taint. This is a manifest impossibility in most cases since the neighbors, friends, and police records are somewhere on the other side of the Iron Curtain, where even the FBI doesn't venture to go. Some refugees who have lived long enough in the West and have come favorably under the eye of our counter-intelligence corps have become eligible for security clearance. But for the majority, there is nothing for them to do but wait out their two years' probation in a state of such exemplary grace as to prove to the most skeptical that they just *couldn't* be Communists.

As an individual sponsor, then, you would have a very tough time of it, indeed. You would find—like thousands of other well-meaning citizens—that the humanitarian concepts of the refugee bill have been all but washed out by the slide-rule techniques for administering it. But if you still persisted, you would be well advised to turn your problem over to one of the dozen organizations constituting the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service, Inc. They cannot wholly relieve you of your personal responsibility and they cannot by-pass the legal hurdles—but they can put up a better fight than you can against legislative and bureaucratic obstinacy.

"I have been working in the field of immigration since 1939, and under every statute we have had dealing with refugees," says Miss Ann Petluck of the United HIAS Service, an agency dealing principally with the problems of Jewish resettlement. "I have never run into as many roadblocks as I have under this 1953 act.

"The key to the difficulty is simply this: Congress couldn't make up its mind whether it wanted humanitarian legislation, a means of im-

porting cheap labor, or neither. Out of that sort of confusion nothing but stalemate could come, and that is what we have."

LEGAL BARBED WIRE

THE LEGISLATIVE history of the act bears out this contention. Since World War II we have financed to the tune of billions of dollars the restoration of the broken societies of Europe and Asia. We have led in the work of such humane ventures as UNRRA and the International Relief Organization which have been primarily concerned with the millions of uprooted, homeless, and destitute victims of, first, Fascist, and later, Communist conquest. Living meagerly in refugee camps or in the crowded slums of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Greece, these hopeless masses are not only a challenge to the humanitarian instincts of civilized people everywhere, but also a deadly burden on the struggling economies of the host governments.

There is no solution to this refugee problem but resettlement, and many governments are sharing the burden. Canada has taken more than 800,000, Australia 700,000, Argentina 500,000, and Brazil 200,000. Under the Displaced Persons Act, the United States absorbed over 400,000 between 1948 and 1952. But there are still some six to eight million refugees without homes or means of support in Western Europe—many of them lured there by our own propaganda. In effect, we promised them "liberation," and they stole by the thousands through the barbed wire and across the mine fields that are the true Iron Curtain.

The DP Act expired at about the time the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952—the McCarran-Walter Act—went into effect. This was the first major revision of our basic immigration code in more than two decades, and it was the most restrictive ever to go on the statute books. Not only did it make no provisions for refugees, as such; it impeded what had been the normal flow of regular immigration. President Truman vetoed it unsuccessfully, but he never ceased condemning it. In the Presidential campaign of 1952, both General Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson promised repeatedly that if elected they would demand extensive revisions in the McCarran-Walter Act. And as President, Mr. Eisenhower reiterated his promise in his State of the Union message of 1953, and in April specifically requested such legislation in letters to the Vice President and the Speaker of the House. And there the funny business began.

Standing out fiercely against any kind of tampering with his great legislative monument was that florid and irascible old xenophobe, the late Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada. Aligned with him were Representative Francis E. Walter, of Pennsylvania, co-author of the bill, and a coterie of about a score of Senators and Representatives who can always be counted upon to spring noisily to arms whenever a "mongrel" invasion from across the seas threatens. This is a powerful bloc, and it was clear to Republican leaders, particularly in the Senate, that efforts to get such a revision would provoke a bitter and probably a losing fight.

They laid this dilemma before the President, it now appears, and urged that if he would forgo his insistence on softening the McCarran-Walter Act they would undertake to get, in exchange, some sort of special legislation for refugees. This, at least, they argued, would quiet the minority groups who were doing all the shouting. The President apparently agreed to this substitution in good faith; he probably did not know he was swapping something for nothing. At all events nothing more was heard about revising the McCarran-Walter Act and in due course hearings were begun on a refugee bill.

There is no surer means of whipping up the fears and prejudices of the uninformed than to create the bogy that a lot of foreigners are about to do us out of something. Horns and serpent's teeth may be added to the apparition by draping the red cloak of Communism about it. This is precisely the atmosphere in which the Refugee Act of 1953 took shape. Guidance was provided by Representative Walter in the House, and in the Senate by Senators McCarran, Welker of Idaho, Jenner of Indiana, Butler of Maryland, and Eastland of Mississippi.

Spokesmen for the Administration and for church, welfare, labor, and nationality groups supported a generous measure based on experience gained under the Displaced Persons Act. They advocated the admission of 240,000 refugees over a two-year period, with no substantial tightening of the screening and security proceedures that had formerly been used. This additional number of refugees, they argued, would put no measurable burden on the economy nor threaten the job opportunities of native-born citizens. Not more than a fraction of one per

cent of former refugees had become public charges, and none had been formally charged with engaging in subversive activities. To sabotage the program by excessive restrictions and security safeguards, they contended, not only would be pointless but would defeat its whole humanitarian goal.

The futility of the policeman's approach to the problem was succinctly put by the Reverend Basil A. Malof, president of the Russian Bible Society and a one-time refugee himself. Asked by Senator Welker if it were not conceivable that the Soviets were covertly fostering the flight of refugees across their borders and freely infiltrating them with spies, he replied:

"No, sir. That has never happened and can never happen as long as Communists are Communists. . . . They don't need to do it, because they can get as many people across the Mexican border as they want to without passports, and across the Canadian border if they want to. These escapees are, I would say, 90 per cent genuine people who will expose Communism, which is necessary in this country to be done."

NEW AMERICA FIRSTERS

ALL SUCH testimony was politely listened to. But what most excited the interrogators, what gave them texts for elaborate exhortations of their own, were the grim and strident prophesies of disaster that came from the organized anti-foreign, super-American forces of the far Right.

George Racey Jordan, speaking for the American Coalition of American Patriotic Societies, told the Senate Judiciary subcommittee:

"Congress should not yield to sentimentality for aliens abroad but should put the welfare of the people of the United States first and foremost. I tell you, they [refugees] will wind up in the big industrial cities, and on relief, and taking jobs away from our soldiers who are going to come home from Korea one of these days. . . ."

And Mrs. James C. Lucas, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, saw the whole thing as a part of a gigantic spy plot.

"What a golden opportunity," she cried to the committee, "for these Communist-dominated countries to plant subversives under the guise of 'expellees' with the definite aim to enter and undermine our Republic. There are already between three and five million illegal aliens roaming around these United States. . . ."

Representative Walter dourly told the House when the bill was presented on the floor there: "I do not think these people are the kind of people our ancestors were." And Senator Jenner angrily posed and answered this rhetorical question to his colleagues in the Upper Chamber:

> We have given $40 billion to help people all over the world because we are told Communism thrives on hunger. Yet, in the last few days we have seen the people of Germany become so hungry that they were willing to fight the Communists with their bare fists. What do we now propose to do? We propose to feed them so that they will not fight Communism any more.

The real fight came on the Senate's version of the bill. McCarran and Jenner joined forces in the Judiciary subcommittee hearings to force into the text virtually every restrictive and crippling device that had been proposed. They lifted from the McCarran-Walter Act the hotly controversial "national origins" theory as the basis for quota determinations. They weakened the bill's central purpose—the aid of European refugees—by making it applicable to countries where the refugee problem is virtually nonexistent. They reduced the number to be aided from 240,000 to 209,000 and lengthened the time span from two years to three. Against the advice of State Department and immigration authorities, they insisted upon the two-year security check and the re-admission proviso. They blocked group sponsorship of refugees by agencies, to put the burden on individual citizens; and they denied former refugees the right to act as sponsors. And then, to take care of anything they might have overlooked, they demanded that administration of the act be put in the "safe" hands of Scott McLeod, the security chief of the Department of State, instead of under the separate new bureau which the sponsors had proposed.

Finally, to shield their grotesque creation from assault, they held the bill off the Senate floor until the last, crowded week of the session and threatened to filibuster any substantive amendments offered from the floor. Their stratagem worked. The bill passed 62 to 30; the President was given a bill "for the relief of refugees," but the anti-refugee forces yielded scarcely a foot of ground. Senator Herbert Lehman, of New York, epitomized the sense of frustration and despair with which many voted reluctantly for the bill when he said:

> There are many provisions of this bill which I would oppose with all my strength if the legislative situation were different from what it actually is. I believe that provisions of this bill are so onerous and impossible of reasonable enforcement that great difficulties will be encountered and many individuals who should be admitted will be denied admission. . . . But I would not wish to assume the responsibility for delaying a final vote on this measure, which must be passed before the session ends.

THE CORK IN THE BOTTLE

INEVITABLY, relief under the refugee act has materialized at a snail's pace. The latest figures released by Mr. McLeod's office show that visas have at last been issued for a total of 18,936 persons, but of these 570 were orphans *and only 563 were refugees and escapees.* All the rest were special category immigrants who bear little or no relation to the refugee problem. There is meanwhile a backlog of about 23,000 assurances from sponsors. Viewed in terms of willingness to undertake the onerous responsibilities of bringing a refugee family to this country, that is a pretty impressive figure. But set against the target of 209,000 refugees to be admitted by the end of 1956 it is a shocking indictment of the capricious spirit in which the refugee act was written. Whether the newly appointed special assistant to the Secretary of State, Edward Corsi—named by President Eisenhower to review refugee and immigration problems—will affect the McLeod office remains to be seen.

Strenuous efforts will be made during the early months of the Eighty-fourth Congress to purge the Refugee Relief Act of its deceptive and self-defeating strictures. The bill which Chairman Celler has introduced would, among other things, make it possible for groups such as HIAS, the National Lutheran Council, the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and other recognized organizations to sponsor refugees themselves, thus relieving the burden upon individual sponsors and uncorking one of the worst bottlenecks in the program. It would also ease up some of the stickier requirements on job and housing guarantees, and it would put administration of the act under an independent agency with an administrator subject to confirmation by the Senate. (Mr. Celler has characterized Assistant Secretary McLeod's management of the program as "insane, arbitrary, and savage.") While the New Yorker's bill will have precedence over others affecting the refugee program, it will encounter some rough going in the person of Representative Walter, who in the reorganization of the Judiciary Committee successfully asserted his right to regain the chairmanship of the subcommittee handling immigration matters. The proponents of change, however, are well fortified with prospective witnesses and documents for their cause, supplied by the growing number of persons dedicated to fulfilling the humanitarian promise of the refugee program.

"There is really nothing wrong with this act that can't be corrected if the task is approached with honesty and sincerity," a church official prominent in refugee affairs said recently. "I believe if the President insists on *substance* as well as on *form* in refugee legislation, it can be amended to do the job he intended it to do.

"But we can't reach that goal if every refugee is to be regarded, *per se,* as a Communist, a chiseler, and a competitor for some American boy's job. After all, there's a bit of the refugee in every American's bloodstream. It doesn't become us very well to try to dodge that fact."

But despite all counsels of moderation, humanity, and good sense, the Refugee Relief Act still stands in the books as a national disgrace.

Precedent

> THE case with all foreign powers is that they never take our advice on any of their previous steps; they treat us with the utmost contempt; they take every measure hostile to our interests; they are anxious to prove that we have not the least influence on them. And then when by their misconduct they have got themselves into an inextricable difficulty, they throw themselves upon our mercy, and say, "For God's sake, re-establish us . . . that we may run again the same course of domestic error and hostility to England."
>
> —Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, as quoted by Lord David Cecil.

A Novel in Three Parts

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS

Drawings by Leo Manso

THE TROUBLE with fiction," said John Rivers, "is that it makes too much sense. Reality never makes sense."

"Never?" I questioned.

"Maybe from God's point of view," he conceded. "Never from ours. Fiction has unity, fiction has style. Facts possess neither. In the raw, existence is always one damned thing after another, and each of the damned things is simultaneously Thurber and Michelangelo, simultaneously Mickey Spillane and Thomas à Kempis. The criterion of reality is its intrinsic irrelevance." And when I asked, "To what?" he waved a square brown hand in the direction of the bookshelves. "To the Best that has been Thought and Said," he declaimed with mock portentousness. And then, "Oddly enough, the closest to reality are always the fictions that are supposed to be the least true." He leaned over and touched the back of a battered copy of *The Brothers Karamazov*. "It makes so little sense that it's almost real. Which is more than can be said for any of the academic kinds of fiction. Physics and chemistry fiction. History fiction. Philosophy fiction . . ." His accusing finger moved from Dirac to Toynbee, from Sorokin to Carnap. "More than can be said even for biography fiction. Here's the latest specimen of the genre."

From the table beside him he picked up a volume in a glossy blue dust jacket and held it up for my inspection.

"The Life of Henry Maartens," I read out with no more interest than one accords to a household word. Then I remembered that, to John Rivers, the name had been something more and other than a household word. "You were his pupil, weren't you?"

Rivers nodded without speaking.

"And this is the official biography?"

"The official fiction," he amended.

"You mean, the book's inaccurate?"

"No, it's all true—so far as it goes. After that, it's all rubbish—or rather it's non-existent. And maybe," he added, "maybe it *has* to be non-existent. Maybe the total reality is always too undignified to be recorded, too senseless or too horrible to be left unfictionalized. All the same it's exasperating, if one happens to know the facts, it's even rather insulting, to be fobbed off with Soap Opera."

"So you're going to set the record straight?" I presumed.

"For the public? Heaven forbid."

"For me, then. In private."

"In private," he repeated. "After all, why not?" He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "A little orgy of reminiscence to celebrate one of your rare visits."

"Anyone would think you were talking about a dangerous drug."

"But it *is* a dangerous drug," he answered. "One escapes into reminiscence as one escapes into gin or sodium amytal."

"You forget," I said, "I'm a writer, and the Muses are the daughters of Memory."

"And God," he added quickly, "is *not* their brother. God isn't the son of Memory; He's the son of Immediate Experience. You can't worship a spirit in spirit, unless you do it now! Wallowing in the past may be good literature. As wisdom, it's hopeless. Time Regained is Paradise Lost, and Time Lost is Paradise Regained. Let the dead bury their dead. If you want to live at every moment as it presents itself, you've got to die to every other moment. That's the most important thing I learned from Helen."

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The name evoked for me a pale young face framed in the square opening of a bell of dark, almost Egyptian hair—evoked, too, the great golden columns of Baalbek, with the blue sky and the snows of the Lebanon behind them. I was an archaeologist in those days, and Helen's father was my boss. It was at Baalbek that I had proposed to her and been rejected.

"If she'd married me," I said, "would *I* have learned it?"

"Helen practiced what she always refrained from preaching," Rivers answered. "It was difficult not to learn from her."

"And what about my writing, what about those daughters of Memory?"

"There would have been a way to make the best of both worlds."

"A compromise?"

"A synthesis, a third position subtending the other two. Actually, of course, you can never make the best of one world, unless in the process you've learned to make the best of the other. Helen even managed to make the best of life while she was dying."

In my mind's eye Baalbek gave place to the campus at Berkeley, and instead of the noiselessly swinging bell of dark hair there was a coil of gray; instead of a girl's face I saw the thin drawn features of an aging woman. She must have been ill, I reflected, even then.

"I was in Athens when she died," I said aloud.

"I remember." And then, "I wish you'd been here," he added. "For her sake—she was very fond of you. And, of course, for *your* sake too. Dying's an art, and at our age we ought to be learning it. It helps to have seen someone who really knew how. Helen knew how to die because she knew how to live—to live now and here and for the greater glory of God. And that necessarily entails dying to there and then and tomorrow and one's own miserable little self. In the process of living as one ought to live, Helen had been dying by daily installments. When the final reckoning came, there was practically nothing to pay. Incidentally," Rivers went on after a little silence, "*I* was pretty close to the final reckoning last spring. In fact, if it weren't for penicillin, I wouldn't be here. Pneumonia, the old man's friend. Now they resuscitate you, so that you can live to enjoy your arteriosclerosis or your cancer of the prostate. . . . So, you see, it's all entirely posthumous. Everybody's dead except me, and I'm living on borrowed time. If I set the record straight, it'll be as a ghost talking about ghosts. And anyhow this is Christmas Eve; so a ghost story is quite in order. Besides, you're a very old friend and even if you *do* put it all in a novel, does it really matter?" His large lined face lit up with an expression of affectionate irony.

"If it does matter," I assured him, "I won't."

This time he laughed outright.

"The strongest oaths are straw to the fire i' the blood," he quoted. "I'd rather entrust my daughters to Casanova than my secrets to a novelist. Literary fires are hotter even than sexual ones. And literary oaths are even strawier than the matrimonial or monastic varieties."

I tried to protest: but he refused to listen.

"If I still wanted to keep it secret," he said, "I wouldn't tell you. But when you *do* publish, please remember the usual footnote. You know—any resemblance to any character living or dead is purely coincidental. But *purely!* And now let's get back to those Maartenses. I've got a picture somewhere." He hoisted himself out of his chair, walked over to the desk, and opened a drawer. "All of us together—Henry and Katy and the children and me. And by a miracle," he added, after a moment of rustling among the papers in the drawer, "it's where it ought to be."

HE HANDED me the faded enlargement of a snapshot. It showed three adults standing in front of a wooden summerhouse—a small, thin man with white hair and a beaked nose, a young giant in shirt sleeves, and, between them, fair-haired, laughing, broad-shouldered, and deep-bosomed, a splendid Valkyrie incongruously dressed in a hobble skirt. At their feet sat two children, a boy of nine or ten and a pigtailed elder sister in her early teens.

"How old he looks!" was my first comment. "Old enough to be his children's grandfather."

"And infantile enough, at fifty-six, to be Katy's baby boy."

"Rather a complicated incest."

"But it worked," Rivers insisted, "it worked so well that it had come to be a regular symbiosis. He lived on her. And she was there to be lived on—incarnate maternity."

I looked again at the photograph.

"What a fascinating mixture of styles! Maartens is pure Gothic. His wife's a Wagnerian heroine. The children are straight out of Mrs. Molesworth. And you, you . . ." I looked up at the square, leathery face that confronted me from the other side of the fireplace, then back at the snapshot. "I'd forgotten what a beauty you used to be. A Roman copy of Praxiteles."

"Couldn't you make me an original?" he pleaded.

I shook my head.

"Look at the nose," I said. "Look at the modeling of the jaw. That isn't Athens; that's Herculaneum. But luckily girls aren't interested in art history. For all practical amorous purposes you were the real thing, the genuine Greek god."

Rivers made a wry face.

"I may have looked the part," he said. "But

if you think I could act it . . ." He shook his head. "No Ledas for me, no Daphnes, no Europas. In those days, remember, I was still the unmitigated product of a deplorable upbringing. A Lutheran minister's son and, after the age of twelve, a widowed mother's only consolation. And of course the only consolation had no choice but to become the model son, the star pupil, the indefatigable scholarship winner, sweating his way through college and post-graduate school with no spare time for anything so extracurricular as girls."

"But did the girls allow you to ignore them?"

Rivers was silent, then answered with another question.

"Did *your* mother ever tell you that the most wonderful wedding present a man could bring his bride was his virginity?"

"Fortunately not."

"Well, mine did. And she did it, what's more, on her knees, in the course of an extemporary prayer. At twenty-eight, believe it or not, I still had that wedding present for my hypothetical bride."

There was a silence.

"My poor John," I said at last.

He shook his head.

"Actually it was my poor mother. She had it all worked out so perfectly. An instructorship in my old university, then an assistant professorship, then a professorship. There would never be any need for me to leave home. And when I was around forty, she'd arrange a marriage for me with some wonderful Lutheran girl who would love her like her own mother. But for the grace of God, there went John Rivers—down the drain. But the grace of God was forthcoming—with a vengeance, as it turned out. One fine morning, a few weeks after I had my PhD, I had a letter from Henry Maartens. He was at St. Louis then, working on atoms. Needed another research assistant, had heard good reports of me from my professor, couldn't offer more than a scandalously small salary—but would I be interested? For a budding physicist it was the opportunity of a lifetime. For my poor mother it was the end of everything. Earnestly, agonizingly, she prayed over it. To her eternal credit, God told her to let me go.

TEN DAYS later a taxi deposited me on the Maartenses' doorstep. I remember standing there in a cold sweat, trying to screw up my courage to ring the bell. Like a delinquent schoolboy who has an appointment with the Headmaster. The first elation over my wonderful good fortune had long since evaporated, and for the last few days at home, and during all the endless hours of the journey, I had been thinking only of my own inadequacy. How long would it take a man like Henry Maartens to see through a man like me? A week? A day? More likely an hour! He'd despise me; I'd be the laughingstock of the laboratory. And things would be just as bad outside the laboratory. Indeed, they might even be worse. The Maartenses had asked me to be their guest until I could find a place of my own. How extraordinarily kind! But also how fiendishly cruel! In the austerely cultured atmosphere of their home I should reveal myself for what I was—shy, stupid, hopelessly provincial. But meanwhile, the Headmaster was waiting.

"I gritted my teeth and pushed the button. The door was opened by one of those ancient



colored retainers in an old-fashioned play. You know, the kind that was born before Abolition and has been with Miss Belinda ever since. The performance was on the corny side; but it was a sympathetic part and, though she dearly loved to ham it up, Beulah was not merely a treasure; she was, as I soon discovered, well along the road to sainthood. I explained who I was and, as I talked, she looked me over. I must have seemed satisfactory; for there and then she adopted me as a long lost member of the family, a kind of Prodigal Son just back from the husks.

"'I'll go make you a sandwich and a nice cup of coffee,' she insisted, and adding, 'They're all in here,' she opened a door and pushed me through it. I braced myself for the Headmaster and a barrage of culture. But what I actually walked into was something which, if I had seen it fifteen years later, I might have mistaken for a parody, in the minor key, of the Marx Brothers. I was in a large, extremely untidy living room. On the sofa lay a white-haired man with his shirt collar unbuttoned, apparently dying—for his face was livid, his breath came and went with a kind of wheezing rattle. Close beside him in a rocking chair—her left hand on his forehead and a copy of William James's *Pluralistic Universe* in her right—the most beautiful woman I had ever seen was quietly reading. On the floor were two children—a small red-headed boy playing with a clockwork train and a girl of fourteen with long black legs, lying on her stomach and writing poetry (I could see the shape of the stanzas) with

a red pencil. All were so deeply absorbed in what they were engaged upon—playing or composing, reading or dying—that for at least half a minute my presence in the room remained completely unnoticed. I coughed, got no reaction, coughed again. The small boy raised his head, smiled at me politely but without interest, and returned to his train.

"I waited another ten seconds; then, in desperation, advanced into the room. The recumbent poetess blocked my path. I stepped over her. 'Pardon me,' I murmured. She paid no attention; but the reader of William James heard and looked up. Over the top of the *Pluralistic Universe* her eyes were brilliantly blue. 'Are you the man about the gas furnace?' she asked. Her face was so radiantly lovely that for a moment I couldn't say a word. I could only shake my head. 'Silly!' said the small boy. 'The gas man has a mustache.' 'I'm Rivers' I finally managed to mumble. 'Rivers?' she repeated blankly. 'Rivers? Oh, *Rivers!*' There was a sudden dawn of recognition. 'I'm so glad . . .' But before she could finish the sentence, the man with the death rattle opened a pair of ghastly eyes, made a noise like an indrawn war whoop, and, jumping up, rushed toward the open window. 'Look out!' the small boy shouted. 'Look *out!*' There was a crash. 'Oh, Christ!' he added in a tone of contained despair. A whole Grand Central Station lay in ruins, reduced to its component blocks. 'Christ!' the child repeated; and when the poetess told him he mustn't say Christ, 'I'll say something *really* bad,' he menaced. 'I'll say . . .' His lips moved in silent blasphemy.

"From the window, meanwhile, came the dreadful sound of a man being slowly hanged.

"'Excuse me,' said the beautiful woman. She rose, put down her book, and hurried to the rescue. There was a metallic clatter. The hem of her skirt overturned a signal. The small boy uttered a shriek of rage. 'You *fool,*' he yelled. 'You . . . you *elephant.*'

"'Elephants,' said the poetess didactically, 'always look where they're going.' Then she screwed her head round and, for the first time, acknowledged my existence. 'They've forgotten all about you,' she explained to me in a tone of wearily contemptuous superiority. 'That's how things are around here.'

"Over by the window the gradual hanging was still in progress. Doubled up, as though someone had hit him below the belt, the white-haired man was fighting for air—fighting what looked and sounded like a losing battle. Beside him stood the goddess, patting his back and murmuring words of encouragement. I was appalled. This was the most terrible thing I had ever seen. A hand plucked at the cuff of my trousers. I turned and found the poetess looking up at me. She had a narrow, intense little face with gray eyes, set wide apart and a size too large. '*Gloom,*' she said. 'I need three words to rhyme with *gloom.* I've got *room*—that fits all right. And I've got *womb*—which is simply gorgeous. But what about a catacomb . . . ?'

"She shook her head; then, frowning at her paper, she read aloud, '*The something gloom Of my soul's deep and dreary catacomb.* I don't like it, do you?' I had to admit that I didn't. 'And yet it's exactly what I want to say,' she went on. I had a brain wave. 'What about *tomb?*' Her face lit up with pleasure and excitement. But of course, of course! What a fool she had been! The red pencil started to scribble at a furious rate. '*The something gloom,*' she declaimed triumphantly, '*Of my soul's irremediable tomb.*' I must have looked dubious, for she hastily asked me if I thought *irrevocable tomb* would be better. Before I could answer there was another, louder sound of strangling. I glanced toward the window, then back at the poetess. 'Isn't there anything we can do?' I whispered. The girl shook her head. 'I looked it up in the Encyclopaedia Britannica,' she answered. 'It says there that asthma never shortened anybody's life.' And then, seeing that I was still disturbed, she shrugged her bony little shoulders and said, 'You kind of get used to it.'"

Rivers laughed to himself as he savored the memory.

"'You kind of get used to it,'" he repeated. Then got up and started to mend the fire.

WELL, THAT was my first introduction to the Maartens family," he said as he laid another oak log on the pile of glowing embers. "I kind of got used to everything pretty quickly. Even to the asthma. It's remarkable how easy it is to get used to other people's asthma. After two or three experiences I was taking Henry's attacks as calmly as the rest of them. One moment he'd be strangling; the next he was as good as new and talking nineteen to the dozen about quantum mechanics. And he continued to repeat the performance till he was eighty-seven. Whereas *I* shall be lucky," he added, giving the log a final poke, "if I go to sixty-seven. I was an athlete, you see. One of those strong-as-a-horse boys. And never a day's illness—until, bang, comes a coronary, or whoosh, go the kidneys! Meanwhile the broken reeds, like poor old Henry, go on complaining of ill health until they're a hundred. And not merely complaining—actually suffering. Asthma, dermatitis, every variety of bellyache, inconceivable fatigues, indescribable depressions.

"Well, as I say," he resumed in another tone, "I kind of got used to Henry's asthma, I kind of got used to all of them, to everything. So much

so, indeed, that when, after a month of house hunting, I finally located a cheap and not too nasty apartment, they wouldn't let me go. 'Here you are,' said Katy, 'and here you stay.' Old Beulah backed her up. So did Timmy and, though she was of an age and in a mood to dissent from everything anyone else approved of, so—rather grudgingly—did Ruth. Even the great man emerged for a moment from Cloud Cuckoo Land to cast a vote in favor of my staying on. That clinched it. I became a fixture; I became an honorary Maartens. It made me so happy," Rivers went on after a pause, "that I kept thinking uneasily that there must surely be something wrong. And pretty soon I saw what it was. Happiness with the Maartenses entailed disloyalty to home. It was an admission that, all the time I lived with my mother, I had never experienced anything but constraint and a chronic sense of guilt. And now, as a member of this family of pagan strangers, I felt not merely happy, but also good, also, in an entirely unprecedented way, religious. For the first time I knew what all those words in the Epistles really meant. *Grace,* for example—I was chock full of grace. *The newness of the spirit*—it was there all the time; whereas most of what I had known with my mother was the deadening oldness of the letter. And what about First Corinthians, thirteen? What about *faith, hope, and charity?* Well, I don't want to boast, but I had them. Faith first of all. A redeeming faith in the universe and in my fellow man. As for the other brand of faith—that simple, Lutheran variety which my poor mother was so proud of having preserved intact, like a virginity, through all the temptations of my scientific education . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing can be simpler than zero; and that, I suddenly discovered, was the simple faith I had been living by for the past ten years. At St. Louis I had the genuine article—real faith in a real good, and at the same time a hope amounting to the positive conviction that everything would always be wonderful. And along with faith and hope went an overflowing charity. How could you feel affection for someone like Henry—someone so remote that he hardly knew who you were and so self-centered that he didn't even want to know? You couldn't be fond of him—and yet I was, I was. I liked him not merely for the obvious reasons—because he was a great man, because working with him was like having your own intelligence and insight raised to a higher power. I even liked him outside the laboratory, for the very qualities that made it all but impossible to regard him as anything but a kind of high-class monster.

"I had so much charity in those days that I could have loved a crocodile; I could have loved an octopus. One reads all these fictions of the sociologists, all this learned foolery by the political scientists." With a gesture of contemptuous exasperation Rivers slapped the backs of a row of corpulent volumes on the seventh shelf. "But actually there's only one solution, and that's expressible in a four-letter word, so shocking that even the Marquis de Sade was chary of using it." He spelled it out. "L-o-v-e. Or if you prefer the decent obscurity of the learned languages, *Agapē, Caritas, Mahakaruna.* In those days I really knew what it meant. For the first time—yes, for the first time. That was the only disquieting feature in an otherwise blissful situation. For if this was the first time I knew what loving was, what about all the other times when I had thought I knew, what about those sixteen years of being my mother's only consolation?"

IN THE ensuing pause I summoned up the memory of the Mrs. Rivers who had sometimes come, with her little Johnny, to spend a Sunday afternoon with us on the farm, nearly fifty years ago. It was a memory of black alpaca, of a pale profile like the face on Aunt Esther's cameo brooch, of a smile whose deliberate sweetness didn't seem to match the cool appraising eyes. The picture was associated with a chilling sense of apprehension. "Give Mrs. Rivers a big kiss." I obeyed, but with what horrified reluctance!

"Is there such a word as 'debellishment'?" Rivers suddenly asked.

I shook my head.

"Well, there ought to be," he insisted. "For that's what I resorted to in my letters home. I recorded the facts; but I systematically debellished them. I turned a revelation into something drab and ordinary and moralistic. Why was I staying on at the Maartenses? Out of a sense of duty. Because Dr. M. couldn't drive a car and I was able to help with the fetching and carrying. Because the children had had the misfortune to strike a pair of inadequate teachers and needed all the coaching I could give them. Because Mrs. M. had been so very kind that I felt I simply *had* to stay and relieve her of a few of her burdens. Naturally I should have preferred my privacy; but would it have been right to put my personal inclinations before their needs? And since the question was addressed to my mother, there could, of course, be only one answer. What hypocrisy, what a pack of lies! But the truth would have been much too painful for her to hear or for me to put into words. For the truth was that I had never been happy, never loved, never felt capable of spontaneous unselfishness until the day I left home and came to live with these Amalekites."

Rivers sighed and shook his head.

"My poor mother," he said. "Whenever I could forget her—which was every day except Sundays, when I wrote her my weekly letter—I was supremely happy. Yes, supremely happy! For me, in those days, life was an eclogue interspersed with lyrics. Everything was poetry. Driving Henry to the laboratory in my second-hand Maxwell; mowing the lawn; carrying Katy's groceries home in the rain—pure poetry. So was taking Timmy to the station to look at engines. So was taking Ruth for walks in springtime to look for caterpillars. She took a professional interest in caterpillars," he explained, when I expressed my surprise. "It was part of the Gloom-Tomb syndrome. Caterpillars were the nearest approach, in real life, to Edgar Allan Poe."

"To Edgar Allan Poe?"

"'For the play is the tragedy, Man,'" he declaimed, "'and its hero, the Conqueror Worm.' In May and June the landscape was fairly crawling with Conqueror Worms."

Rivers drank some whisky and water, put down the glass and for a little while sucked at his pipe in silence.



"THERE was one particularly educative weekend," he said at last, smiling to himself at the memory. "It was during my first spring with the Maartenses. We were staying at their little farmhouse in the country, ten miles west of St. Louis. After supper, on the Saturday night, Ruth and I went out to look at the stars. There was a little hill behind the house. You climbed it, and there was the whole sky from horizon to horizon. A hundred and eighty degrees of brute inexplicable mystery. It was a good place for just sitting and saying nothing. But in those days I still felt I had a duty to improve people's minds.

"So instead of leaving her in peace to look at Jupiter and the Milky Way, I trotted out the stale old facts and figures—the distance in kilometers to the nearest fixed star, the diameter of the galaxy, the latest word from Mount Wilson on the spiral nebulae.

"Ruth listened, but her mind wasn't improved. Instead, she went into a kind of metaphysical panic. Such spaces, such durations, so many worlds beyond improbable worlds! And here we were, in the face of infinity and eternity, bothering our heads about science and housekeeping and being on time, about the color of hair ribbons and the weekly grades in algebra and Latin grammar! Then, in the little wood beyond the hill, an owl began calling, and at once the metaphysical panic turned into something physical—physical but at the same time occult; for this creeping at the pit of the stomach was due to the superstition that owls are wizard birds, bringers of bad luck, harbingers of death. She knew, of course, that it was all nonsense; but how transporting it was to think and act as though it were true!

"We started to walk down the hill in the direction of the wood. 'It would absolutely kill me if I was alone,' she said. And then, a moment later, 'Did you ever read *The Fall of the House of Usher*?' It was evident that she wanted to tell me the story; so I said, No, I hadn't read it. She began. 'It's about a brother and sister called Usher, and they lived in a kind of castle with a black and livid tarn in front of it, and there are funguses on the walls, and the brother is called Roderick and he has such a fervid imagination that he can make up poetry without stopping to think, and he's dark and handsome and has very large eyes and a delicate Hebrew nose, just like his twin sister, who's called Lady Madeline, and they're both very ill with a mysterious nervous complaint and she's liable to go into cataleptic fits . . .' And so the narrative proceeded—as we walked down the grassy slope under the stars. And now we were on the road and moving toward the dark wall of woodland. Meanwhile poor Lady Madeline had died and young Mr. Usher was roaming about among the fungi in a state of incipient lunacy. And no wonder! 'For said I not that my senses were acute?' Ruth declaimed in a thrilling whisper. 'I now tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them many, many days ago.' Around us the darkness had deepened and suddenly the trees closed over us and we were engulfed in the double night of the wood. Overhead, in the roof of foliage, there was an occasional jagged gleam of a paler, bluer darkness and on either side the tunnel walls opened here and there into mysterious crevices of dim gray crape and blackened silver. And what a moldy smell of decay! What a damp chill against the cheek! It was as though Poe's fancy had turned into sepulchral fact. We had stepped, so it seemed, into the Ushers' family vault. 'And then suddenly,' Ruth was saying, 'there it was at the door—the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. And she gave the most frightened shriek and fell on top of him, and he shrieked too and . . .'

"But at this moment there was a loud com-

motion in the invisible undergrowth. Black in the blackness, something enormous emerged on to the road just in front of us. Ruth's scream was as loud as Madeline's and Roderick's combined. She clutched my arm, she hid her face against the sleeve. The apparition snorted. Ruth screamed again. There was another snort, then the clatter of retreating hoofs. 'It's only a stray horse,' I said. But her knees had given way and, if I hadn't caught her and lowered her gently to the ground, she would have fallen. There was a long silence. 'When you've had enough of sitting in the dust,' I said ironically, 'maybe we can go on.'

"It was after her bedtime when we got home and Ruth went straight to her room. I was afraid she'd have nightmares. Not at all. She slept like a top and came down to breakfast next morning as gay as a lark. But a lark that had read her Poe, a lark that was still interested in worms. After breakfast we went out caterpillar hunting and found something really stupendous—a big hawk-moth larva, with green and white markings and a horn on its rear end. Ruth poked it with a straw and the poor thing curled itself first one way, then the other, in a paroxysm of impotent rage and fear. 'It writhes, it writhes,' she chanted exultantly; 'with mortal pangs the mimes become its food, and the angels sob at vermin fangs with human blood imbued.' 'Vermin fangs,' she repeated, and gave the green worm another poke, 'Vermin fangs . . .' And in an overflow of high spirits she began to sing 'If you were the only girl in the world' at the top of her voice. 'If you were the only girl in the world, and I were the vermin fangs.' Then she broke off, made a dive for Grampus, the cocker spaniel, who eluded her and rushed off, full tilt across the pasture, with Ruth in hot pursuit.

" 'Bliss was in it that dawn to be alive.' And the bliss was perfectly compatible with tombs and glooms and Conqueror Worms. What the child wrote was doggerel; but what she felt and did was often a lyric. But then, so far as I was concerned, everything in those days was lyrical. Life was pure poetry then—every moment of it."

"Including the moments in the laboratory?"

"Those were some of the best moments," he answered me. "Moments of paper work, moments of fiddling around with experimental gadgets, moments of discussion and argument. The whole thing was pure idyllic poetry, like something out of Theocritus or Vergil. Four young PhDs in the role of goatherd's apprentices, with Henry as the patriarch, teaching the youngsters the tricks of his trade, dropping pearls of wisdom, spinning interminable yarns about the new pantheon of theoretical physics. It was idyllic. Those were the days, remember, when you could be a physicist without feeling guilty; the days when it was still possible to believe that you were working for the greater glory of God. Now they won't even allow you the comfort of self-deception. You're paid by the Navy and trailed by the FBI. Not for one moment do they permit you to forget what you're up to. *Ad majorem Dei gloriam?* Don't be an idiot! *Ad majorem hominis degradationem*—that's the thing you're working for. But in 1921 infernal machines were safely in the future.

"In 1921 we were just a bunch of Theocritean innocents, enjoying the nicest kind of clean scientific fun. And when the fun in the laboratory was over, I'd drive Henry home in the Maxwell and there'd be fun of another kind. Sometimes it was young Timmy, having difficulties with the Rule of Three. Sometimes it was Ruth who simply couldn't see why the square on the hypotenuse must *always* be equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. In *this* case, yes; she was ready to admit it. But why *every* time? They would appeal to their father. But Henry had lived so long in the world of Higher Mathematics that he had forgotten how to do sums; and he was interested in Euclid only because Euclid's was the classical example of reasoning based upon a vicious circle. After a few minutes of utterly confounding talk, the great man would get bored and quietly fade away, leaving me to solve Timmy's problem by some method a little simpler than vector analysis, to set Ruth's doubts at rest by arguments a little less subversive of all faith in rationality than Hilbert's or Poincaré's.

"And then at supper there would be the noisy fun of the children telling their mother about the day's events at school; the sacrilegious fun of Katy suddenly breaking into a soliloquy on general relativity theory with an accusing question about those flannel pants which Henry was supposed to have picked up at the cleaners; the Old Plantation fun of Beulah's comments on the conversation, or the epic fun of one of her sustained, blow-by-blow accounts of how they used to butcher hogs back on the farm. And later, when the children had gone to bed and Henry had shut himself up in his study, there was the fun of funs—there were my evenings with Katy."

Rivers leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

I AM NOT much good at visualizing," he said after a little silence. "But the wallpaper, I'm pretty sure, was a dusty kind of pink. And the lampshade was certainly red. It must have been red, because there was always that rich flush on her face, as she sat there darning our socks or sewing on the children's buttons. A flush on the face, but never on the hands. The hands moved in the brightness of the unscreened light. What strong hands!" he added, smiling to himself.

"What efficient hands! None of your spiritual, Blessed-Damozelish appendages! And the rest of her matched the hands. Her body—it was the body of a strong young matron. A matron with the face of a healthy peasant girl. No, that's not quite right. It was the face of a goddess disguised as a healthy peasant girl. Demeter, perhaps. No, Demeter was too sad. And it wasn't Aphrodite either: there was nothing fatal or obsessive about Katy's femininity, nothing self-consciously sexy. If there was a goddess involved, it must have been Hera. Hera playing the part of a milkmaid—but a milkmaid with a mind, a milkmaid who had gone to college."

Rivers opened his eyes and replaced the pipe between his teeth. He was still smiling. "I remember some of the things she said about the books I used to read aloud in the evenings. H. G. Wells, for example. He reminded her of the rice paddies in her native California. Acres and acres of shiny water, but never more than two inches deep. And those ladies and gentlemen in Henry James's novels—could they ever bring themselves, she wondered, to go to the bathroom? And D. H. Lawrence. How she loved those early books of his! All scientists ought to be compelled to take a post-graduate course in Lawrence. She said that to the Chancellor when he came to dinner. He was a most distinguished chemist: and whether it was *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, I don't know: but his wife looked as if all her secretions were pure acetic acid. Katy's remarks weren't at all well received." Rivers chuckled. "And sometimes," he went on, "we didn't read: we just talked. Katy told me about her childhood in San Francisco. About the balls and parties after she came out. About the three young men who were in love with her—each one richer and, if possible, stupider than the last. At nineteen she got engaged to the richest and the dumbest. The trousseau was bought, the wedding presents had begun to arrive.

"And then Henry Maartens came out to Berkeley as a visiting professor. She heard him lecture on the philosophy of science, and after the lecture she went to an evening party given in his honor. They were introduced. He had a nose like an eagle's, he had pale eyes like a Siamese cat's, he looked like the portraits of Pascal, and when he laughed, the noise was like a ton of coke going down a chute. As for what she saw—it must have passed description. I knew Katy at thirty-six, when she was Hera. At nineteen she must have been Hebe and the three Graces and all the nymphs of Diana rolled into one. And Henry, remember, had just been divorced by his first wife. Poor woman! She simply wasn't strong enough to play the parts assigned to her—mistress to an indefatigable lover, business manager to an absentee half-wit, secretary to a man of genius, and womb, placenta, and circulatory system to the psychological equivalent of a fetus. After two miscarriages and a nervous breakdown, she had packed up and gone home to her mother. Henry was on the loose, all four of him—fetus, genius, half-wit, and hungry lover—in search of some woman capable of meeting the demands of a symbiotic relationship, in which all the giving would be on her side, all the ravenous and infantile taking on his. The search had been going on for the best part of a year. Henry was growing desperate. And now, suddenly, providentially, here was Katy.



IT WAS love at first sight. He took her into a corner and, ignoring everyone else in the room, started to talk to her. Needless to say, it never occurred to him that she might have her own interests and problems; it never entered his head that it might perhaps be a good thing to draw the girl out. He just let fly at her with what happened, for the moment, to be on his mind. On this occasion, it was recent developments in logic. Katy, of course, didn't understand a word of it: but he was so manifestly a genius, it was all so unspeakably wonderful, that there and then, before the evening was over, she made her mother ask him to dinner. He came, he finished off what he had to say and, while Mrs. Hanbury and her other guests played bridge, he plunged with Katy into semiotics. Three days later there was some sort of a picnic organized by the Audubon Society, and the two of them managed to get separated from the rest of the party in an arroyo. And finally there was the evening when they went to hear *La Traviata*. Rum-tum-tum-*tum*-te-tum." Rivers hummed the theme of the prelude to the third act. "It was irresistible—it always is. On the way home in the cab he kissed her—kissed her with an intensity of passion and at the same time a tact, an adeptness, for which the semiotics and the absent-mindedness had left her entirely unprepared. After that it became only too evident that her engagement to poor dear Randolph had been a mistake.

"But what a hue and cry when she announced her intention of becoming Mrs. Henry Maartens! A half-mad professor, with nothing but his salary, divorced by his first wife and old enough, into

the bargain, to be her father! But all they could say was entirely irrelevant. The only thing that mattered was the fact that Henry belonged to another species; and *that,* not Randolph's—*Homo sapiens* and not *Homo moronicus*—was the species she now was interested in. Three weeks after the earthquake they got married. Had she ever regretted her millionaire? Regretted *Randolph?* To this inconceivably ridiculous question the answer was a peal of laughter. But his horses, she added as she wiped the tears from her eyes, his horses were another matter. His horses were Arabians, and the cattle on his ranch were pure-bred Herefords, and he had a big pond near the ranch house, with all kinds of the most heavenly ducks and geese. The worst of being a poor professor's wife in a big town was that you never had a chance of getting away from people. Sure, there were plenty of good people, intelligent people. But the soul cannot live by people alone; it needs horses, it needs pigs and waterfowl. Randolph could have provided her with all the animals her heart could desire—but at a price: himself. She had sacrificed the animals and chosen genius—genius with all its drawbacks.

AND FRANKLY (she admitted it with a laugh, she talked about it with humorous detachment), frankly there *were* drawbacks. In his own way, albeit for entirely different reasons, Henry could be almost as dumb as Randolph himself. An idiot where human relations were concerned, a prize ass in all the practical affairs of life. But what an unboring ass, what a luminous idiot! Henry could be utterly insupportable: but he was always worth it. *Always!* And maybe, she paid me the compliment of adding, maybe when I got married, my wife would feel the same way about me. Insupportable, but worth it."

"I thought you said she wasn't consciously sexy," I commented.

"And it's true," he said. "You think she was baiting her hook with flattery. She wasn't. She was just stating a fact. I had my points; but I was also unbearable. Twenty years of formal education and a lifetime of my poor mother had produced a real monster." On the outspread fingers of his left hand he itemized the monster's components. "I was a learned bumpkin; I was an athlete who couldn't say Bo to a girl; I was a Pharisee with a sense of inferiority; I was a prig who secretly envied the people he disapproved of. And yet, in spite of everything, it was worth while to put up with me. I was enormously well meaning."

"And in this case, I imagine, you did more than mean well. Were you in love with her?

There was a little pause; then Rivers slowly nodded. "Overwhelmingly," he said.

"But you couldn't say Bo to a girl," I said.

"This wasn't a girl," he answered. "This was Henry's wife. Bo was unthinkable. Besides, I was an honorary Maartens, and that made her my honorary mother. And it wasn't just a question of morality. I never *wanted* to say Bo. I loved her metaphysically, almost theologically—the way Dante loved Beatrice, the way Petrarch loved Laura. With one slight difference, however. In *my* case it happened to be sincere. I actually *lived* my idealism. No little illegitimate Petrarchs on the side. No Mrs. Alighieri, and none of those whores that Dante found it necessary to resort to. It was passion, but it was also chastity; and both at white heat. Passion and chastity," he repeated, and shook his head. "At sixty one forgets what the words stand for. Today I only know the meaning of the word that has replaced them—indifference. *Io son Beatrice,*" he declaimed. "And all is dross that is not Helena. So what? Old age has something else to think about."

Rivers was silent; and suddenly, as though to elucidate what he had been saying, there was only the ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece, and the whispers of flames among the logs.

"How can anyone seriously believe in his own identity?" he went on. "In logic, A equals A. Not in fact. Me-now is one kettle of fish; me-then is another. I look at the John Rivers who felt that way about Katy. It's like a puppet play; it's like Romeo and Juliet through the wrong end of the opera glasses. No, it's not even that; it's like looking through the wrong end of the opera glasses at the ghosts of Romeo and Juliet. And Romeo once called himself John Rivers, and was in love, and had at least ten times more life and energy than at ordinary times. And the world he was living in—how totally transfigured!

"I remember how he looked at landscapes; and the colors were incomparably brighter, the patterns that things made in space unbelievably beautiful. I remember how he glanced around him in the streets, and St. Louis, believe it or not, was the most splendid city ever built. People, houses, trees, T-model Fords, dogs at lamp posts—everything was more significant. Significant, you may ask, of what? And the answer is: themselves. These were realities, not symbols. Goethe was absolutely wrong. *Alles vergängliche* is *not* a *Gleichnis.* At every instant every transience is eternally that transience. What it signifies is its own being, and that being (as one sees so clearly when one's in love) is the same as Being with the biggest possible B. Why do you love the woman you're in love with? Because she *is.* And that, after all, is God's own definition of Himself: I am that I am. The girl is who she is. Some of her isness spills over and impregnates the entire universe. Objects and

events cease to the mere representatives of classes and become their own uniqueness; cease to be illustrations of verbal abstractions and become fully concrete. Then you stop being in love, and the universe collapses, with an almost audible squeak of derision, into its normal insignificance. Could it ever *stay* transfigured? Maybe it could. Maybe it's just a question of being in love with God. But that," Rivers added, "is neither here nor there. Or rather it's the only thing that's either here, there, or anywhere; but if we said so, we'd be cut by all our respectable friends and might even end up in the asylum. So let's get back as quickly as possible to something a little less dangerous. Back to Katy, back to the late lamented . . ."

He broke off.

"Did you hear something?"

THIS TIME I distinctly did. It was the sound, muffled by distance and a heroic self-restraint, of a child's sobbing.

Rivers got up and, thrusting his pipe into his pocket, walked to the door and opened it.

"Bimbo?" he called questioningly.

For all answer there was a louder sob.

He moved out into the hall and a moment later there was the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs.

"Bimbo," I heard him saying, "good old Bimbo! Come to see if you could catch Santa Claus red-handed—was that it?"

The sobbing mounted to a tragic crescendo. I got up and followed my host upstairs. Rivers was sitting on the top step, his arms, gigantic in their rough tweed, around a tiny figure in blue pajamas.

"It's Grandpa," he kept repeating. "Funny old Grandpa. Bimbo's all right with Grandpa." The sobbing gradually died down. "What made Bimbo wake up?" Rivers asked. "What made him climb out of his crib?"

"Dog," said the child, and at the memory of his dream he began to cry again. "Big dog."

"Dogs are funny," Rivers assured him. "Dogs are so dumb they can't say anything but bow-wow. Think of all the things Bimbo can say. Mummy. Weewee. Daddy. Pussycat. Dogs aren't smart. They can't say any of those things. Just bow-wow-wow." He put on an imitation of a bloodhound. "Or else bow-wow-wow." This time it was a toy Pomeranian. "Or else wo-o-o-ow." He howled lugubriously and grotesquely. Uncertainly, between sobs, the child began to laugh. "That's right," said Rivers. "Bimbo just laughs at those dumb dogs. Every time he sees one, every time he hears that silly barking, he laughs and laughs and laughs."

This time the child laughed whole-heartedly. "And now," said Rivers, "Grandpa and Bimbo are going to take a walk." Still holding the child in his arms, he got up and made his way along the corridor. "This is Grandpa's room," he said, opening the first door. "Nothing of great interest here, I'm afraid." The next door stood ajar; he walked in. "And this is Mummy's and Daddy's room. And here's the closet with all Mummy's clothes. Don't they smell good?" He sniffed loudly. The child followed suit. *"Le Shocking de Schiaparelli,"* Rivers went on. "Or is it *Femme?* Anyhow, it serves the same purpose; for it's sex, sex, sex that makes the world go round—as, I'm sorry to say, you'll find out, my poor Bimbo, in a very few years from now." Tenderly he brushed his cheek against the pale floss of the child's hair, then walked over to the full-length mirror set in the door of the bathroom. "Look at us," he called to me. "Just look at us!"

I came and stood beside him. There we were in the glass—a pair of bent and sagging elders and, in the arms of one of them, a small, exquisite Christ child.

"And to think," said Rivers, "to think that once we were all like that. You start as a lump of protoplasm, a machine for eating and excreting. You grow into this sort of thing. Something almost supernaturally pure and beautiful." He laid his cheek once more against the child's head. "Then comes a bad time with pimples and puberty. After which you have a year or two, in your twenties, of being Praxiteles. But Praxiteles soon puts on weight and starts to lose his hair, and for the next forty years you degenerate into one or other of the varieties of the human gorilla. The spindly gorilla—that's you. Or the leather-faced variety—that's me. Or else it's the successful businessman type of gorilla—you know, the kind that looks like a baby's bottom with false teeth."

The child in his arms yawned at our reflections, then turned, pillowed his head on the man's shoulder, and closed his eyes. "I think we can take him back to his crib," Rivers whispered and started toward the door.

"One feels," he said slowly, as we stood looking down, a few minutes later, at that small face, which sleep had transfigured into the image of an unearthly serenity, "one feels so desperately sorry for them. They don't know what they're in for. Seventy years of ambushes and betrayals, of booby traps and deceptions."

"*And* of fun," I put in. "Fun to the pitch, sometimes, of ecstasy."

"Of course," Rivers agreed, as he turned away from the crib. "That's what baits the booby traps." He switched off the light, softly closed the door, and followed me down the stairs. "Fun—every kind of fun. Sex fun, eating fun, power fun, comfort fun, possession fun, cruelty fun. But there's either a hook in the bait, or else

when you grab it, it pulls a trigger and down come the bricks or the bucket of bird lime or whatever it is that the cosmic joker has prepared for you." We resumed our seats on either side of the fire in the library. "What sort of traps are waiting for that poor little shining creature up there in the crib? One can hardly bear to think of it. The only comfort is that there's ignorance before the event and, after it, forgetting, or at the very least indifference. Every balcony scene turns into an affair of midgets in another universe! And in the end, of course, there's always death. And while there is death, there is hope." He refilled our glasses and relit his pipe. "Where was I?"

"In heaven," I answered, "with Mrs. Maartens."

"IN HEAVEN," Rivers repeated. And then, after a little pause, "It lasted," he went on, "about fifteen months. From December to the second spring, with a break of ten weeks in the summer while the family was away in Maine. Ten weeks of what was supposed to be my vacation at home, but was actually, in spite of the familiar house, in spite of my poor mother, the most desolate kind of exile. What bliss it was, in September, to regain my paradise! Eden in autumn, with the leaves reddening, the sky still blue, the light turning from gold to silver. Then Eden in winter, Eden with the lamps lighted and rain outside the windows, and the bare trees like hieroglyphs against the sunset.

"And then, at the beginning of that second spring, there was a telegram from Chicago. Katy's mother was ill. Nephritis—and those were the days before the sulfas, before penicillin. Katy packed her bags and was at the station in time to catch the next train. The two children—the three children, if you counted Henry—were left in charge of Beulah and myself. Timmy gave us no trouble at all. But the others, I assure you, the others more than made up for Timmy's reasonableness. The poetess refused to eat her prunes at breakfast, couldn't be bothered to brush her hair, neglected her homework. The Nobel Prize winner wouldn't get up in the morning, cut his lectures, was late for every appointment. And there were other, graver delinquencies. Ruth broke her piggy bank and squandered a year's accumulated savings on a make-up kit and a bottle of cheap perfume. The day after Katy left, she looked and smelt like the Whore of Babylon."

"For the benefit of the Conqueror Worm?"

"Worms were out," he answered. "Poe was as old-fashioned as 'Over There' or 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' She'd been reading Swinburne; she'd just made the discovery of the poems of Oscar Wilde. The universe was quite different now and she herself was somebody else—another poetess with a brand-new vocabulary. . . . Sweet sin; desire; jasper claws; the ache of purple pulses; the raptures and roses of vice; and lips, of course, lips intertwisted and bitten till the foam has a savor of blood—all that adolescent bad taste of Late Victorian rebellion. And in Ruth's case, the new words had been accompanied by new facts. She was no longer a little boy in a skirt and with pigtails; she was a budding woman with two little breasts that she carried about delicately and gingerly as though they were a pair of extremely valuable but rather dangerous and embarrassing zoological specimens. They were a source, one could sense, of mingled pride and shame, of intense pleasure and, therefore, of a haunting sense of guilt. All of which made it absolutely necessary for the poor child to smear her mouth with lipstick and drench her combinations with synthetic violet. And worse was to follow."

"Synthetic ambergris?"

"Much worse—synthetic love. She persuaded herself that she was passionately, Swinburneishly in love—and, of all people, with *me!*"

"Couldn't she have chosen someone a little nearer her own size?" I asked.

"She'd tried," Rivers answered, "but it hadn't worked. I had the story from Beulah, to whom she had confided it. A tragic little story of a fifteen-year-old girl adoring a heroic young footballer and scholarship winner of seventeen. She had chosen someone more nearly her own size; but unfortunately, at that period of life, two years are an almost impassable gulf. The young hero was interested only in girls of a maturity comparable to his own—eighteen-year-olds, seventeen-year-olds, at a pinch well-developed sixteen-year-olds. A skinny little fifteen-year-old like Ruth was out of the question. She found herself in the position of a low-born Victorian maiden hopelessly adoring a duke. For a long time the young hero didn't even notice her; and when at last she forced herself on his attention, he began by being amused and ended by being rude. That was when she started to persuade herself that she was in love with me."

IT STARTED actually several weeks before Katy left for Chicago. I had noticed a number of premonitory symptoms—blushings, silences, abrupt inexplicable exits in the middle of conversations, fits of jealous sulking if ever I seemed to prefer the mother's company to the child's. And then, of course, there were those love poems which she insisted, in the teeth of her own and my embarrassment, on showing me. *Blisses* and *kisses; lips* and *whips; yearning* and *burning; best, blest, pressed, breast.* She'd look at me intently while I read the things, and it

wasn't the merely anxious look of a literary novice awaiting the critic's judgment; it was the damp, large, lustrous regard of an adoring spaniel, of a Counter-Reformation Magdalen, of the willing murderee at the feet of her predestined Bluebeard.

"It made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable, and I wondered sometimes if it wouldn't be a good thing, for everybody's sake, to mention the matter to Katy. But then, I argued, if my suspicions were unfounded, I should look pretty fatuous; and if I were right, I should be making trouble for poor little Ruth. Better say nothing and wait for the foolishness to blow over. Better to go on pretending that the poems were simply literary exercises which had nothing to do with real life or their author's feelings. And so it went on, underground, like a resistance movement, like the fifth column, until the day of her mother's departure. Driving home from the station I wondered apprehensively what would happen now that Katy's restraining presence had been removed. Next morning brought the answer—painted cheeks, a mouth like an overripe strawberry, and that perfume, that whore-house smell of her!"

"With behavior, I suppose, to match?"

"That was what I expected, of course. But oddly enough it didn't immediately materialize. Ruth didn't seem to feel the need of *acting* her new part; it was enough merely to *look* it. Besides, I had committed the unpardonable offense of not taking her latest impersonation with proper seriousness. It was on the very first day of the new dispensation. I came downstairs to find Ruth and Beulah in the hall, hotly disputing. 'A nice young girl like you,' the old woman was saying. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' The nice young girl tried to enlist me as an ally. 'You don't think mother will mind my using make-up, do you?' Beulah left me no time to answer. 'I'll tell you what your mother will do,' she said emphatically and with remorseless realism. 'She'll give you one look, then she will sit down on the davenport, turn you over her knee, pull down your drawers, and give you the biggest spanking you ever had in all your life.'

"Ruth gave her a look of cold and haughty contempt and said, 'I wasn't talking to you.' Then she turned back in my direction. 'What do *you* say, John?' The strawberry lips wreathed themselves into what was intended to be a richly voluptuous smile; the eyes gave me a bolder version of their adoring look. 'What do *you* say?'

"In mere self-defense I told her the truth. 'I'm afraid Beulah's right,' I said. 'An enormous spanking.' The smile faded, the eyes darkened and narrowed, an angry flush appeared beneath the rouge on her cheeks. 'I think you're absolutely disgusting,' she said. 'Disgusting!' Beulah echoed. 'Who's disgusting, I'd like to know?' Ruth scowled and bit her lip, but managed to ignore her. 'How old was Juliet?' she asked with a note of anticipated triumph in her voice. 'A year younger than you are,' I answered. The triumph broke through in a mocking smile. 'But Juliet,' I went on, 'didn't go to school. No classes, no homework. Nothing to think about except Romeo and painting her face—if she *did* paint it, which I rather doubt. Whereas you've got algebra, you've got Latin and the French irregular verbs. You've been given the inestimable opportunity of some day becoming a reasonably civilized young woman.' There was a long silence. Then she said, 'I hate you.'

"It was the cry of an outraged Salome, of Dolores, justly indignant at having been mistaken for a high-school kid. Tears began to flow. Charged with the black silt of mascara, they cut their way through the alluvial plains of rouge and powder. 'Damn you,' she sobbed, '*damn* you!' She wiped her eyes; then, catching sight of the horrible mess on her handkerchief, she uttered a cry of dismay and rushed upstairs. Five minutes later, serene and completely repainted, she was on her way to school. And *that*," Rivers concluded, "was one of the reasons why our *grande amoureuse* paid so little attention to the object of her devouring passion, why the *femme fatale* preferred, during the first two weeks of her existence, to concentrate on herself rather than on the person to whom the author of the scenario had assigned the part of victim. She had tried me out and found me sadly unworthy of the role! It seemed better, for the time being, to play the piece as a monologue. In *that* quarter at least I was given a respite. But meanwhile my Nobel Prize winner was getting into trouble.

ON THE fourth day of his emancipation, Henry sneaked off to a cocktail party given by a female musicologist with Bohemian tastes. Broken reeds can never hold their liquor like gentlemen. Henry could get gloriously tipsy on tea and conversation. Martinis turned him into a maniac, who suddenly became a depressive and ended up, invariably, by vomiting. He knew it, of course; but the child in him had to assert its independence. Katy had confined him to an occasional sherry. Well, he'd show her, he'd prove that he could affront Prohibition as manfully as anyone else. Henry accepted the musicologist's invitation, and what was bound to happen duly happened. By the time he was halfway through his second drink he was making an exhibition of himself. By the end of the third he was holding the musicologist's hand and telling her that he was the unhappiest man in the world. And a quarter way through the

fourth he had to make a dash for the bathroom.

"But that wasn't all; on the way home—he insisted on walking—he managed somehow to lose his brief case. In it were the first three chapters of his new book. *From Boole to Wittgenstein.* Even now, a generation later, it's still the best introduction to modern logic. A little masterpiece! And maybe it would be still better if he hadn't got drunk and lost the original version of the first three chapters. I deplored the loss, but welcomed its sobering effect on poor old Henry. For the next few days he was as good as gold, as reasonable, very nearly, as little Timmy. I thought my troubles were over, all the more so as the news from Chicago seemed to indicate that Katy would soon be home again. Her mother, so it seemed, was sinking. Sinking so fast that, one morning on our way to the laboratory, Henry made me stop at a haberdasher's; he wanted to buy himself a black satin tie for the funeral.

THEN, electrifyingly, came the news of a miracle. At the last moment, refusing to give up hope, Katy had called in another doctor—a young man just out of Johns Hopkins, brilliant, indefatigable, up to all the latest tricks. He had started a new treatment; he had wrestled with death through the whole of a night and a day and another night. And now the battle was won; the patient had been brought back from the very brink of the grave and would live. Katy, in her letter, was exultant and I, of course, exulted in sympathy. Old Beulah went about her work loudly praising the Lord, and even the children took time off from their themes and problems, their fantasies of sex and railway trains, to rejoice.

"Everyone was happy except Henry. True, he kept saying that he was happy; but his unsmiling face (he could never conceal what he really felt) belied his words. He had been counting on Mrs. Hanbury's death to bring his womb-secretary, his mother-mistress home again. And now—unexpectedly, improperly (there was no other word for it)—this interfering young squirt from Johns Hopkins had come along with his damned miracle. Someone who ought to have quietly shuffled off was now (against all the rules) out of danger. Out of danger; but still, of course, much too sick to be left alone. Katy would have to stay on in Chicago until the patient could fend for herself. Heaven only knew when the one being on whom poor old Henry depended for everything—his health, his sanity, his very life—would return to him.

"Hope deferred brought on several attacks of asthma. But then, providentially, came the announcement that he had been elected a Corresponding Member of the French Institute. Very flattering, indeed! It cured him instantly—but, alas, not permanently. A week passed, and as day succeeded day, Henry's sense of deprivation became a positive agony, like the withdrawal pains of a drug addict. His anguish found expression in a wild, irrational resentment. That fiendish old hag! (actually, Katy's mother was two months his junior). That malignant malingerer! For, of course, she wasn't *really* ill—nobody could be really ill that long without dying. She was just shamming. And the motive was a mixture of selfishness and spite. She wanted to keep her daughter to herself and she wanted (for the old bitch had always hated him) to prevent Katy from being where she ought to be—with her husband. I gave him a little talk on nephritis and made him reread Katy's letters.

"It worked for a day or two, and after that the news was more encouraging. The patient was making such good progress that in a few days, maybe, she could safely be left in charge of a nurse and the Swedish maid. In his joy, Henry became, for the first time since I had known him, almost a normal father. Instead of retiring to his study after dinner, he played games with the children. Instead of talking about his own subjects, he tried to amuse them by making bad puns and asking riddles. 'Why is a chicken with its head hanging down like next week?' Obviously, because its neck's weak. Timmy was in ecstasies and even Ruth condescended to smile. Three more days passed and it was Sunday. In the evening we played bezique and then a game of Heads, Bodies, and Tails. The clock struck nine. One last round; then the children went upstairs. Ten minutes later they were in bed and calling us to come and say good night. We looked in first on Timmy. 'Do you know this one?' Henry asked. 'What flower would come up if you planted bags of anger?' The answer, of course, was sacks of rage; but as Timmy had never heard of saxifrage, it left him rather cold.

"We turned out the light and moved on to the next room. Ruth was in bed with the Teddy Bear, who was at once her baby and her Prince Charming, beside her. She was wearing pale blue pajamas and full make-up. Her teacher had raised objections to rouge and perfume in class and, when persuasion proved unavailing, the principal had categorically forbidden them. The poetess had been reduced to painting and scenting herself at bedtime. The whole room reeked of imitation violets, and the pillow, on either side of her small face, was streaked with lipstick and mascara.

"These were details, however, which Henry was not the man to notice. 'What flower,' he asked as he approached the bed, 'or, to be more precise, what flowering tree would come up if

'Love letters?' the child repeated. She glanced at me, then blushed and looked away; forcing a laugh, she answered, in a bored superior tone, that she couldn't guess. 'Laburnum,' her father brought out triumphantly; and when she didn't understand, '*La, burn 'em!*' he explained. 'Don't you get the point? They're love letters—*old* love letters, and you've found a new admirer. So what do you do? You burn them.' 'But why La?' Ruth asked. Henry gave her a brief, instructive lecture on the art of innocuous blasphemy. *Gee* for *God*, *jeeze* for *Jesus*, *heck* for *hell*, *La* for *Lord*. 'But nobody ever says La,' Ruth objected. 'They did in the eighteenth century,' Henry retorted rather testily.

FAR OFF, in the master bedroom, the telephone bell started to ring. His face brightened. 'I have a hunch it's Chicago calling,' he said, as he bent down to give Ruth her goodnight kiss. 'And another hunch,' he added as he hurried toward the door, 'that mother will be coming back tomorrow. Tomorrow!' he repeated, and was gone. 'Won't it be wonderful,' I said fervently, 'if he's right!' Ruth nodded her head and said, 'Yes,' in a tone that made it sound like 'No.' The narrow painted face suddenly took on an expression of acute anxiety. She was thinking, no doubt, of what Beulah had said would happen when her mother came home: was seeing, was actually feeling, Dolores-Salome turned over a large maternal knee and, in spite of her being a year older than Juliet, getting resoundingly spanked. 'Well, I'd better be going,' I said at last. Ruth caught my hand and held it. 'Not yet,' she pleaded and, as she spoke, her face changed its expression. The pinched anxious look was replaced by a tremulous smile of adoration: the lips parted, the eyes widened and shone. It was as though she had suddenly remembered who I was—her slave and her predestined Bluebeard, the only reason for her assumption of the double role of fatal temptress and sacrificial victim. And tomorrow, if her mother came home, it would be too late: the play would be over, the theater closed by order of the police. It was now or never.

She squeezed my hand. 'Do you like me, John?' she whispered almost inaudibly. I answered in the jolly, ringing tones of an extroverted scoutmaster. 'Of course I like you.' 'As much as you like mother?' she insisted. I parried with a display of good-humored impatience. 'What an asinine question!' I said. 'I like your mother the way one likes grownups. And I like you the way . . .' 'The way one likes children,' she concluded bitterly. 'As if *that* made any difference!' 'Well, doesn't it?' 'Not to *this* kind of thing.' And when I asked which kind of thing, she once more squeezed my hand and said, 'Liking people,' and gave me another of those looks of hers. There was an embarrassing pause. 'Well, I guess I'd better be going,' I said at last, and remembering the rhyme which Timmy always found so exquisitely humorous, 'Good night,' I added as I disengaged my hand, 'sleep tight, mind the fleas don't bite.'

"The joke fell like a ton of pig iron into the silence. Unsmiling, with a focused intensity of yearning that I would have found comic if it hadn't scared me out of my wits, she went on gazing up at me. 'Aren't you going to say good night to me properly?' she asked. I bent down to administer the ritual peck on the forehead, and suddenly her arms were around my neck and it was no longer I who was kissing the child, but the child who was kissing me—on the right cheekbone first of all and then, with somewhat better aim, near the corner of the mouth. 'Ruth!' I protested; but before I could say more, she had kissed me again, with a clumsy kind of violence, full on the lips. I jerked myself free. 'What did you do that for?' I asked in an angry panic. Her face flushed, her eyes shining and enormous, she looked at me, whispered, 'I love you,' then turned away and buried her face in the pillow, next to the Teddy bear. 'All right,' I said severely, 'This is the last time I come and say good night to you,' and I turned to go.

'The bed creaked, bare feet thudded on the floor, and as I touched the doorknob she was beside me, tugging at my arm. 'I'm sorry, John,' she was saying incoherently. 'I'm sorry. I'll do anything you say. Anything . . .' The eyes were all spaniel now, without a trace of the temptress. I ordered her back to bed and told her that, if she was a very good girl, I might relent. Otherwise . . . And with that unspoken threat I left her. First I went to my room, to wash the lipstick off my face, then walked back along the corridor toward the stairs and the library.

"On the landing at the head of the staircase I almost collided with Henry, as he came out of the passage leading to his wing of the house. 'What news?' I began. But then I saw his face and was appalled. Five minutes before he had been gaily asking riddles. Now he was an old, old man, pale as a corpse, but without the corpse's serenity; for there was an expression in his eyes and around the mouth of unbearable suffering. 'Is something wrong?' I asked anxiously. He shook his head without speaking. 'You're sure?' I insisted. 'That was Katy on the phone,' he said at last in a toneless voice. 'She isn't coming home.' I asked if the old lady were worse again. 'That's the excuse,' he said bitterly, then turned and walked back in the direction from which he had come."

[*To be continued in the May issue*]

After Hours



UTOPIAS YOU WOULDN'T LIKE

WHAT I don't understand about science fiction is the way it has turned against science. In the long-ago Wellsian days (H. G. rather than Orson), it exuded a contented faith in Progress and the Machine; it was Utopian at least to the extent that it imagined the Future to be an improvement on the Present. But now the old-time religion has lost its grip, and its doctrines have been savagely repudiated. Increasingly, science fiction is a literature of nightmare and polemic. Its authors typically view their worlds-to-come as projections of everything they detest in the world-as-it-is; and what they detest turns out to be technology, rationalism, hygiene, bureaucracy, democratic man—in short, everything that makes the modern world modern.

Of course, Utopian writers have ever been social critics, never more so than when—like Dean Swift—they construct Utopias in reverse. The present trend both started and reached its peak outside of the enclave of professional writers for the sci-fi magazines and anthologies; it owes much to Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and seems unlikely to surpass, in pure hatred of the twentieth century, George Orwell's *1984*. But it began to creep into science fiction proper a number of years ago at about the time when the space opera, or BEM (Bug-Eyed-Monster), school was coming into disrepute. Like the detective story before it, sci-fi was invaded by taut, atmospheric, "psychological" writing. Where it had previously pretended to be scientifically "sound," just as the detective story had pretended to provide the reader with clues, science fiction now revealed itself as art.

Before the change-over, while the influence of the writer-editor Hugo Gernsback was still strong, much science fiction seems to have been written (and presumably read) by scientists. But their images of themselves, and of science, were obsolescent; their heroes—lean cerebrotonics with just a touch of megalomania—sallied out to master a hard, intractable universe. Their fantasies were of unimaginable power ("we're beyond the lunar orbit; turn on the galactic overdrive"). Their enemies were safely subhuman, lesser breeds beyond the law of a beneficient League of Planets. They were the advance guards of a materialist's millennium (an engineering executive once told me his bosses figured that Buck Rogers had saved them several million dollars by preparing the public to expect new products).

IT TOOK the "cool" generation to bring science fiction up to date—to accelerate its technique, intensify characterization and imaginative power, introduce more stylish motifs, and in the process undercut the assumptions of the elders. No longer were the writers amateurs at writing; if they had scientific training, they no longer seemed to "believe" in it. Look, for example, at the third issue of the Ballantine anthology periodical, *Star Science Fiction Stories*. Out of ten items, only one can remotely be classified as pro-science—an attempt to make the idea of our future dependence on herds of whales romantic, by likening their submarine supervisors to cowboys.

Of the remaining nine, to characterize them briefly—one is anti-medicine, one is anti-sanitation, one is anti-urban, one is anti-research, two are anti-Point IV, two are anti-commerce, and one seems simply to say that Martians, while loathsome, are preferable to people. Here are a few representative plots:

(1) "It's Such a Beautiful Day," by Isaac Asi-

through which you can step into any other place in the world equipped with a similar Door. The Outside is regarded as unsanitary and forbidden. A small boy, whose family Door is broken, has to walk to school and thus becomes infatuated with Nature. A psychiatrist, called in to cure him of this malady, follows him Outside and is also infected.

2. "Foster, You're Dead," by Philip K. Dick. Competitive consumption in a future society has come to revolve around one's air-raid shelter, with new models each year stimulated by announcements of enemy "improvements." A schoolboy whose father is cynical about the system is terrified by his family's lack of a shelter and talks them into getting one. But they can't meet the payments; they lose the shelter and their son, who runs away to hide as far underground as he can get.

3. "The Devil on Salvation Bluff," by Jack Vance. A group of Earth missionaries on another planet, where there are many suns that rise and set in baffling sequence, keep their sanity and sense of purpose only by means of an enormous clock set to Earth-time. The local inhabitants have filthy, irresponsible habits; they resist "reform" and eventually destroy the clock, which they correctly regard as the source of evil. Thereupon the missionaries "go native" and become happily adjusted to the planet.

4. "Guinevere for Everyone," by Jack Williamson. A technician has been sent to repair an automatic factory which has gone haywire and begun to manufacture and sell startlingly beautiful women, so that an aroused populace is about to destroy it. He buys one of the "Guineveres" and soon finds that the factory was set to making them by one of its last human foremen, who so feared Automation that he wanted to make it destroy itself (the factory had figured the consequences, but he had removed that tape). Leaving the factory to the mob, the technician returns to his girl, only to discover that she had been planned for quick obsolescence and had turned into a hag.

Obviously each of these is not adventure fiction but social satire, edged with bitterness against the science-minded society of today, let alone tomorrow. Often, reading the stories like them, which grow more numerous in the anthologies each year, I have wondered what scientists make of them—if scientists still read them. Perhaps the unbelievers have taken over among the audience, as well as the writers, or perhaps scientists themselves have become more doubting and apprehensive. In either event, it seems odd to go on calling by the name of "science fiction" an ancient art form which has thrived for so long under a less misleading name.

BON VOYAGE

THE LAST time I had traveled on a French Line ship was on the *Paris*, of pleasant memory, in the days when enormous pipes doubled back across the cabin ceilings; it was like living in a plumbing fixture. Recently on the *Liberté* I found scarcely a reminder except the well-behaved sea itself that one was the creature of an enormous machine. Life was a round of consommé at eleven; tea, ice cream, and biscuits at four; Poire Williams Belle-Hélène (pears, whipped cream, ice cream, chocolate shot, and chocolate sauce—a sort of cold French "Dagwood") at dinner; champagne by the glass; and dinner music and dancing and conversations that have no beginning and are not meant to have an end.

It is also the good game of passengers sniffing each other out. They stalk each other with their eyes and sort each other into categories. The fellow you have spotted as an academic turns out to be a plastics manufacturer, and the girl who must be a professional dancer is an important personage in the French Embassy. There is plenty of time to find out, and if you don't find out it doesn't make any difference.

The *Liberté* (which used to be the *Europa* before the Inter-Allied Reparations Commission turned her over to the French in 1946) is a splendid old ship—old, that is, by comparison with the luxury liners that have been built since the war, but not old in spirit or in comfort.

Its grandeur, considering how recently it was completely refitted, seems *moderne* rather than modern. There is a good deal of glitter and mosaic and gilt and tapestry and what would be garden sculpture ashore. There is even a winter garden with potted plants, a little more like Atlantic City than like the "good design" that industrial designers such as Henry Dreyfuss and Raymond Loewy have built into American liners. One has the feeling that there is more "taste" per cubic foot on the *Liberté* than on anything

one is likely to see again for a long while; the brochure describing the ship calls it "exquisite taste."

When the French took the ship over from the American Occupation Forces who found her in Bremerhaven in 1945 they spent $19,500,000 (or several zillion francs) prettying her up, shifting her ballast to make her ride more smoothly, and installing the most elaborate equipment for fire detection and prevention. The refitting cost as much as the Germans had originally spent on building her. She is now the pride of the French Line, though she has by no means replaced the *Normandie* (which burned at a New York pier during the war) in the affections of the French. I asked the captain of the *Liberté*, Commandant Kerharo, if he thought the *Normandie* had been destroyed by sabotage; he said it most certainly had not. The disaster occurred, he believed, because there was a new American crew aboard that was not familiar with fire-fighting equipment and the protective devices. He said this without bitterness and without intent to criticize; it was merely an unfortunate set of circumstances. But, he added, there is a new French Line ship now in the blueprint stage, ten thousand tons bigger than the *Liberté*, which, it is hoped, will be ready for the seas in about four years.

THE *Liberté* displaces 56,390 tons and (Cadillac owners please note) has 120,000 horse power. She has a great deal of man power as well, men to take care of the paper hats and balloons, for instance, and to put rosettes on birthday cakes, to tend the refrigerator full of cut flowers, and to *chambrer* the red wine. It takes a deck crew of 96 and an engine crew of 167 to run the ship, but it takes a crew of 692 stewards, stewardesses, and what are called "service personnel" to keep the passengers happy. When I sailed on her this winter there were many fewer stewards than this; the ship was a good deal less than half full, even taking into account the presence of thirty-four fresh-faced and pretty young ladies from Hollins College who were on their way to spend a year in France.

Someone had informed me that it was possible to get from one class on the ship to another by the simple expedient of unlocking the barrier doors with the handle of a toothbrush. I tried it; it worked. But having tried it I couldn't think of any good reason to take advantage of my advantage.

I found it very pleasant to be a second-class citizen (or a Cabin passenger; the nomenclature of the class structure on ships has changed even if the intent has not), and whatever first-class citizens I knew on the ship (one actor and one writer, to be exact) seemed to gravitate down-



ward and aft for companionship and gaiety. They stayed upstairs and forward, however, for oysters and caviar. The best we could offer in Cabin class was lobster Thermidor and pigeons for lunch—indeed for the same lunch. The food on the *Liberté* is hell on good resolutions; so are the bottles of red and white wine that appear automatically on the table at every meal. I'm not sure that they appear at breakfast; I never got to breakfast.

The entirely unseasonal decency of the February weather helped to make life pleasant, but so did the hard-working, eternally good-humored, and silver-braided men of the purser's department who were whatever the French equivalent is of "hep." Parties happened as casually as if by accident, and yet you found yourself faced with someone who in the sniffing-out period you had thought might be pleasant to meet. The purser's department seemed to have everyone's number, or at least it had my number. I got a little tired of paper hats and the imitation snowballs that were the routine throwing material at every party (confetti is harder to clean up) but as the lovely lady from the French Embassy at Washington put it, *"La Liberté est un bateau gai."*

—Mr. Harper

the NEW BOOKS

MAURICE DOLBIER

Europe and Asia in Fact and Fiction . . .
Happy Marriages in American History . . . Yeats' Letters

THE DANGERS, as well as the virtues, of "reporting-in-depth" can be seen in Rebecca West's new collection of essays, which bears the foreboding title **A Train of Powder** (Viking, $3.75). Here one long piece, "Greenhouse with Cyclamens," treating of events in postwar Germany, is meaningfully broken by accounts of a lynching in North Carolina and a butcherous murder in London, and followed by the story of a young British Foreign Office telegraphist who committed espionage on behalf of the Soviet Union.

Words that were applied to De Quincey by one of his contemporaries will serve admirably to define Miss West's qualities: "However profuse and discursive, he is always polished and generally exact . . . an expert worker in a sort of half-veiled and elaborate humor and irony . . . a highly analytic and imaginative intellect and a large infusion of common sense." And, like De Quincey's, her works "emerge from the rapid oblivion of periodicalism by virtue of a vital element of power."

For all her polish and irony, Miss West is a powerful and deadly serious writer, aware that our age has a beast in view—or rather, that a beast has our age in view. She knows, too, that the ordinary laws of zoology (or politics) are of almost no use in serving to identify the creature, or to defend us from it. It changes its shape with terrifying swiftness, being sometimes the hyena of Fascism, sometimes the ravening bear of Russian imperialism, sometimes the weasel of treason, sometimes the grinning ape of our own vanity. It belongs to the realm not of natural, but of supernatural, history. Miss West's astuteness, remarkable as it is, has not always preserved her from being deceived, but she knows the mortal danger in which we stand and she never ceases from warning us, with all the brilliance and boldness at her command.

As sharply as she sees, so sharply does she set before her readers' eyes the gesture or the momentary play of countenance through which men inadvertently reveal themselves—Goering's "soft and white and spongy hands forever smoothing his curiously abundant brown hair, or covering his wide mouth while his plotting eyes looked facetiously around"; a professional bondsman chewing gum in a Southern courtroom, with the chewing becoming "particularly wide and vulpine whenever the judge showed hostility to the introduction of race hatred into the proceedings" —these and many more.

This belongs to the art of the really superb journalist. So does the knowledge and the wit to look beyond the moment to the years before and after (especially before, for though prophecy is expected from the good journalist it is not essential, as a sense of history is). So does the luck to be in the right place at the right time (to be, for instance, in General Howley's office when he learns by telephone that the Russians have broken their word to him), so does the stubborn patience in going down sidepaths that have led into the Big Story. So does the feeling for an atmosphere of a place: a suburban home, a German *Schloss,* a courtroom, a landscape, a skyline.

But it is here, too, that the danger begins. For this sensitivity to atmosphere and this skill in conveying one's feelings about a place begin to belong less to the good journalist than to the accomplished novelist. When, going beyond this, one deals with people and sets down not only what the eye has seen and the ear has heard but what the mind assumes about the workings of another mind, this is something that good novelists must, but only poor journalists, do. It should not be excusable (though most of us do excuse

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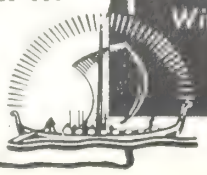
P38 **HAWTHORNE** *Scarlet Letter;* 12 famous stories; diaries, letters.

P39 **GREEK READER** Representative cross-section.

P41 **VOLTAIRE** *Candide; Philosophical Dictionary; Zadig*, and other works.

P46 **MEDIEVAL READER** The fabulous Middle Ages in the writings of 100 leaders.

P60 **GIBBON** *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in a modern reader's version.



THE VIKING PRESS, N. Y.

non-historical figures are in question. "Invasion of privacy" is far too mild a term to describe its application to those non-historical individuals who, through misfortune, have come into the public eye and Miss West's private eye.

To say of a work of non-fiction that it "reads like a novel" can be to offer praise of a highly ambiguous nature in these days when so many novels are unreadable. *A Train of Powder* reads like a good novel: a Rebecca West novel. To an extent, it is; and to that extent it suffers a loss of relevancy and power, a loss that is all the more regrettable in view of the book's strengths in observation, wit, political and historical knowledge, and common sense.

STORM JAMESON'S novels, like Miss West's essays, are concerned with the relation of individual lives to great public events. In *The Green Man*, of a couple of years ago, the term "public event" is gravely insufficient, since the theme was the attempted conquest of the world during our century by materialism and opportunism. In **The Hidden Stream** (Harper, $3) Miss Jameson returns to one of her most favored subjects: the lovely land and the heartbreaking politics of France.

Some years after the war, an Englishman returns to a French manor on the Loire where he had found refuge during the perilous days of contact and joint action with the Resistance. His host is a charming country gentleman named Jean de Monnerie, who had proved himself tough and unsparing as a group leader during the Occupation but is now prepared to turn his back on "heroism, justice and the rest of it, which has become part of the usual political gamble" and "do what I can to make one village, and my own few hectares of land, as decent, good-tempered and fruitful as possible."

The re-encounter takes place at a time when the de Monnerie future—Jean's engagement to the young Elizabeth Gueswiller—stands in the shadow of the de Monnerie past—the reappearance of dying old Uncle Daniel, who had refused to allow a stupid twentieth-century total war to deflect him from the civilized eighteenth-century practice of fellowship and cultured conversation with an old friend who happened to be his nation's enemy. The shadow is deepened by the presence of Jean's inexorable Cousin Marie, whose son Robert had been tortured and killed by the Germans; and by the suspicion, growing into certainty, that Robert's betrayal had been engineered by Jean's beloved younger brother, Francois. Under the circumstances, the Englishman's falling in love with his friend's fiancée seems only a mild complication.

To call this plot melodramatic is not to make an accusation. The Occupation and the Liberation of France left in their wake many familial situations as confused and as violently resolved as those in the de Monnerie manor. Perhaps Miss Jameson's characters, at moments of great tension, are too much inclined to talk and talk and talk of themselves and of the world, but they talk well, and in a careless age one should omit no opportunity to praise good dialogue construction. Over all, surrounding all—the exigencies of plot and character—there shines Miss Jameson's love for France and its people, glowingly revealed in her descriptions of village and countryside, and in such affectionately conceived scenes as that in which, at one of the novel's most bitterly funereal moments, the old family servant Amélie reaches out and touches the leaf of a yew-tree and smiles a smile of irony and resignation: "The silence was suddenly full of this smile, this work-scalded finger caressing the leaf of a tree older and longer-lived than itself."

THE TWO SPHINXES

THE FIRM of Alfred A. Knopf has wisely adopted a new release policy in respect to its Great Lives in Brief series. Instead of bringing the books out in clumps of five, and risking that one will be given a thorough and generous review while the others are merely mentioned or commended in the most general terms, the publisher is now issuing individual volumes on separate dates, a good thing for authors and readers alike.

The latest, and one of the best, to appear is Professor Albert Guerard's biography of **Napoleon III**, $2.50, a leader whose rise exposed him to the eloquent enmity of one of his country's greatest writers and whose fall made him the personal symbol of national humiliation. In spite of this, his historical stature has been growing steadily.

Professor Guerard offers a candid but on the whole sympathetic study of this multiple-natured man, "of Corsican and Creole descent, a Dutch prince at birth, always an Italian at heart, a German in thought, thoroughly at home in British society, married to a Spaniard," but who, for a "miraculous instant" in 1848, was one with France: a man whose "doctrine of nationalities" made him a forerunner of Woodrow Wilson and whose transferring of social planning to nation-wide action were anticipations, and more than worthy ones, of the welfare—the common welfare—states of today; who became the Arbiter of Europe and under whose flexible rule France advanced to heights of industrial power and intellectual brilliance; who was led into disaster by disease and the shadow of a legend, but in the darkest hour refused History's temptation and surrendered, rather than "have brave men massacred for the sake of a prestige in which, in the secret of his heart, he had never fully believed."

Baffled contemporaries called Louis-Napoleon "the Sphinx of the Tuileries." Greta Lovisa



The Swivel Chair

The book trade rarely takes issue with the dicta of William Shakespeare, but just as a nip at the hand that has fed us some of the best book titles since Gutenberg, we challenge his toploftiness about nomenclature. A rose may smell the same but not sell as well if it's called hybrid perpetual, and every publisher and bookseller could cite forlorn cases in point.



Some of this confusion derives from the fact that the naming of a book is everybody's business. The fledgling author may have the temerity to submit a title with his manuscript. After all, if he hadn't found some infinitely provocative phrase in Donne or Isaiah this particular novel would never have been written. The publisher, if canny, praises it as a good working title and alerts the brains in the back room to produce a few alternates. The backroomers are more intense, if possible, than the author in the battle of title entries. In a welter of kaffeeklatsch and blackmail, a new name is chosen, type is reset, the author's protests crushed to earth and an uneasy peace is maintained until the publisher's sales conference. There every man present has given his professional life to a thoughtful analysis of the sales value of book titles and compiled an entertaining body of folklore on the subject. Eventually one suggests a strangely familiar scrap of Donne or Isaiah and after a moment's demurral — for the backroomers have a feeling that someone has already used it — it is passed. The author, by now grown greyer in the service of literature, may have the wisdom to refrain from comment.

To prove a point, we have on our list a book that has been known variously as *I Am a Paraplegic*, *More Than Half Dead*, and **Very Much Alive.** Now of course it seems that the final title is the only possible one for a book that has the fire and pride and courage of this one. **Terry McAdam** wrote it and it seems to us that the entire city of Topeka is publishing it with us. It is a book with quite a startling potential of helpfulness.



Howard Swiggett, to prove the exception to the point above, came up with such a good title to his novel that there was no murmur of dissent. Mr. Swiggett is an old hand as historian and novelist, (his last novel was *The Power and The Prize,*) and, knowing that all the world is kin to Pandora, called his book **The Strongbox.** A philanthropist of unshakeable integrity is thrust into a political position of wartime power. He dies, and the man and two women who were closest to him must reach an understanding — in a sense, a solution — of his actions and motives. It is a beautifully suave piece of writing about an explosive idea.



The list this month offers a variety of pyrotechnics, none more bizarre than **The Young Hitler I Knew** by **August Kubizek** with an introduction by H. R. Trevor-Roper. This title emerged from the sales conference where the backroom pundits took a trouncing for *My Young Friend Adolf Hitler*. It is a chronicle of four years — possibly the four most significant years — from fifteen to nineteen, in the life of the demon leader of all the Germans. It was written by a school friend who shared his lodgings in Vienna. The book has been published in England *(there* the title was *Young Hitler, The Story of our Friendship)* to very excited acclaim from the press. "The most important book on Hitler since *Mein Kampf,*" (said the *New Statesman and Nation.)* Perhaps that fact is not as important as the absorbing puzzle it reveals. Here was a spirit nourishing itself on hate instead of love, youth who drew precisely the wrong, asocial sustenance from every maturing experience. On this level it does not matter that the youth was Adolf Hitler, it is simply a classic among case histories and irresistibly exciting. Every reader is a self-made psychiatrist as this picture of an adolescent mind is bit by bit revealed.

A poet solves his own title problems by choosing the most provocative from the score or so in his current collection, thereby adding color and grace to any list. There are two in March — **Water Ouzel** by **William H. Matchett,** whose work is well known to Harper's readers, and **Birthdays From the Ocean** by **Isabella Gardner,** of whom Dame Edith Sitwell has said, "I can think of no young woman of our time whose poetry showed so much promise — indeed, achievement."

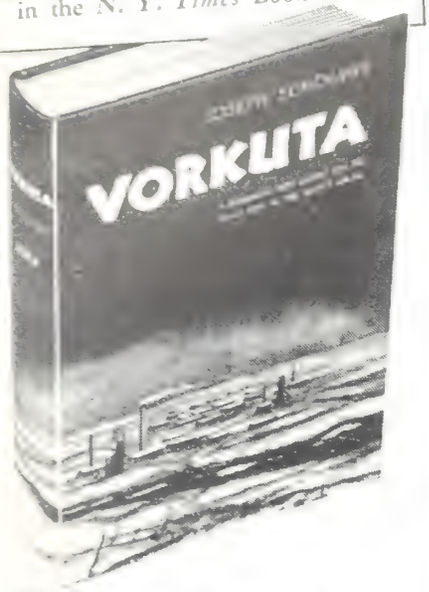


And last to disprove point and its exception together: — a book that doesn't need a good title. And since there was no strain, it has achieved an excellent one — **The Living Faith** by **Lloyd C. Douglas.** Very few people write to be read by millions. Each who does it has recognized some basic need for what he can say. Lloyd Douglas must have learned the secret from congregations in the churches that flourished in his ministry. He was naturally a story teller, and as a parson he could see the effect of what he told. Out of this experience came the ability to tell stories from the Bible in a way that spoke to the widest audience for fiction of the time. This new book is what he said to those congregations who were in turn teaching him.



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"This book is fat with first-hand information."
—FRANK ROUNDS, JR., Author of A Window on Red Square, in the N. Y. Times Book Review



Vorkuta

SLAVE CITY OF THE SOVIET ARCTIC

By JOSEPH SCHOLMER

A graphic account by a West Berlin physician who has spent the last three and one-half years in Soviet Russia's notorious slave labor camp. ". . . Scholmer has done a fine job of exposition, using a narrative style that is eminently readable and filling his story with memorable sketches of real people . . .

"He almost shrugs off the horrors of daily life in Vorkuta. He is much more interested in a remarkable event that took place toward the end of July 1953; ten thousand of the prisoners, despite their hopeless predicament, had enough spirit to stage a mass strike... It was the first popular demonstration against the government of the Soviet Union in recent history.

"Dr. Scholmer believes that the June 17th Berlin riots, together with the Vorkuta strike six weeks later, shocked the Kremlin to its foundations. He's deeply disturbed because the West — meaning all the anti-Soviet world — isn't doing more to stir up internal opposition to the Soviet government, and doesn't seem to realize the strength of its allies, including the slave laborers, inside the USSR's borders."

—BRUCE BLIVEN, JR., *Harper's*

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Gustafsson became, in our time, "the Sphinx of Hollywood," and even, in less restrained terms, "the mysterious, inscrutable, available but untouchable essence of the indefinable." It was ambitious of John Bainbridge to attempt to make this essence scrutable, to separate woman from legend, but I'm sure that I'm not giving away any surprise ending when I report that his **Garbo** (Doubleday, $4.50) closes with the admission: "The legend of Garbo will live on."

Since this is not the sort of book in which the writer will have had the willing co-operation of his subject, Mr. Bainbridge, while he has amassed a surprising amount and variety of fact and anecdote, has had to work with some pretty tenuous material: newspaper items, fan magazine interviews, criticisms of his heroine's film characterizations, and the memories and judgments, sometimes contradictory, of her friends (anyway, friends up till now). The result is an interesting, if inconclusive, essay, in which it sometimes seems that more riddles are raised than are solved.

(I growl over one small bone: Mr. Bainbridge, in relating the decline of John Gilbert, cavalierly refers to "The Captain Hates the Sea" as "an inconsequential work." These are fighting words to a small but devoted band of us who would not exchange the memories of the performances given in it by Walter Connolly, Alison Skipworth, Walter Catlett, Victor McLaglen, and even John Gilbert, for seventeen of Garbo's twenty-four American films.)

NO ASIAN POLICY?

I TOOK up for review, on the night of February 8 (do you remember the headlines?) a book by Harvard's Edwin O. Reischauer called **Wanted: An Asian Policy** (Knopf, $3.75), which was scheduled for publication on March 14 (I wondered what the headlines would be then). It is a work, however, not tied so straitly to topicality that a month's changing headlines are likely to cause it to be seriously outdated. Our past history would seem to indicate that whether we're at war or still uneasily at peace in Asia when this review appears, either (1) we'll still have no Asian policy, or (2) we'll have an unsound one.

Professor Reischauer is a scholar whose wide knowledge of Asia's past has been enriched by firsthand encounters with the problems of Asia's present. He is also, as the title of his book implies, deeply disturbed by the errors and omissions in our dealings with Asia and is outspoken in his criticism. That's two strikes against him, and considering the curve balls that Congressional committees have been throwing at Asian experts. . . .

Wanted: An Asian Policy can't be called an eloquent book; it is, indeed, often as downright dull as most newspaper editorials on the subject. But it has the great merits of orderly presentation and sensible reflection: how the situation developed, what it is now, and how it might be turned to our advantage rather than to stalemate or defeat. Placing due importance on the immediacies of our military and economic strategies in Asia, Professor Reischauer earnestly and rightly insists upon the primacy of an effective ideological strategy, without which lives and largesse will be spent in vain.

THREE NOVELS

ADMIRINGLY, we turn now to a man who has an Asian policy, and one that has already proved itself in book-club choices and in movie rights. Four volumes from Mr. John Masters' projected series of some thirty-five dealing with the English in India from the seventeenth to the twentieth century have already appeared, including the presumably penultimate *Bhowani Junction*. Now comes a fifth, **Coromandel!** (Viking, $3.95), which is also the opening work in the series.

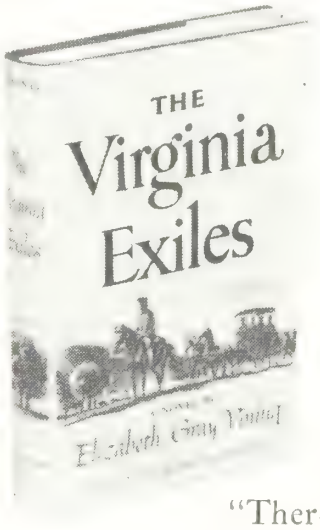
As *Coromandel!* begins, a woman leans from a casement window, "naked, warm, and kindly." This practically assures best-sellership, but to make quite certain, Mr. Masters proceeds to supply his hero with a variety of such charmers. Jason Savage, in the course of his quest for the magic mountain of Meru, is the recipient of warm kindliness from Mistress Jane, the nobleman's daughter; Emily, the fair-haired Lon-

Readers of "Windows for the Crown Prince" by Elizabeth Gray Vining, published three years ago, will be interested to know that Mrs. Vining has written her first novel for adult readers — The Virginia Exiles. *It is a story of the American Revolution, and as the excerpt on this page will show, it is very different from the historical novels to which readers have become accustomed.*

Loyalty Oath, 1777

An excerpt from THE VIRGINIA EXILES *by* ELIZABETH GRAY VINING

CONSCIOUS of being the youngest and least important, Caleb sat silent while the rest talked. The conversation ranged over a variety of subjects, the career of Benjamin West, the Philadelphia artist now fashionable in London, whom both Edward Penington and Dr. Smith had assisted in his unknown, farm-boy youth, the inferior men lately elected to the Continental Congress, the probable outcome of today's battle reported to have been near the Brandywine, and came to rest on the question of oaths of allegiance.



"Granted," said Dr. Smith, "that there is no security in the oath of an unscrupulous man — what was it your own Penn said, something about the man that fears to tell untruth not needing to swear because he will not lie, while he that does not fear untruth, what is his oath worth? — granted all that, I am still at a loss to understand why Friends refuse an affirmation of loyalty where they honestly feel it."

"It is partly because history has proved the uselessness of oaths," said Edward Penington. "Oaths have never yet prevented a revolution. The Long Parliament swore allegiance to Charles the First — and beheaded him. General Monk and his army took all the test oaths the Commonwealth imposed — and proceeded to restore Charles the Second to the throne. Oaths only oppress the virtuous elements of the people."

MIERS FISHER tapped his pipe against the sole of his shoe. Caleb admired and liked Miers more than any of his fellow prisoners. His quick intelligence, his knowledge of the law, his attractive personality and his faithfulness to Friends' principles combined to make him in Caleb's eyes an ideal combination of the Quaker and the man of the world.

"More than that," said Miers, "oaths are actually dangerous to the principle of liberty in a free government. Men who feel free and secure under a government will support it because it is to their interest to do so. You can get no surer safeguard for a government than that. But if the ruling party forces people to swear to whatever arbitrary laws it may enact, then civil liberty disappears and religious liberty with it."

"In a time of crisis," objected Dr. Smith, "when the very life of the state is threatened, then it seems to me the state must have some way of dealing with suspected persons, or all liberty may be lost."

"But some cause of suspicion should be proved against a man before he is publicly stigmatized by being singled out to take an oath which the unsuspected need not subscribe to. If proper legal process proves him disloyal, then suitable action can be taken against him."

"There is another aspect to it," said Thomas Fisher slowly. "I wish John Pemberton were here, for he can express the moral and religious implications better than I can, but it is this, as best I can put it. The body may be subject to compulsion, the mind is not. But if, to make life easier for the body, to avoid imprisonment, to keep one's employment, to win advancement, the mind assents to something it considers wrong, then it suffers a wound from which it does not easily recover. It loses strength for the next encounter, so that a test act in the end is subversive of the morality of the inhabitants."

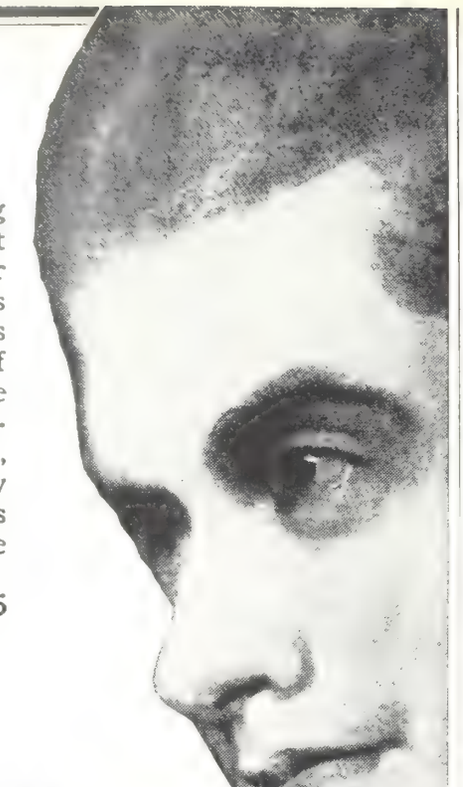
The large audience which enjoyed Windows for the Crown Prince *is looking forward to* THE VIRGINIA EXILES, *which will be published May 4 ($3.95). An advertisement of* J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, *Philadelphia. Order now from your bookseller.*

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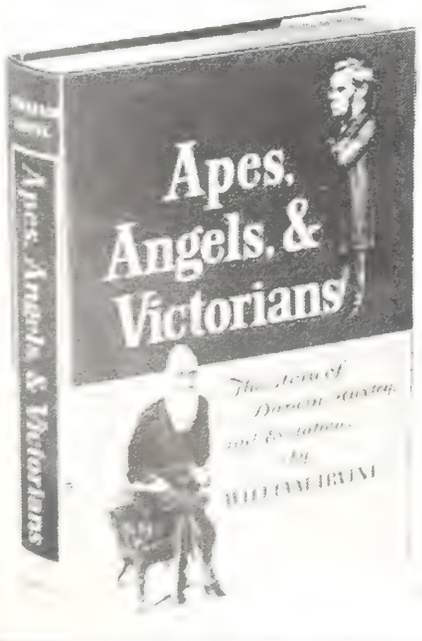
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don trull; Parvati, the temple prostitute; and Catherine, the far-sighted daughter of a Don. Jason's career however, is made remarkable not by such limited adventures as these, but by his rise from English country boy to power behind the throne of the King of Manairuppu, by treason and tragedy that leave him with little save a dream—but a dream that sends him on the road North, to the Great King and the spiritual temptations of the monastery of Tsaparang and at last to an understanding of himself. The exclamation mark in the title is well-justified.

WHILE in *Coromandel!* Mr. Masters is almost too exuberant in style and lavish in plot-laying, I longed for both excesses in J. M. Scott's **The Other Half of the Orange** (Dutton, $3), one of the mildest and least suspenseful suspense stories I've encountered in a long while, and a sad disappointment after Scott's seagoing smasher, *Heather Mary*.

Restless and bored in postwar England, Martin Henson takes on a mission for a General Langley, who wants to establish whether the son of an old friend died a hero's death in the bombing of Dijon or deserted and remained alive, as an IOU signed by him and dated two days after the raid would regrettably indicate. The trail leads Henson to the Alps and a reunion with a lovely woman first met in a mountain hut in the course of a wartime assignment. She is seeking the truth about the disappearance of her fiancé, last seen skiing down the slopes of a glacier with a Swiss guide who was carrying 10,000,000 lire's worth of treasure. Readers too listless to add one and one may be taken by surprise at the novel's climax. Others if they get that far through Mr. Scott's placid prose, will be rewarded by a few genuinely exciting pages describing some sticky moments on the side of a mountain.

THE MOST spellbinding novel I've read among the March assortment is **The Good Shepherd** (Little, Brown, $3.75), by that expert spellbinder, C. S. Forester. Here he offers a grim reminder of the perils of Atlantic convoy duty in World War II and concentrates our attention on Commander George Krause of the

ited States Navy, a devout and
icated man who captains the de
yer *Keeling* and is responsible
the safe passage of a thirty-seven-
Allied convoy bearing thou-
ds of men and millions of dollars
th of property. On a Wednesday
ning, the Commander finds that
and his precious charges are in
midst of a wolf pack of Nazi
oats, and for two sleepless days
nights he fights them off, using
skill of a fencer, the logic of a
hematician, the luck of a mind
der, stubbornness, and faith—"the
eld of faith, wherewith ye shall be
e to quench all the fiery darts of
wicked."

AFFAIRS OF STATE

ANOTHER shield-wielder,
England's Prime Minister
rchill, stands in contrast to the
pirited men who dropped the
eld of France, in the pages of
jor General Sir Edward Spears'
e Fall of France: June 1940
yn, $5). This is the second and
cluding volume of Sir Edward's
ount of his assignment to catas-
phe as Churchill's personal repre-
tative to the government of Pre-
er Paul Reynaud. With growing
erness and dismay, in the hectic
's that followed Dunkirk, Sir Ed-
d watched political passions and
lousies, defeatism and outright
ason, clear the way for Nazi en-
fment of a land he loved next his
n. The bravery of some few men
high place—Georges Mandel and
arles de Gaulle—could not coun-
the influences, some sinister,
ne senile, that brought on the
me of Vichy.

Sir Edward's work is both a rev-
tory political history and a
ply-moving personal history; one
the most absorbing chronicles of
war. Among many stories that
ve an effect of shock is Marshal
tain's response, when the Germans
re breaking through toward
uen, to Spears's comment that
at France needed was another
an of Arc.

'His face lit up. 'Joan of Arc!'
exclaimed. 'Have you read my
ech on Joan of Arc? I made it
Rouen in 1937. It was an ex-
mely fine speech. I shall read it
you.'" And he did.

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Shocking also, in a number of ways, is the discovery of a missing secret and official telegram in the bed of Madame de Portes.

"BENJAMIN Rush," says Howard Swiggett in **The Forgotten Leaders of the Revolution** (Doubleday, $4), "believed there was something special in a New World republic that subdued men's lusts." Rush may have been right, which would mean that a host of recent historical novelists have been wrong. Certainly Mr. Swiggett's book is no *chronique scandaleuse* of amiable gallantries at the courts of Washington and Adams. To be sure, there were Gouverneur Morris and Aaron Burr, but Mr. Swiggett has already written a biography of the first and he finds Burr a petty "nondescript of humanity."

From correspondence of the period, mostly unpublished, Mr. Swiggett draws the conclusion that most of the patriot leaders were happy in their marriages (the "only account of an affair, in America, such as was normal enough in England or France" is that involving Connecticut businessman Jeremiah Wadsworth and the widow of General Nathanael Greene). Folly tended to be financial, rather than carnal, and it is apparent that a book could be written (Mr. Swiggett may be starting it) on the forgotten creditors of the early Republic. The present series of brief studies of such worthies as Gates and Gerry and Randolph and the Pinckneys is told in the fashion set by the author in his lives of Washington and Morris, with a mass of minutiae tending to blur the outline of major historical events but always entertaining and sometimes surprising the reader.

LETTERS OF A POET

THERE is another stout and infinitely rewarding book to place in the shelves alongside the *Autobiography*, the *Essays*, the *Collected Plays*, and the *Collected Poems:* a 938-page selection by Allan Wade from **The Letters of W. B. Yeats** (Macmillan, $9.50), detailing not only the progress of a man, but of a soul, through our Time of Troubles.

The earliest letter, written before Yeats was twenty, was to a sympathetic woman friend: "My peculi
ities will never be done justice
until they have become classics a
are set for examinations. . . .
great aim is directness and extre
simplicity." The latest, written
the month of his death in 1939, w
to a sympathetic woman friend: "
time will not be long. . . . I
happy and full of an energy I h
despaired of. It seems to me tha
have found what I wanted. Wh
I try to put it all into a phrase
say: 'Man can embody truth but
cannot know it.'"

For the many who seek, this v
ume offers much to find. It is a tr
for historians and critics, for act
and playwrights, for poets and
psychical researchists, for read
who skim in search of trivial an
dotes and for those who are in ne
of words of courage and wisdo
The story is still incomplete, th
are many letters yet to be discove
and many others that await publi
tion in different form—those
Shaw, to Joyce, to Pound, to M
Yeats, among others—but for
hundreds upon hundreds here ga
ered together and ably and un
trusively edited, the world, and
only the literary world, stands
debt to Mr. Wade.

BOOKS in brie

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSO

FICTION

The Moment Before the Rain.
Elizabeth Enright.
We are still getting letters abou
story called "One for the Collecti
which we published in *Harper's*
years ago. It is now the lead st
in this very satisfying group of sh
stories which also includes "Tale
a Deaf Ear" and "The Operat
both of which appeared first in
magazine. There are fifteen oth
each moving and wonderful in
own way; some spine-chilling ("
Sardillon"), some vignettes of gr
beauty, like poems ("The F
Face"), but whatever area of life M
Enright touches she makes it al
with a magic of her own. Her
markable perception always shi
with humor and compassion.
Rinehart, $3

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MAY SARTON

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fellow Passenger, by Geoffrey Household.

A gentleman [illegible] in search of a family fortune hidden (so he is told) in the attic chimney of an old manor house in England, [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] find it. Unfortunately the [illegible] manor has become an important government experiment station, so when he is caught in the act he is tried [illegible] for the murder of a Communist spy. He [illegible] a satire on current witch-hunting — and then he escapes from his guards. The major part of the book is the story of his [illegible] manly adventures in trying to avoid recapture, traveling around the English countryside in disguise, aboard a Russian ship, as an elephant keeper in a circus, etc. Many of these escapades are amusing, particularly the [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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MORROW

of one of the best and most cleverly worked out plots I have ever followed breathlessly behind. Miss MacInnes is very serious in her showing up of the Communist methods (and one accepts them as serious more readily in Switzerland than in her American novels) but the book is full of gay and good people that one cares about, and proper villains, and the lovely Swiss countryside, and credible romance. Moreover it is all written by an expert craftsman. It may not be so witty as Mr. Household's but it has a charming humor of its own, the tightest and most exciting story held under perfect control—and very real heart.

Harcourt, $3.75

NON-FICTION

Gift from the Sea, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

There is always something special about a book by Mrs. Lindbergh. There is always a quality of poetry, a lyric intensity, a wonder and delight in the world, a pride, and a great humility. Like poetry, her books demand the reader's attention and this may put off the casual. But for those who care about the search for serenity in the midst of chaos, here is much wisdom written with a quietness that brings a delight of its own. The book is the record of a few weeks' vacation spent on an island beach trying to discover (she uses shells for symbols) how the middle-aged wife and mother can, in the center of family burdens, joys, and confusions, renew the springs which make possible her own inner functioning as person and artist. There is no way to describe this search for grace of spirit: the seeking for more rewarding relationships with husband and children and with friends ("The most exhausting thing in life, I have discovered, is being insincere"): the search for time to work and to be alone. Mrs. Lindbergh acknowledges that she is talking primarily of a woman's problems, and so perhaps it is particularly a woman's book, but there is a universality in her philosophy which is neither masculine nor feminine, as for instance her discussion of what she calls "the intermittency of life"—the difficult acceptance of the importance and beauty of life's



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ɔ the One I Love the Best, by dwig Bemelmans.
sie de Wolfe was America's first ccessful woman decorator and she s ninety and living in a house in maculate Wolfe-ian taste in Holly-ɔod when Bemelmans first met her. e weighed ninety pounds "without r jewels" and she was still doing ercises which included standing her head. On their first meeting dy Mendl (as Miss de Wolfe be-me) invited Bemelmans to move ɔ an apartment in her house, led "After All" (the title of her tobiography published in 1935), d he lived there with the Mendls some months. Mr. Bemelman's ghtly fictionalized account of life th the Mendls is anecdotal; it is ed with the flavor of good foods d wines, of the textures of rich terials, and of pictures of ridicu-ıs and wonderful Hollywood high e. The portrait of Lady Mendl is rp without being unkind and timental without being mawkish. e emerges as a woman full of an eless vitality, driven by an ego-ntricity that is both infuriating d fascinating, a militant and ex-rt snob, a wit, and an astute busi-ss woman with wonderfully un-nventional ways of doing business. delightful book. Viking, $1

FORECAST

ɔ Big Controversial Novels

ɔ shockers are coming up which ve already divided the publishing rld—and before the year is out y will probably have divided the ɔk-reading world even more. The t to appear will be *Something of ne.* by **Robert Ruark,** a huge vel of black versus white tensions Africa—a Book-of-the-Month ɔice for May about which one of distinguished judges, Miss Amy veman, has for the first time in t organization's history, written a senting opinion for publication. ɔm Doubleday, in April. . . . The er book, which Putnam's will blish in the fall, is *The Deer Park,* **Norman Mailer** (author of *The ked and the Dead).* This one, ut Hollywood, has already been turned down by his original publisher and at least four others. It will be an excitement.

Icumen in

For the summer traveler, Rand McNally offers some helpful ground plans. There is the 160-page *Rand McNally Vacation Guide* (April) full of maps, photographs, and specific information about forty-three vacation spots in Canada and the U.S.A. There is the *Pocket Guide to Europe* by ***Captain Michael Fielding,*** covering eighteen different countries (May), and to go with it, if one is going to travel by car, *European Touring Guide,* by **Hallwag,** with maps and mileage charts (April). . . . If you like to travel solo, there's *Pick Up and Go Alone,* by **Muriel Richter** (St. Martin's, April). If you're bound for Italy, there's *Italy,* by **J. C. Friedlander** and **Joseph Brooks** (Knopf, May) and *I Am Going to Italy,* by **Anita Daniel** (Coward-McCann, April). If New England is your destination, try *My Love Affair with the State of Maine,* by **Gertrude Mackenzie** with **Ruth Goode,** coming from Simon & Schuster in May, or **Scott Corbett's** *Cape Cod's Way* (Crowell, June).

Summer Hobbies

For those intrepid (to me) underwater venturers, there will be *Underwater Sport* by **Albert Vanderkogel** and **Rex Lardner** from Holt in April, and *The How-to Book of Skin Diving and Exploring Underwater* by **John Sweeney,** from McGraw-Hill in May. . . . For the garden specialist, *Shady Gardens: How to Plan and Grow Them,* by **Emily Seaber Parcher** (Prentice-Hall, April). . . . For the sailor, *New Complete Book of Small Boats,* by **Lloyd *Mallan*** (Bobbs-Merrill, April). . . . For the fisherman, *Complete Book of Fishing,* by **Larry Koller,** from the same publisher, also in April. . . . For the summer reader, *The Case of the Sun Bather's Diary,* by **Erle Stanley Gardner,** from Morrow, in May. . . . For birdlovers, *How to Watch Birds,* by **Roger Barton** (McGraw-Hill, April) and, since it takes many kinds of birds to make a summer, Putnam is publishing in April *The Baltimore Orioles* by **Frederick G. Lieb** for all stanch partisans of that yearling baseball team.

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the NEW RECORDINGS

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

Short-Hair

FRANKLY, the future of our music seems to me to lie in the latent energy potential of what we now call the "popular" field. More precisely, it is in the merging of the extraordinary, continuing development of popular music—its vast, energetic audiences, its highly mobile music-making "system"—with the depth and wider expressive range of the so-called "classical" tradition (concert, serious, pure music, or what have you).

"Classical" music, remember, is strictly a recent invention. In most periods, music was just music—of many sorts and for many contexts. For most of its history, music has also been useful, functional, anything but art for art's sake. What we call "classical" music lives, in a way, off charity—it is automatically non-self-supporting. But its prestige is high and there are (see below) foundations, funds, and projects that keep composers composing. We tend to assume that "serious" music will always be dependent on this kind of artificial support. Not necessarily!

Moreover, our "classical" music is in a sense still in its childhood. Not in technique, nor usually in content, but in those inherited attitudes that still are so widely assumed to be essential to its freedom. Not only is the musician dependent on society's largesse, but like a small boy he insists on being indulged, allowed full artistic liberty. And we abet him. We encourage the penniless composer to write for giant, hundred-piece orchestras as though that were his special prerogative. It never has been, before.

Our young composers, in this atmosphere, are too often deficient in the apprentice's humility—a healthy training. Outward virtuosity is common; inner discipline is scarce. We have too many little geniuses.

The world of jazz (in the largest sense) is more mature and realistic even if as yet its musical content is narrower. (Granted most popular music deals in clichés and boasts little content; we are talking about potential.) Popular music is a dynamic force, its composers and performers are active, professional; they write from no ivory tower but immerse themselves in their audience—and a live, restless audience it is. From such a seething background of active and changing techniques has important art always come. It will again.

MUSIC TODAY

Liebermann: Concerto for Jazz Band and Symphony Orchestra. Strauss: Don Juan. Sauter-Finegan Orchestra, Chicago Symphony, Reiner. RCA Victor LM 1888.

The composer of this work hardly gets a mention on the back of the envelope; perhaps this is symbolic o the radically different role he plays i popular music—the specialized, versatil work-horse craftsman whose technique minus fanfare, has now assumed reall prodigious capabilities.

This is an arresting exhibit of pur technique, and I suspect it can be take as a turning point. A symphony orche tra and a jazz band—from two musica worlds, or so we had thought, at vas distances apart—in this work are welde into one structure in a way that woul stupefy an old jazz man or a symphon lover.

Nor is that all—for this music i "modern" to the point of twelve-ton atonalism, dissonant as dissonance ca be; yet it violates neither the symphoni nor the jazz-band medium. The tw blend without a trace of the old sel consciousness—*e.g.* Copland's 1925 jaz in "Music for the Theater," for syn phony orchestra. The orchestral syn phonic texture is built around a grou of short jazz-band episodes—jump blues, boogie, mambo—but the con tinuity is astonishingly solid, the over-al idiom entirely consistent. Indeed, th telltale beat of jazz, bane of all "class cal" composers, comes and goes her without a trace of clumsiness, a techn cal problem of style solved no less tha brilliantly.

And so two worlds join, and tw audiences, two systems, two tradition find themselves briefly aligned, for al their differences. The first performance in Chicago were hugely successful. Th recording is one of RCA's finest to dat and a hi-fi item of top interest.

(The Sauter-Finegan Orchestra i available by itself on three RCA Victo LPs, in the popular category.)

All of which is so new and excitin that "Don Juan," on the reverse, wit the redoubtable Reiner conducting, an anticlimax. Good, in its own way.

Piston: Symphony #3 (1947). Eastman Rochester Symphony, Hanson (Kouss vitsky Music Foundation). Mercury MG 40010.

Here is a bulwark piece, from one o the leaders of the older generation, t represent the conventional system o music-making and support. It is re corded with foundation aid and earlie won a Pulitzer Prize. Piston is amon the academic composers (professor a Harvard) and his music is in its ow way learned, tending to counterpoin and fugue, intense but dry in expre sion, with much bitterness beneath a "urbane" exterior. His slow movement are his best, melancholy where Cop land's are idyllic; his rapid movement are jumpy, nervous, humorously harsh

Worth Looking Into . . .

Corners of the Elegant Centuries

Danzi: Sonatas for Horn and Piano. F. Koch, L. Granetman. Spa 29.

Dittersdorf: Rescue of Andromeda by Perseus; Symphony in E Flat. Winterthur Symphony. Radio Zurich Orch., Dahinden. Concert Hall CHS 1227.

Telemann: Fantasias for Harpsichord. Helma Elsner, harpsichord. Vox PL 8680.

Vivaldi: Bassoon Concerto in A mi.; Flute Concerto in F; Concerto Grosso in G ("Dresden"); Oboe Concerto in D mi. Nouvel Orch. de Chambre de Paris, Jouve. Westminster WL 5341.

Recorder and Harps. Recital #3. Carl Dolmetsch, Jos. Saxby. London LL 1026.

Lully: Te Deum. Ens. Vocal de Paris, Orch. de la Ste. de Mus. de Chambre de Paris, soloists, Capdevielle. Westm. WL 5326.

Pedal Harpsichord. (Vivaldi-Bach, Mozart, Bach.) Bruce Prince Joseph. Cook 1131 (10").

The Golden Age of Brass (Italian, English, German). The Brass Ensemble (Boston). Unicorn UN 1003.

ɔt much of the free and open spirit, t fine craftsmanship and strong feel- g make it a tight, taut composition.

egger: Symphony #3. Eastman Roch. mph., Hanson. **Mennin: Symphony 3.** N. Y. Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. ɔlumbia ML 4902 (Naumberg Founda- ɔn).

More foundation work, via Columbia. allingford Riegger is one of the grand l men of modernism: a hard-bitten, gged, nobly honest composer whose mite dissonance conceals—here one n be sure of it—a heart of gold. Rieg r is uncompromising in expression; he ways has been. His chamber music s set sensitive teeth on edge. Here, in e mellower symphonic area, this tower- g individualist at last comes close to e growing American taste for ex- essively violent dissonance. His sym- ɔny makes absorbing and very "right" tening for many ears today—including e hi-fi man's, by the way, for the ɔring for brass and percussion in this ɔrk is as exciting as anything in the ɔpular field.

It's a pleasure to see these proud ures of contemporary music at last ıding a wide and responsive audience. Peter Mennin, of a younger genera- ɔn, has come far since this symphony 1946 but it must stand on its merits. ɔ my ear it is most expertly built, th an extraordinary command of chnique and a singular lack of genuine pression. No proof can be shown—ıt I can only classify this as one of ose too facile, emotionally immature ɔrks that are so commonly produced a day of excessive technical virtuosity.

enry Cowell: Symphony #11. Tcherep- n: Suite, op. 87. Louisville Orch., hitney. Louisville Orch. LOU 545-2.

The enterprising Louisville Orchestra ıs not only commissioned and played large number of new works but now recording them on its own label ɔrocessed by Columbia)—and gorgeous cording it is, too.

Cowell, another of the older genera- ɔn, began musical life with his slightly nnerving piano tone clusters (fists, rehead, nose) grafted onto what were sentially simple Irish-style ditties. ɔng experience has added much to his pression, which is no longer wild; but e old simplicity—almost naïveté—is ill there. His "Seven Rituals of usic," the Ages of Man, make scarcely symphony; rather a set of brief, nicely ɔlored, rather static episodes of simple, cked-out melody.

The Tcherepnin suite, by an ex-Rus- an of Chicago, is a more complex but more conventional description of a "great city," complete with old-style program; its mild dissonance tends to fall into comfortable, "conservative" harmonies. A pleasurable but unprepossessing piece.

The Louisville records come in a thin paper folder—a decided mistake. The records are offered on a subscription basis.

Ulysses Kay: Concerto for Orchestra. Teatro La Fenice Orch., Perlea. **Normand Lockwood: Concerto for Organ and Brasses; Quiet Design.** Ensemble cond. Thor Johnson; Marilyn Mason, Organ. Remington R-199-173.

It can probably be assumed that this recorded series, too, is promoted by some interested foundation or fund, though none is mentioned. Mr. Kay's Concerto is a fluent, enthusiastic, and very skilled work—remarkably influenced by Hindemith (with whom he has studied). The Lockwood concerto strikes me as a contrived, pretentious, and clumsy piece of writing, for all its involved use of tritone effects (alternating whole- and half-step scale) and twelve-tone technique.

Antheil: Ballet Méchanique (1924). N. Y. Percussion Group, Surinach. **Brant: Signs and Alarms; Galaxy 2 (1953, 1954).** Chamber Ens., Brant. Columbia ML 4956.

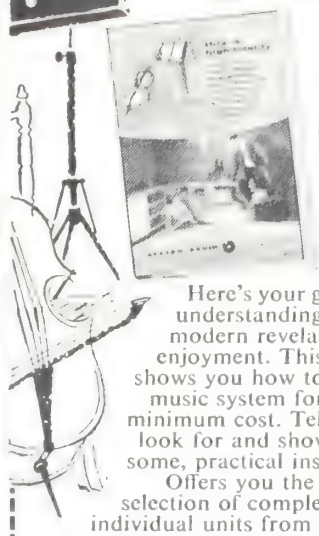
Dated music! This work of the *enfant terrible* Antheil, with its airplane propellers, is now a raucously good-humored evocation of another era, not in the least shocking and remarkably old-fashioned. Telephone bells, four pianos, much angular brass and xylophone make for a generally entertaining sound.

Henry Brant's music is another matter. For small "chamber" group, mainly very loud brass, these works are beautifully calculated, blatting, blues like (but cool) expressions of extreme tension, combining the feeling of Schoenberg with that of high-tension modern jazz. Another step in the approach of "classical" and popular techniques, and interesting to listen to.

Hindemith: String Trios #1, #2. Pougnet, Riddle, Pini. Westminster WL 5299.

A delight to hear, this skilled music; so richly, casually laid out for a mere threesome of instruments. Both trios are well played and recorded with Westminster's big, full sound for maximum richness. 1924 and 1933—but musically quite undated.

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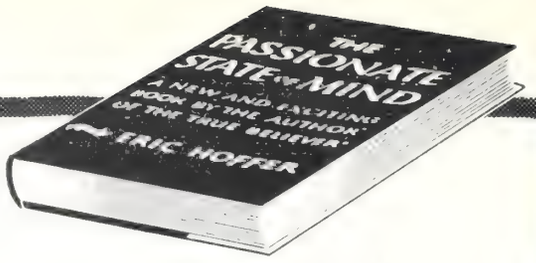
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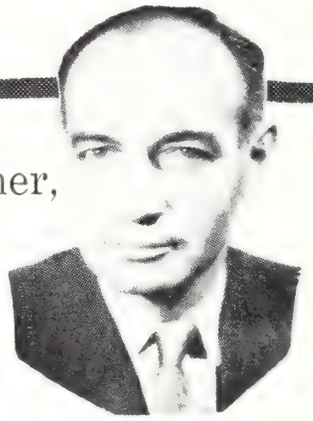
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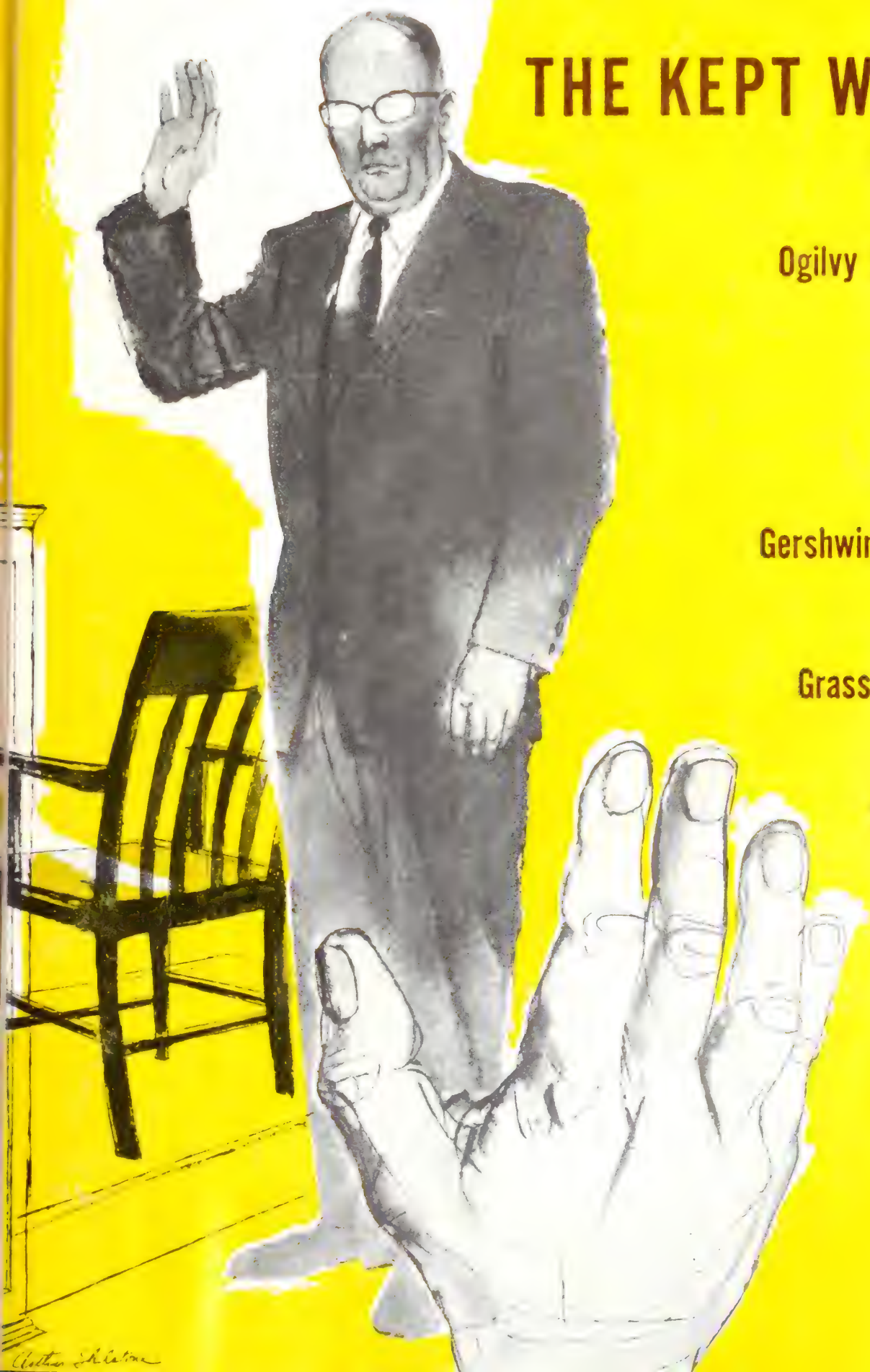
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MAY 1955

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Thomas Whiteside

The New Tycoons

Peter F. Drucker

Gershwin Would Be Surprised

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Grass Made to Your Order

Milo Perkins

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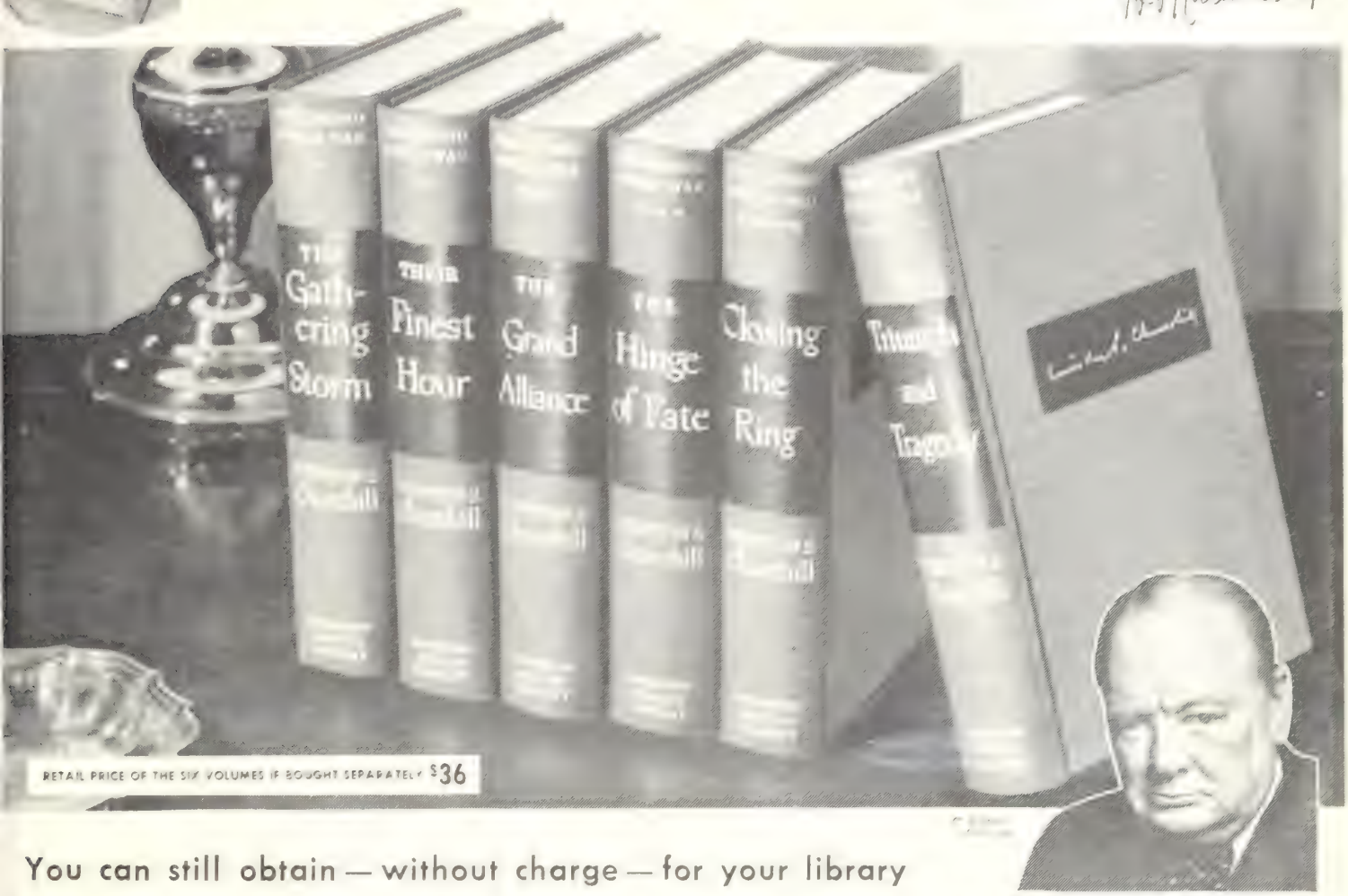
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LETTERS

Red Smith

To the Editors:

As a longtime member of the Red Smith Irregulars, I take issue with the statement made by Charles Einstein in your March issue, dealing with Red Smith's unwillingness and inability to work fast under the gun.

In June 1948 I covered the Tony Zale—Rocky Graziano fight. Smith had the adjoining seat. Zale knocked out Rocky in three rounds and I spent the next hour banging out 1,000 words of straight description. Smith finished at the same time I did, and I sneaked enough looks over his shoulder to discover, with some surprise, that he was even writing the subheads that separate the paragraphs in his column.

I read carbons on my story and felt pretty good about it. Next morning I read Smith's column and felt like opening a vein. Don't tell me he can't work fast!

DICK FRIENDLICH
San Francisco, Calif.

Taxmanship

To the Editors:

As a practicing tax attorney I enjoyed your article on "The Art of Taxmanship" in the March issue. . . . However I would advise your readers to read the article solely from the point of view of the interesting situations Mr. Margolius has revealed, but to avoid using it as a tax guide. The new provisions in the code, such as the retirement-income credit and the child-care deduction, are extremely complicated and contain numerous exceptions and conditions. Their use, as tax planning tools, should be attempted only after consultation with a tax attorney.

JULES SILK
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors:

Sidney Margolius' "Art of Taxmanship" was timely and most welcome to tax computers, avoiders, and payers. However his statement, "thus a loss of $1,000 can wipe out the tax on a $2,000 gain," urgently needs the support of illustrative penmanship. According to our computations, the tax on a gain cannot be wiped out except by canceling the gain itself with a loss of an equal amount. The loss of $1,000 merely reduces the amount of the gain from $2,000 to $1,000 of which (long term) only $500 is subject to tax. . . .

P. K. HOOVER
Salt Lake City, Utah

Next Twenty Years

To the Editors:

Mr. Drucker's outlook for America's next twenty years [March] presents a number of thought-provoking issues. . . .

One must obviously agree with Mr. Drucker that innovation is vital to economic progress. It is not as obvious that this innovation has been or will be primarily in non-technological areas such as management methods, materials handling, office architecture, etc.

Our economic status today has been largely achieved by technological developments of a product and process nature. Referring to innovations of the last fifteen years, Mr. Drucker says "only one can even remotely be called an innovation in product or productive process." How about developments from nuclear science, the computers that make possible Automation, new synthetic elastomers or rubbers?

The "non-technological" innovations Mr. Drucker cites aren't as new as they are commonly regarded by some. . . . What is new is management's concern and critical study of its job as its resources—manpower and capital goods—become less plentiful. . . .

Mr. Drucker's figure of four billion dollars for 1954's industrial research and engineering on new products . . . includes not only industrial but also military research which represents more than half and which will not serve the civilian innovation needs referred to by Mr. Drucker. The actual figure is just under two billion dollars. . . .

PHILIP R. MARVIN
Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editors:

There is another side to many of the questions raised by Mr. Peter Drucker in "The Coming Labor Shortage."

Mr. Drucker makes a number of strange assumptions—that no one under twenty or over sixty-five will be in the working force, or working part-time—that there will be a shortage of 2,000,000 in the group from twenty-five to forty-five, whereas according to the Bureau of the Census the decrease will be only 600,000.

He makes no mention at all of the present 4,000,000 unemployed. How can they be left out of any computation of a future labor shortage, along with those working only part of the time? . . .

T. K. QUINN
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

. . . I am sure that the successive articles [in the Drucker series] will be as interesting as the first and will stimulate constructive thinking in regard to the problems which he discusses.

Get people thinking about ways to expand our economy and progress will be faster and along sound lines. You are performing a valuable public service in publishing the series.

SINCLAIR WEEKS
Secretary of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

To the Editors:

The irritation with which I have read Peter Drucker's analyses of social and economic trends I have usually attributed to a difference in viewpoint, but with the appearance of "America's Next Twenty Years," I am moved flatly to label his latest effort inadequate.

Mr. Drucker's thesis of a future labor shortage is mainly contingent on a continued high birth rate, large and ever larger college enrollments, and a large proportion of older people in the general population. . . . Unfortunately, the only contingency which appears probable for the future is the larger proportion of older citizens. The other two conditions are matters of sheer uncritical guesswork. . . .

My general complaint about this article is that it explains many interacting complex human phenomena in terms of simple, one-way cause and effect relationships. It shows how the economic conditions of society will be influenced by the size and composition of the population, but does not even give passing mention to how the people composing this population will be influenced by general conditions. Depressions are a state of mind as well as an economic condition. The birth rate is both a cause and effect of economic conditions. To base a labor shortage on something subject to so many influences is to build a house of cards on sand. . . .

THOMAS J. HALPIN
Olympia, Wash.

To the Editors:

Mr. Drucker's forecast for "America's Next Twenty Years" is stimulating, but his estimates of population available for work in 1965 and 1975 are consistent only if based on the assumption that all added students will be twenty years old or older while they are attending college. His estimates for 1965 are:

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H. A. LAFENÉ
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Reprisal Policy

To the Editors:

A vote of thanks to Moshe Brilliant for laying bare Israel's policy of expedient retaliation ["Israel's Policy of Reprisals," March].

The logic of force is indeed hard to resist in this twentieth century, but what a pity that the Israelis have been defeated by it so decisively that they can rationalize their defeat with an ease which even the *Herrenvolk* of 1933 might have envied.

PETER M. WATKINS
Stamford, Conn.

To the Editors:

Moshe Brilliant's article in your March issue contains repeated references to "Jews" in a context in which the only accurate term is "Israelis." The distinction is more than academic at any time, since Judiasm is a religion and Jews are citizens of many countries other than Israel, while Israelis themselves may be Christians, Muslims, and non-believers, as well as Jews.

Mr. Brilliant's haphazardly interchangeable use of the two terms is particularly offensive since his article describes a policy whose cynicism is wholly at variance with the teachings not only of Judaism but of any religion worthy of the name. . . . To identify such a policy with "Jews" and hence with Jews outside Israel's borders and with the universal, ethical, moral values of the faith that mothered Christianity and Islam is perhaps the ultimate in blasphemy.

GEORGE L. LEVISON
American Council for Judaism
New York, N. Y.

To the Editors:

When Mr. Brilliant claims that the Jews in Palestine followed a policy of restraint, he slights some important facts that are still embarrassing to many Israeli leaders. As far back as 1928, the Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Brith Trumpledor Organizations adopted a policy of strict retaliation against the Arabs as well as the British. . . .

This eye-for-an-eye strategy was so successful that it not only halted Arab aggression but in the end was responsible for having the British present the Palestine issue to the United Nations.

For some obscure reason the dominating left wing forces of the Zionist movement fought these organizations and even collaborated with the British in trying to subdue them. These same people who are at the helm of the new Israeli government have at last seen the fallacy of pacifism in dealing with an uncompromising foe.

RONALD REIS
Fort Schyler, N. Y.

To the Editors:

"Israel's Policy of Reprisals" is a disarmingly candid study. Yet it seems to me naïve in its hope that these reprisals will serve "to get the reluctant Arabs to the peace table." In my judgment the article fails to consider why the Arabs are reluctant. . . .

The Palestine Arabs were presumably liberated by the Allies from vassalage to the Ottoman Empire. At once, however, they found their land the subject of aggression from a wave of immigration sanctioned and abetted by their supposed liberators. In essence, all but a fraction of Palestine has been taken from the Ottoman Empire and given to the Zionists. Coerced into accepting the Jewish refugees from Europe, most of the Palestinian Arabs, Moslem and Christian, today have become stateless wanderers. . . .

It is of increasing concern to many of us that the American public has not been and is not now fully informed on the Arab side of this imbroglio. Meanwhile we continue to pour hundreds of millions of dollars of American tax money and more of tax-free gifts to support a state imposed, as the Arabs believe, in violation of the principle we vocally embrace as our way of international relations. The Arabs believe that without our considerable financial help it would be the Israelis who would be brought to the peace table. . . .

Until something really adequate is done about the major causes of deep-seated conflict, the Arabs may be expected to cross the border toward their old homes, and the Israelis to continue their reprisals.

CHARLES W. QUAINTANCE
La Grande, Ore.

Fun on Wheels

To the Editors:

The article on "The Small Cars" [March] was amusing and informative,

LETTERS

ut I think the Lafores missed one eet of the sport. That is the Code of e Road: fun to small-car owners but xample. MG owners usually wave to ther MG owners. There are fine disnctions to this custom. The traditional nglish right-hand-drive MGs wave only other right-hand-drive MGs and ever to the less pure American left-and-drive MGs. Jaguars, of course, ave only to other Jaguars. . . .

I disagree with the Lafores that small ars do not offer a substantial gasoline ving. I switched from a nine-mile-a-allon Chevrolet to a twenty-four-mile-gallon (in town) MG. Furthermore, n MG *is* comfortable on the open oad. I drove mine to San Francisco. . . .

[illegible] Road, Calif.

o the Editors:

The Lafores' story of fun on wheels a delightful piece, but why oh why id they omit that unique American attle car—the Jeep? As a weekend ruiser I find it invaluable, and so do hree neighbors here in what I like to all the "open" suburbs.

What can it do? Well, just about verything. . . . To me it is the ultimate n "fun on wheels." Thousands of ex-Is will back me up.

[illegible]
Narberth, Pa.

Pound Wise

[illegible]

For those of us still faunching about he artificial economic-social hierarchies upposedly plotted by big corporations, "Bell Telephone's Experiment in Edu-ation" "March" is good news. . . . This nethod of the classics puts a considerably broader, more respectable base on uch a planned, systematic hierarchy. . . .

The idea of humanizing business executives is considerably late in swinging into action, but should do old Ezra Pound's heart good, for one. I couldn't elp sympathizing with young businessmen diving into Pound's *Cantos*. The young Bell executives must have outlived offensiveness in the raw, for they are the very crowd the *Cantos* are aimed at and for.

[illegible] sence of "Shines in the mind of heaven od who made him more than the sun in our eye." America is on its way to achievement. . . . Introduce the best of Pound into a few influential heads and hearts over America, and the country is on its way to the kind of greatness known so far only by the ancient Greeks.

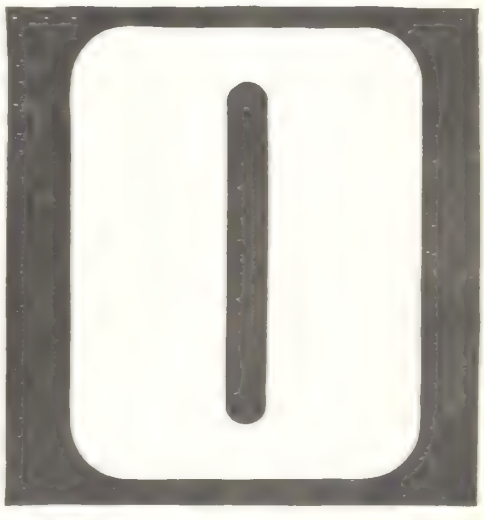
Louis Stros
Albuquerque, N. M.



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Name [illegible]

Street Address [illegible]

City [illegible] State [illegible]

My occupation [illegible]

The Easy Chair

by

Bernard DeVoto



CURRENT COMIC STRIPS

THIS COLUMN will lead up to a new political theory that may have to be called bird-walk Socialism. But let's glance at the press first, beginning with an announcement by a writer in the Boston *Herald* (R). He says that he is about to market a new All-Purpose Universal Cream. It contains a number of secret ingredients developed in his own laboratory. It will be packaged in an economy-size tube and, as a new pitch, he will also sell it in the form of candy, a multi-purpose bonbon offered in assorted flavors. He expects to make a killing, for his cream can be used as a tooth paste, a shaving soap, a shampoo, or a shoe polish.

I do not need to tell you that he is a political writer or that he is just back from Washington. His invention originates in the conditioned response that government by advertising slogan develops in a person who stands back from it a few feet. Far enough to keep out of the accompanying spray of moral platitudes. I don't know how Washington could be reported these days except in fantasy.

Well, Mr. Roscoe Fleming recently led off his column in the Denver *Post* with this observation: "Ezra Benson's publicity men have long sought to give the impression that the only reason the Secretary of Agriculture doesn't wear his halo in public is that he doesn't want to show off." The difficulty of their job, Mr. Fleming went on to say, had been greatly increased by Mr. Benson's appointment of Mr. Wesley A. D'Ewart as a special assistant in the Department of Agriculture. Mr. D'Ewart was defeated for the Senate last November, after ten years in the House. Readers of the Easy Chair will remember that he spent those ten years, largely, in loving and tireless assistance to the attack by private parties on the public lands, and particularly the Forest Service. In fact, that is the reason why the voters of Montana got fed up with him. But the Administration has an all-purpose slogan about co-operating with private enterprise and if the voters dissolve a hidden partnership Mr. Benson is willing to establish an open one. His Department holds jursdiction over a lot of public lands, and particularly the Forest Service.

OTHER recent behavior by Mr. Benson has the sharp tang of historical irony. The Secretary holds high sacerdotal rank in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, the Mormons. The Mormon are a vigorous, industrious, kindly people who, against great odds, have succeeded in building the most stable society in the West. Everyone who knows them likes and respects them. We have lately seen, under a powerful spotlight, an example of the qualities that Mormon leadership at its best can display. Senator Watkins is typical of that leadership: just, judicious, honorable, courageous, not to be deterred from doing his duty by forces that had deterred a lot of people, including some of his colleagues.

If the Mormons have a compulsion to tell everyone at great length how shamefully they have been persecuted, it is explained by the fact that for three-quarters of a century they *were* shamefully persecuted. They were mobbed and driven out of Missouri and Illinois. They were robbed of their property, a lot of them were murdered, a lot more of them died of the hardships that followed. After they got to Utah, the federal government afflicted them with some of

the scurviest officials that have ever been appointed to pay political debts. In the late 1880s it set out to break up their political organization by attacking their religious organization, jailing such of them as it suspected of polygamy, subjecting the others to a test oath, and confiscating the Church property. For an ugly period lynch law was federal policy. And all this time a lot of lecturers, writers, and people who called themselves religious reformers made a fat living by lying about the Mormons—libeling them with every conceivable kind of false accusation. Including the lie that the Mormons were unpatriotic, were enemies of the United States, and were engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow it.

The only other Mormon of priestly rank as exalted as Mr. Benson's who has held high political office was Reed Smoot. There has been no persecution since he began his career in the Senate. But first an all-out effort was made to deny him the seat to which he had been elected; it recapitulated seventy-five years of lies and anti-Mormon propaganda. It failed and he lived to become a leading figure in the government of the United States. A historian remembers, however, that a majority of the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, which investigated his right to take his seat, reported that he was not entitled to it. One of the majority's findings was that he had taken a secret oath "of such a nature as to render him incompetent to hold the office of Senator." Unquestionably that finding was wrong, as we have known findings of other committee majorities to be. Unquestionably the testimony it was based on was a hodgepodge of the lies, suspicions, highly paid propaganda, and miscellaneous false witness that had long been directed against the Mormons. Still, it was a finding of a Committee that had conducted a loyalty investigation.

As I have said, the Mormons still burn with indignation over the persecutions which their Church suffered for so long, and they are right. Every Mormon grows up to recognize in the experience of his people the terrible injustice that can result from the bearing of false witness. You would have expected that recognition to be hot in Mr. Benson's mind when he set out to review the case of a man who had been cleared of accusations and suspicions not unlike those directed at Senator Smoot fifty years ago, and at the Mormon people throughout their earlier history. You would have expected him to go to the greatest possible length to avoid being betrayed into actions like those of the people who are described in Mormon books as the mobocrats. But he fired Mr. Ladejinsky.

BRINGING some perfumed shampoo with it, Echo Park Dam is back in the news and in Congress, and has been given the blessing of the White House. Echo Park is the dam that the Bureau of Reclamation proposes to build in Dinosaur National Monument, thus breaching the law that has protected the national park system and opening the way to any further exploitation of the parks that may appeal to anyone who has good connections. There will be another battle. Word has gone out that the dam must be put over as proposed, if for no other reason than to prove that the conservationists can be licked. This is another time when they won't be licked, however; Echo Park may get past the Senate but it will not be reported out of committee in the House. I have discussed it so often here that I am going to treat it now only in relation to the effervescent soap and the All-Purpose Universal Cream.

Supporters of the dam have raised a lot of money for publicity. They have even hoodwinked the Navahos into contributing ten thousand dollars from the tribal fund to push the big project of which Echo Park is only a part, and have induced them to perform their sacred rituals to get it the blessings of their supernaturals as well as that of the White Father. What gives this achievement elegance is the fact that, while the Navahos give one bureau of the Interior Department an assist, in the hope of getting some water for their reservation, another bureau of the Department is drawing up plans to make possible their dispossession from that reservation. The idea is to repair a very serious mistake made long ago, a mistake which we cannot in good conscience hold against the government. When the land was turned over to the Navahos—that thoughtful phrase is how the white man states the transaction—it was, so far as anyone could tell, worthless. No conceivable profit would be lost by letting the Navahos have it "for so long as grass shall grow or rivers run." Don't blame the Department of the Interior for failing to foresee the mid-twentieth-century value of uranium ore.

THEN there are the Aqualantes, bronzed horsemen of the Old West with swim-fins on their feet. You pay a dollar into the Echo Park publicity fund and you get to wear a tin star. But the Administration got rope-burned when it tried to take a dally in another of its slogans. When Echo Park Dam was first dreamed up, it was a storage dam; no power installation was included. A slogan advertised it as providing irrigation water for Utah, whereas all its storage is to be used downstream. Later it became politic to make it a power dam, at a cost high even for the Bureau of Reclamation. This proved that the Administration was friendly to public power, and was only incidentally cutting its throat on other rivers. But the publicity went wrong somehow and now come the utility companies of the region and, as you would expect, depose that there is no regional shortage of power at present and that they can foresee none for many years to come. And



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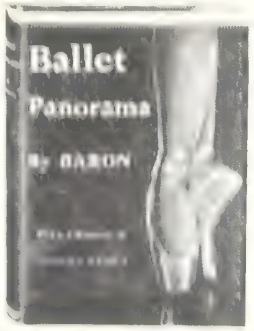
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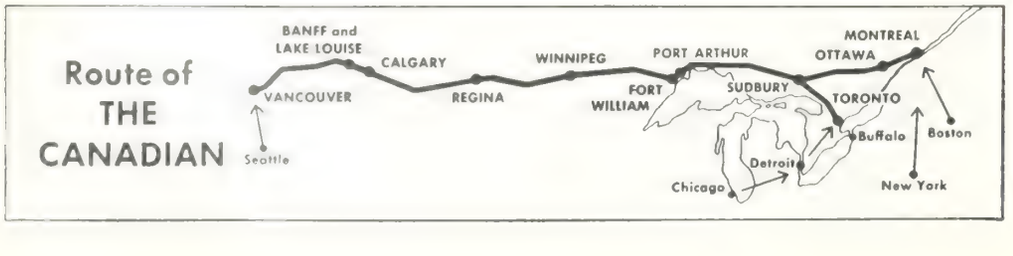
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if one should develop, they say, the Economy Administration could save many millions of dollars by forming a partnership with the local coal deposits. But count on the Universal Cream to restore the united front with the utilities.

It also removes spots. A year ago when Mr. Ralph Tudor was still Under Secretary of the Interior, he told the House Appropriations Committee that Echo Park Dam had to be built because the loss of water by evaporation would be much smaller there than at any of the alternative sites outside Dinosaur Monument. He was using Bureau of Reclamation figures, all-purpose figures which can change their size and coloration to fit the needs of any situation. Those given Mr. Tudor were outrageously wrong, the errors were pointed out, and Mr. Tudor officially withdrew them. Six months later, having meanwhile retired to private life, he published in the *Saturday Evening Post* an article which repeated his original figures, the ones which he had acknowledged to be wrong. That is the basic principle of sloganeering: it doesn't have to be true, for if you keep saying it the customers will eventually believe it, regardless.

Another interesting fact is that, apparently, nobody can get a protest against the building of Echo Park Dam to the attention of the President. A great many people have tried, among them some of the most prominent Republicans who are not now in official life. But if you write to the White House about the dam, the answer you get comes from the Secretary of the Interior. His left hand must protect the national parks from invasion while his right hand undermines the law that protects them, so he tells you sadly that only disturbers of the public peace have found anything wrong with Echo Park. The streamlined system of office-management that has been installed is probably what prevents your protest from reaching the President, but a conservationist who has developed a stomach ulcer from this frustration tells me that he thinks it is not office-management but salesmanship. Sipping his hourly glass of milk, he said that he had stopped trying—"What the hell, it comes into the hands of a lumber salesman and he turns it over to a

Chevrolet salesman." No charge for the plug.

IN HIS report on the learned foundations, which I described last month, Congressman Reece promulgated a new theory. Since the endowments of the foundations are exempt from taxes, he said, they are public funds. Clearly he had not checked with the Secretary of the Treasury, but he may have something. His principle would classify as public funds the money that a corporation spends on advertising, for it too is tax-exempt. Thus the public recently paid for an expensive ad which tried to show "How Federal Electric Power Sets up a 'Favored Class' in America." The ad was run by "America's Light and Power Companies" and a footnote conscientiously said that their names could be secured on request from the magazine that was paid these public funds. We don't need the names; the gimmick is so old that copyright has expired, and it has a double action. If the public-power yardstick is abolished, then America's Light and Power Companies can conceal their costs and hike the rates they charge the taxpayer for power, which is why for many years they have been spending millions of dollars of public funds to advertise this line. The pleasant additional feature is that those of them which operate outside areas that have public power can demand a rate-increase on the ground that advertising costs so much. But if this is old stuff, we have recently seen the same technique produce not only a new high, or low, but something wholly new in kind.

According to the rate card I have, a two-page four-color ad in *Time Magazine* costs $27,140, but a colleague who may know the discounts, as I do not, says that the one in question cost $25,690. It is an ad by Rayonier Incorporated, an industrial firm that describes itself as "an enlightened conservationist." (Executive and General Sales Offices, 161 East 42nd Street, New York City.) Rayonier says that, as a conservationist, it is critical of national policies which permit trees to reach maturity, die, topple over, and rot. It also says that this shameful waste happens in many areas; here, for

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sure, the ad is telling the truth. That is what trees are allowed to do in the national parks—which is the whole point of Rayonier's ad. "Millions of board feet of prime timber are needlessly lost each year" in the parks, and this happens solely because of "laws enacted to satisfy ill-advised pressure groups in search of a 'worthy cause.'"

Maybe that goes for you too but the advertising agency has provided a striking picture of some Helen Hokinson types, retouched to make them look hatchet-faced and fanatical, with a microphone and a banner that says "Protect our Forests." It shows what dangerous nonsense women who have electric dishwashers can get hold of.

THUS Rayonier, "cellulose chemistry," lines up with the sawmills that for years have had a covetous eye on the timber in Olympic National Park. The copywriters have done a better job of caricaturing their point than I could, so I simply quote. They call Olympic Park "practically impenetrable." (How would a logger penetrate it?) That statement is false and a man who made it would be deliberately lying, but I suppose a corporation is only deliberately advertising. The ad goes on to allege that "This useless tieing-up of park lands"—note, useless—has done a lot of deplorable things which in fact it has not done. And, as a climax, it—this useless tieing-up of the lands in Olympic, and of course the other parks—has "made no contribution to wild life or people who love the woods." That also goes for you, forty million of you a year.

So far as I know this is the first time that a corporation has ever bought display space in a national magazine to make a direct, deliberate attack on a national park. According to the Reece theory, Rayonier is not spending its money to attack the taxpayers' parks, it is spending the taxpayers' money, the public funds. I am sure that the appearance of a partnership deal is accidental: Rayonier was not invited to do this job, it volunteered. Still, observe how attacks on the national parks converge. The Administration hammers away at them by means of the Department of the Interior, which is

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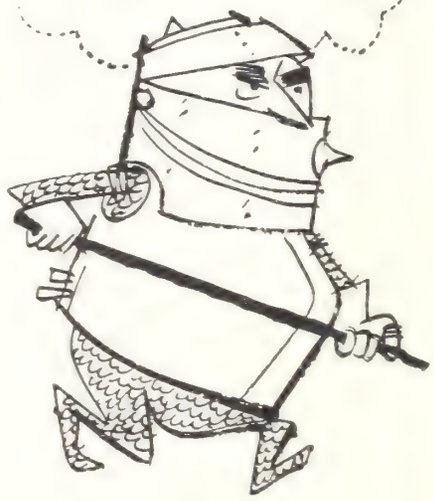
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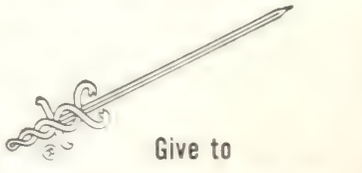
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upposed to protect them. (If it gets ts way with Echo Park Dam in Dinosaur National Monument, then, ccording to the Sierra Club, plans o exploit Rainbow Bridge and Grand Canyon National Monuments, and Glacier, Grand Canyon, Kings Canyon, Mammoth Cave, Yellowstone, and Yosemite National Parks will be immediately taken out of moth balls.) And now an enlightened conservationist in the cellulose business hits them on the other flank. If this is not a dynamically conservative partnership with private enterprise that wants to get at the parks, at least it is the Universal Cream that comes in bonbons of assorted flavors. "What," Rayonier asks, "What is the answer?"

The Reece theory suggests an answer, though as an unenlightened conservationist I have been slow to accept it. You see, I happen not to like birds, in spite of the fact that during the campaign *Time* named me as one of several writers who were nature lovers but lived in houses and wore shoes. I do not wish the birds ill; I go my way hoping fervently that they will be content to go theirs. Nevertheless, I am a dues-paying, card-carrying member of the Audubon Society. Its funds are tax-exempt; by the Reece theory they are therefore public funds. That seems to make the Society a public body, with the rights and powers inherent in a public body.

IT MUST therefore have the right of eminent domain. Let it exercise that right extensively, and help the government enlarge the national parks. The President has authority from Congress to make Olympic larger than it now is, and perhaps to enlarge certain other parks or monuments. But that is not enough; the Audubon Society should after properly compensating the owners, condemn and acquire a lot of additional, really big areas of timberland, and should make them bird sanctuaries. Rayonier will not suffer, for it says it is not dependent on the public lands. I will rejoice and so, probably, will the sloganeers and the copy-writers. We have got to have much larger areas than we now have for the birds and for Administration resource policies that are strictly for them.

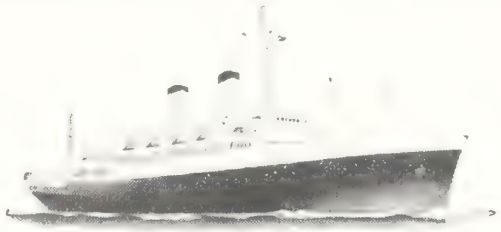


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Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery that you are a writer?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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PERSONAL *and otherwise*

By Any Other Name It Would Smell Sweeter

WHAT this country needs is a good five-cent word to describe itself. We have invented a new social system—perhaps the most interesting social contraption since Mumtaz Mahal invented the brassiere in 1608—but we haven't yet thought up a name for it. So we keep on trying to describe it with a set of labels which were devised long ago to fit something entirely different.

This confuses everybody. We are in much the same fix as an air line which would insist on referring to its Super-Constellations as Covered Wagons. This would preserve the fine old pioneering tradition, all right. But a certain number of elderly passengers inevitably would complain that they couldn't find the reins. The Minute Women of America would keep trying to hitch the plane to a span of oxen. And foreigners—who often take our sentimental language literally—would scoff at our Oregon Trail mentality, and try to sell us their more up-to-date conveyances, such as the hansom cab.

The new society which **Peter F. Drucker** examines on page 39—and in the other three articles of his current series—obviously is quite different from anything the world has ever seen. It doesn't resemble the "capitalism" of Adam Smith any more than a Super-Constellation resembles a prairie schooner. It certainly isn't "free enterprise" as Andrew Carnegie used that phrase—or as some of his mental contemporaries, such as Senator Homer E. Capehart, still use it. The New Tycoons whom Mr. Drucker describes don't look a bit like the traditional stereotype of The Capitalist—that paunchy character with the top hat, the big cigar, the cutaway coat, and the dollar signs on his vest—and the economy they run looks just as unlike any of its predecessors.

Yet because we are so fond of the ancient, hallowed words, we conceal the fact (even, sometimes, from ourselves) that we have invented something entirely new, and pretty wonderful. This unaccustomed modesty does a good deal of harm. For the labels which sound so cozy to us sound perfectly horrid in the ears of millions of people overseas.

To many Europeans, for example, "capitalism" is an evil word. The only sort of capitalism they know—their own—has worked very badly indeed. On the whole it is inefficient, cruel, corrupt, irresponsible, and riddled with nepotism. It differs just as sharply from the American system as it does from, say, Communism. But there is no way for *them* to know that. So long as we keep on describing America as a "capitalist" society, we can hardly blame the French and Yugoslavs for thinking that we are talking about the same kind of society which has failed so miserably before their very eyes.

SUCH confusion over semantics often works in the other direction, too. "Planning," for instance, is a highly popular word abroad. To the European and Asian, it carries echoes of order, of economic justice, of faster progress than their ramshackle variety of "free enterprise" can ever offer. But in the American language "planning" means a nasty habit, like selling dirty postcards or eating snails. Such things must be expected of those deplorable foreigners—but for any clean-cut American boy they would be unthinkable.

Nevertheless, it is a cold fact—reluctant as we may be to admit it—that we can plan circles around the Socialists who profess to be good at this sort of thing. Indeed, we do it every day. In his Council of Economic Advisers, the Interdepartmental Board on Growth and Stability, the National Security Council, and half a dozen related agencies, President Eisenhower has an apparatus for planning which probably is more elaborate—and more effective—than any Socialist government ever set up. (See "Ike's Plan to Stop a Depression" in *Harper's* for January 1954.) Through other ma-

hinery—ranging from the Interstate Commerce Commission to the tax laws and crop-control programs—he has ample power to direct the course of our whole economy. Nobody can plant an acre of cotton, start a radio station, change a railway fare, locate a new factory, issue a share of stock, write an advertisement, drill an oil well, or sail a ship without feeling the guiding hand of the federal government. The results are pretty good —as Republican orators gladly admit. Though of course they never use a four-letter word like "plan."

Or compare the planning that went into the Grand Coulee project with that of the British Socialists' notorious African ground-nut scheme. Both undertakings aimed to make fertile vast tracts of desert land; both involved starting new towns; laying out roads, schools, and water supplies; meshing together the work of many agencies; settling thousands of families in a strange environment. The Socialist project was a spectacular fiasco, because of bad planning. Grand Coulee is a triumph of foresight and careful organization. Who was primarily responsible for it? Milton Eisenhower, at that time Co-ordinator of Land Use Planning for the Department of Agriculture. (This disclosure will not, we hope, blast the career of a first-rate Republican public servant.)

SIMILAR examples can be found almost everywhere. No British Socialist government has ever dared to enact such a radical measure as our capital-gains tax. Or to demand the intimate statistical information—indispensable for sound planning—which American businessmen regularly send into Washington without a whimper. Or to interfere with the "private enterprise" of the deeply entrenched British cartels and price fixings, in the way our Anti-Trust Division and Federal Trade Commission have been doing for years.

Moreover, every major American industry now has to plan its own investments and operations for years in advance, for the reasons Mr. Drucker noted last month. Such private planning obviously can work only when it is keyed in with the government's over-all planning for the economy . . . the regional scheme for watershed development . . . the

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This is rugged individualism?

A FEW weeks ago Robert E. Wood told a Senate committee about a woman who went to work for Sears Roebuck at the age of fifteen for $6 a week. Now 54, she earns $80 a week; and through the Sears pension fund and bonus plan she has acquired $104,000 worth of the company's stock, plus $17,000 in other assets. With her fellow employees, she owns the controlling interest in the firm. What should we call this woman? Is she a laborer or a capitalist—or something new? Which side of their class struggle do the Marxists think she belongs on?

It would be equally puzzling, in the light of the peculiar facts cited by Mr. Drucker in this issue, to try to explain who owns United States Steel. The one thing sure is that nobody "owns" it, in the sense that Andrew Carnegie owned his steel mills. The corporation now has more stockholders than it has employees; no one of them holds more than a tiny share of the total stock; potential control rests with a small group of semi-public trustees, who don't exercise it; and actual control could easily be purchased by the steel workers' union, any time it might care to invest its considerable war chest in that way. (A similar possibility is open to many unions. So far, however, none of them has taken over control of its employing company—perhaps because it would be confusing for the same man to sit on both sides of the bargaining table.)

Our peasants don't fit into the foreigner's picture of "capitalism" either. They have banded together into revolutionary organizations, such as the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation—an outfit that operates office buildings, huge marketing facilities, and a network of insurance companies which makes it one of the biggest investors in the Midwest. Similar kulaks' associations run everything from oil refineries to quick-freeze plants—and a number of their officers pull down more pay than the Premier of France.

This sort of thing was what the late Frederick Lewis Allen had in mind when he suggested that "the United States is not evolving *toward* Socialism, but *past* Socialism."

It is a sad and curious fact that no European reporter or economist has ever taken a hard look at this new society. If one did, his first startled conclusion might well be like that of the Tennessee farmer when he saw his first giraffe: "There ain't no such animal." Meanwhile we can't blame them for their indifference. After all, we have never told them that we are producing a new kind of animal over here. We keep insisting that all we've got is the same sort of moth-eaten dog that they have been kicking around their own house for years.

INVADERS

TWO FOREIGNERS who did take a careful look at American society, and liked it, are **Thomas Whiteside** and David Ogilvy. Both are members of a fierce, hairy, and footloose tribe, which has long made a specialty of moving into somebody else's country and running it for them. Mr. Ogilvy, in the best Scots tradition, stepped right into the most American of professions—advertising—and proceeded to show a few new tricks to the natives. Mr. Whiteside picked another profession—journalism—which Americans think they perfected; and he is doing all right too.

Born in Berwick-upon-Tweed, he worked as a newspaperman in Canada before he came here in 1940. He is now a United States citizen, a reporter for the *New Yorker,* and author of *The Relaxed Sell,* a recent book about the rites of big merchandisers and ad men. In his portrait on page 51, he tells how Mr. Ogilvy—an expert at uncovering the latent snobbery in all of us—has presented America with a new set of Caste Symbols.

• • • **Milo Perkins** is busily providing us with new lawns, where we can lounge around wearing the Hathaway shirts and drinking the Schweppes tonic which Mr. Ogilvy

has made all but mandatory. A couple of years ago he "retired" to Tucson, Arizona, after a crowded life as a bag manufacturer, a Department of Agriculture official, wartime head of the Board of Economic Warfare, and foreign-trade consultant to a number of big corporations. There he got interested in some new varieties of grass, which grew astonishingly well on his desert soil. Next thing he knew he was running The Turfgrass Farm, a cross between an experimental station and a nursery. His account of the revolutionary tailor-made grasses (p. 64) is a by-product of his latest hobby.

•••**Richard H. Rovere's** dispassionate study of "The Kept Witnesses" (p. 25) unfolds the story of the U. S. Justice Department's use of paid and protected informers in security cases against government employees. The facts themselves "set the public conscience on edge"—in the words of the pro-Administration *New York Times*—and Mr. Rovere's probing of the implications will do nothing to blunt that edge.

Author of two books of social and political history, Mr. Rovere has contributed a brilliant series of political profiles to *Harper's* since his first two (on Vito Marcantonio and Thomas E. Dewey) appeared in 1944. At one time he was also *Harper's* chief book critic, and has been for a decade or so on the staff of the *New Yorker*, where he regularly writes the "Letter from Washington."

•••As followers of our Letters column may suspect, we are still receiving communications from readers about an earlier **Sylvia Wright** piece we published, "The Death of Lady Mondegreen," which appeared last November. And it seems likely that her present article, "Whose World? . . . and Welcome to It" (p. 35), may touch on almost as universal a chord. Miss Wright herself says that after finishing it she couldn't decide whether or not she was a feminist. In any case, she has ceased to worry about it and taken off for a vacation in Italy and France.

•••"The Quiet Chimneys" (p. 45) reintroduces some of the characters who appeared in "The Medicine Men," **William Eastlake's** earlier

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story which *Harper's* published in March.

Mr. Eastlake was born in New York, raised in New Jersey, and drafted while he was in California. After the war he attended the Alliance Française in Paris and sold short stories to the little magazines there. When he returned to this country he decided that he "preferred the picture-cliff formations around Cuba, New Mexico, to the moving-picture cliffs around Hollywood." He and his wife—the author of *Art Is for Everyone*—bought a ranch in Cuba, bounded by a National Forest, Soil Conservation Service land, and the Indian reservation where his two *Harper's* stories have been set.

"We become involved with these people and their problems frequently," he writes. "'The Quiet Chimneys' comes out of my hunting with the Indians—in season. During the hunt I was propagandized along the lines of this story."

•••The report on one of Europe's most enticing vacation areas (p. 57) comes from **Laurence Lafore**, an incorrigible traveler who claims that he loathes traveling. ("I'm in constant fear," he says, "of losing my passport, inadvertently smuggling something forbidden, missing trains, getting in wrong plane, or—this is most gnawing of my anxieties—undertipping porters.") When he is not rambling around Europe, he teaches history at Swarthmore.

•••The practice of "Household French," as outlined on page 62 by **Norton Wolf**, is restricted to parents who still fancy they can put one over on their infant prodigies. Mr. Wolf is a graduate of Brown University and an ex-Navy flyer, now a copy group head at Benton & Bowles, Advertising.

•••**John Holmes** ("Weather Making," p. 67) is a New Englander who has written several books of verse—the most recent, *The Double Root*. He is an associate professor of English at Tufts College and has been for three years director of the Tufts Writers' Workshop.

Anne Goodwin Winslow ("Sing, O Goddess the Wrath," p. 69) is a novelist and short-story writer as well

as a poet. She lives in Raleigh, Tennessee.

•••The reasons for George Gershwin's growing popularity throughout the world of Western music may be obscure, but the facts are remarkably clear. **David Ewen,** who searches them out in "Gershwin Would Be Surprised" (p. 68), is the author of numerous books on music, among which are *Music for the Millions, From Bach to Stravinsky,* and *Music Comes to America.* His definitive biography of the American whom Leonard Bernstein has called "irresistible" and "a great, great theater composer," will be published by Henry Holt in 1956.

•••**Aldous Huxley's** new novel, *The Genius and the Goddess* (p. 71) will be published in a slightly longer book form in the fall.

•••**John Brooks** returns this month to review "The New Books" (p. 84)—he was guest critic also in February. He is the author of *The Big Wheel* and *A Pride of Lions.*

COMING NEXT MONTH—

"My Wife Put Me in the Senate," by **Richard L. Neuberger**—The newly elected Senator from Oregon explains the campaign methods of the only Oregon Democrat who polled more votes than Eisenhower in 1952: Maurine Neuberger.

"Fantastic Companions," by **Crockett Johnson**—The creator of Barnaby and his incomparable fairy godfather, Mr. O'Malley, presents a gallery of other weird beings certain small children have consorted with.

"The Land-Locked Pirate," by **Faubion Bowers**—The picaresque true story of Kamlon, descendant of the Malay pirates, who is currently terrorizing a Philippine island.

"How to Bargain with the Russians," by **Perry Laukhuff**—It looks more and more as if we would have to meet the Russians across the council table. If we do, how far will we get? A former State Department political adviser, who has negotiated with the Soviets in Moscow, Paris, and Berlin, offers some suggestions.

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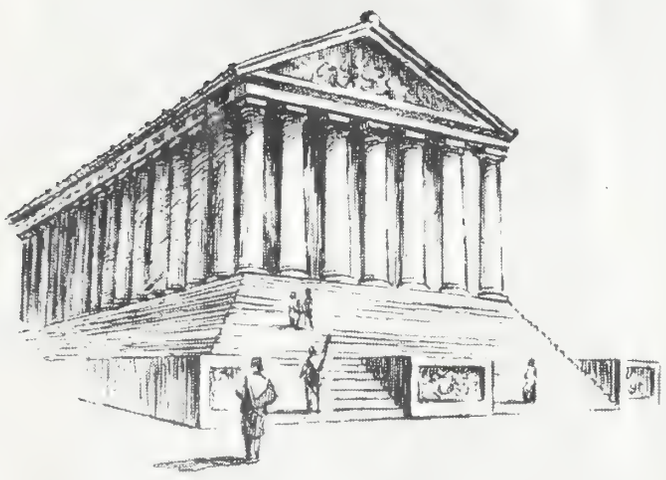
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THE KEPT WITNESSES

RICHARD H. ROVERE

At least eighty-three people have been set up by the government in the trade of "professional witnesses." One calls it "a racket" . . . three are confessed liars . . . and all of them are exempt from security clearance.

ON FEBRUARY 3, 1955, a press conference was called at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City for the purpose of providing a young man named Harvey Matusow with an opportunity to make a public confession of fraud and perjury. Along with the confession—and necessary as a foundation for it—went some items of biography.

In 1947, Matusow, who was then twenty, joined the Communist party. He claims to have taken this step as a dedicated revolutionist. Within a year or two, he said, he became disillusioned and penitent. The way of transgressors is hard. Matusow did not leave the party he no longer believed in. Instead, he stayed on as a voluntary agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In 1951, he abandoned this masquerade and in 1952 appeared as a witness for the prosecution in the trial, in Federal Court, of thirteen leaders of the Communist party charged with conspiracy under the Smith Act.

Matusow's performance under oath—some 700 pages in the trial record—pleased the government attorneys, who won their case, and gained him an honored position as a kept, or professional, witness. That is to say, he made his living—and a very good one, he now maintains, for a man of his age and station—by being sworn and saying what those who paid him wished to have him say. Between 1951 and 1954, his services were sought, and easily obtained, by the United States Department of Justice; the Subversive Activities Control Board; the Permanent Investigations Subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Government Operations; the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee; the House Committee on Un-American Activities; the Ohio Committee on Un-American Activities; and the New York City Board of Education. He claims to have testified in twenty-five trials, deportation proceedings, and the like, and to have made 180 identifications of Communists, or of persons he chose to call Communists, for the various agencies that employed him. He found a good deal of additional employment. He hired out as a speaker in Congressional campaigns, in which, for a fee, he would damage this candidate or that one with intimations of subversion. He composed memoirs and revelations for the Hearst newspapers, lectured on the American Legion circuit, and now and then exploited himself and his past as a night-club entertainer and radio disc-jockey.

In his New York press conference and in subsequent testimony before a Federal Grand Jury and two committees of Congress, Matusow repudiated his career as a professional witness. He

explained that he had walked down a city street one day and had been deeply moved by an eloquent call to piety and virtue which he found inscribed on a sign outside a synagogue. He had not been living the good life. The testimony he had given was riddled with lies. In case after case, he told the assembled reporters, he had fabricated evidence, sometimes on his own initiative, sometimes at the instigation of government lawyers.

He was now filing affidavits in support of requests for new trials for many of those he had helped convict. Such was his remorse that he was willing, he said, to risk the penalties of perjury to undo the damage he had done.

THIS, AT ANY RATE, is Matusow's story. And it appears to have something in common with the stories of at least two other people. Mrs. Marie Natvig and Lowell Watson, government witnesses in a recent proceeding before the Federal Communications Commission, have given the lie to their testimony. Both swore before the FCC that they had known as a Communist, one Edward Lamb, an Erie, Pennsylvania, newspaper publisher whose right as a television licensee had been called into question. Mrs. Natvig, a gaudy triple divorcee from Miami Beach, now says she lied not only about Lamb's Communist record but about her own. She had invented a Communist past for herself in order to identify others as Communists. Watson, a Kansas farmer who, like Matusow, had worked often for the Justice Department, disowned only his avouchments in the Lamb case.

The recantations necessarily leave many matters in doubt. It is the misfortune of skillful dissemblers that their fellows can never give full faith or credit to anything they say. The regeneration of Matusow, Mrs. Natvig, and Watson may be causing unbounded joy in Heaven, but here it must be received with the cool skepticism that should have greeted their sworn testimony. "A liar is always lavish of oaths," Pierre Corneille wrote three hundred years ago in *Le Menteur,* one of the great definitive works on the subject. The courts, the committees, the commissions, and the security panels before which Matusow and Mrs. Natvig were lavish of oaths will be a long time working over the tangled skein of evidence put in the record by this bedeviled youth and this odd woman.

And certainly in Matusow's case those who preside will, if they are possessed of the thoughtfulness the task requires, be haunted by the possibility that he has not really recovered his amateur standing—that he is, in point of fact, as much a professional as ever. Now he has written a book about his experiences. His press conference was called by the publishers of the book, the firm of Cameron & Kahn. There was a distinctly promotional air about the whole enterprise, and there was a distinctly Stalinist air about it, too. Cameron & Kahn is a house that up to now has specialized in Communist literature. In any case, Matusow, whether genuinely purified or merely reverting to form, is once again capitalizing on the confidences of former associates; now he is putting the finger not on Communists but on anti-Communists—on Senator Joseph McCarthy, on Roy M. Cohn, on all his collaborators of the last four or five years. Is he once again on somebody's payroll? It is an uncharitable thought but an inescapable one.

"This is a good racket, being a professional witness," Matusow told the reporters when Cameron & Kahn broke out the Scotch at the Biltmore. Immediately the conference was over, he hurried to the Columbia Broadcasting Company studios for a telecast.

PARTNERS IN THE RACKET

THE DEPARTMENT of Justice announced, soon after Matusow's confession, that it would be among the agencies reviewing and re-evaluating the recanted testimony. The anonymous spokesmen for the Attorney General were a bit grudging and condescending about it. They pointed out that Matusow had given only "corroborative" testimony, as though this were some unimportant species of testimony, hardly worth the bother of looking into. (Actually, there is no special category of evidence known as "corroborative." It merely means, in this instance, that Matusow testified to facts also testified to by one or more other witnesses. Not only can two witnesses be wrong, but there are circumstances in which the withdrawal of one witness's testimony destroys the legal value of another's.) But after Matusow appeared before the Grand Jury, and after Mrs. Natvig and Watson revealed their fabrications, the Department of Justice promised a full investigation. Bearing the honorable name it does, it could hardly do less. Men are in prison today in part because of evidence drawn from a confessed perjurer by Department lawyers.

Neither the Department of Justice nor any other agency of government, however, has given any indication that the Matusow incident has led it to reconsider the moral, juridical, and political effects of the whole practice of retaining professional witnesses. On the contrary, it would appear that the government's principal concern at this stage is to prevent Matusow's latest set of confessions from discrediting the testimony of its other professionals. A federal judge has jailed him on the ground that his recantation is false and contemptuous and the Department has indicted Mrs. Natvig, not for the perjury she admits, but for having lied to its lawyers.

IN A SENSE, of course, the government is profoundly right in wishing to protect its employees. One embezzler does not make thieves of all bankers. One spy in the State Department does not prove all diplomats disloyal. One perjurious witness for the government does not make liars of all the rest. Yet there is a difference. Matusow was asserting not the unverifiable but the self-evident when he said that it had been "a good racket, being a professional witness." As rackets must be judged, it was a good one for him, certainly; and, since Matusow's talents are unusual but not unexampled, it may, at this moment, be equally good for others. And if it is a good racket for anyone, it is a racket for which the government of the United States must bear the heaviest responsibility. For it is the government of the United States—"that august conception," as Samuel Taylor Coleridge once called it —that originated this racket and that continues to encourage and pay for it. Matusow was in partnership with the government.

The government's use of professional witnesses has at least this much in common with a racket —that information about it is exceedingly difficult to come by. The whole affair is veiled in secrecy. The government won't talk. It does not, because plainly it cannot, plead that the safety of the nation would be imperiled if it revealed the number and the identity of those whom it hires to testify according to the wishes of its lawyers. It does not plead the right to withhold the names on the ground that these people are confidential informers; obviously it cannot do that in the case of men and women who appear in open court. The government gives no reasons for its unwillingness to discuss or even to defend this phase of its operations, but it evidently holds to the view that it would not be in the public interest to make any sort of public accounting in this matter.*

In mid-1954, though, some enterprising Washington journalists came into possession of a Department of Justice list which contained the names and earnings of thirty persons "regularly used as witnesses" and of fifty-three "occasionally used" in the period, spanning two Administrations, between July 1, 1952 and May 31, 1954. This list has been made public, and the Department has not to date challenged its authenticity.

Whether the list was complete is not known. It was specified that the eighty-three named were all under contract to the Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department. There are others in other bureaus of the Department and in other executive agencies, and there are known to be several working for the legislative branch and the state governments. American public life on almost every level today is characterized by what can only be described as an obsession with problems of loyalty and internal security; it is a rare public agency that does not have at least one division devoting itself to these problems, and it is a downright underprivileged one that does not have some judicial or semi-

* On December 20, 1954, I wrote the Attorney General to request facts on the use of professional witnesses and the Department's "response, if it has made one, to critics of the practice." I pointed out that there had been, even then, a good deal of public discussion of the question, and I noted that it suffered from the lack "of the kind of solid information I imagine the Department of Justice could provide." I got no reply until February 10 of this year, which was a few days after the Matusow recantation. I then received a letter from William F. Tompkins, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the new Internal Security Division. Mr. Tompkins merely acknowledged receipt of my letter and enclosed copies of two speeches, one by Assistant Attorney General Warren Olney, III, delivered before the Michigan Association of Prosecuting Attorneys on July 23, 1954, and one by himself, delivered before the Camden County, New Jersey, Bar Association on September 28, 1954. Both speeches are addressed to the problem, but neither really deals with it. Both assume that the sanction the courts have given to paid informers can be extended to professional witnesses. Both contain some rather handsome specimens of question-begging. For example, Mr. Tompkins: "The testimony of these witnesses has been weighed by numerous American juries and found to be credible. Of the eighty-four defendants who have been tried thus far for conspiring to violate the Smith Act, eighty-one have been convicted and only one has been acquitted by a jury. A more convincing yardstick of the credibility of those witnesses I cannot imagine." Neither speech provides any solid information. More recently in testimony before a Senate Committee, Tompkins has said: "It has become increasingly clear that the current attack against government witnesses . . . has its roots in a Communist effort."

judicial apparatus for making the kind of distinctions the ruling obsession demands. These apparatuses require witnesses.

At all odds, the Department of Justice had at least eighty-three kept witnesses in 1954. It seems wholly reasonable to assume that, despite the defection of Harvey Matusow, the number is not smaller today. More likely than not, it is larger, for the new Internal Security Division of the Department, which came into being on July 9 of last year, has announced that it plans greatly to accelerate its work in this field and aspires to produce an ever-mounting volume of prosecutions under the Smith Act, the Communist Control Act of 1954, and all other available statutes.

Of the eighty-three persons retained by the Department in 1954, all were, by their own admission, former members of the Communist party. Some, like Benjamin Gitlow, one of the first American Bolsheviks and once Communist candidate for Vice President, had been true believers; others, like Matthew Cvetic, whose exploits as an undercover agent were celebrated in a radio serial called "I Was a Communist for the FBI," had been quite the opposite but had infiltrated the party at the direction of Mr. Hoover's famous agency. A few, like Harvey Matusow, had made the transition from revolutionist to counter-revolutionist inside the party. Those who are public servants now receive twenty-five dollars a day plus nine dollars "in lieu of expenses." These, at least, are the sums that have been brought out on cross-examination in several trials and hearings. Some witnesses may receive more, others less; thirty-four dollars a day appears to be the prevailing fee.

THE WAGES OF REPENTANCE

BY GOVERNMENT standards, this is fairly high pay. And it is high in comparison with what some of the kept witnesses made before entering government service. Harvey Matusow was earning thirty-five dollars a week in 1951. The job formerly held by Paul Crouch—who earned $9,675 from the Department in two years of witnessing—was as an air-line employee at eighty-five cents an hour. Leonard Patterson was a New York taxi-driver. Many of the others were paid functionaries of the Communist party, which means that their pay was low and infrequent. To satisfy the statute under which the payments are authorized—the General Services and Administrative Act of 1949—the people who receive them are carried on the books not as kept witnesses but as "expert consultants." But kept witnesses is what in fact they are; such usefulness as they may be said to have derives from their ability and readiness to identify people as Communists, to describe Communist activities for the enlightenment of judges, juries, and security panels; and to interpret Communist doctrine in such a way as to bring it within the area proscribed by the Smith Act.

Some critics—notably Joseph and Stewart Alsop, who first brought the problem of kept witnesses to public attention—have urged that a distinction be made between those who have been paid large sums and those who have been paid small sums. It is proper, they point out, to describe a witness such as Manning Johnson, who is credited with earnings of $9,096 in a two-year period, as a professional. However, some on the Department list are credited with amounts that can only be considered as pin money: two or three hundred dollars in twenty-six months. Obviously, some sort of distinction ought to be made between those who earn enough to live on and those who do not. But because of the Department's refusal to provide information, it is impossible to do this. In an act of high magnanimity, the Alsops accepted the bootlegged list from the Department and concluded that there were only twelve witnesses "who have earned enough so that one may reasonably presume the sums were meaningful to them." Harvey Matusow was not one of the twelve, for the Department of Justice had him down as a witness "occasionally used" and listed his earnings as only seventy-five dollars. It has since developed that the one list so far circulated tells only part of the story. Matusow got seventy-five dollars from the Immigration and Naturalization Service and $1,407 from a separate account with the Attorney General's office.

There are certain ironies connected with the purely procedural aspects of the Department's relations with its paid witnesses. The General Services Act, which provides the legal authority for their retention, was passed by the Eighty-first Congress very largely because it had the formidable endorsement of the Commission on the Organization of the Executive Branch of Government, headed by Herbert Hoover. The Hoover Commission had been distressed to learn that certain agencies of the federal government very often had to forgo the advice of

eminent American specialists in such fields as science and education because they lacked any means for retaining them on a part-time basis. The Commission prepared a plan to enable certain agencies to draw up and offer contracts retaining specialists on a *per diem* basis. It was accepted with enthusiasm by the Congress.

An additional advantage of the scheme, it was thought, was that it made it possible to obtain the services of qualified advisers without the delays and embarrassments caused by the protracted rituals of loyalty and security checks. So far, the most conspicuous use to which the law has been put is the hiring as "expert consultants" of the former Communists and police agents who make up the Department's corps of professional witnesses. And one of the most conspicuous uses to which the professional witnesses are put is in establishing by sworn testimony that certain other employees of the government are loyalty and security risks.

THUS, the key figures in the field of loyalty and security clearance are men and women who are themselves—almost alone in the whole teeming structure of federal bureaucracy—exempt from the need for clearance. More than that, they compose a group whose individual members would have almost no chance of getting clearance if it were required of them. It reflects not at all on their present condition of rectitude and probity to say that their pasts reek of subversion and sedition and that a number of them are convicted felons. One of the most prominent, for example, is Morris Malkin, formerly a union hoodlum and twice convicted for felonious assault. Another is Paul Crouch, generally regarded as the professional witness with the most experience and the highest earnings, who was once court-martialed for offenses against the Military Code of Justice, sentenced to forty years of hard labor on Alcatraz Island, and dishonorably discharged from the Army. Fortunately relieved of any accountability for these aspects of their past, they play a crucial role in determining who is and who is not of sufficient uprightness to work for the United States government.

And as witnesses in other proceedings, the professionals play a crucial role in determining many things. There is, indeed, no end to the number of places where they may turn up in the course of their service to the Department of Justice and apparently in fulfillment of their agreement with it. While under contract to the Department, Matusow was a witness in departmental trials of a number of New York public school teachers. Paul Crouch, the dishonorably discharged buck private, filed with Senator McCarthy's Committee on Government Operations a bizarre memorandum describing a plot to subvert our entire military establishment which he claims to have hatched with the late Mikhail Tukhachevsky, Marshal of the Red Army, thirty years ago. This bit of delayed intelligence provided, according to Roy M. Cohn, the impetus for the investigation of the Army Signal Corps' radar laboratories at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey—a piece of work that uncovered not a single Communist but did incalculable harm not only to government research but to the government's relationship with the whole scientific community. Called by Congressmen hostile to the admission to statehood of the territory of Hawaii, Crouch took the oath before the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs and deposed at length on Communism on the islands. William Garfield Cummings, one of the most ubiquitous of the breed, testified, along with Mrs. Natvig and Lowell Watson, before the FCC in the Lamb case. In Louisville, Kentucky, an obscure journalist was indicted for promoting civil disorder; to the good fortune of the state attorney trying the case, there chanced to be on the Department of Justice's list a Mrs. Alberta Ahearn, who was prepared to say that she knew the defendant as a Communist. Manning Johnson and Leonard Patterson, seasoned performers on the Smith Act wheel, appeared as witnesses against Dr. Ralph Bunche of the United Nations Secretariat.

UN-AMERICAN?

BECAUSE the government takes the view that its dealings with its professional witnesses are privileged, it is impossible to take the true measure of their influence. But it is clear beyond all dispute that one agency, the Department of Justice, is subsidizing testimony not only in many of the cases it is legitimately prosecuting as the legal arm of the federal government but in a number of other cases, some of them flagrantly political. Even the subsidy it provides for witnesses in its own prosecutions is a problem serious enough to warrant investigation and examination.

It is a novel arrangement, this hiring of people to take a solemn oath and testify

favorably to the government. American history offers no precedent for it. The use of paid informers by police departments and federal agencies such as Internal Revenue is neither precedent nor true parallel. The paid informer's job is to aid the authorities in the uncovering of crimes and the apprehension of criminals. He may sometimes be called as a witness, just as the paid witness may sometimes be used as an informer, but generally speaking the functions are separate, and the witness enters upon the scene only when the work of the informer is done. It has long been recognized that the maintenance of order in a society such as ours requires the use of paid informers, but the professional witness up to now has made an appearance only as the creature of disreputable law firms and private detective agencies and of certain businesses, reputable except in this particular, which are frequently engaged in litigation.

Up to now, he has not been associated with the United States government. Circumstances may justify the association today, but it nevertheless violates the spirit of our law and jurisprudence. We do not ask witnesses to meet rigorous tests of disinterestedness, as the Romans did, but we have always insisted that the giving of testimony is a bounden duty of citizenship, like the payment of taxes. It is expected that it will be done freely and in good faith. When expectations fail, the law steps in. The subpoena power exists to compel testimony. Our courts are empowered to require witnesses to furnish bonds under certain conditions, and witnesses may be jailed to assure their appearance and prevent their being tampered with. Failure to meet certain prescribed rules and standards may lead to citations for contempt of court. It is recognized that the discharge of this responsibility of citizenship is in many ways onerous and that it generally entails some financial sacrifice; the courts, therefore, pay modest witness fees. But these, like payments to jurors, are deliberately kept so low that they cannot in any sense be regarded as rewards or even as just compensation. Four dollars a day is the regular Department of Justice fee.

IN CERTAIN cases, it is true, the courts tolerate payment by one side or the other to witnesses who can provide highly specialized knowledge. The general rule of law is that this may be done in the case of men upon whose observation and counsel, outside the courtroom, society itself sets a price. Doctors, alienists, and property appraisers are perhaps the most frequently encountered types. These may be paid by principals in the case, provided the fact of their payment is made known to the court and provided there is no contingency basis for the agreement; the payment of witnesses can under no circumstances be made to depend upon the outcome of the case.

But even with these conditions the practice has always been regarded as a dubious one, and jurors are allowed to give whatever weight they choose to the fact that a witness testifying before them is being paid for his version of the truth. "The experience of the ages," Justice Chadwick of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington once wrote, "sustains the legal conclusion that where the truth is made to depend upon the pecuniary interest of a witness . . . his utterances wear a cloak of suspicion, and they should not be accepted unless the taint is removed by the testimony of credible witnesses or by circumstances that cannot be denied."

THE CLOAK of suspicion is a garment that must be wrapped several times around the witnesses for whose services the Department of Justice has contracted. For one thing, their pecuniary interest—assuming, for the moment, that thirty-four dollars a day constitutes one—has the unusual character of a continuum. Ordinarily, where the possibility exists that the cupidity of a witness, or even his simple exigency, will color his testimony and thereby thwart justice, it exists only for a specific case at a specific time. The experience of most men and women just is not rich or varied enough to give them direct knowledge of more than a few matters that may be subject to litigation during their lives. But an accident of history puts the ex-Communist, whether his faith was feigned or authentic, in possession of an extraordinarily negotiable thing —his past.

As Whittaker Chambers, who has given testimony but has never become a professional and who has confronted the problem of negotiable pasts with candor and deep insight, has written, "He [the ex-Communist anti-Communist witness] risks little. He sits in security and uses his special knowledge to destroy others. He has that special information to give because he knows those others' faces, voices, and lives, because he once lived within their confidence. . . ."

Such an ex-Communist has acquired an expertise for which the demand is, apparently, inexhaustible. His patron, the Department of Justice, seems to measure its usefulness by the number of people it has jailed, by the number of deportations it can claim, by the number of loyalty and security risks it can process out of the government. It appears to be the Department's hope to prosecute the thirty thousand or so American Communists one by one; it recently got a start in this direction by convicting one Claude Lightfoot in Chicago for violation of the Smith Act—not as a leader of the Communist conspiracy, not as a teacher of the doctrine of violent overthrow of the government, but as a mere member of the conspiracy, a mere adherent of the doctrine. With this conviction, which may well be justified by both the law and the public interest, whole new horizons open up for the Department and its witnesses.

CONVENIENT MEMORIES

WHAT IS wanted now, what is likely to be wanted more and more in the immediate future, is identifications—identifications in great numbers. Plainly enough, there could be rewards for an elastic memory. The possibility exists, almost without end, of the truth being made to depend on the pecuniary interest of witnesses. Putting aside what may be the singular case of Matusow, there have been, to date, no clear instances of fraudulent identifications. But certain matters of record suggest the nature of the lurking dangers.

Louis Budenz, a former editor of the *Daily Worker,* who has testified that his income from all sources as an anti-Communist witness and publicist has exceeded $10,000 a year, spent what he maintains was three thousand hours giving the names of Communists to the FBI.

In none of those sessions, Budenz has conceded, did he offer the name of John Carter Vincent or Owen Lattimore. But when Senator McCarthy named both these men in various connections, all of them unfavorable, it came to Budenz, quite certainly, that they were Communists. He so testified before several Congressional committees and grand juries. Likewise, Paul Crouch talked to the FBI on many occasions, testified in numerous trials, and submitted to Congressional committees the names of all Communists he had known aside from rank-and-file members. Not once did he list a certain Jacob Burck, a Chicago newspaper cartoonist. When, however, Burck was the subject of a deportation hearing, Crouch testified that he had encountered him often at meetings of the Central Committee of the Communist party.

The memory is notoriously the most vagrant of human faculties, but there are few cases on record of a bent for mnemonic topicality as powerful as that revealed by Paul Crouch. In some instances, it is possible to rule out avarice altogether as an explanation for the weather changes his recall has undergone. In a large number of documents that he prepared and read in evidence before the Subversive Activities Control Board and a number of Congressional committees, he recounted at length his experiences in the Soviet Union during the period in which he was preparing the campaign to subvert the American military establishment. In these, he mentioned associations with Russian leaders so numerous and so mighty in power as to expose himself to reproaches for name-dropping. Up to 1953, there was one name that did not turn up on any of the lists—that of Georgi Malenkov. In March of 1953, Malenkov succeeded to the Premiership of the Soviet state, and in March of 1953, Crouch, filing the statement that led to the Fort Monmouth investigation with the Committee on Government Operations, revealed for the first time that the new Premier was among those with whom he had conferred in 1927.

Crouch has acknowledged a weakness that may in his case help explain such quirks. Before an Army court martial in 1925, he testified: "I am in the habit of writing letters to my friends and imaginary persons, sometimes to kings and other foreign persons, in which I place myself in an imaginary position. I do that to develop my imaginary powers." In the *Leviathan,* Hobbes wrote that "Imagination and memory are but one thing, which for divers considerations hath divers names." No free man's rights are put in jeopardy, no principle of law is dishonored when Crouch either imagines or abruptly recalls Georgi Malenkov as an old comrade-in-arms. But he has had frequent lapses and recoveries involving persons who do qualify for our law's protection. At the trial of Harry Bridges in 1949, Crouch denied acquaintance with a Communist agitator named David Davis. "I have never heard of David Davis," he told the court. "I had no knowledge of David Davis." By 1951, however, he had not only heard of David Davis, he had encountered him as early as 1928. He was

examined by a federal judge about a Communist meeting allegedly held in 1928:

Q. "Was Mr. Davis present?"

A. "Yes, your honor."

On May 6, 1949, Crouch testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and was asked if he knew a man named Armand Scala, an officer of Miami Local 500 of the Transport Workers Union:

A. "Very well, with Local 500."

Q. "Is he a member of the Communist party?"

A. "I do not know . . . I do not know of my own knowledge what his party affiliations are."

But on May 11, five days later, Crouch put into the record of the Committee a statement and several affidavits amplifying his earlier testimony. In one, he said: "Another member and officer of Local 500 I knew to be active in Communist work in Miami is Armand Scala. Scala had been the chief Communist courier to Latin American countries." In an article published in the Hearst newspapers a few days after that, he made an even more explicit identification of Scala as "the chief courier of the party in Latin America . . . traveling to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro frequently on party business." In a subsequent libel suit, he swore to the truth of these assertions. Since the newspaper stories had not been privileged, Scala was awarded $5,000.

It may well be that Crouch was, as he presently insists, testifying to the best of his recollection on each specific occasion. No more can be asked of anyone. But the fact cannot be blinked that the use of subsidized testimony increases the danger of subsidized perjury. The rule of law against contingent fees is not directly violated by the contractual agreements the Department of Justice has with Crouch and other witnesses. These agreements are signed, sealed, and delivered in advance of testimony—sometimes very far in advance. A witness named Daisy Van Dorn has testified that she received $125 a month for two years simply to hold herself ready to take the witness stand. However, the clear moral principle upon which the rule of contingency rests is abused by the practice.

The Department's list of the names and earnings of the "persons regularly used as witnesses" shows wide variation in income among the professionals. An element of contingency accounts for the variations. A witness gets his fee whether the case is settled favorably or unfavorably for the government, but common sense—and even the solicitousness for the taxpayer of which the government boasts—must suggest that the witness who can assist in the production of the greatest number of convictions is the witness who should get the most work. In the Department of Justice —as, for that matter, in most lesser prosecuting agencies throughout the country—success is quantitatively measured. It has been customary in this country to take what steps we can to prevent the quantitative measurement of truth. The use of professional witnesses, though it may be warranted by many present needs, should at least be recognized as a step in the other direction.

RISING ABOVE TRUTH

JUSTICE CHADWICK'S cloak of suspicion is becoming to the professional witness for reasons other than those of pecuniary interest. If a heavy risk is run of his memory being stimulated by the prospect of increased emoluments, there is an equally heavy risk that he will visit, not the truth as he knows it, but the fury of disenchantment as he feels it on those against whom he testifies. There is no way of being certain of how many of the professional witnesses are genuine apostates and how many are merely former police agents.

(It is FBI policy never to confirm or deny an individual's statement regarding instructions he claims to have had from the Bureau, and this has led to a certain amount of confusion. Matthew Cvetic told the House Un-American Activities Committee that George Dietz and Joseph Mazzei were members of the Communist party in Pittsburgh. Dietz and Mazzei, fired from their jobs, indignantly declared that they, too, were FBI agents and had in fact been reporting to the Bureau on Cvetic's numerous subversive connections. Similarly, doubts were cast on the *bona fides* of William Garfield Cummings as an FBI agent when it was revealed that his membership in the Communist party antedated his recruitment by the Bureau and that he encouraged continued service to the party by friends and relatives after he left it.)

In any event, a considerable number of the professional witnesses are disaffected Communists and clearly carry the stigmata and disabilities, along with the special insights, of their kind. Many of them display what may be regarded as a touching eagerness to serve the society they once sought to destroy; in some of their cases, this laudable sentiment is fused with what may more

reasonably be described as a thirst for revenge. Men's defects are often only the flaws in their virtue; the flaw may render the virtue nugatory. Manning Johnson, once an ardent Communist and more recently an ardent patriot, testified before the Subversive Activities Control Board that it is an article of his present faith that some things are more important than truth:

> *Q.* In other words, you will tell a lie under oath in a court of law rather than run counter to your instructions from the FBI. Is that right?
>
> *A.* If the interests of my government are at stake. In the face of enemies, at home and abroad, if maintaining secrecy of the techniques of methods of operation of the FBI who have responsibility for the protection of our people, I say I will do it a thousand times.

Again Manning Johnson, this time in a sedition trial in Pennsylvania and undergoing examination on his testimony in a deportation proceeding that had taken place earlier:

> *Q.* That testimony was not correct, was it, Mr. Johnson?
>
> *A.* No, it wasn't, precisely, because I could not at that time reveal that I had supplied information to the FBI. . . . I think the security of the government has priority over . . . any other consideration.

The fear of systems of priorities such as Mr. Johnson's has given rise to the legal doctrine of *testis unus, testis nullus*—one witness is no witness. But a difficulty raised by the Justice Department's use of professionals, and by its policy of withholding information about it, is that two or more witnesses may share this view, or a similar one. We do not know how many people have been convicted, deported, and discharged from government service on evidence supplied wholly by kept witnesses.

THROUGHOUT the history of societies living, or trying to live, under the rule of law, the role of the witness has been a vexatious problem for judges, lawyers, and all others who have concerned themselves with it. Broadly speaking, the tendency in most Western nations has been a steady easing of restrictions. When systems of law are young, jurists cling to the hope that truth will be received only from undefiled sources. This is sooner or later found to be an impossible aspiration, and in some respects a false one, though it is unquestionably noble in spirit. The judicial process, to be sure, must always be, or should always be, a relentless search for the truth. But we know from long experience that the truth is often found in the unlikeliest places. The fact that a Manning Johnson hates and fears Communists, feels betrayed by them, and regards every living one of them as a menace to the whole of humanity does not mean that he is incapable of ever telling the truth about them. What it does mean is that he may possibly tell something other than the truth—and that those who use him as a source of information must be vigilant against the possibility of receiving misinformation.

It is doubtless necessary to use the Manning Johnsons of this world. Society has little choice in the matter. As police and prosecuting officials like to point out—when they are rebuked for their use of low, untrustworthy characters as informers and witnesses—it is very seldom possible to find bishops and cardinals who are widely acquainted among felons and well-informed on the workings of vice syndicates, counterfeiting gangs, dope peddlers, smuggling rings, and the like. Society, through its law-enforcement agencies, must deal with these aspects of itself, and it cannot afford to scorn information about them that comes from persons it regards with distaste and does not entirely trust—even from persons deeply implicated in the crimes under review. Though it would be agreeable to adhere to the view of Lord Langdale, who ruled in a famous nineteenth-century judgment, that "a witness has no business to concern himself with the merits of the case in which he is called," we must realize that in many cases no such witness exists.

What Every Infant Knows

> A STUDY that we did, not too long ago for General Mills, where we took Wheaties commercials to twelve-year-old school children, revealed the shocking fact that a twelve-year-old American school child is almost correct in guessing the amount of money that the champion receives for appearing on a Wheaties commercial.
>
> —Dr. Ernest Dichter, President, Institute for Research in Mass Motivations, Inc., *Printers' Ink*, June 4, 1954.

because truth often turns up where it is the least expected, and because we have a steady need of truth from whatever source, we have progressively reduced the number of factors disqualifying witnesses and progressively increased our reliance on the power of the witness's oath, the perjury laws, and cross-examination. Up to now, though, we have not accommodated ourselves to the idea of witnesses who make a business of being witnesses. It may be that the time has come when we must do so. It may be that internal security is our over-riding need and that we must accept this device for coping with it. But if this is the case, it would seem as if the problem ought to be squarely faced. The Department of Justice should, in that event, abandon its present furtiveness and give a full public accounting of the terms and conditions upon which it purchases testimony. It should recognize, as Justice Holmes did in his weighing of the merits of wire-tapping, that the government is caught in a conflict of competing "objects of desire"—the desire to catch criminals and the desire to maintain governmental integrity. ("We have to choose," Holmes said, "and for my part I think it a less evil that some criminals should escape than that the government should play an ignoble part.") There may be an equitable and decent way of resolving the conflict, but no conflict can be resolved without first acknowledging that it exists.

THE LARGEST QUESTION

IN ANY serious weighing of the issues, it would be necessary, also, to recognize that more is at stake than justice to individuals. That is, of course, the largest question of all in any free and open society. But it is not the only one. When the federal government subsidizes a group such as its present corps of professional witnesses, it finds itself, willy-nilly, subsidizing a special political interest. Many of the larger categories of cases tried under federal law involve political principles, political ideas, political organizations. The Communist cases manifestly do, and not the least of the effects of the government's policy has been to give those professional witnesses who are also professional politicians and ideologues an opportunity to exert a considerable influence on public opinion and public policy in matters on which they have a special, if not an eccentric, outlook.

It should not strain credulity to suggest that if there has been prevalent in recent years a somewhat distorted view of the dimensions of the problem of domestic Communism the fault can in large part be charged to the account of the Department of Justice and its professional witnesses.

No man, for example, has had any greater influence on the public view of the Communist problem than Louis F. Budenz. On the basis of his reputation as the government's leading witness in Smith Act cases and before Congressional committees, he has established an almost universal acceptance of himself as a high authority and of his books, articles, lectures, and television discourses as bearing some imagined seal of official approval. Elizabeth Bentley, J. B. Matthews, Benjamin Gitlow, Howard Rushmore, Bella Dodd, and Joseph Kornfeder run not very far behind. (Whittaker Chambers has also been enormously influential, but of him it must be said that his writings lend more authority to his testimony than his testimony lends to his writings. He is not, therefore, of this company.)

Lesser witnesses have established lesser reputations on the strength of their endorsement by the government. Moreover, they have had and are having a direct influence on policy and law—not through appeals to public opinion but through direct appeals to the governing powers. Paul Crouch tells the Senate what to do about Hawaii and how the Army should be run. Matthew Cvetic is called by the Senate Rules Committee to advise on the thorny question of rules for Congressional investigations. Maurice Malkin, the ex-convict, himself eligible for deportation and denaturalization, is called before the Senate Subcommittee on Naturalization and Immigration to make recommendations. (He thought there were too many avenues of appeal. He said that once it is proved that anyone is a member "of a certain organization, he should be deported without further hearings of any sort.") Almost the entire membership of the Department corps was summoned before the Internal Security Subcommittee to help produce the enormous and enormously influential report, "Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments"—a document that more perhaps than any other has formed the prevailing image of Communist infiltration in the nineteen-thirties and forties. The kept witnesses have been given an opportunity to foul American due process and quite a bit else besides.



By SYLVIA WRIGHT

Drawings by Julius Kroll

WHOSE WORLD?

. . . and welcome to it

WHOSEVER it is, I'll think soon to stop saying it's mine. If it were a oman's world, people wouldn't yammer at me much. They're always telling me to do, be, make something. Like all women and other ecision instruments, I am sensitive and respon- ve: I weep with delight when they give me a ile and tremble with fear at their frown. So try. But I have so many things to do and be at I never have a minute to myself to find it who's there, if anybody.

The one thing they don't want me to be is me. A few drops of Abano Bath Oil," they say, "and u're not *You* . . . you're somebody New lolling perfumed luxury." But I'm not allowed to loll ng. The next minute, I have to spring out in der to be Fire and Ice, swathed in satin, not a ing in the world to do but look stark, and wait r a man to pounce. Turn the page: I've got to ake sure it's Johnson's cotton buds with which swab the baby. A few pages later, the baby ts into the act, yelling for full-weight diapers. I'm supposed to use a lot of make-up to keep y husband's love, but I must avoid make-up og. I'm supposed to be gay and spontaneous d outgoing, but I mustn't get "expression ies." (Expression lines are to wrinkles as mor- ian is to undertaker.)

If I have money, I'm supposed to live graciously and do good. If I don't, I'm supposed to hitch up my blue jeans with an amusing (only thirty-nine cents at your Five and Ten) chiffon scarf and DO IT MYSELF. In the old days, I only had to have a natural aptitude for cooking, cleaning, bringing up children, entertaining, teaching Sunday School, and tatting. Now I also have to reconstitute knocked-down furniture and build on porches.

I'm supposed to keep my home fresh and immaculate, but it should look "lived in." I'm supposed to have a model split-level living area with one muddy old shoe on the knocked-up coffee table.

I'm supposed to vote, vote, vote, because that's what I wanted, isn't it? and if all that voting doesn't get anywhere, I'm supposed to get into the arena myself. When I'm not in the arena, I'm supposed to hold the school system's hand, but never imagine that any big, well-staffed school system should be able to accomplish in twelve years what I didn't do by myself in six. It's already my fault, probably because I didn't love, love, love enough.

One thing I'm not ever supposed to have is feelings of inadequacy. Haw!

I'm supposed to read good books and listen to good music. I'm supposed to carry the torch for the nation's culture and encourage artists. Nobody tells the artists to encourage me.

They tell the artists I'm a Philistine at heart.

Yoo-hoo, Artist. Come quick. I'm getting fragmented.

But they fragment me too.

If it were my world, I'd get some solace from my surroundings. When I was trying to be Modern American Woman, the Pride of the Twentieth Century, they'd help. Instead, they pull the sculptured broadloom out from under me.

How can it be my world with fluorescent lights



. . . with fluorescent lights in it . . .

in it? I arrive for lunch, delicately perfumed and elusively smiling. I'm Marlene Dietrich. I don't stay Marlene Dietrich long, because soon my beau remarks that that's his type—that girl over there—and I slip into the Patient Griselda, the dowdiest character in literature. Still, she was beautiful, in her way. Any woman can cope with this kind of switch. It's when I go into the ladies' room and look at myself in the mirror under the nice, bright, twentieth-century fluorescent lights that my world crashes. There in the mirror is Lena the Hyena, on whom "no hoomin" can bear to look. It can't be me. Its hair is coarse uneven strands. Its skin is doughy: if you laid a finger on it, you would leave a dent. It has dark circles under its eyes. It's old, old, old.

But if it isn't me, whose nose is it powdering?

Fluorescent lights are to women what Mrs. Mitty was to Walter.

The last time I went to my doctor's I was an alert and open-minded young woman, ready to co-operate with the small group of dedicated scientists who are forcing back the frontiers of ignorance. I know I'm supposed to co-operate with them, and not tell them I got warts from a frog. Warts are in the head. (The frog's or mine?) My doctor had a lovely new office, bamboo matting on the walls, modular lamps with globular shades, *Harper's Bazaar* instead of *Your Health Today,* and free-form ash trays. Everything was fine. Anyway I was only going for a check-up. As I went into the new dressing room, I was Ingrid Bergman in a white coat.

Another thing I don't like about fluorescent lights is the sneaky way they wait a while before turning on.

When they did, I knew why I had come. I was sick, terribly sick, lingeringly, fatally sick. But not like Mimi or Marguerite Gautier, or even Ingrid Bergman. No hectic flush concealing the ravages. My disease was disfiguring.

The worst thing they do is combine fluorescent lights with three-way mirrors in the fitting rooms of dress stores. When they re-equipped the Laff House at Coney Island, those mirrors were discarded as being just a little too subtle. This is why entering a fitting room is such a shock. It looks like me. *I'm* there. *It's* there. It must be me. Do I look like that all the time?

The saleswoman is no help. I half expect that she will take a look at the mirror, stifle a scream, and then say, "Pardon me, madam, there's been some mistake." But she doesn't look at the mirror. She looks at me and says that that dress is lovely on. It's like the ghost of Hamlet's father. I can see it, but she can't. Am I mad north-north-west?

The people who make things to sit on have no respect for my contours or *savoir-faire.* In those hammock things I have to get into the knee-chest position. Modern upholstered chairs are too long for me from hip to knee, so either I have my legs straight out in front like a doll, or I sit on one foot, which goes to sleep. (Somebody told me that if I gave up smoking my feet wouldn't go to sleep. I have to take the responsibility for everything around here.) Studio couches are another trap. I lean back, happily ready to be the life of the party. Gradually it

nes over me that I am supporting the whole rty on one small bone at the base of my neck, :ause the studio couch is slowly moving out o the middle of the room.

Architects make the great thick glass doors in w buildings just too heavy for me to push open less I get into an unattractive position.

Dentists don't let me down easily. They look my mouth and say, "Tsk, tsk. You certainly e had a lot of trouble. Well, we can only do best we can." There I am, turned into an cient toothless crone, unloved and abandoned.

People who make keys make them stick when se them. Men cannot keep their hands off a man who is struggling with a key. Man takes . Key works fine. Man makes top-lofty re-rk about women and mechanical objects. man (me) feels mere.

THERE is a country-wide guild of men in shirt sleeves who harry women parking. e of them always pops up from nowhere, sta-is himself on the curb, shouts monosyllabic mands, and cramps imaginary wheels. At ervals, he says, "You can make it, lady." Who I couldn't? But watching both him and the ce puts me in an anxiety state. When I finally parked, and maybe it did take me a little ger than it should, he goes off, getting all the lit. The most expert of this group is detailed make me nervous while getting my car onto rry boat.

The other day I bought a bed pillow. Attached ne end was a large tag with cryptic notations ut license, certification, Act of Congress, and rely new material. In large black letters, it :

DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG
UNDER PENALTY OF THE LAW

's my pillow, isn't it? I paid for it. Why t I take off the tag? But I don't—I'm scared surprise raid.

ippers are to convince me that I must keep sticky fingers out of modern technology and gnize the need for experts. In the old days, uld always sew on another hook and eye. v I'm lucky if I escape with any skin except ny teeth, not to mention an intact dress.

They put the tops of jars on too tight.

rranging flowers is a womanly occupation: can be Come-into-the-garden-Maud without trying. Now they're taking that away. The time someone sent me flowers, they were y set in a papier-mâché vase and suitable for a funeral. There was a slip with them which said the flowers had been fixed with Floralife powder, which would make them last longer. It said under *no circumstances* was I (butter fingers that I am!) to change the water or rearrange the flowers. Floralife powder looks like sludge. I peeked.

You might very well counter that Modern American Man is also sitting in a hammock chair, under fluorescent lights, facing a three-



. . . great thick glass doors . . .

way mirror, struggling with a stuck zipper, and itching to tear tags off bed pillows. It's true, but every little thing doesn't puncture his ego as it does mine. (Please don't tell me it does. I have to have something to believe in.) Men can get the tops off jars and they are above such things. Men have to carry the weight of the world on their shoulders and worry about the hydrogen bomb. And when they're not doing this, they have to remember to be Common Man. This is a hard row to hoe, so people, including

women, coddle them and cook them Marshmallow Surprise. Dentists give them Novocain. Sweet kind elderly men wait on them in stores. They even fit their suits for nothing.

This leaves me doing the dirty work. Somebody has to go on trying to be Renaissance Man, and that somebody is Twentieth-Century Woman. I'm Hamlet (see above), the glass of fashion, the mould of form, and th'observed of all observers. I'm also a quintessence of dust. (I just cleaned the Venetian blinds.) I'm Faust, exploring every avenue of human approach. I can get young in a Witches' Kitchen, too. I suppose I might even go to heaven, but in the meantime I have Mephistopheles at my shoulder. A female Mephistopheles, who may or may not be the editor of a women's magazine.

AND I don't see why I always have to get all dressed up, while *he* appears in his old blue suit. The modern couple is an immaculate, split-personality model living area, hand in hand with a muddy old shoe.

Did it ever occur to anybody to let me be Common Woman for a while?

Everybody was always picking on Hamlet and Faust, and everybody is always picking on me. It's partly because I'm a sitting duck. You can't criticize anybody who belongs to a minority group, but women are equal now. This makes them practically the only group that is, and a nice big group to criticize.

One of the things everybody has against me *is* that I'm equal. Let's get this straight. I didn't ask to be emancipated. That was my great aunt Melusina. Let's let bygones be bygones. We're in this together, men. All right, all right, I know I never wrote a decent symphony.

One of the reasons I haven't is that I spend so much time thinking about men.

Anything I am, I'm a type, and not one of them is good. If I say, "Darling, I love you more than life itself, and I can't live without you," I'm possessive and sucking the man's blood. If I say, "Let's have fun and let the chips fall off the old block where they may," I'm an aggressive specimen of the lost sex, incapable of loving. If I don't let them make love to me, I'm repressed. If I sit with my hands folded and let them, I'm passive. If I leap enthusiastically into their arms and make love to them, they say they like women who are hard to get.

If I'm sick, it's in my head. If I have something in my head, I'm supposed to give *him* the idea that it was really in his all along.

If, inspired by those photographs, I serve my husband rich delicious meals, next month they tell me I'm killing him by making him overweight. Honestly, has the cat got his tongue? Why doesn't he just say, "No more Marshmallow Surprise," instead of going behind my back to the editor.

If I work, I'm competing with men and I'll have door-key children. If I don't work, I'm not providing for the long lonely years when the tiny feet have taken their door keys and pattered away.

If I love my son to distraction, I turn him into a homosexual. If I love him with restraint, I turn him into a juvenile delinquent. The little bastard. I'm not supposed to have a little bastard, but even a sitting duck may be somebody's mother. If there's any question of it, I'm supposed to have him, give him up for adoption, and Seek Counseling. Then, eventually, I will meet a man who Understands.

If he does, I hope he'll explain it to me.

But I have a feeling he won't. No matter how otherwise brilliant and original they may be, men serve up any old tired cliché when they talk about women. After I tell him my mournful tale, he'll say, "Momism."

(The appalling thing is I go right on wanting to cook Marshmallow Surprise for him. But I'm thinking up a new recipe. I add gin.)

IT'S NOT that I want anybody protecting me, or supporting me, or giving me his seat in the subway. I just don't want them spitting in my eye the whole time. I've given up hope of having time to have a soul, but can't I have one tiny foible? My unemancipated great aunts had a great advantage: they could be eccentric. Right now, there's not one young female character in the whole vast breadth of these United States. A few old ones, mostly toothless, persist: everybody loves them and talks about them continuously. I want to be a character, too. I want to save string. I want to be scared of the telephone. I want to let my heels run over and not wear gloves. I want to make scenes. I want to write occasional verse. I want to be rude to fools, while I'm still young enough to do it without being described as a naughty old lady. I want to have crackpot notions, little ways, and one of my moods.

It's not my world. I just washed it, and I can't do anything with it.

Peter F. Drucker

THE NEW TYCOONS

America's next twenty years, part III

The future masters of industry—replacing the Robber Barons of yesteryear—are a handful of self-effacing men with modest incomes, who deliberately refuse to exercise their extraordinary power.

THERE are some one thousand companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. In about one quarter of these, members of the founding family or of the present management own effective control. In the great majority, however, the only large stockholders are institutional trustees for other people's money: investment trusts, pension funds, and banks. Together these "fiduciary investors" have effective working control of these companies—that is, of the commanding position in our economy. Their holdings amount to almost one third of all the marketable common shares of American business.

By and large, these enormous holdings have been acquired in the past ten years. The pension funds only got going after World War II; there were about two thousand then, there are twenty thousand now. Ten years ago both investment trusts and bank-managed personal trusts were still insignificant. The shift of the center of security buying since then represents an unprecedented "democratization" of business ownership, for the real owners of these holdings are "small people," the middle class and the workers. It also represents an unprecedented concentration of legal ownership, for the number of "fiduciary institutions" is fairly small.

Despite its speed and importance, this shift has had amazingly little public attention. When General Motors set up its pension fund seven years ago, it hired Clarance Stanley—then a partner of Morgan, Stanley & Co., the country's most powerful investment bankers—to manage the fund. There could be no more perfect example of the "capitalist revolution" than this move of J. P. Morgan's direct successor from heading the very symbol of Wall Street to managing the savings of "proletarians"—especially since it was quite obvious that Mr. Stanley was both bettering himself financially and acquiring much more financial power. Yet no new Horatio Alger rose to tell this twentieth-century version of "From Rags to Riches." It was noted, if at all, only in a few financial pages.

Anonymity, however, is exactly what our new masters prefer. The fiduciary managers are as unlike the old Lords of Creation as they could possibly be. They run heavily to Ph. D. degrees and Phi Beta Kappa keys. Their incomes generally are modest, usually much less than those of executives in the companies whose stock they manage. Rather than buy yachts, they build up good economic and statistical libraries. If any of them felt like playing the stock market for his own benefit, one or another government agency—the Securities Exchange Commission, the State Insurance Commissioners, or the Banking Inspectors—would have him thrown out in short order. And not one of them would ever dream of entertaining the chorus of a musical comedy—not even at the Automat. They are certainly the soberest, least conspicuous, and most studious of all of our managerial groups.

It is unlikely that the public at large has even heard the names of men like Clarance Stanley of GM, Wallace Dunkel of the Bankers Trust Company's pension-fund department, or Merrill Griswold of Massachusetts Investors Trust. Even in the financial community they are

barely known: when the Fulbright Committee investigated the stock market earlier this year, none of them was called to testify. Yet they are the "New Tycoons." In financial importance and the impact of their decisions on the economy, they—and the other managers of large investors—represent more power than the tycoons of yesteryear ever dreamed of possessing. They could easily match resources with a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, the most lordly of the "old" tycoons whose names are still, half a century after their heyday, household words throughout the world. The Sears Roebuck pension fund owns 26 per cent of the stock of the world's largest merchandising business; the General Motors pension fund has almost $100 million of new money to invest every year; and the Massachusetts Investors Trust, largest of them all, has $763 million in assets.

Even the small fry among them carry a lot of financial weight. The pension fund of the Owen-Illinois Glass Company, for instance, owns the biggest office building in Toledo, Ohio; the glass company itself is among its tenants. And the power and wealth of the New Tycoons is likely to grow still greater. Pension funds still cover little more than a sixth of American workers. A new push by the unions or fairly minor changes in the tax laws might at any time release a new tidal wave of pension-fund formation like that of the past few years.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

THE democratization of business ownership by the fiduciary investor is an achievement without parallel in economic or social history, but it is also a perplexing one. Indeed, the very things that made it possible are problematic. Our economy has made the small man the major supplier of capital—but does enough of it go where it is needed to maintain a growing economy? We have created appropriate institutions to manage the small man's resources—but do they put an adequate share of their venture capital into new or small business?

The fiduciary investors among them own about $34 billion worth of common stock. Since this is truly a prodigious amount, it may at first seem absurd to ask whether it is enough. But the fiduciary investors have become practically the only source of new common-stock capital. The New York Stock Exchange estimates that for every dollar of new money they spend on buying common stock, only five cents are invested directly by private investors—and this in a period of rapidly rising stock-market prices. The pension funds alone receive each year a full third of all the savings the American people can afford to set aside for new investment. Yet only a fraction of the new money amassed each year by the fiduciary investors goes into common shares. All told, the fiduciary trustees have available for investment each year about nine billion dollars. Of this only a billion and a half, at the most, is invested in common stock.

This is far too little for the needs of the economy. The amount of common-stock capital available largely dictates the amount of innovation and expansion business will undertake. Such activities are rightly financed by "equity capital"—that is, primarily by common stock—rather than by borrowing. There is of course a second source of capital for such investments in the profits companies retain rather than pay out as dividends. But even if liberal allowance is made for this, the total amount available on the capital market for innovation and expansion is still too low. As an earlier article of this series pointed out, we now invest capital at the rate of $40 billion a year but will have to step up this rate considerably. Surely we need to put a larger share into venture capital than 4 per cent.

There are, in fact, clear signs that the economy already is inadequately nourished with venture capital. One clue is the extent to which expansion and innovation has come to depend on profits retained and re-invested in the business. Since the end of World War II, such earnings furnished six or seven times as much venture capital as did the capital market. Only the large, well-established company can normally get capital for expansion and innovation from this source, however, for generally they are the only ones—especially under our present tax laws—with sufficient built-up earnings. They naturally invest in fields with which they are familiar; more promising areas of economic enterprise may have to go without.

Another symptom is the extent to which we now finance new ventures through fixed obligations like bonds, mortgages, or bank loans. Practically all new retail stores, for instance, have been financed up to a 100 per cent of cost by bank or insurance-company loans. The lender may be adequately protected; it may be a safe investment for him; but the borrower is assuming burdens which an earlier generation of retail

merchants would have looked upon with dismay. Traditionally, in a boom such as the one we have been experiencing, business cuts its fixed debts and replaces them with venture capital—that is, with common stock. This has been the first boom in our history during which fixed obligations have become a larger, and not smaller, proportion of business capitalization. While our tax laws may have been even more responsible for this than the lack of venture capital, it is hardly a desirable development.

The classical argument against a "soak-the-rich" policy has always been that only the rich can supply the venture capital an expanding economy needs. If the middle classes and the workers can save money at all, it was said, they have to invest in the past rather than in the future. (They tend to catch up with themselves, and get the things they previously could not afford, before they move ahead.) But an economy that cannot invest in the future is a dying economy. We are justly proud of having made the middle classes and working people capable of replacing the millionaire capitalist of old—but the ancient argument that these new "capitalists" cannot supply enough venture capital has still to be disproved. We have yet to discover how to channel an adequate part of the income of the New Tycoons into common stock.

FALSE CONSERVATISM

THE KEY to this problem is in the hands of our oldest, largest, and most powerful fiduciary investors, the life-insurance companies. With well over $80 billion in assets, they represent greater financial power than all the trusts and pension funds put together. They are also trustees for many more people—for thirty-two million (out of a total of forty-two million) American families, who hold 115 million individual life-insurance policies and group-insurance contracts. To most of these families the insurance policy represents their largest, often their only, capital asset.

Yet the United States life-insurance companies—and only those of the United States—own virtually no common stock. Two fifths of their assets are invested in the bonds of private companies. Almost one third is in mortgages. Total common stock holdings are barely $2 billion, or less than 3 per cent. There are not even common stocks in the pension funds they manage. The banks that manage pension funds, however, put a third of their monies into common stock.

This policy has an honorable history, but it has long since lost whatever sense it used to make. To shun common-stock investments is not in the interest of the insured individual; it is the opposite of "conservative." The last depression certainly showed that sound common stock is safer than the mortgages on office buildings, apartment houses, and homes which figure so prominently in the portfolios of life-insurance companies—safer even than a good many railroad or industrial bonds.

The traditional policy is also far from advantageous to the life-insurance companies. It may explain why they have lost ground in the postwar period and now attract a smaller share of total savings than they did before the war. Though the life-insurance companies invented the pension fund, they get only a third of pension-fund business, primarily because the customers demand adequate common stock investments. "A worker who has a pension," as one of the shrewdest managers of pension funds in this country points out, "does not expect a certain amount in dollars but a certain purchasing power, no matter how many dollars it takes to provide it."

And this means that pension funds, to be conservative, must carry a substantial amount of common stock as a hedge against inflation.

During the past few years there have been numerous developments aimed at enabling insurance companies to buy common stock for investment. Thirty-eight states now allow them to buy in limited quantities. One company in New York has obtained permission from the state to set up a separate common-stock investment trust; another in Ohio has recently purchased an investment trust and offers its certificate to life-insurance holders as an additional investment. The New York State Assembly in its last session passed a bill which would have allowed insurance companies to offer annuity contracts based on common-stock investment, with a flexible rather than a fixed dollar value, based upon the value of the stock in the future. Governor Dewey's veto killed this bill, but it is commonly expected that it will soon be re-introduced. And a similar bill is now up for debate in New Jersey.

There is in fact only one real obstacle left to large-scale common-stock buying by life-insurance companies: they have fixed liabilities to meet as soon as a claim arises. They there-

fore need fixed, or at least predictable, income. But common-stock dividends fluctuate with earnings. If American industry follows the trend toward Automation, as suggested in last month's article, this obstacle will grow bigger. Since production and labor force have to be kept fairly constant under Automation, the full burden of adjustment to economic ups-and-downs will fall on profits. Common stock earnings will fluctuate even more than they have traditionally.

YET THERE is a way out of the impasse. Over any calendar year business profits will indeed have to fluctuate. But over a longer timespan—three, five, in some businesses, ten years—they can be predicted and planned, as a good many companies (Armstrong Cork, General Motors, or the Telephone Company) have successfully proven over the past twenty-five years. At the same time, the institutional investors, too, can adjust by planning on a five-year rather than a one-year basis; or a business (tax laws permitting) might lay aside earnings in a good year to cover the dividend in a poor one.

In other words, though it will take better financial planning than we have often been used to, the obstacle can be overcome. If the life-insurance companies invest one-fifth of their new money in common stock for the next ten years, at the end of the decade they will still have less than 10 per cent of their assets in common stock—surely not an extravagant proportion. But this would almost double the supply of venture capital to the capital market—and give us the base the economy needs to grow and to expand.

But what about the small and growing business? Practically without exception, the funds invested today in common stock go to the large, well-established companies. Only these companies can have their securities listed on the Stock Exchange; and unlisted securities do not attract the fiduciary investor. The life-insurance companies, if and when they start to buy common stock, are certain to be even more concerned with the marketability of their holdings, and will be even more likely to channel their funds into the large and old company.

Of course, the fiduciary investors would be grossly remiss in their duty as trustees if they were to invest in any but marketable and listed common stock. But the danger is also obvious: it gives the big companies practically a monopoly on access to the means of growth. This may not represent a positive change for the worse, since the young business has always had difficulty obtaining equity capital. But it is certainly socially and economically undesirable that small and growing businesses should be limited, if not deprived, of access to the capital market.

A solution to this problem has been found by the Massachusetts Investors Trust in Boston. Together with several small fiduciary investors, it has founded a company specifically intended to supply equity capital for new ventures: the American Development and Research Corporation. This company is sufficiently large for its shares to be listed on the Stock Exchange; thus fiduciary trustees can invest substantial sums in it.

Here might be the pattern for combining responsibility to the individual beneficiary with responsibility to society. Ultimately we might have a number of development companies, some within one region, some within one industry, others (like American Development and Research) specializing in new technological processes, and so forth. Whatever the device, finding it is a major responsibility for the fiduciary investor, and one that deserves high priority.

WHO RUNS INDUSTRY?

POWER and responsibility pose a final question—and the toughest one. It can be simply stated: should the fiduciary trustees, in whose hands the real financial power of this country increasingly lies, exercise the right to control the management of companies whose legal owners they are? Should they demand a place on the board of directors, appoint and remove management people, review and approve company decisions? Are they entitled to exercise this control even though they are only "legal" owners?

Or should they take the attitude, as trustees, that they are neither entitled to nor responsible for the management of business? They are investors, not entrepreneurs; and the money they have invested is not theirs, anyhow. Should they religiously refrain from any control—perhaps even be forbidden, as some industrial managements contend, from ever voting the stock which is legally in their name?

These are obviously important questions. The answers will largely determine the structure of industrial society in the years to come. But when the first pension trust was started, forty or fifty years ago, these questions were scarcely considered. The Sears Roebuck profit-

aring fund, probably the most successful of l, was started in 1916. It blithely provided that ie income of the fund should be invested in mmon stock of the company and that the ficers of the company should vote the stock on ehalf of the beneficiaries. But at that time, pparently, nobody foresaw that forty years later ie pension fund would own 26 per cent of the mpany's stock and be the only large stock-older.

Today, on the other hand, the managements fiduciary investors are so conscious of the ower they could wield that they swing to the pposite extreme. In the charter of most new ension funds there is a provision forbidding rchase of the company's own stock. Many of ie funds even forbid investment in the stock of mpeting companies. The charters also provide iat only a fraction of the assets of the fund ay ever be invested in any one company. They ovide further that no more than a small frac-on (5 to 10 per cent) of the capital of any one mpany may ever be purchased by the fund. nd finally, by tacit consent, it is understood that ie holdings of the funds will not be voted.

"Our interest is purely financial," the top man one of the largest pension funds said to me. We are not owners and we are not managers. we do not like a company or its management, e sell the stock. We have neither right nor mpetence to control. We can only act as ustees, and it is quite clear that interference ith management does not lie within the trust e have received."

The reasons for such self-restraint are good id compelling reasons. Even if no one of the duciary investors owned more than 5 or 10 per nt of a company's stock, together they would minate unless they voluntarily refrained from ing so. They would all normally tend to think id act alike; they are people with the same terests, the same training, and the same re-onsibilities. As for controlling the industry, it ould really not make much difference whether ere were one or twenty such fiduciary investors. y exercising their legal power, they would bring nerican industries under that most dubious of asters—control by the financial mind.

But how satisfactory is the alternative—that the system we have now? First, it is probably t good enough even to satisfy the present de-ands on the fiduciary by his principal, the dividual investor. It is simply not true that e fiduciary institution can sell its shareholdings whenever it loses confidence in management. It owns so much that it can sell only to an equally large investor—that is, to another fiduciary. And is it really likely that there will be demand for a big chunk of stock on the part of other fiduciary investors just when one of them decides that he wants to get out of an investment—particularly stock in a company where the management is inadequate?

Precisely because they form the real capital market in this country today, the fiduciary investors cannot liquidate their holdings except slowly. Their one way of passing judgment on a company is so drastic that it is virtually unusable. Thus the presently accepted policy means that management is essentially responsible to no one. By their abstention from voting and control, in the majority of cases, the fiduciary institutions simply confirm the incumbent officers.

A GOOD example of this is Montgomery Ward. A very substantial part of the company stock is in the vaults of investment trusts and pension funds. These holders have been far from satisfied with the way Mr. Sewell Avery has been running the company—and they have said so openly. Yet they have refrained from voting against him, arguing that after all they do not really own the stock but merely represent the "real" owners. This has been one of the main reasons Mr. Avery could continue to manage without serious opposition to his decision to retrench—to the point where his business has been almost in voluntary liquidation—or to his methods of handling executives.

At the same time, hypothetically, as long as they openly abstain from voting their stock as a matter of policy, the dominant holders cannot save a competent management from being "blitzed." All unwittingly, they invite the attention of any financial sharpshooter or stock market manipulator who wants to get control of a firm in order to milk it. If 40 to 60 per cent of the company voting stock is in the hands of fiduciary investors who will not vote, then control of the company can be obtained by buying up on the Stock Exchange 5 to 15 per cent of the stock—a fairly small fraction. Then the raiding group can appeal to the scattered mass of small stockholders in a battle for proxies; and the company that has been careful in building up property, or in plowing back earnings for expansion and research, is peculiarly vulnerable to such "blitzing" tactics. Its management can

all-too-easily be made to look as though it had withheld from the stockholder earnings that should have been paid out in dividends.

The fiduciary trustees are therefore caught in a genuine conflict of responsibility between the duties they owe to the beneficiaries of their funds, and the duties they owe to the country as guardians of its capital resources. They cannot be allowed to exercise the full legal ownership power they possess. But at the same time they cannot be absolved from their responsibility to make sure that the companies they "own" are managed professionally, competently, and with high standards of integrity. In other words, they are not just trustees of the individual saver or investor. They are also trustees of one of America's most critically important resources, which is the performance and vision of our organized economic institutions.

A NEW KIND OF ADVISER?

THE PRESENT "hands-off" attitude is the right one for the time being. Until we know how the New Tycoons should discharge their responsibility, it is certainly better for them to be modest, self-restrained, and "strict constructionists" of their legal right. But this cannot satisfy the needs of our society for the long pull; and while we do not have, as yet, any real solution, we do have some beginnings.

Some of the fiduciary investors, for example, are thinking of bringing in a number of truly independent and objective advisers on management. Some of these advisers would be distinguished industrialists; others, men in public or academic life. It would be their function to keep a watchful eye on the companies in which a fiduciary has a major investment, and to be in close touch with the management of these companies. These men—while appointed for a specific period of time, compensated adequately, and completely outside of the control of the management of the fiduciary institution itself—would have the responsibility to suggest when to drop the purely passive and self-restrained role of the "investor" and to assume a positive role as an "owner," in which the legal rights of ownership and the voting power would be exercised.

Similarly, some of the large publicly-owned companies—conscious of the fact that ownership of their securities is coming to rest more and more in fiduciary-investor hands—are talking about the appointment to their own boards of directors of two or three men of similar standing. Their primary duty would be to establish liaison between the company and its major institutional owners, to advise management of the needs of the institutional holders and their beneficiaries, and in turn to keep the fiduciary institutions informed on the plans and decisions of management. This would mean in effect that the fiduciary investors, without themselves going on the board of a company, would have spokesmen and informants on the board to enable them better to judge when to act as if they were the real owners, and how.

But these are the barest of beginnings. This is a big job—much bigger, perhaps, than I have been able to indicate here. While it appears to be a matter of financial policy, the issue in essence is nothing less than the legitimacy of management in contemporary America—that is, a society in which management is increasingly professional and ownership is increasingly a mere title to income, held anonymously and scattered in almost sub-atomic particles.

This question of the legitimacy of management may well be the toughest yet to be answered by the modern industrial society. It is certainly a central one. In every other country the alternative to the "tycoon" of yesterday, the acquisitive robber baron, seems to have been government ownership. In this country we have found a different alternative, the democratization of ownership in which the real owners are increasingly the employees themselves. But, in order to accomplish this, we are increasingly forced to concentrate legal ownership of industry in the hands of a comparatively small number of fiduciary investors. To the problems thence arising, clearly the solution lies in the realization on the part of these New Tycoons—in the sharpest possible contrast to the tycoons of yesteryear—that they have responsibilities both to the individuals for whom they manage their funds and to the commonweal, whose basic capital resources will be increasingly entrusted to their care.

Next month Mr. Drucker will summarize future issues of public policy. "America's Next Twenty Years" will be available in its entirety in reprint form at 50¢ per copy at the conclusion of the fourth installment in June. Please address all inquiries to:

Harper's Magazine, Dept. G
49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y.



THE QUIET CHIMNEYS

A Story by William Eastlake

Drawings by Don Lynch

THE CHEVVY pick-up made its way around the point of the dry mesa. There e two Navaho women in the back of the k facing each other. They were not saying thing but this was their custom. That they e in the back and the men in the front was stom too. The women were being driven n the post of the white trader, where they had nothing but talk because they were out credit, back to their hogans which were out food, to put an edge on their knives. e unremitting drought had long since given r hunger a splendid edge.

he white trader and the husbands of the Indians in the rear were going to drop the es at a hogan to rig a pole to dress out a buck. people in front were going to kill a buck. ey had their guns hidden under a blanket on the floor board. They were going hunting out of season. This was not a custom at all. But this hunger was becoming a custom and, among many other and more painful words, one Navaho found it a bore.

"I tell you, Sansi," the Navaho in front said to the white trader, "it's becoming a big bore."

The two Navahos were wearing blue levis, black and yellow boots, and each had a red cotton band around his forehead. The trader wore a leather jacket and a large and very worn Stetson. They wore the same thing in any season.

The white trader, whose name was George Bowman, said nothing.

"I got that from a book, Sansi," the Navaho said. "Tell me, is that the way they talk at your Yale during the cocktail hour? That is, you can't possibly play football all the time even at your Yale. There must be a cocktail hour. Did you know that Sansi went to Yale?"

The Navaho who spoke was named Quicker-Than-You. The other Indian was called Rabbit Stockings and he said, "Shut up, Quicker-Than-You."

They arrived now at one of the hogans of the Navaho. The trader stopped the blue pick-up and the wives who were riding in the back got off. The hogan was octagonal-shaped and made of vertically-placed cedar posts chinked with adobe. The roof was conical and of mud, laced underneath with piñon. There was a hole in the middle for the smoke to come out when they cooked, but there was no smoke from any of the hogans.

There was a green and orange wagon parked outside the hogan with an enormous lever that was a hand brake and the big letters INDIANA written on its side. The trader's name appeared in smaller letters underneath. Between the wagon and the mud-colored hogan two skeletal paint horses refused to get off the trail, just staring at the truck with their feral, stupid, and beautiful eyes. Each of the horses had a jagged patch of white over his left eye, which gave them the appearance of having only two eyes between them. The trader was forced to go around the horses, knocking down the thick olive chamise brush, the pick-up thumping heavily. The horses looked at each other as if they had won something.

THEY WERE on the trail tracks again now, their fenders brushing against the heavy, head-high chico and chamise bushes.

"Tell us that poem again that man wrote about the Indians, Sansi," Quicken-Than-You said.

"I, a stranger and afraid in a world I never made."

They had to cross an arroyo now. There were two crossings, one over a tender-looking bridge made of No. 5 lumber, the other a road that wound down the arroyo and up the other side for the heavier wagons. The white trader tried it across the bridge and made it okay with the Indians not breathing.

"That's not bad, Sansi, but it rhymes," Quicker-Than-You said as they curved through the badlands. "Didn't you tell us it couldn't rhyme, Sansi?"

"I said it didn't have to rhyme. It has other laws," the white trader said.

"Like not hunting out of season," Quicker-Than-You said.

"I suppose so," George Bowman said, and he swore at the Indian under his breath.

The earth in the badlands all had wide cracks and was in waves. It was encrusted with alkali. Sometimes there was a big barranca where the scientists hunted and the government soil people looked and which the Navahos found difficult to cross.

"And paintings aren't supposed to look like anything."

The driver didn't say anything.

"Check, Sansi?" Quicker-Than-You insisted.

"I said they need not look like something familiar."

"They have other laws, Sansi, like . . ."

"Shut up, Quicker-Than-You," Rabbit Stockings said.

The pick-up was crawling in low gear over a great mound that looked like a dome of salt, and the land was without anything except the distant dry blue mesa as far as they could see.

"Okay, Sansi, I'm going to lay off it," Quicker-Than-You said. "I'm going to be a heap good tourist Indian. Tell me, Sansi, you like my wife's pictures on the rugs she makes where the men's bodies are like a pencil? Are they unfamiliar enough?"

"I like them very much," the white trader said.

"Okay, Sansi, I believe that. You buy them even now when you can't sell them. But do you think my wife is beautiful?"

"Yes," the white trader said.

"Okay, we better change the subject," Quicker-Than-You said. "And, speaking of women, you know we Navahos haven't raided the Pueblo People for a little while now."

"Almost one hundred years," Rabbit Stockings said.

"I wonder if their women miss us," Quicker-Than-You said.

The trader had to shift again to get over a bad place.

"Before the whites the Navaho could take what he wanted," Quicker-Than-You said slowly. "And that went for the game too. Nothing was out of season."

The trader was hoping that the very-bright-indeed Indian would drop it for a while.

But the Navajo was still circling in attack, and he came in now fast and under the cover of something else.

"You going to hit me with a writ, Sansi, on my wagon that isn't paid for?"

"No," George Bowman said. "Because it wouldn't do any good."

"That comedian from the used-car lot in Gallup hit me with a writ on my former Cadillac, Sansi. I tell you, Sansi, a Cadillac is not much of an automobile for this country."

"Especially when they hit you with a writ," George Bowman said.



RABBIT STOCKINGS was not following anything. He always found Quicker-Than-You sharper than anything he had ever felt before. It cut when he understood him, which was not very often, but he could not put down Quicker-Than-You. Quicker-Than-You would not allow himself to be dropped, he insisted himself on the other Indians. He was good-looking, brilliant, clever, and dishonest and he

wouldn't let the whites say much either. Quicker-Than-You had begun his campaign to go hunting out of season several days ago, when the hunger got bad. Today he had succeeded.

Rabbit Stockings was silent, not only because he found Quicker-Than-You too sharp, but because Rabbit Stockings had nothing to say. Rabbit Stockings had just gone through a period when he had plenty to say; his wife had to have a kidney stone removed, and the clan had had many sings to pull her through and Rabbit Stockings was very popular. It was the biggest thing that had happened to his clan for two years. Even when the stone turned out to be much smaller than supposed, "and, of course, of no intrinsic value."

One thing you could credit to Quicker-Than-You was that he was not a professional Indian. They were now passing two professional Indians. From this hill they could see the heart of Cuba. Cuba was worth about two professional Indians dressing as the Babbitts insisted they should dress and jumping the way the Babbitts insisted they should jump. Today the professional Indians walking toward Cuba were Tom-Dick-and-Harry and Silver Threads. The Indians in the pick-up did not wave to them as they went by.

One credit you could *not* give to Quicker-Than-You, Rabbit Stockings thought, was that he knew when to keep his mouth shut.

"WHEN THE regular hunting season was on, we were scared," Quicker-Than-You said. "I tell you, Sansi, I went through the war. It never bothered me very much, but when those shooting people from the city were here I was scared. What was the word they used? Safari? What does it mean? Sansi said safari means they're trying to prove something."

"I did not," the white trader said, shifting her into second, slowing her to go over a steel cattle guard.

"Well, say it now," Quicker-Than-You said.

"All right," the trader said. "I will say they are trying to prove they've got more money than you."

"That's my boy," Quicker-Than-You said, clapping the white trader on the knee.

"You know my wife's reading a book," Quicker-Than-You said. "What do you think, Sansi? You think that can be dangerous?"

They waited alongside the trail now for a wagon full of Navahos to pass.

"Sansi, it's called The Power of Positive Drinking, or Thinking, I guess it is. Anyway I read parts of it. You know, Sansi, I think they're trying to fool us Indians."

"Then we're all in the same hogan," the white trader said, starting the car again. "But they're sincere." And then the trader wished he had said nothing.

"Everybody's sincere, Sansi. The game warden's sincere. Everybody's sincere, Sansi. We're sincere about killing a buck out of season. But we're hungry, Sansi."

"Half the world is hungry," the white trader said.

"But the other half isn't as close to the deer as this half, Sansi."

"For an illiterate Indian you do all right," the white trader said.

"I stayed out of Yale," Quicker-Than-You said. "That's more than a lot of the Indians who live this close to the mission did. I stayed out of Yale."

"But you can't live on that," Rabbit Stockings said. "You've got to accomplish something else. Your wife stayed out of Yale."

"True," Quicker-Than-You said. "But Sansi didn't."

"Okay," the white trader said. "But can't you lay off?"

"Sure, sure," Quicker-Than-You said. "And I will accomplish something else today. I will kill that big buck. Five hundred yards, right between the eyes."

The trader winced.

THEY HAD passed through Cuba now and were going past the ranches of the white people. There were not many of them in these thousands of square miles of northern New Mexico; and these few were located between the Navaho and the Apache Nations. The trader called the white ranches a buffer state. What Quicker-Than-You called them was not printable. Rabbit Stockings was completely without heavy weapons to support his opinions, so he was patient. Most of the other Indians were patient too.

They went by Ben Shroyer's place, and Ben Shroyer, with Cass Goodner and Plemon Johnson, all in identical wide black hats and sharp pointed boots, were trying to pour a corralful of white-faced and Brahma cattle through a chute and into a huge semi-trailer truck that would hold thirty-six. They wanted to get started back

in the sale ring in Albuquerque, but the cattle were pushing and they weren't doing any good. As the hunters drove by, they heard the sharp-faced, city-dressed driver swearing.

They continued down the trail and began to count the gates. They would turn off at the third forest gate. The Indians had spotted the big buck some time ago and knew he ran with two does at a clearing near the center of the Cuba Mesa. They had to get the trader in on it because he would furnish the shells, now that they were without credit, and the pick-up with a tarp to put the buck under, which would create no suspicion as they went by the ranger station in Cuba. They had nothing to worry about, the nearest game warden was one hundred miles away. The scheme was absolutely foolproof.

Quicker-Than-You counted the second gate, and continued as he had been continuing for the last week.

"It's not that I am bitter, Sansi. I am willing to let lost wars be lost wars and lost land remain forever lost. But remember, in this you're in the same position as the Navaho, Sansi. You were as frightened as any non-institutionalized person would be to venture your head above ground while the city whites were banging away at each other during the hunting season to celebrate the next Du Pont Powder Company's dividend. You have seen the deer starving in the winter snows because of overpopulation since the wise policy of the Great White Father to kill off the big cats. You see the starving weak deer get killed every winter by the few remaining cats. I ask you, Sansi, are the mountain lions more privileged than us?"

"How many gates was that?" the white trader asked.

"Two. We turn at the next one, Sansi."

"And if you keep it up," George Bowman said, "we will go back to the post."

"I'm not saying anything, Sansi. I apologize for being born."

THEY turned into the third forest gate now and Rabbit Stockings got out to open it. There was a small clearing of logged-over country before they entered the forest. At the edge of it a Spanish family from La Ventana was cording firewood. The Indians who did not have to get along with these people called them Mexicans. The Anglo ranchers, who did, called them Spanish-Americans. The trader called them people. These people straightened up and waved as the pick-up went by. They had on red baseball caps. The trader waved back.

The pick-up entered the dark forest now and nobody said anything, while they traveled for fifteen minutes. Then the trader stopped the truck and they talked in whispers and signaled to each other with their arms.

This hunt had been carefully planned and they all knew what to do. They started off with Rabbit Stockings, who was probably better than anyone in the world at this sort of thing, leading. Then came the trader, followed by Quicker-Than-You. They began to travel a big circle in a direction that always kept the moving air coming into their faces, and up wind from the deer, and that would bring them soon to the point in the jut of the mesa where they would no longer walk in file. Then all would make a half turn and sweep the mesa. The buck and the two does—if he still had them—could not outflank the hunters and double back because there was a sheer cliff on either side; and soon the deer would have to make a break into the logged clearing the hunters were pushing them toward. This maneuver was a memorable strategy of the Navaho long before it was a classic strategy of the British Navy.

THE HUNTERS had made their simultaneous turn now and were combing the mesa. A big, gentle, wafer-soft snow began to come down as they made their turn but it did nothing to their plans; if there was enough of it they could even use it for tracking.

The great drought, that had had the Navaho People down on one knee for a very long count might be breaking. On the way up the trader had noticed the fat gray cumulus building up to the cirrus and now—as the flat gentle flakes came into his face on a long downward curve, so individual, big, and spaced apart that maybe you could count them—he was not surprised at all. He could still see the Navahos in a quiet white haze through the sparse piñon as the line moved forward.

The gray buck with a white belly and great puzzled eyes beneath ten fine spreading points of antlers, who must easily go three hundred or more pounds, had his two does working a stretch of grama grass just above the logged clearing when the buck picked up the man smell. The buck felt toward the direction of the smell with his square black nose that was shining wet, until he was certain there were three of them and that



there was no hope of getting around their flank and coming in behind them. But he took several tentative but graceful and light, for his heaviness, quick steps toward the hunters to make certain he could not bring his does through them, before he turned them toward the clearing he knew he must avoid.

The great buck who now nuzzled the does into movement had, in his wisdom and ten years of experience, got through eight hunting seasons, subtracting those years when he was illegal game. Now he had to get through an extra season. Only last week he had finished weathering a month-long war, which came each year at the same time. Then the man smell shot at everything that moved, including not only each other, but in some strange rite, themselves. (The buck had watched from a crag with his two does a hunter stumble as he left his car and shoot himself. As the pool of red spread, these three witnesses had fled into the Largo country, to return only three days ago to this part of the mesa on which they had, until now, been able to successfully maneuver and triumph.)

Rabbit Stockings made an arm signal to the others that he had picked up the almost noiseless sound of the buck pushing his antlers through the dry ground-suckers of the dwarf oak. The Navaho must have picked up other gentle sounds too because he pumped his left arm three times to indicate the number and then, with the same arm, made a great circle in the air to signify that the buck was moving toward the open clearing up ahead.

The trader signaled now to increase the pace, knowing they must press the deer and close the range—be able to take advantage of that moment's hesitation the deer would have before they broke across the clearing. The hunters clicked off their safeties. The deer would have to go any second now.

The does broke first, pushed out by the buck. They made their run fast and bounding. Then the buck came out, but slowly, as though to draw the fire on himself. He made an unnecessary turn and looked back straight at the trader, and George Bowman had never had an easier shot in his life. He raised the gun and squeezed off two shots. Rabbit Stockings on his right, who had an even easier shot, pounded off two more. The big buck turned, pivoted slowly again, his white tail flashing before he decided to bound off fast in the direction of the aspens where the does were already safe. They watched him go with no one firing. Quicker-Than-You had not fired at all.

They all converged on the trader now, but they said nothing until they had each lit up one of the trader's cigarettes. They all stood with the butt of their carbines alongside their left foot.

"Son of a bitch. I missed him twice," Rabbit Stockings said.

"I missed him twice," the trader said.

"I never got off a shot," Quicker-Than-You said. "I knew you boys had him."

"Son of a bitch. I missed him twice," Rabbit Stockings said.

WHEN THEY finished their cigarettes it was beginning to snow very heavily and as they made their way back to the pick-up they crossed the tracks of the buck where he had joined the does. They could tell by the size of the tracks he was as beautiful as they remembered.

"Too late to track," Rabbit Stockings said.

"Much too late," the trader said.

When they got back to the blue pick-up it was already cased in white and the trader scraped the snow off the windshield before he started her up. He thought the snow would be heavy now on the poles the Indian women had prepared.

There was a heater in the cab of the pick-up and they were plenty warm going back. They did not hide their guns now; the Navahos kept them between their knees. They were short carbine twenty-inch lever-action Winchesters, pointing at the roof. The trader's big and old Clabro-

Martin, which had been the property of his father, was pointing at the floor. He had emptied it. All the guns were empty. When they got to the edge of the dark forest and came out into the light the Navahos waved to the people gathering wood. They looked up surprised but they waved back. One of them took off his red cap.

After they got through the forest gate there was a wagonful of Apaches pulled by two starving small Indian ponies, getting ready to camp for the night against the driving snow. The Navahos waved to these people too. The wagonful of Apaches did not seem to know how to take it but they waved back. They were probably going to Zia for a sing. There must be, Rabbit Stockings thought, fourteen of those red Apaches piled in that green wagon being pulled by those two splashed white and sorry horses.

At Ben Shroyer's the men had emptied the semi-trailer and were trying to load it again, properly this time. The men with wide black hats and pointed boots were waving at the cattle with sticks and the sharp-faced city driver was on top of the red semi cursing and waving a stick too. None of them were waving at the Navahos in the pick-up who were waving at them. The Navahos did not seem to mind.

In the heart of Cuba they stopped in front of Bart Montoya's New York City Bar and allowed the two professional Indians to get in the back of the pick-up. Going out of town they waved to the small, thin, college-boy forest ranger in green uniform and Boy Scout hat sitting in the window of the ranger station reading a book of DeVoto's on the wild west. He looked a long way from home. He wasn't waving to anyone.

Soon they were back in their hogan country and there wasn't any more waving. The snow was piling up on the north side of the hogans and there was no smoke from the holes in the dome-shaped roofs. All the chimneys were quiet.

When they got to Rabbit Stockings' hogan the snow was thick on the poles the women had erected to dress out the buck. The trader did not stop; he kept right on going.

"Wait," Rabbit Stockings said, "I live here."

"I know," the trader said. "But first we must go to the post."

INSIDE the dark, great room of the adobe and log trading post the trader pumped up the Colman lanterns and lit them and from underneath the bare shelves he managed to assemble two boxes of groceries.

"But," Rabbit Stockings said, "what are you going to eat?"

"I got plenty," George Bowman said.

Quicker-Than-You went around in back of the counter where he did not belong and then he stuck up his head and said, "There's nothing left but a case of beans."

"You cannot live on a case of beans," Rabbit Stockings said.

"I can live on a case of beans if an Indian can live on nothing," the trader said, and he lit up a cigarette and offered them each one which they did not accept.

"We can work up a credit at Johnson's," Quicker-Than-You said. "There's no need to rob you."

"Johnson's post is finding it impossible to carry their own Indians through this period. He absolutely could not carry you."

"I know," Rabbit Stockings said. "Our credit is worthless."

The trader was looking out the window toward the hogans and beyond to the blue mesa.

"After today we all maybe draw a little fresh credit," the trader said finally and he pushed the boxes off on his friends and they left silently.

After they had gone the trader took one of the cans of beans and the Colman lantern into a small back room he used as a kitchen and opened the can of beans. George Bowman, whose father and his father in turn had lived with the Indians, had had all the good things when the wool, along with the spirits, was high, when the rains were hard and heavy and the government was interpreting the Treaty of 1868 generously; and when you had inherited all of the downs and ups of three generations, then maybe you could take one more bad year. Just one more year, he had been telling himself for many years now, and now he told it to himself again. Just maybe one more year, he said. Just one more year finally adds up to eternity but I do not find eternity with The People too hard to take. Even with Quicker-Than-You. Perhaps it is only the Quicker-Than-Yous that make eternity bearable, he thought. Anyway you take it as it comes. The trader was feeling pretty good. In his way of life you had to be satisfied with being a small winner.

"Yes, after today everyone deserves some credit," he said aloud and to no one. Now he got back to the business of trying to eat the beans. He was sick of beans. But the beans would be far far better than the quiet chimneys.

Thomas Whiteside

Ogilvy the Ineffable Ad Man

A Scot who calls himself "a very crass fellow" has been causing quite a hubbub in the advertising world with an assortment of beards, eye-patches, and unorthodox ideas.

THE TRADE of advertising is now so near to perfection that it is not easy to propose any improvement," Dr. Samuel Johnson declared in 1759. "But as every art ought to be exercised in due subordination to the public good, I cannot but propose it as a moral question, whether they do not sometimes play too wantonly with our passions."

Dr. Johnson's passion never was one to be played with too wantonly, and perhaps it is just as well that he never lived to experience a television commercial. Nevertheless, the great thunderer of Gough Square still has his followers on Madison Avenue in 1955. The trade of advertising teems with executives who find it difficult to propose any improvement in their product.

American advertising—which in a few decades has transformed itself from a minor craft operating on the fringes of a production economy into a central impelling force of a vast consumer economy—may have changed the American way of life, but it hasn't done much to change the fundamental assumptions of ad men about Americans.

Since the thirties Big Radio has come and gone, the ranch-type house has arrived in all its glory, people have taken to spending more money annually on going to musical concerts than on going to baseball games. Yet, with all this, most advertisers seem content enough to continue in the world of their colleagues twenty years ago—the world of scientifically-proven ingredients, amazing, miracle-toothpaste discoveries, and fast, satisfying, four-way relief.

Once, during a foray into Radio City, I encountered a network vice-president who recognized this, and who spoke to me earnestly about the necessity of educating advertisers to a more modern view of prevailing public taste. He then took me into a television studio to watch him supervise a rehearsal of a closed-circuit television performance for advertising-agency executives. The performance was supposed to demonstrate to ad men the advantages of using color commercials, and one of the first things the vice-president did was to correct the acting of a performer playing the part of an average viewer. Until he was called to task for it, the actor had been playing the viewer as a character who wasn't very bright. The vice-president soon put a stop to all that. He had him play the average viewer as a simple moron.

Persistent though this image of the average man may be in the minds of some of our most powerful advertisers, it would be unfair to say that there are no signs of change along Madison Avenue. In an age when a bright young Yale man pounding out, say, soap-opera commercials for a big New York advertising agency can find himself, overnight, in the White House pounding out homilies for use in screenside chats, anything can happen. Lately, the entrenched power of the old four-way-relief school of advertising along Madison Avenue has even been subject to some degree of challenge by younger men with tolerably fresh ideas and occasionally a comparatively literate approach to the American public.

Perhaps the best-known of this group of Young Turks in the advertising world is David Ogilvy, the president of Ogilvy, Benson and Mather, a New York agency that was formed six years ago. Although a relatively new agency, and, by Madison Avenue standards, fairly small—it employs only 126 people—Ogilvy, Benson and Mather is exerting an influence on American advertising out of all proportion to its size, and Ogilvy himself is regarded by many ad men as one of the most successful copywriting executives to come along in the postwar era. Madison Avenue has

given the world the model charcoal-gray suit; Ogilvy, Benson and Mather has given Madison Avenue the model with the charcoal-black eye-patch.

Since his agency was formed in 1949, Ogilvy has been responsible for the production of such handsomely illustrated ads as those in the "Come to Britain" series placed in magazines on behalf of the British Travel Association, and for the campaigns on behalf of Guinness Stout and Viyella fabrics. Above all, he has been responsible for promoting what are probably the two most luminous characters to appear in American advertising in years—the Man From Schweppes and the Man in the Hathaway Shirt.

SINCE they began to appear in the ads a while back, these two contrasting studies in cosmopolitan elegance—Commander Edward Whitehead, the Schweppesman Extraordinary, with his briefcase and homburg, fairly breathing international good fellowship, as well as quinine water, from behind his red beard; the Man in the Hathaway Shirt, ever haughty and aloof behind his eye-patch—have became nationally famous figures. They are men of distinction's men of distinction.

The Commander, who really *is* a former Commander in the British Navy, as well as being the real president of Schweppes' American subsidiary company, and the Man in the Hathaway Shirt, who doesn't wear an eye-patch outside of a photographic studio, are discussed at cocktail parties, in the press, and on the air, and the rate at which they sell Schweppes and Hathaway shirts is one that promises to make the manufacturers of both commodities rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Like the ads in which the Man from Schweppes and the Man in the Hathaway Shirt appear, most ads put out by Ogilvy, Benson and Mather are marked, not only by their striking central ideas and illustrations, but also by the intriguing nature of their accompanying copy. The peculiar combination of all three factors that comprises the Ogilvy Touch is typically apparent in ads the agency once did in a regrettably short-lived campaign for Guinness Stout—a series of layouts simply entitled "Guinness Guide to Oysters," "Guinness Guide to Cheese," and "Guinness Guide to Guinness," and accompanied by color photographs of a mouth-watering array of different kinds of oysters, cheeses, and foam-brimmed antique beer glasses and mugs.

"Oyster Bays are mild and heavy-shelled," remarks the caption underneath a photograph of one splendid-looking specimen of that variety of oyster. "It is said that oysters yawn at night. Monkeys know this and arm themselves with small stones. They watch for an oyster to yawn and then pop the stone in between the shells. Thus the oyster is exposed to the greed of the monkeys." Again, under a picture of a rosy-shelled Edam cheese: "Edam is *auditioned* before it is sold—the Dutch cheesemongers tap each cheese and judge its quality by the echo. Admiral de Ruyter used Edam cheeses as cannonballs. The delicate flavor calls for Half-and-Half—half beer, half Guinness."

In the "Guinness Guide to Guinness," Ogilvy's copy may remark under a photograph of a fine Toby jug, that "mulled Guinness is made by plunging a red-hot poker into a jug of Guinness Stout . . . the immersion of the poker is an exciting business. Mulled Guinness should be drunk in winter, before a blazing log fire, with the curtains drawn." Or elsewhere it may simply quote from the diary of a cavalry officer wounded at Waterloo: "When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful."

THE MAN BEHIND THE ADS

IN APPEARANCE and manner, Ogilvy, the creator of this sort of advertising, is about as distinct from the outsider's image of the advertising executive as his Guinness copy is from that featuring Miss Rheingold. Ogilvy is a former member of the British wartime intelligence service in this country and a former second secretary of the British Embassy in Washington. At forty-three, he is a rather scholarly-looking man of medium build, with curly hair, horned-rimmed glasses, pronounced British speech, and a manner of Oxonian briskness. In his conversation the usual argot of Madison Avenue is generally absent—he once sent a memo to his subordinates deploring the use of the word "advertisingwise"—and when, in the course of his work, he bends down to glance over his glasses at a layout for a new Rinso ad which has just been brought in to him, he can do so with the air of a British Foreign Office official examining the latest diplomatic dispatch in from Tehran.

Nonetheless, when he gets up before an advertiser's convention to make a speech—which is fairly often—the ideas he expresses can be every bit as much in the spirit of Madison Avenue as in that of Whitehall. Ogilvy doesn't let himself fall into an intellectual rut. Some time ago, in a piquant but rousing address to fellow ad men on the subject of the quasi-professional status they have to content themselves with in life, he boldly proposed, as a means of improving their social standing and of enabling them to live more graciously, the founding of a college of advertising and marketing—Universitas Advertensis.

"Very few of our clients respect our professional judgment as much as they respect the judgment of their lawyers or their doctors," Ogilvy told his colleagues, after warming them up with the reminder that Charles Lamb and Lord Byron once worked as copywriters. "The fastest way to make advertising a profession is to establish a reputable system of education. . . . I am thinking of something first-class, on a par with the Harvard Law School and MIT. . . . This college would send out into the world an elite corps of practitioners to staff not only our agencies, but also the advertising and marketing departments of our great manufacturing firms. . . . We all admire our friends in the medical profession for working without fees in the big teaching hospitals. I am sure that we, in our turn, would be happy to give up at least one morning a week to teaching students at the advertising college."

JUST WHAT would comprise the curriculum of Universitas Advertensis Ogilvy did not divulge in any detail, but the vision of advertising executives giving three-year anatomical courses on the T-Zone, or rigorous medical training in the diagnosis and cure of such advertising diseases as Clothespin Nose, Buzz-saw Throat, Ankle Slouch, or Traffic Foot is a compelling one. Ogilvy's proposal was splendidly received by the excited ad men.

At other professional gatherings, however, Ogilvy has found himself confronted with a notably unenthusiastic reception by making speeches in which he reproved some of his colleagues as "weasel merchants" and purveyors of poor taste. Many advertising executives, who do not take kindly to this sort of thing, consider Ogilvy something of an adventurer. They also pooh-pooh many of his advertising notions, and the strength of his agency. Madison Avenue is strewn with the remnants of agencies that enjoyed brief spurts of success, but couldn't hold on to accounts, and Ogilvy's detractors, while admitting that his agency has attracted a great many accounts, point out that it has also resigned quite a few, too, in its brief history.

"David may be doing all right now with luxury item accounts, and that sort of stuff, but where is he with the competitive items in the packaged goods field? He can't last forever on a couple of good ideas," one agency executive remarked testily when questioned about Ogilvy's progress.

Ogilvy, however, is left unperturbed by such mutterings. He regards them as the manufacturers of Hathaway shirts look upon public discussions about the Man in the Eye-patch—as healthy publicity.

"I'm a very crass fellow, having once been a door-to-door salesman," he remarked politely in a recent interview as he sat sipping a cup of four o'clock tea in his modern, elegant office just off Fifth Avenue. "I don't think there is any other business in which being conspicuous is quite as essential as in advertising.

"However," he went on, "I do happen to think that advertising needn't be dull, vulgar, or in poor taste. Most of us in this business have been guilty of stimulating the psychological insecurities of our fellow creatures in one way or another. We have set impossible standards, for example, of feminine beauty, and left the great mass of normal-looking women to conclude that they are inferior beings. I myself in the past have talked to teen-age girls about the 'tragic embarrassment' of their blemishes; I find it hard to forgive myself for that."

Ogilvy paused thoughtfully, possibly trying to forgive himself. Then, more cheerfully, he went on:

"I do think, though, that what's principally wrong with advertising is not so much poor taste as just plain dullness. Most ads are fearfully dull, and they're written for obscurity. The average reader notices four ads in the average magazine—not much, is it? Unfortunately, most advertisers haven't yet learned that the public is a lot smarter than advertising copy would indicate. Look at the difference between the level of the editorial copy in *Life*, which can often be quite high, and the ads in the same magazine, and you'll see what I mean. Here we try to approach the public on a 1955 level."

David Ogilvy was born in Surrey, England, the younger son of a Scottish father and an Irish mother. During his early childhood his father, who had been a well-to-do stockbroker, suffered business reverses that left the family poor, but Ogilvy made his way through an excellent private school in Edinburgh, and later through Oxford, by means of scholarships. After graduating from Oxford in the depths of the Depression, and finding no jobs available in England, he took off for Paris to apprentice to a chef at the Hotel Majestic and for a year at a salary of 150 francs a month he worked a sixty-five-hour week as a kitchen hand.

"The tempo was terrific. We were careerists in a hurry," Ogilvy says. "My greatest thrill was watching the President of France eating a soufflé I cooked. He died a week later."

AFTER a year of cooking, Ogilvy was offered a job selling kitchen stoves in England by a British concern. As one of his qualifications for the job was an ability to talk kitchen French, he was quickly assigned, by way of a starter, to calming down the chefs of a Picadilly club who were disgustedly planning to throw out one of the company's stoves they had just bought. Ogilvy cooked with the chefs for a month and persuaded them to keep the instrument. He was then appointed the company's Edinburgh representative and given as bleak an assignment as a salesman could dream of—cold calling from door to door in Scotland at the bottom of the Depression. Ogilvy survived the test splendidly. He become the company's most successful single salesman, went on to write its sales manuals, and in no time wound up in the advertising business in London, with the firm of Mather and Crowther.

"I loved advertising. I devoured it. I studied and read and took it desperately seriously. I worked until three in the morning nearly every day," Ogilvy says. He soon became an account executive, and in 1937, feeling an uncontrollable urge to visit this country, he persuaded Mather and Crowther to send him here for a year to study American advertising techniques. His visit here, as he recalls it, was a professionally revealing one.

"In England I had belonged to the highbrow school of advertising. We had been used to being impressed by advertising as a clever, if junior, form of entertainment," Ogilvy says. "After seeing American advertising, I was immediately converted from the highbrow and, although I suppose that to some extent I've been converted back since, I became a fanatic utilitarian.

"I saw advertising as nothing more than a selling tool and I thought American advertising magnificent. I was dazzled by its technical virtuosity. When I looked at Young and Rubicam ads, or heard them on the radio, I sat in awe. Those Sanka coffee ads! I was completely swept away by it all! When I returned to England, preaching this utilitarian gospel, the reactions of the highbrow copywriters there, the frustrated poets and disappointed artists, was one of alarm and contempt. Fortunately, I must say, the attitude of my employees in England was one of gratitude and understanding.

"But what a time I had in America! I was intoxicated by it. I was staggered by the beauty of its women. I thought it was the most wonderful, delightful, marvelous country on earth. I met large numbers of people, and all of them were terribly nice to me everywhere. I got to know La Guardia, and he was terribly nice to me. I met Thomas Lamont, and he was very kind to me. I got to know Alexander Woollcott rather well, and he was often very kind to me too. He was a peculiar man. Once at a big dinner party, he looked across the table and said to me loudly, 'Ogilvy, you're a middle-class Scotsman with no talent.' There was a profound silence at the table. Everybody else present was *terribly* kind to me for the rest of the evening."

THE BIRTH OF AN AGENCY

AS THE result of his delighted impressions of the New World, Ogilvy, in 1939, resigned from his London agency and came to America to settle. Here he married the former Melinda Street, of Richmond—they now have a son, Fairfield—and shortly he went to work for George Gallup, whom he had met on his previous visit.

"I worked for Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute at Princeton," Ogilvy says. "We did a great deal of research on motion pictures and found out a lot that hadn't been known in the industry. We found, for example, that the theory of sex appeal on which the star system was largely based was also largely fictitious. We discovered that generally men go to the movies to see actors and women go to see actresses. Nobody had looked at it that way before. We thus developed the concept of self-identification in movie-going."

Then, after Dr. Gallup, and the concept of

self-identification, came the war. Ogilvy went to work for British intelligence in this country as a liaison man with various U. S. security agencies. Not unexpectedly, he is uncommunicative about this phase of his career. However, his former boss is willing to go on record with a few words about Ogilvy's wartime service. "David made not only a good intelligence officer, he made a brilliant one," Sir William Stephenson, the wartime head of British Security Co-ordination here, said recently.

Toward the end of the war, Ogilvy was transferred to the diplomatic corps in Washington to become second secretary at the British Embassy, and although, after V-J Day, he was offered the opportunity of continuing a diplomatic career, he decided to leave the service. He bought a farm in the middle of the Amish country in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and for a while raised crops of cigar tobacco as he mulled over the possibilities of various other projects.

The most promising of these, it seemed to Ogilvy, was his idea of founding an organization to promote the sale of British goods in this country, and after getting together with a New York advertising executive named Anderson Hewitt, and borrowing some money from a couple of London advertising agencies—Mather and Crowther, Ltd., his old employers, and S. H. Benson, Ltd.,—he formed a new American advertising agency, Hewitt, Ogilvy, Benson and Mather. (Hewitt is now with another agency.)

At first, most of the new agency's business did come from British companies, as Ogilvy had planned, but as time went on it took on American accounts too. Nowadays, although Ogilvy, Benson and Mather still maintains a brisk business with British firms, by far the largest part of its business comes from clients over here—Lever Brothers, Inc., Helena Rubinstein, Hathaway Shirts, the government of Puerto Rico, Steuben Glass, Thom McAn Shoes, and so on.

THE BARON IN THE HATHAWAY SHIRT

OF ALL Ogilvy's clients large or small, foreign or domestic, none has more reason to be pleased with the association than the C. F. Hathaway Company, a firm of Maine shirtmakers that, in the 114 years of its existence before it engaged Ogilvy's agency in 1951, never had done any appreciable amount of advertising at all. The result of the association was, of course, the fellow with the eye-patch—a creation that has been flatly described by Fairfax Cone, another advertising man, as a stroke of "almost pure genius."

The idea came to Ogilvy only at the last minute before he left his office in a taxicab one morning in the fall of 1951 to supervise the photographing, at a studio, of a male model wearing a Hathaway shirt. The model was a distinguished-looking fellow—Baron George Wrangel, the son of a Czarist naval attaché—and Ogilvy felt he needed an arresting device to emphasize the Baron's tony appearance. Ogilvy drew up a list of seventeen ideas that seemed to him to have possibilities, and, for the eighteenth, noted down the possibility of having the model wear a patch over his perfectly good right eye.

"An eye-patch on a man had always struck me as having overtones of heroism and mystery. When such a man came into a restaurant, people would always tend to whisper, 'Who's that?'" Ogilvy says. "I decided to try the idea out. On the way to the studio I picked up a fifty-cent eye-patch at a drugstore. We took lots of pictures, and then, just before we finished the session, I got the Baron to slip the eye-patch on and to be photographed with it. When we saw the color transparencies we knew right away that we had something rather good."

The appearance in the *New Yorker* of the first ad featuring the Baron, the eye-patch, and the Hathaway shirt caused an immediate flurry of publicity. A department store quickly ran an ad showing a girl in a girdle and an eye-patch. *Time* and other magazines ran editorial features about the ad, and before long other advertisers were bringing out ads featuring eye-patches, on dogs, cows, and babies. In one week Ogilvy counted five imitations of the ad in Danish newspapers alone.

Men and women wearing eye-patches turned up in droves at fancy-dress balls, and anyone wearing an eye-patch for genuine, medical reasons became a walking advertisement for Hathaway Shirts. (Articles analyzing the compelling nature of the Hathaway Shirt ads even appeared, in time, in learned magazines—the consensus being that they probably contained elements of voyeurism.) Within a week after the first ad appeared Hathaway sold out every shirt it had in stock and had to circularize haberdashers everywhere to beg for patience while it caught up with demand.

The Baron, who before being photographed with the eye-patch had been working as a fur

salesman, achieved happiness, too. He married a distillery heiress and now lives much of the time in a castle in Spain. But occasionally, when he returns here for a few weeks, he consents to pose for an extra ad or two—now donning a pith helmet and posing against a backdrop of mounted elephants, now elegantly conducting a full symphony orchestra—to keep Ogilvy happy.

"I had a visit from the Baron just a little while ago," Ogilvy said recently, in reminiscent mood. "He was very gracious. 'My dear old boy,' he said—George has an English accent, you know—'my dear old boy, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll do three more ads for you.' He named his price—a staggering one. 'All right,' I told him after some thought, 'I'll have to pay it. It might console you to know, however, that this is the highest price ever paid for a model.' 'My dear old boy,' said George, 'it's not the money, you know—that doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm glad to help you out, David, old fellow. This thing is bigger than both of us.'"

THEY'RE DOING ALL RIGHT

BIG AS it may be, even bigger things are probably on the way. New accounts arrive at the agency, new ads come pouring out, and Ogilvy sees new advertising possibilities everywhere. Ogilvy works something like seventy-five hours a week, writing a good deal of his agency's most important copy himself, and he takes a certain pride in his flexibility of approach.

At one moment, writing an ad about Viyella socks for insertion in slick magazines, he will dash off words like "cognoscenti" and "connoisseurship" in his copy; at the next, addressing himself to the proofs of a full-page newspaper ad for a shoe-company client, he will nod with satisfaction at the sight of the screaming headline, "AMAZING OFFER BY THOM MCAN." And a few minutes later, turning his attention to an ad featuring Commander Whitehead dallying in the bar of the Metropolitan Opera over a bottle of Schweppes Club Soda, Ogilvy will ensure that the accompanying copy is elegance itself: "Each little bubble bursts upon your tongue, heightening the flavor of your drink. . . . A punctilious barman (or butler) will always serve you Schweppes Club Soda for highballs."

Occasionally, in writing copy for ads whose main feature is snob appeal, Ogilvy's adjectives get so fancy that his own executives, and even Ogilvy himself, aren't sure of their exact meaning. Once, in a Hathaway shirt ad, his copy included the word "ineffable," the use of which so confounded a reporter for *Advertising Age* that he called up Ogilvy to ask him if he could define the word for the readers of his publication. To his ineffable embarrassment, Ogilvy found himself at a complete loss for an answer. He now keeps a big copy of *Webster's* on a stand close to his desk, within handy reach of his telephone.

Perhaps, of all the ads that Ogilvy himself has written, none more blandly exploits diverse advertising appeals than one he did for Austin cars. The ad which Ogilvy modestly describes as "an attempt to combine snob appeal and economy" was in the form of a "Private Letter from [an] Anonymous Diplomat" and it was headlined "I AM SENDING MY SON TO GROTON WITH MONEY I HAVE SAVED DRIVING AUSTINS."

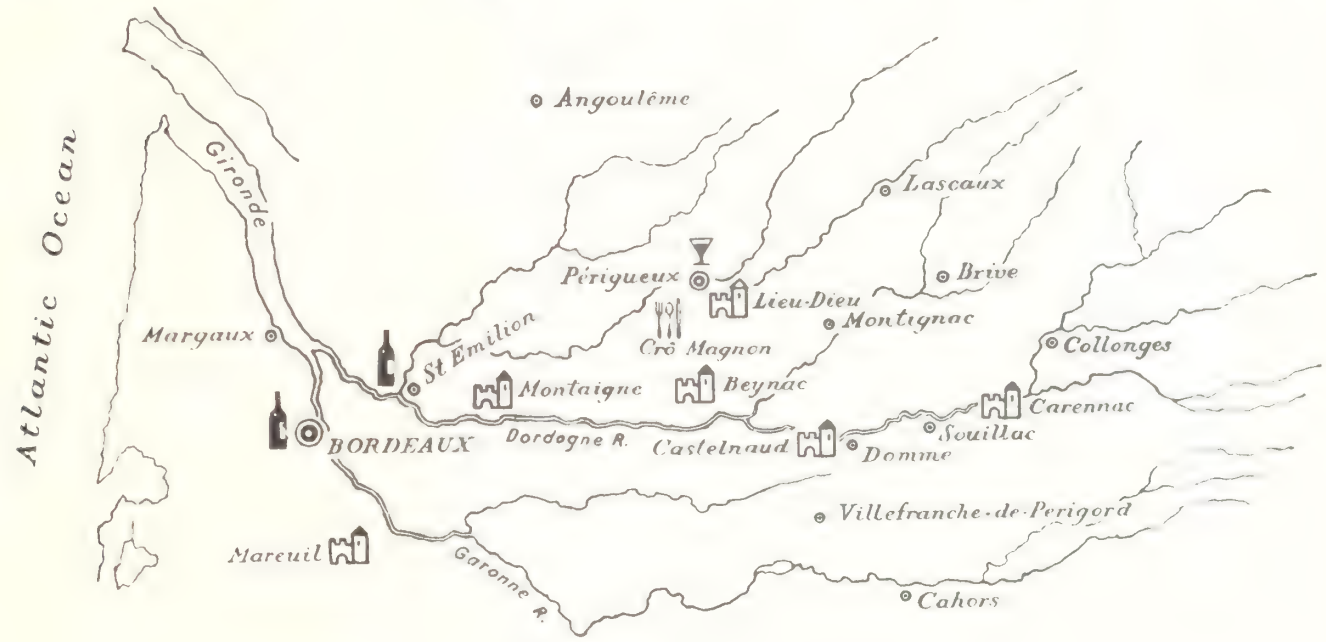
By an amazing coincidence, the anonymous diplomat, who does indeed drive an Austin, turns out to be Ogilvy himself. His son, however, doesn't go to Groton, and Ogilvy is not sure that he ever will. When the Austin ad came out, a magazine reporter got the headmaster of Groton on the phone and asked him what he thought of the idea of putting kids through his school by driving Austins. The headmaster's reply to that one, as it was relayed to Ogilvy, has made the latter feel that he may as well drive his son through some other school for a while.

HOWEVER, aside from such little *contretemps*, things so far, Ogilvy considers, have been going rather nicely. Hathaway shirts, since the appearance of the man in the eye-patch, has increased its sales from five million dollars a year to eight million through an advertising expenditure of about $85,000 a year; Helena Rubinstein, since hiring Ogilvy's agency, has built a new cosmetics factory; and Commander Edward Whitehead, the Schweppesman Extraordinary, is driving people to drink at such a profitable rate that the British government has officially expressed its gratification. "DOLLAR GAP CUT BY GIN AND TONIC," reads a headline in the *New York Times* over a dispatch quoting Her Majesty's Treasury report on the subject.

"Yes, Schweppes is doing all right," says Ogilvy, musing over his accomplishments to date. "Helena Rubinstein is doing all right. Rinso is doing all right, Hathaway is doing all right, and so is Viyella and so is Good Luck Margarine. They're all doing all right." And so, it seems, is Ogilvy.

Laurence Lafore

The FORGOTTEN VALLEY of the DORDOGNE



If you are looking for an "unspoiled area"—complete with ruins, castles, and quaint natives—here is a vacation spot precisely ripe for invasion.

THERE seem to be two kinds of places which attract tourists—The Place Everyone Is Going This Year, and The Place No One Has Ever Been To. I know a man who spends armchair vacations planning the conversion of the second sort of attraction into the first, at large profit and pleasure to himself.

"I wonder," he will say broodingly to his wife, interrupting her pursuit of Ngaio Marsh, "how it would be to spoil Sardinia next summer, now that they've got rid of the mosquitoes."

To the attentions of this thoughtful ravager of undiscovered beauty spots I commend the Valley of the Dordogne. It is ripe for spoliation. This is the more surprising since it is neither brigand-ridden nor remote. On the contrary, it lies near the center of France, which one would suppose was the most completely discovered tourist country in the world. The charmed valley, however, is still esoteric; it has its followers, to be sure, but they are among the connoisseurs; the char-à-bancs have not yet reached it.

For the would-be despoiler, a few geographical details may be useful. The Valley of the Dordogne is not *really* a valley. It is a segment of the hilly watershed of the river and a dozen or so of its tributaries. Moreover, the Dordogne is technically not a river—a *fleuve* such as the Seine or the Rhone—but a stream, or *rivière*. It has the distinction of being the largest and longest *rivière* in France, however, and in the stretch we are concerned with it achieves quite majestic proportions, for a stream. Its "valley" is some sixty miles long and thirty wide, extending from the steep and rocky gorges of the Massif Central to the coastal plain through which the river winds on its last lap to meet the Gironde near Bordeaux.

This valley lies between the main north-south highways, and the town of Brive is the only place

in the region with good railroad service. Brive, in the northeast, announces itself to the entering motorist as The Laughing Gateway of the South. The claim is not wholly inaccurate, for one of the charms of the country is its improbable blending of north and south—of the gray and Gothic civilization of the lands which border the English Channel and the sunburned, Romanesque world of the Mediterranean. The meadows of the valley bottoms are the north—flat and fertile fields, intensely green, and rectilinear roads edged with poplars, reminiscent of the large, geometric beauty of the Ile de France. Amidst them are southern villages, sun-baked, tiled, and crumbling, shaded by planes and grapevines trained over doors.

Into the mountain-deserts above the valleys, the streams run through gorges, some pleasantly wooded with terraced vineyards propped against the cliffs, others bare, rocky, and awesome. Above the valley floors the stone abutments rise—often sheer and sometimes a thousand feet high. And on their brinks are the castles.

There must be several hundred castles, in every conceivable size, shape, and state of repair, most of them authentically medieval and all of them irresistibly ready for discovery. They are a consequence of the mingling of topography and matrimony. When Louis VII had the poor judgment to divorce his first wife, who was the ruler of southwestern France, the grass widow was snapped up by Henry II of England. The vast lands of Eleanor of Aquitaine passed to the English crown, which fought for three hundred years (though in the end vainly) to retain them. The border between the lands of the two kings careened wildly north and south, but militarily the valley of the Dordogne was the most defensible position between them. Both rulers built fortresses to enhance its natural fastnesses. In the turmoil, local lords and short-lived buffer princes, shifting in their allegiances, built more castles. By the time that Bordeaux finally fell to the crown of France, the old frontier had come to bristle like a hedgehog with a medieval defense works of every description. It still does.

FUNCTIONAL CASTLES

THESE are not the royal castles of the Loire, built for the most part when feudal warfare had ended and keeps and moats were merely decorative. These were serious affairs, as functionally designed for the business of war as is an air base today. Medieval warfare dictated designs and sites which are singularly satisfying to the twentieth-century eye. And here the very multiplicity of castles adds a new dimension of enjoyment for the connoisseur; it is frequently possible to stand upon the battlements of one and look at five or six others in the near and middle distance.

For anyone who is seriously interested in castle architecture, the region is a vast museum, offering unusual opportunities such as that provided by Mareuil. Mareuil is a thirteenth-century fortress, the seat of one of the four great baronies of Périgord, which is today half ruined and totally abandoned. The curious—at least those who do not worry about the possibility of having a few tons of donjon collapse on them—may park their cars and wander at will through the ruins, investigating such matters as sanitary arrangements in a castle designed to withstand sieges. There are no guides or concierges or tourists—no sign of life, indeed, except for a few cows in the moat.

A little down the road from Mareuil one may look at the great tower of Montaigne, where the essayist was born and lived out the most sustainedly urbane existence in Western history. Further along, beyond Périgueux, is Lieu-Dieu, which is not even mentioned in the guidebooks. Lieu-Dieu was built as a sort of medieval safe-deposit box where the sacred relics from the cathedral of Périgueux were placed when the region was attacked by the English. The miniature fortress, its white towers tranquilly reflected in its moat, lies amid gardens in a broad valley; it is at once the most exquisite and least known château I have ever seen anywhere.

Along the Dordogne itself, the fortresses rise at intervals above the river. Beynac is about the largest and most majestic, and certainly among the oldest: parts of it date from the eighth century, but most of it is later, for its inhabitants maintained a provoking loyalty to the Albigensian heresy, which led their orthodox neighbors to tear the castle down from time to time. Its machiolated terraces jut out from the cliff above the village and the river seven hundred and fifty feet below and are shadowed by the keep which rises another hundred feet above it. There is nothing in the Loire that is nearly so impressive.

About thirty castles upstream, near St. Céré, is Castelnaud, a vast complex of red sandstone crowning an isolated butte, with a red sandstone village crouching at its ankles. Like almost every-

place else in the region, it offers spectacular views of the winding valley. If you take a fancy, you can have a picnic on the brink of a view with your back against the portcullis and your feet mingling with the chickens of the chatelain.

PICNICS AND HOTELS

IN FACT, picnics are one of the features of a tour in the Dordogne. The climate, being Mediterranean, favors them; so do the river banks, cliffsides, and abandoned battlements. So does the absence of competing picknickers. If you happen to stay at, say, the Château in Carennac, which is a thirteenth-century fortified abbey impressionistically converted into a *pension,* they'll put up picnic lunches for you, at no extra charge, on the $5.00 a day it costs for room and board.

There are a few little drawbacks to the Château de Carennac; it is not a place to stay if you like to take a great many baths or if you object to chanting and bell-ringing in the next room. There is no hot water, and the chapel of the abbey is still used as a village church. On the other hand, you get hot water brought in pitchers twice a day, and the walls are about eight feet thick.

Carennac, almost unbearably unspoiled, offers other attractions. If you are lucky, you will catch the circus, which pitches its diminutive Top at intervals in the abbey moat and which features a wild boar. Once a week you can see a five-year-old American movie in the garden of the Hôtel de Ville (it only costs eight cents, but you have to bring your own chair). If you stay more than two days you will make a great many friends, and the postmaster, the tobacconist, and the man who runs the corner truffle stand will all shake hands with you when you leave.

Unusual accommodations of this sort are among the consequences, which one may reckon as either cost or dividend, of being a pioneer despoiler. The Dordogne hasn't much in the way of luxury hotels (although the Domino, at Périgueux, is a de luxe establishment which produces the best dry martinis in southwestern France and has a reasonably exact facsimile of a soda parlor). It isn't very much in the way of a gourmet's paradise, either. There is only a handful of restaurants which have so much as a single Michelin rosette—the gastronomic beacon by which even the most parochial tourist now plots his course.

Except for truffles, there are no world-famous specialities; there no world-famous cheeses or wines, either, though the western end of the region produces a great amount of wine, some of it—like Monbazillac—well known in Europe. But, since it is in France, one can live and eat well in the Dordogne, and at places like the Domino, or the Grand Hôtel in Souillac, or the Hôtel Crô-Magnon in Crô-Magnon, you can have a really distinguished dinner.

ARCHAEOLOGIST'S DELIGHT

CRO-MAGNON Man is the most famous resident of the Dordogne. His statue, about three times life-size and alarmingly primitive, stands on a cliff above the village whose name he bears, and his living quarters, scattered through the neighborhood, are the only really famous tourist attractions in the region.

Unless you have a passionate interest in prehistory, most of the caves will probably be disappointing. They are lengthy, damp, and intensely boring. With a flashlight, plenty of time and even more imagination, you will be able to make out several hundred scratches which the best archaeologists in the world assert once represented a stag's antlers or the left eye of a bison. None of them is more than six inches long, and almost all of them are largely effaced by something called *calcite calcaire,* which the guides talk about as if it were the German army. Moreover, while you are trying to discern these interesting mementos, a large woman with two poodles in her arms is almost sure to wedge herself between you and them. It is all very unrewarding, and after two or three hours you get tired of repeating the word *intéressant* and fall back on a series of noncommittal um-m-m's to avoid offending the guide.

But there is a great deal more to the prehistoric relics of the Dordogne than the caves around Crô-Magnon. There is also Lascaux. In 1940, a boy followed his dog into a hole in the ground near Lascaux and discovered a wonderland which Alice might well have envied. Like the GIs who came upon the contents of the Berlin art gallery in the salt mine, the Lascaux boy uncovered one of the most remarkable collections of paintings ever executed. They happen to be about twenty-five thousand years old, but they would be no less remarkable if they had been painted last year.

The hole in the ground turned out to lead to

a vast hall whose walls are covered with large drawings in bright but harmonious colors (there are no blues; it is thought that they may have faded into some other color). These pictures are exceptionally modern in feeling; some of them have a kind of fineness of line which suggests Picasso's better drawings. They almost all portray pregnant animals, mostly cows, deer, and buffalo, although there is one beast which is quite unlike anything known to modern biology.

Lascaux, while remarkably little known or visited by Americans, has already been spoiled. It is equipped with moisture-proof steel doors to keep the dampness out and the tourists in, and if you ask the guide what became of the boy with the dog he will tell you, bashfully and incredibly, *"C'est moi, monsieur."* Moreover, in the neighboring town of Montignac, restaurant prices are noticeably higher than anywhere else in the Dordogne, paint is fresher, the Chamber of Commerce more visibly active, and, one is told, taxes are lower. It is instructive to reflect that the inhabitants of Montignac owe their unique prosperity to some pictures that some people happened to draw a couple of dozen millennia ago.

THE BRIGHT RED TOWN

IF ONE finds oneself jaded by the prespoiled splendors of Lascaux, one may take refuge in the contrasting neglect of Collonges, some thirty miles to the west. Collonges is a village which is simply waiting to be spoiled. Somebody has, to be sure, tried. Outside the village there is a despondent sign which announces it to be the Red Gateway of the Limousin (almost every place is a gateway to some place else in that part of France) erected by a patently unsuccessful group called The Friends of Old Collonges. Aside from this sign, and some enthusiastic asterisks in the Blue Guide, Collonges shows no sign whatever of ever having been seen by anyone except its own depressed citizens. It is, however, something to see.

Collonges is built on the steep side of a deep valley, and it is made entirely of bright red sandstone. Decrepit, dirty, and woebegone, its town walls and houses and belfry compose a series of extraordinary pictures. The very ancient belfry is invariably framed by archways or balconies. Outbuildings always extend in diminishing planes toward a distant mountain spur. A scarlet geranium in a window box always catches the sun in just the right way to highlight the sanguinary crimson of the stones. The town square always presents itself, around an unexpected corner, through an artistic lattice of grapevines or with a rusty wrought-iron Calvary a little off-center in the foreground. The art of Collonges' composition is as unself-conscious as that of Lascaux' beasts; both of them argue an atavistic sense of aesthetic proprieties.

BY WAY of contrast, there is the very formal and deliberate design of the *bastides.* The Dordogne has a very good assortment of bastides, though they are not so numerous as in the country farther south. Bastides were something like army-base housing projects. When the king of England or the Count of Poitiers decided that a good fortress and plenty of men to man it would come in handy in maintaining order and in developing the area economically, he would choose a suitable site, run up a walled town, and then fill it with inhabitants who could be called upon to man the defenses.

These peculiar housing projects were all perfectly uniform, with streets laid out on a gridiron pattern—the predecessors of American towns—surrounded by a rectangle of town walls pierced with one archway on each side. In each case there is a town square in the center, surrounded by arcaded houses and containing a church and a market-hall. Scholars don't know a great deal about them, and tourists rarely know anything at all. If you are tired of hearing your traveled friends talk about stained glass or Love Symbols in Renaissance Garden Design, you would do well to take up bastides as a specialty.

The best bastides in the Dordogne are Villefranche-de-Périgord (a lot of bastides are called Villefranche or Villeneuve) and Domme. Domme is on, or on top of, the river. It is atypical in that it has walls on only three sides—on the fourth side there is a sheer drop to the river of some six hundred feet, with the usual view—and that it is built on very uneven ground. But the precipitous terrain did not prevent the builders from imposing their gridiron or their geometric town walls.

If bastides do not attract you as a counter-ploy to Gothic triforia and ambulatories, another equally esoteric architectural attraction is also available in the Dordogne. This is The Gallo-Byzantine. Even the people who know most about Viollet-le-Duc and the iconography of

the south porch at Chartres have rarely heard of The Gallo-Byzantine, but there is every reason why it should be taken up socially.

Like bastides, it rather baffles scholars. No one knows why, in the twelfth century, an unwonted passion for cupolas should have seized the inhabitants of southwestern France or why returning Crusaders should have been impelled, here and nowhere else, to build churches on the pattern of Santa Sophia or Saint Mark's in Venice. They did so, however, with remarkable results, and five such Levantine edifices, vast and alien, subsist. Two, at Angoulême and at Fontevrault near the Loire, are somewhat outside the limits of the Dordogne country, but a third, the cathedral of Cahors, is on the edge of it and two others, Saint Front of Périgueux and the abbey of Souillac, are in the middle of it.

Saint Front yields nothing to Saint Mark's in size or in the ingenuity of its five enormous domes, but, fittingly enough in the more northern climate, it is chastely white in color and austerely bare of ornament. The result is the strangest church in France, and one of the most overpowering.

THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE HILL

ANOTHER line of action recommended for those who wish to differentiate themselves from the average tourist is to buy a château. If you are in the market for a small château, the Dordogne is the place to go. You will be in good company for château-buyers seem to form (aside from archaeologists) the most numerous group of outsiders in the valley in its present, unspoiled condition. English countesses, American night-club singers, and members of the French Academy all have châteaux there, providing a coating of chic of a rather specialized sort. Even if you are not really in the market, you may find it pleasant to spend the hours between the picnic and the martinis at the Domino in imagining that you are. It was in one of these daydreams that my traveling companions and I first came upon Rastignac.

Rastignac, on the road from Brive to Périgueux, is—or was—a handsome eighteenth-century château built of white sandstone, standing on an eminence above a broad meadow. The feature which attracted our attention, and made us think we might wish to buy it, is the fact that it is a dead ringer for the White House: above the lawn rises a duplicate of the South Front, complete with a hemicycle of Grecian columns and apparently identical in every respect to the executive mansion except, of course, for the absence of Mr. Truman's balcony.

WE DROVE in a long driveway, and as we approached it it became evident that the house was a burned-out ruin and the grounds a neglected tangle of weeds. Among the weeds was an elderly gentleman, stripped to the waist, briskly clipping a privet bush. One of my companions, who was English, observed that if this were England, the gentleman would turn out to be the owner. He at once approached us and told us, in accents as clipped as the privet, that he was the owner, and English.

We were shown through the ruins—it was burned by the Germans as a reminder that it was illegal to harbor Allied aviators—and listened to the proprietor's complaints. The château was to be rebuilt; he would have been glad to rebuild it himself, he said, but it was classed as a Monument Historique and had to be done by the Beaux Arts to assure it authentic restoration. This meant that all the masonry and woodwork had to be cut by hand, and the owner was afraid he would not live to see it rebuilt. We asked him about the resemblance to the White House, which he was perfectly aware of but quite unable to explain. It was, he said, about fifty years older.

This is the sort of thing which happens to one in a region which the American Express has not yet begun to recommend. Some day it will begin to do so; word is getting around, and restaurants are beginning to put out the Flags of All Nations and to advertise the view from their terrace. Moreover, the French government is converting some of the canyons into hydroelectric dams, and industry will assuredly follow, interrupting the drowsy, agrarian neglect which now envelops the countryside. For another two or three years, though, the Dordogne will preserve its charms for the archaeologist, the intelligentsia, and the accidental discoverer.

Norton Wolf

HOUSEHOLD FRENCH



Drawings by Donald Higgins

VIRTUALLY every American family —with the trivial exception of those who arrived from the British Isles—was once bilingual. But for reasons both complex and obvious the mother tongues of the Old World were in most cases hastily abandoned. This, my wife and I discovered, has led to certain problems which we have solved by reviving—in terms of our own cultural milieu—the bilingual household.

We first became aware of its advantages a few years ago when our daughter, Anne, had just turned two—the charming age when little pitchers sprout big ears. Almost overnight we faced the fact that Anne not only understood everything we said but had mastered all the subtle shadings, inflections, and modulations of the word "No." After several verbal *débâcles* we realized we could no longer discuss the care and feeding of Anne in her presence. And in self-defense we set about to find some simple, foolproof way to disguise our words.

We felt the spelling-out of words was as undignified as the use of Pig Latin was vulgar. So it seems almost preordained that we hit upon the idea of using our common second tongue—high-school French.

My wife had had four years of French in high school; and this plus a year of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire at college, had given her command of the language an expensive patina. I, on the other hand, could point to an even more concentrated background, having repeated advanced high-school French three times before I was allowed to graduate.

Looking back, we still smile when we recall those early, halting efforts at Household French. Yet, in its very first test, it successfully averted the nightly, hour-long *dénouement* that took place whenever Anne heard the word "bedtime."

It was, as I remember, quite an ordinary evening. My wife was in the kitchen making dinner. I was sitting on the living-room floor with Anne, pouring her bubble soap out of the martini pitcher back into its own jar. At that moment my wife, holding a saucepan in one hand and a mixing spoon in the other, stepped into the doorway and, with great linguistic poise, said, "*Je pense qu'il y'a temps* that *elle* went *dormir*. See if you can get *la petite* to *suiver toi* into her *chambre*. Get it?"

I got it all right, and I instinctively braced myself for Anne's dissenting opinion. But the alien words flitted past Anne's ears like butterflies, and she sat, all innocence, daintily shredding a magazine that had arrived that morning. Seizing my advantage, it was mere child's play to lure our little *ingénue* into her bedroom. Once there, she was as good as asleep—give or take an hour or so of storytelling, wrestling her into her Doctor Dentons, fetching tumblers of water, and paying her all the other little attentions small girls seem to require at bedtime.

AFTER this memorable *début*, there was no question but that Household French had come to stay at our *ménage*. Inspired by our good fortune, we immediately embarked on a program of vocabulary improvement and even achieved a passable proficiency with several irregular verbs. Cassell *(New French Dictionary)* took its place in the bookshelf alongside Gesell *(Infant and Child in the Culture of Today)*. In no time at all, we found ourselves with an imposing and expensive collection of Edith Piaf and Charles Trenet recordings. And at dinner, on Bastille Day, we celebrated with something my wife, to this day, insists was *bouillabaisse*.

For the benefit of other parents who may be intrigued with the possibilities of Household French, I have selected a few random examples that demonstrate how deftly it can help to even-up the odds *vis-à-vis* themselves and their children.

Take, for instance, the problem of going out for the evening. Before H. F., the merest hint that it was time for me to pick up the baby-sitter used to be the signal for Anne to produce, on the spot, the classic syndrome of acute appendicitis. Today such unnerving scenes are easily avoided, as Mother casually remarks, *"Vas-tu, maintenant,* and pick up *l'asseyeuse de l'enfant."* With suave *insouciance* I sneak out the door and return with the sitter. Whatever happens from then on, of course, is her problem.



Or consider the question of candy. My wife and I are perfectly willing to admit that *we* have no will power when a box of candy is in the house, but we'll be darned if we'll allow sweets to crumble Anne's little teeth as they have ours. For her own good, we camouflage the subject thus: "Where did you *caché les bonbons?"*

The role of Household French need not be limited to the discussion of subjects directly related to the upbringing of one's child, either. There are many topics that discreet parents consider both unsuitable and unsafe to mention within earshot of their offspring—even when they think he's asleep. Common gossip, to put it bluntly, is a case in point. Because children are by nature so naïve in the art of diplomacy, they can, without half trying, turn a private confidence into a public humiliation. Thus, Household French is *de rigueur* when one says, "Audrey told me, *entre nous,* that Natalie saw Charley Blake *avec une autre femme*—and it wasn't Blanche." (Note: In such conversations it is advisable to stress or even exaggerate the French pronunciation of people's names.)

There are also prolonged periods of time when Household French is practically indispensable, like the days preceding an out-of-town trip to visit the grandparents. During this critical, pre-departure period, a careless slip of the tongue can be like lighting a match to see if there's gas in the tank. Household French neatly dampens the danger of an explosion, as in this exchange: "When we *arrivons chez ma mère* tomorrow, try to smile once in a while. After all, she is *ma mère."*

WHILE we're on the subject of grandparents, I might point out that since grandparents *en masse,* and grandmothers in particular, are endowed with a talent for magnifying a grandchild's slightest sniffle into double pneumonia, Household French has a double *raison d'être* in this area—provided, of course, the grandparents have never enjoyed the advantages of a course in French.

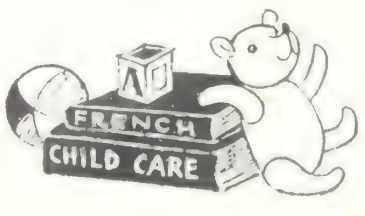
But because the sudden appearance of a foreign language can, by itself, easily arouse suspicion, a good trick, when dealing with grandparents, is to *sing* the words—as though you just happened to remember a charming little *chanson provençale.* For example, to the tune of *"Auprès de Ma Blonde"* and feigning the devil-may-care air of a *boulevardier,* you convey the message, *"Elle a un peu de la fièvre, la-la-la-la cent-et-un."*

That about covers the more important aspects of our revival of bilingualism. In all honesty, however, I must confess that as useful and successful as Household French has proved during the past two years, it has just recently led to two unforeseen and rather unsettling complications.

The first concerns my wife who, of late, has taken to slipping handsomely illustrated French travel folders and transatlantic schedules under my dinner napkin.

The second concerns Anne, who is now four. Just last weekend, I had to go out to pick up a few sundries at the corner drugstore, and I took her along with me. As we passed the candy counter, my little *gamine* tugged at my sleeve and said, "Daddy, buy me *un morceau du bonbon."*





Milo Perkins

GRASS MADE TO YOUR ORDER

With the help of drugs and atomic radiation, scientists are creating an assortment of strange new grasses to fit the special needs of sportsmen, farmers, and home gardeners. Maybe they can even abolish crab-grass . . .

THIS COUNTRY is about to enjoy a revolution in grass which will make life a good deal easier—and pleasanter—for homeowners, sportsmen, conservationists, and farmers. It already has given us one new lawn grass which needs mowing only half as often. It is also producing turfs which weed themselves, smother crab-grass—the bane of every home gardener—and bounce back unscarred from under the cleats of golfers and football teams. It is growing pastures that feed far more cows per acre—which will mean cheaper milk and steaks. It is giving us a long list of special, tailor-made grasses which can survive in the most unlikely places—deserts, beach dunes, and many other kinds of soil which are discouragingly poor and liable to erosion. The dollar value of these new grasses cannot yet be estimated, but it runs into considerable amounts of money.

Because grass is such a common and humble plant, few people paid much attention to it until recently. Even the agricultural scientists concentrated on more glamorous, quick-money crops —grains, cotton, livestock—while research on grasses lagged a full quarter of a century behind. Before the war, for example, a whole year's output of technical literature on grass could be read in a single day; now it would be a full-time job to keep up with it.

For the country has at last realized that grass is our greatest undeveloped agricultural resource. Grazing lands—many of them unimproved—cover more than a billion acres, or well over half of the country. More than anything else, grass anchors down and nourishes with humus that few inches of top soil on which all human life depends. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra T. Benson has directed his research scientists to concentrate on increasing forage production, because by 1960 we shall need fifteen million additional acres in pasture to provide our growing population with as much meat as each of us is now eating. Here is a profitable use for much of the land we no longer need for crops such as wheat and cotton, which seem to be in perennial surplus.

The new developments in grass promise to be just as far-reaching as those which changed the Midwest when hybrid corn was introduced some thirty years ago. And many of them are coming by the same route—by exploiting that mysterious force known as "hybrid vigor" which results from the inbreeding of certain selected strains, and then crossing the inbred offspring. This process has resulted in rubber trees which produce ten times as much latex as a "natural" tree, in better poultry, fruits, vegetables, and some of our most exotic flowers. Yet the geneticists have barely begun to explore its possibilities.

THE MAIN reason they haven't gone faster with grasses is that developing hybrids is a tedious and sometimes a disappointing business. Take the case of Coastal Bermuda grass, recently developed by Dr. Glenn Burton at the Coastal Plain Experiment Station in Tifton, Georgia.

In 1929 one of the station's scientists named J. L. Stephens noticed an odd-looking patch of Bermuda grass growing in an old cotton field near Tifton. He recognized that this particular clump, with its more virile root system, was a

"sport" or natural mutation. After replanting and multiplying it, he discovered that it was superior in many ways to common Bermuda grass both for hay and pasture.

Then in 1937, Department of Agriculture scouts brought back two strains of tall-growing Bermuda from South Africa. These were planted in an experimental field, close beside some of the Stephens plants, and also with some common Bermuda. Such a "polycross nursery" permits natural cross-fertilization by pollen carried by wind and insects. Enough seed was collected from these crosses to produce five thousand hybrids the next year. Only eight of them were much better than their parents—and only two had any economic significance.

But one of them was the now famous Coastal Bermuda. It proved to have a number of unique properties. Unlike most of the low-creeping Bermuda grasses, it grows tall and fast enough to produce hay and silage at low cost. Since it also makes excellent grazing, a farmer can now get a year-round supply of feed from one field. Moreover, its vigorous roots make it relatively drought-resistant. In one area where the rainfall was only 57 per cent of normal, beef production from Coastal Bermuda pastures was only 5 per cent below average, and total hay production was comparable to that in normal years. Cattle eat this grass in preference to others growing with it, apparently because they like its taste. Certainly it has superior food value: in a five-year test, it produced 116 more pounds of beef per acre than common Bermuda grown in a neighboring pasture under identical conditions.

Nor is this all. Coastal Bermuda also resists leaf-spot diseases and serious attacks of a troublesome pest, the root-knot nematode. Finally, it is absolute tops in the efficient use of fertilizer—especially nitrogen, which means high protein feed. But it has one drawback: like most hybrid grasses, it is virtually sterile and must be planted from root-sprigs, rather than seed. Nevertheless, farmers and cattlemen have gone to the trouble and expense of setting out nearly a million acres of it, from southeastern Oklahoma to the Atlantic and south to the Gulf.

IN RECENT years two other hybrid Bermuda forage grasses have also turned out well. These, too, were developed at the Tifton experiment station. One of them—Midland Bermuda—was field tested for five years by Dr. Jack R. Harlan at Oklahoma A & M college, and was released for general use only last year. It is a cross between Coastal and another strain found growing in Indiana. Although it doesn't make quite as good a pasturage as Coastal, it stands cold weather better and will flourish farther north. The other hybrid Bermuda is Suwanee, a sister seedling of Coastal. Its unique property is its ability to grow lushly on sandy and not-very-fertile soil, of the sort which is common in the Southeastern states. Here, again, the grass-breeders came up with a special product to fit a specific problem—and thousands of acres of waste land may be put to profitable use as a result.

Years of effort, however, have gone into breeding and field-testing countless other types of grass which did *not* turn out to be of much value. In one case Dr. Burton of Tifton raised sixty-five thousand plants in the process of developing a single strain of improved Sudan grass.

TOUGH, BEAUTIFUL TURF

ON THE other hand, such laborious experiments sometimes produce an unexpected by-product. Such a lucky accident occurred while Dr. Burton was working to find a superior pasture grass. Among the 4,998 hybrids which proved useless for this purpose, he noted one which seemed to have some possibilities as a lawn grass. It was a "dwarf" type which needed virtually no mowing. Unfortunately, it turned out to be highly vulnerable to disease in wet weather—so he tried a back-cross with a more disease-resistant type. Then the war came along, and this particular batch of plants had to be neglected for more urgent work. By the time Dr. Burton's men could return to them, in 1946, all but twelve had died—but these had survived under highly adverse conditions.

One of the twelve, eventually christened Tiflawn, seems almost ideal for parks, playgrounds, and athletic fields, because it spreads fast, has a lovely deep green color, and produces an extraordinarily tough and durable turf. A planting was made in 1953 at the Cliff Hare Stadium in Auburn, Alabama, on what I am told was the worst topsoil imaginable. The sprigs, set twelve inches apart, spread so fast that football scrimmage could be held on the sod ten weeks later. Players liked it, because they got fewer injuries on the dense turf. And although it was pretty well torn up by rough usage during the playing season and spring practice, by the following summer the sod was again solid.

Another hybrid lawn grass, Tiffine, is a cross between Tiflawn and a very fine-bladed Bermuda grass from Africa. It was developed primarily for use on golf greens, but since it produces a soft, dense, beautiful growth it also makes a handsome home lawn for anyone who is willing to give it a little extra care. Last June at The Turfgrass Farm, our place in Tucson, Arizona, we set out sprigs of Tiffine eighteen inches apart. Sixty days later there was solid turf. We have a great number of hybrid grasses at The Turfgrass Farm, both for observation and for breeding purposes. Tiffine is one of the two we regard highly enough to produce for sale.

THE OTHER, cumbersomely known as Meyer Z-52 Zoysia, was tested and released during the course of a research project jointly sponsored by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the Green Section of the U. S. Golf Association. It has had a wide acceptance on the East Coast, where it was first produced commercially, and I personally regard it as a remarkably promising lawn grass for many sections of the country.

Judging from its performance for us in Arizona, it is apparently as happy in the alkaline soils of the desert as it is in the more acid soils of the East. It did far better than seven other Zoysia grasses we grew experimentally alongside it, and nine out of ten customers who came to our farm last year picked it as their first choice.

Since it grows more slowly than most grasses, it needs to be mowed only half as often and does best when it is cut closely at a height of one half inch. Its fastest growth takes place under a scorching summer sun—at precisely the season when a thick, healthy turf is most appreciated. Although it is essentially a warm-weather grass, it has survived several winters in Nebraska at 30° below zero, and it does well on sandy soils near the shore, seeming to be impervious to the salt in ocean breezes. It has never been seriously damaged by disease or insects, and once established it is exceedingly drought-resistant and requires very little fertilizer. A well established turf of it is, in fact, practically indestructible, and the growth is so dense that it ultimately crowds out competing vegetation, including crabgrass and common Bermuda. The lawn literally weeds itself and produces a rich green, even-textured turf which does not get "matted down" even after excessive use: the grass bounces back in a manner impossible for grasses whose blades have a higher water content.

It too, however, has its disadvantages, and potential buyers should weigh these carefully. It does not like shade. In freezing weather it turns into a thick brown carpet which does not become green again until the following spring; if you want a green lawn twelve months of the year you have to overseed the turf in the fall with a cool-season grass which will be crowded out when the Zoysia starts growing again after its dormant season. It takes a comparatively long time to establish a turf—one growing season for plantings in newly prepared earth and two for those set into an existing lawn. And because it is a sun-loving, heat-loving grass, it is unsuitable for areas with short, cool summers.

SOWING SEED VERSUS PLANTING SPRIGS

THE WHOLE hybrid grass business is in its infancy, and this is particularly true of lawn grasses. Only small amounts of the newer ones are available yet, and the best of them have been released very recently. There has not been time to test them thoroughly under home lawn conditions in every section of the country.

The home-owner should therefore beware of buying any grass simply because it's new or because it's a "hybrid" or because the dealer makes extravagant claims for it. It is frequently advisable to try a small quantity first on a trial basis. And even if you live in an area where there is enough experience with some particular hybrid to promise you a superior performance, be sure you know the grass's weak points as well as strengths before you buy it. Find out what the grass needs and don't invest in it unless you have the time to give it what it wants. But all the same, if you are interested in improving your lawn, keep your eyes and ears open—the turf scientists are unanimous in the opinion that the years ahead can be years of virtually unlimited progress.

What is needed most is more money for the kind of basic research that is being done at Carnegie Institution under the direction of Dr. Jens Clausen. He has had a staff of scientists at work for years on some fundamental, highly technical problems—and they aren't solved yet.

Since hybrid grasses are either sterile or produce worthless seed, propagation must now be done by planting root-sprigs, which is costly. This is quite impossible in the semi-arid range

areas that need improved grasses the most but that do not have enough water to get the sprigs established. If seed which would breed true could be got from hybrid grasses, it would be a godsend to cattle men the world around, and also a boon to home-owners since it's much easier to sow seed than to plant sprigs.

Dr. Clausen and his colleagues and Dr. Harlan of Oklahoma A & M are working on this, experimenting with the blue grasses which not only produce seeds sexually but also by a non-sexual method know as apomixis. If they are successful in segregating the non-sexual method, a new epoch in pasture improvement will open. Such seed, even from hybrids, produces an exact replica of the mother plant, instead of reverting to an unimproved type of grass as sexually produced seeds sometimes do.

OTHER botanical research work to hasten the development of new varieties of plant material by means of nuclear radiation is going on at Brookhaven, Long Island, under the supervision of the Atomic Energy Commission. Radioactive materials produce mutations, or sudden alterations in essential characteristics, at several hundred times the rate at which they would normally occur in nature. The scientists at Brookhaven see no reason why these techniques should not work with grasses.

But the experiments which interest me most are those being done with colchicine, a poisonous drug extracted from the fall crocus. Used on grasses, it can double their chromosome numbers and so make it possible to cross-breed strains which previously were not even on speaking terms. Colchicine also apparently effects other abrupt changes in plant heredity which nature alone would never produce. And these may, in time, lead to completely new types of grasses. At South Dakota State College outstanding work has been done using colchicine on sorghums, and Utah State Agricultural College recently made a previously sterile hybrid fertile by applications of the drug.

The anti-biotics, which have produced some extraordinary results with corn—a kind of grass in the botanical sense—and the chemical MH-40, which is said to promote the lateral growth of grasses while inhibiting their vertical growth, may also play major roles in the grass revolution. One thing is certain: men are no longer taking grass for granted, and we have only begun to discover what may be done with the commonest and potentially the most valuable of all our plants.

WEATHER MAKING by John Holmes

ALL history is a rumble of weather making. The worst
Long grass-killing summer of dependable wells dry
Comes round to water again, whatever the sayings say,
As surely as someone must have said the same thing first.

The Romans believed thunder on the left was ominous.
I cannot think what thunder the other side should mean.
A flaw in old sayings, if you turn them upside down,
Makes either end true, or both thunders ridiculous.

It rolls right. It rolls left. Thunder, lightning, rain
Upon rain, lightning flashes before and after, and night
Sky seared, streets slashed on the black of the wet,
Children and aunts in closets, dogs under beds again.

Count between flash and crash, on fingers or by centuries,
What the bolt struck, how near. The noise is nothing.
Louder than slamming the front door. Unusual. Nothing
A Roman need have been scared about. We, weather-wise,

We say we know change is coming when we hear wind rise.
We know the biographies of hurricanes we never see.
Floor-calendar is known, and air-mass a national law.
And the blue beautiful high blue weather-breeding skies.

David Ewen

GERSHWIN *Would Be Surprised*

He rarely underestimated his own talents . . . but even he never suspected that he would become an acknowledged old master—and his country's best salesman—from Milan to Cairo to Moscow.

IN THE history of music there are many composers who were neglected during their lifetime and discovered after their death. There are others who were first honored, then forgotten. There are still others who were honored, then ignored, and ultimately rediscovered. But the case of George Gershwin is still more curious. In 1937, when he died suddenly of a brain tumor at the age of thirty-eight, he was, without question, one of the most successful composers the United States has ever produced. He had made a fortune from his music, he was respected by serious musicians and music critics in Europe and America, and he was sung, whistled, and played by millions. Yet not even his stanchest supporters then could have guessed how his artistic stature and his popularity were to grow in the years that followed.

At the time of his death a *New York Times* editorial commented cautiously that "he contributed potently to a phase of evolution through which a national art must pass, and he provided much delightful music." Sixteen years later, when the third New York production of "Porgy and Bess" opened, Brooks Atkinson, the drama critic of the same paper, described it as "all Gershwin and all gold . . . a major work of art . . . what a theater classic ought to be . . . alive in every fiber, full of passion for a theme."

Today Gershwin's music is played more often, in more places, and received with greater enthusiasm than it was when he was alive. In 1945 his "Rhapsody in Blue" was performed for the first time in the Soviet Union, by the Moscow State Symphony, and the audience cheered. The following year, at an international music festival in Prague, it was the only contemporary work to receive an ovation. And Gershwin is the first American composer who has aroused such interest abroad that four biographies of his life—three of them by foreign authors—have been published in Austria, Germany, France, and the Netherlands.

A survey conducted among the foremost symphony orchestras of this country discloses the startling fact that in the decade between 1945 and 1954, Gershwin's music was played more often than that of any other American for six years; twice he held second place; and once he was tied for first. He received more performances during those years than did such world-famous figures as Stravinsky, Béla Bartók, Ernest Bloch, Milhaud, Hindemith, Shostakovich, Britten, and Honnegger. In 1953 the Gershwin Concert Orchestra was organized solely to tour America with Gershwin programs—the first time in musical history that an organization took a one-man orchestral program on extensive tour. And the project proved so successful that in 1954 the orchestra embarked on a still wider cross-country trip.

Gershwin is today the only American composer—and one of the very few modern composers—who is consistently given an entire program for his works. Besides the annual all-Gershwin concerts that have become a tradition on both coasts to commemorate his death, all-Gershwin programs are intermittently presented by major symphonic organizations throughout the country and, during the last few years, in Paris, Cannes, Haifa, South Africa, and Florence. And almost in-

variably the announcement of an all-Gershwin program is followed by a sell-out. In Florence so many disappointed music lovers had to be turned away from the first one that an all-Beethoven concert scheduled for a few days later was canceled and the Gershwin program repeated. The National Music Council has compiled a partial list of thirty-five European cities in which Gershwin's orchestral music was performed in 1954.

THE MOST remarkable thing about the frequency with which Gershwin is played is the fact that he left only a handful of serious works: two rhapsodies, one piano concerto, one tone poem, one overture, a set of variations for piano and orchestra, five piano preludes, and one grand opera. These are played and replayed. Yet far from tiring of this continual repetition, audiences everywhere seem to grow more and more enthusiastic.

In response to persistent demand all Gershwin's major music has been reproduced on records, not once but many times. In the current long-playing record catalogue there are thirteen different versions, by seven different companies, of the "Rhapsody in Blue"; eleven, by six companies—including one conducted by Toscanini—of "An American in Paris"; five of the orchestral suite from "Porgy and Bess," six of vocal excerpts from the opera, and one complete recording of the entire work. His "Concerto" has been recorded four times; his "Cuban Overture" twice; and the "Second Rhapsody" and "Variations on I Got Rhythm" once each.

At the same time, many Gershwin pieces have acquired new forms. Heifetz has adapted both the piano preludes and the basic songs from "Porgy and Bess" for violin and piano. The preludes have also been transcribed often for orchestra. Richard Russell Bennett has done a tone poem—or, as he calls it, a "symphonic picture"—based on melodies from "Porgy and Bess"; Gregory Stone has rewritten "Rhapsody in Blue," originally designed for piano and orchestra, for violin and orchestra; and Morton Gould has given the popular song "I Got Rhythm" symphonic treatment. Other Gershwin songs as well have appeared in symphonic dress, frequently in skillfully contrived medleys.

But the popular songs are doing all right on their own too. To this day Gershwin remains one of the five or six highest-paid members of ASCAP, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, which protects the copyright interests of its members and licenses their work for performance in public places, over the radio, on television, and on records. When you bear in mind that the other composers in Gershwin's select income group are men like Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, and Richard Rodgers, all of whom have remained richly productive during the past two decades, Gershwin's record is the more impressive. Despite the acknowledged evanescence of popular songs, Gershwin's, written a quarter of a century ago, continue to be constantly played.

Nor did his death put an end to motion-picture use of his scores. Two highly successful screen musicals—"Rhapsody in Blue," a movie biography of the composer, and "An American in Paris"—were posthumously made with familiar Gershwin music. A third, "The Shocking Miss Pilgrim," had nine Gershwin songs never before used in a stage or screen production; they had either been discarded by the composer or put aside for later use. Three other screen musicals have used Gershwin's songs as major production numbers: "Somebody Loves Me," "A Star Is Born," and "Three for the Money."

SING, O GODDESS, THE WRATH

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

THERE was no printing press in Homer's day;
What a man felt he simply had to say,
He simply said;
He was listened to, not read;
And in the case of an important thing,
Singing was better still—if he could sing.
War was the thing that Homer sang about—
And love; which are important still no doubt.

We have renewed the battles in the plain;
The skies are lit, the rivers red again,
And Helen back again upon the wall;
But not the way she used to be at all.
Her olive drab is different from the stuff
The songs are made of; and Achilles too—
Achilles seems no longer mad enough,
Or long enough, to do.

Other mediums, too, have raided the Gershwin storehouse. In 1940, David Raksin assembled and orchestrated many Gershwin tunes for a new ballet, "The New Yorker," which was introduced by the Monte Carlo Ballet Company. The "Piano Concerto" was made into a ballet in Gothenburg, Sweden, in 1954. And Walden Records has issued two volumes of "Gershwin Rarities."

BUT IT is the history of the opera, "Porgy and Bess," which most vividly points up Gershwin's growing fame. When it was first produced in 1935 it was a financial—and to some extent an artistic—failure, dismissed by the critics as an interesting but not particularly important hybrid, not quite opera, not quite musical comedy. Then, just after Gershwin's death, it received the David Bispham silver medal for distinguished contribution to American opera. And in 1938 audiences in San Francisco and Los Angeles responded warmly to revivals of the work.

In 1941 it reopened in New York to such a storm of critical and popular acclaim that it enjoyed the longest run of any revival in the history of the American theater. The Music Critics Circle voted it the most distinguished revival of the year, and two Circle members who had been highly critical in 1935—Olin Downes and Virgil Thomson—reversed themselves completely. "Gershwin has advanced the cause of native opera," wrote Downes, while Thomson now declared that "Porgy and Bess" was "a more important event in American artistic life than anything American the Metropolitan Opera has ever done."

In 1942 the opera toured the country and, despite the wartime restrictions on travel, appeared in twenty-six cities, establishing box-office records in several of them. In 1951 it was recorded in its entirety on Columbia Records. And by the time it made its most recent New York appearance, in 1953, its acceptance as one of America's finest operas was complete.

Its foreign history is still more exciting. In May 1945 it opened in Moscow, where the audience applauded tumultuously and Shostakovich, the most celebrated Soviet composer, described it as "magnificent," comparing it favorably to the great folk operas of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Mussorgsky. A few weeks later, when it was performed at the Zurich Festival in Switzerland, the eminent Swiss critic, Josef Kisch, called it "a miracle of technique, transcribing the sounds of life into the precinct of music." And in the autumn of 1950 it was brought back to the Zurich Stadttheater.

ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1952, under the auspices of the State Department, an American all-Negro company began a triumphant march through Europe with "Porgy and Bess," dramatically refuting at every stop the frequent European complaint that America has "civilization but no culture." In Vienna, tickets were at such a premium that they sold on the black market at several times their face value. On opening night in Berlin there were twenty-one curtain calls and shouts of approval for various individual members of the cast. H. H. Stuckenschmidt, one of Germany's most distinguished musical scholars, pronounced it "a masterpiece." In London the opera stayed on for five months, and Paris demanded a ten-week return engagement in 1954. At the Festival of Contemporary Music in Venice, for the first time in more than six years, flowers were thrown from the boxes to the stage. In Belgrade the whole city went Gershwin-mad.

"All Yugoslavia is singing," ran a cabled report to the *New York Times*. "The workers and peasants are singing. The Communist officials, the man in the street, the students, all are singing the songs of George Gershwin and the praises of the cast of the folk opera 'Porgy and Bess.' When the curtain rang down on the final performance, the packed house stayed for twenty minutes. There were more than twenty curtain calls."

Triumphs followed in the Near East (Greece, Egypt, Israel) and in Casablanca and Barcelona. Then, on February 22, 1955, "Porgy and Bess" became the first opera by a native American and its company the first from America ever to appear at La Scala in Milan. "Music lovers went wild tonight in staid La Scala Opera House," said a cabled report to the New York *Herald Tribune*. Two days later, a George Gershwin exhibition was inaugurated at La Scala, made up of manuscripts, documents, and photographs relevant to Gershwin's career.

When George Gershwin was asked on one occasion to describe his music, he replied, "My people are American. My time is today." Gershwin was never noted for modesty, but in this case it seems as if, for once, he underestimated himself.

Part II of a Novel in Three Parts

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS

To the public at large Doctor Henry Maartens was a brilliant scientist, a Nobel Prize winner and figure of world-wide consequence. But to his family he was a very different creature—and in the eyes of his young physics assistant, Rivers, who lived with them, he seemed close at times to being a monster. He was certainly an obsessed man; and so, in her way, in spite of her beauty and outer serenity, was his wife, Katy. The resulting tensions had their effects on all the members of the family, especially the daughter, Ruth, a romantic young poet in love with Rivers.

As this installment begins, Dr. Maartens has just come out of his bedroom to announce that his wife, in whose absence he is only half alive, has telephoned that she is unable to come home from the city where she is taking care of her dying mother.

The story is told to the novelist thirty years after it happened by Rivers, who is now a grandfather, but was then a prudish young man brought up by a widowed mother. Rivers is speaking.

II

FULL OF concern, I followed Henry. There was a short passage, I remember, with the door of a bathroom at the end of it and another door on the left, opening into the master bedroom. I had never been in the room before, and it was with a shock of surprise and wonder that I now found myself confronted by the Maartenses' extraordinary bed. It was an Early American fourposter, but of such gigantic proportions that it made me think of Presidential assassinations and state funerals. In Henry's mind, of course, the association of ideas must have been somewhat different. My catafalque was his marriage bed. The telephone, which had just condemned him to another term of solitude, stood next to the symbol and scene of his conjugal happiness. No, that's the wrong word," Rivers added parenthetically. "'Conjugal' implies a reciprocal relationship between two full-blown persons. But for Henry, Katy wasn't a person; she was his food, she was a vital organ of his own body. When she was absent, he was like a man with jaundice struggling to exist without a liver. It was an agony.

"'Maybe you'd better lie down for a while,' I said in the wheedling tone one automatically adopts when speaking to the sick. I made a gesture in the direction of the bed. His response, this time, was like what happens if you sneeze while traversing a slope of newly fallen snow—an avalanche. And what an avalanche! Not the white, virginal variety, but a hot, palpitating dung-slide. It stank, it suffocated, it overwhelmed. From the fool's paradise of my belated and utterly inexcusable innocence, I listened in shocked, astonished horror. 'It's obvious,' he kept repeating. 'It's only too obvious.' Obvious that if Katy didn't come home, it was because she didn't want to come home. Obvious that she must have found some other man. And obvious that this other man was the new doctor. Doctors were notoriously good lovers. They understood physiology; they knew all about the autonomic nervous system.

"Horror gave place in my mind to indignation. What was he daring to say about my Katy, about this more than woman who could only be as pure and perfect as my own almost religious passion? 'Are you seriously implying,' I began. . . . But Henry wasn't implying. He was categorically affirming. Katy was being unfaithful to him with the young squirt from Johns Hopkins.

"I told him he was mad, and he retorted that I knew nothing about sex. Which, of course, was painfully true. I tried to change the subject. It wasn't a question of sex—it was a question of

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nephritis, of a mother who needed her daughter's care. But Henry wouldn't listen. All he now wanted was to torture himself. And if you ask why he wanted to torture himself, I can only answer that it was because he was already in agony. His was the weaker, the more dependent half of a symbiotic partnership which (so he believed) had just been dissolved abruptly. It was a surgical operation, without anesthetics. Katy's return would have stopped the pain and instantly healed the wound. But Katy was not returning. *Therefore* (admire the logic!) it was necessary for Henry to inflict upon himself as much additional suffering as he possibly could. And the most effective way of doing that was to put his misery into lacerating words. To talk and talk—not, of course, to me, not even at me; only to himself—but to himself (and this was essential if he was to suffer) in my presence.

THE PART assigned to me was not that of the supporting character actor, not even that of the bit player who serves as confidant and errand runner. No, I was merely the nameless, almost faceless extra, whose business it had been to provide the hero with his initial excuse for thinking out loud, and who now, by simply being on the spot, imparted to the overheard soliloquy a monstrousness, a sheer obscenity, which it would have lacked if the speaker had been alone. Self-activated, the dung-slide gathered momentum. From Katy's betrayal, he passed to her choice (and this was the unkindest cut) of a younger man. Younger and therefore more virile, more indefatigably lustful (not to mention all that, as a doctor, he knew about physiology and the autonomic nervous system). The person, the professional, the devoted healer—all had disappeared; and so by implication had Katy. Nothing remained except a pair of sexual functions frantically exploiting one another in the void.

"That he could have thought in these terms about Katy and her hypothetical lover was a proof, as I began obscurely to realize, that he thought in the same way about Katy and himself. Henry, as I've said, was a broken reed, and broken reeds, as you must have had innumerable occasions to observe, are apt to be ardent. Ardent, indeed, to the point of frenzy. No, that's the wrong word. Frenzy is blind. Whereas lovers like Henry never lose their head. They take it with them, however far they go—take it with them so that they can be fully, gloatingly conscious of their own and their partners' alienation. Actually, this was about the only thing, outside his laboratory and his library, that Henry cared to be conscious of. Most people inhabit a universe that is like French *café au lait*—50 per cent skim milk and 50 per cent stale chicory, half psychophysical reality and half conventional verbiage.

"Henry's universe was modeled on the highball. It was a mixture in which half a pint of the fizziest philosophical and scientific ideas all but drowned a small jigger of immediate experience, most of it strictly sexual. Broken reeds are seldom good mixers. They're far too busy with their ideas, their sensuality and their psychosomatic complaints to be able to take an interest in other people—even their own wives and children. They live in a state of the most profound voluntary ignorance, not knowing anything about anybody, but abounding in preconceived opinions about everything.

"Take the education of children, for example. Henry could talk about it as an authority. He had read Piaget, he had read Dewey, he had read Montessori, he had read the psychoanalysts. It was all there in his cerebral filing cabinet, classified, categorized, instantly available. But when it came to doing something for Ruth and Timmy, he was either hopelessly incompetent or, more often, he just faded out of the picture. For of course they bored him. All children bored him. So did the overwhelming majority of adults. How could it be otherwise? Their ideas were rudimentary and their reading, nonexistent. What had they to offer? Only their sentiments and their moral life, only their occasional wisdom and their frequent and pathetic lack of wisdom. In a word, only their humanity.

"And humanity was something in which poor Henry was incapable, congenitally, of taking an interest. Between the worlds of quantum theory and epistemology at one end of the spectrum and of sex and pain at the other, there was a kind of limbo peopled only by ghosts. And among the ghosts was about 75 per cent of himself. For he was as little aware of his own humanity as of other people's. His ideas and his sensations—yes, he knew all about *those*. But who was the man who had the ideas and felt the sensations? And how was this man related to the things and people around him? How, above all, *ought* he to be related to them? I doubt if it ever occurred to Henry to ask himself such questions. In any case he didn't ask them on this occasion. His soliloquy was not a husband's agonized debate between love and suspicion. That would have been a fully human response to the challenge of a fully human situation—and, as such, it could never occur in the presence of a listener so raw and foolish, so incapable of giving understanding help, as was the young John Rivers of thirty years ago. No, this was essentially a less than human reaction; and one of the elements of its subhumanity was the fact, the utterly outrageous and senseless fact, that it was taking place in the presence of someone who was neither an inti-

mate friend not a professional counselor—merely a shocked young bumpkin with a too pious background and a pair of receptive but shuddering ears.

"Those poor ears! Lucidly expressed and richly documented, the scientific dirt fairly poured into them. Burton and Havelock Ellis, Krafft-Ebing and the incomparable Ploss and Bartels—like Piaget and John Dewey, they were all there in Henry's built-in filing cabinet, accessible in the minutest detail. And in this case, it now became evident, Henry had not been content to remain the armchair expert. He had practiced what he preached: he had acted, systematically, on what he knew in theory. How difficult it is, in these days when you can discuss orgasms over the soup and flagellation with the ice cream, how extraordinarily difficult it is to remember the strength of the old taboos, the depth of the silence by which they were surrounded.

"As far as I was concerned, everything that Henry talked about—the techniques of lovemaking, the anthropology of marriage, the statistics of sexual satisfaction—was a revelation from the abyss. It was the sort of thing that decent people did not mention, did not, I had fondly imagined, even know: the sort of thing that could be discussed and understood only in brothels, at rich men's orgies, in Montmartre and Chinatown and the French Quarter. And yet these horrors were being poured into my ears by the man whom I respected above all others, the man who, for intellect and scientific intuition, surpassed everyone I had ever known.

"And he was uttering his horrors in connection with the woman whom I loved as Dante had loved Beatrice; as Petrarch worshiped Laura. He was asserting, as though it were the most obvious thing in the world, that Beatrice had almost insatiable appetites, that Laura had broken her marriage vows for the sake of the kind of physical sensations which any hefty brute with a good knowledge of the autonomic nervous system could so easily evoke. And even if he hadn't been accusing Katy of unfaithfulness, I should have been appalled by what he said. For what he said implied that the horrors were as much a part of marriage as of adultery.

I CAN HARDLY expect you to believe it," Rivers added with a laugh, "but it's the truth. Up to that moment I had no idea of what went on between husbands and wives. Or rather I had an idea, but it didn't happen to be correct. My idea was that, outside the underworld, decent people didn't make love except for the sake of having children—once in a lifetime in my parents' case, twice in the Maartenses'. And now here was Henry sitting on the edge of his catafalque and soliloquizing. Soliloquizing with the lucidity of genius, the uninhibited elaboration of infantility, about all the strange and, to me, appalling immoral things that had happened under its funereal canopy. And Katy, my Katy, had been his accomplice—not his victim, as at first I had tried to believe, but his willing and even enthusiastic accomplice. It was this enthusiasm, indeed, that made him suspect her. For if sensuality meant so much to her here, on the domestic catafalque, it must of necessity mean more to her up there in Chicago, with the young doctor. And suddenly, to my unspeakable embarrassment, Henry covered his face and began to sob."

There was a silence.

"What did you do?" I asked.

"What *could* I do?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, except make a few soothing noises and advise him to go to bed. Tomorrow he'd discover that it had all been a huge mistake. Then, on the pretext of getting him his hot milk, I hurried off to the kitchen. Beulah was in her rocking chair, reading a small book about the Second Coming. I told her that Dr. Maartens wasn't feeling so good. She listened, nodded meaningfully as though she had expected it, then shut her eyes and, in silence, but with moving lips, prayed for a long time. After that she gave a sigh and said, 'Empty, swept, and garnished.' Those were the words that had been given to her. And though it seemed an odd thing to say about a man who had more in his head than any six ordinary intellectuals, the phrase turned out, on second thought, to be an exact description of poor old Henry. Empty of God, swept clean of common manhood, and garnished like a Christmas tree with glittering notions. And seven other devils, worse even than stupidity and sentimentality, had moved in and taken possession.

BUT MEANWHILE the milk was steaming. I poured it into a thermos and went upstairs. For a moment, as I entered the bedroom, I thought Henry had given me the slip. Then, from behind the catafalque, came a sound of movement. In the recess behind the draped chintz of the four-poster and the window, Henry was standing before the open door of a small safe, let into the wall and ordinarily concealed from view by the half-length portrait of Katy in her wedding dress, which covered it.

"'Here's your milk,' I began in a tone of hypocritical cheerfulness. But then I noticed that the thing he had taken out of the recesses of the strongbox was a revolver; my heart missed a beat. I remembered suddenly that there was a midnight train for Chicago. Visions of the day after tomorrow's headlines crowded in on me.

FAMOUS SCIENTIST SHOOTS WIFE, SELF. Or, alternately, NOBEL PRIZE MAN HELD IN DOUBLE SLAYING. Or even MOTHER OF TWO DIES IN FLAMING LOVE NEST.

"I put down the thermos and, bracing myself to knock him out, if necessary with a left to the jaw, or a short sharp jab in the solar plexus, I walked over to him. 'If you don't mind, Mr. Maartens,' I said respectfully. There was no struggle, hardly so much as a conscious effort on his part to keep the revolver. Five seconds later the thing was safely in my pocket. 'I was just looking at it,' he said in a small flat voice. And then, after a little pause, he added, 'It's a funny thing, when you think of it.' And when I asked, 'What?' he said, 'Death.' And that was the full extent of the great man's contribution to the sum of human wisdom. Death was a funny thing when you thought of it. That was why he never thought of it—except on occasions like the present, when suffering had made him feel the need for the self-infliction of more suffering. Murder? Suicide? The ideas had not even occurred to him. All he demanded from the instrument of death was a sensation of negative sensuality—a painful reminder, in the midst of all his other pains, that someday, a long long time hence, he too would have to die.

"'Can we shut this up again?' I asked. He nodded. On a little table beside the bed lay the objects he had taken out of the safe while looking for the revolver. These I now replaced—Katy's jewel box, half-a-dozen cases containing the gold medals presented to the great man by various learned societies, several Manila envelopes bulging with papers. And finally there were those books—all six volumes of the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, a copy of *Felicia* by Andrea de Nerciat, and, published in Brussels, an anonymous work with illustrations, entitled *Miss Floggy's Finishing School*. 'Well, that's that,' I said in my jolliest bedside manner as I locked the safe door and returned him the key. Picking up the portrait I hung it again on its appointed hook. Behind the white satin and the orange blossom, behind the Madonna lilies and a face whose radiance even the ineptitude of a fifth-rate painter could not obscure, who could have divined the presence of that strangely assorted treasure—Felicia and the stock certificates, Miss Floggy and the golden symbols with which a not very grateful society rewards its men of genius?

"Half an hour later I left him and went to my room with what a blessed sense of having escaped, of being free at last from an oppressive nightmare! But even in my room there was no security. The first thing I saw, when I switched on the light, was an envelope pinned to my pillow. I opened it and unfolded two sheets of mauve paper. It was a love poem from Ruth. This time *yearning* rhymed with *spurning*. Love confessed had caused the beloved to detest her something or other breast. It was too much for one evening. Genius kept pornography in the safe; Beatrice had been to school at Miss Floggy's; childish innocence painted its face, addressed impassioned twaddle to young men, and, if I didn't lock my door, would soon be yearning and burning its way out of bad literature into worse reality.

THE NEXT morning I overslept and, when I came down to breakfast, the children were already halfway through their cereal. 'Your mother isn't coming home, after all,' I announced. Timmy was genuinely sorry; but though she uttered appropriate words of regret, the sudden brightening of Ruth's eyes betrayed her; she was delighted. Anger made me cruel. I took her poem out of my pocket and laid it on the tablecloth beside the Grapenuts. 'It's lousy,' I said brutally. Then without looking at her I left the room and went upstairs again to see what had happened to Henry. He had a lecture at nine-thirty and would be late unless I routed him out of bed. But when I knocked at his door a feeble voice announced that he was ill. I went in. On the catafalque lay what looked already like a dead man. I took his temperature. It was over a hundred and one. What was to be done?

"I ran downstairs to the kitchen to consult with Beulah. The old woman sighed and shook her head. 'You'll see,' she said. 'He'll *make* her come home.' And she told me the story of what had happened, two years before, when Katy went to France to visit her brother's grave in one of the war cemeteries. She had hardly been gone a month when Henry took sick—so sick that they had to send a cable summoning her home. Nine days later, when Katy got back to St. Louis, he was all but dead. She entered the sick room, she laid a hand on his forehead. 'I tell you,' said Beulah dramatically, 'it was just like the raising of Lazarus. Down to the doors of death and then, whoosh! all the way up again, like he was in an elevator. Three days later he was eating fried chicken and talking his head off. And he'll do the same this time. He'll make her come home, even if it means going to death's door to get what he wants.' And that," Rivers added, "was precisely where he went—to death's door."

"You mean it was genuine? He wasn't putting on an act?"

"As if the second alternative excluded the first! Of course he was putting on an act; but he put it on so successfully that he very nearly died of pneumonia. However, that was something I didn't clearly recognize at the time. In that

respect Beulah was a great deal more scientific in her approach than I. I had the exclusive superstition of germs; she believed in psychosomatic medicine. Well, I telephoned the doctor and then went back to the dining room. The children had finished their breakfast and were gone.

"I didn't see them again for the best part of two weeks; for when I got home from the laboratory that evening, I found that Beulah had packed them off, on the doctor's advice, to stay with a friendly neighbor. No more poems, no further need to lock my door. It was a great relief. I phoned to Katy on Monday night and again, with the news that we had had to engage a nurse and hire an oxygen tent, on Tuesday. Next day Henry was worse; but so, when I telephoned to Chicago, was poor Mrs. Hanbury. 'I *can't* leave her,' Katy kept repeating in an anguish. 'I can't!' To Henry, who had been counting on her return, the news was almost mortal. Within two hours his temperature had risen a whole degree and he was delirious. 'It's his life or Mrs. Hanbury's,' said Beulah, and she went to her room to pray for guidance.

"In about twenty-five minutes it came. Mrs. Hanbury was going to die whatever happened; but Henry would be all right if Katy came home. So she *must* come home. It was the doctor who finally persuaded her. 'I don't want to be an alarmist,' he said over the phone that evening, '*but* . . .' That did it. 'I'll be home by tomorrow night,' she said. Henry was going to get his way—but only just in time.

THE DOCTOR left. The nurse settled down to a night of watching. I went to my room. 'Katy will be back tomorrow,' I said to myself. 'Katy will be back tomorrow.' But which Katy—mine or Henry's, Beatrice or Miss Floggy's favorite pupil? Would everything, I wondered, be different now? Would it be possible, after the dung-slide, to feel for her as I had felt before? All that night and the next day the questions tormented me. I was still asking them when, at long last, I heard the taxi turning into the driveway. My Katy or his? A horrible foreboding sickened and paralyzed me. It was a long time before I could force myself to go and meet her. When at last I opened the front door, the luggage was already on the steps and Katy was paying off the driver. She turned her head.

"How pale she looked in the light of the porch lamp, how drawn and haggard! But how beautiful! More beautiful than ever—beautiful in a new, heart-rending way, so that I found myself loving her with a passion from which the last traces of impurity had been dissolved by pity and replaced by an ardor of self-sacrifice, a burning desire to help and protect, to lay down life itself in her service. And what about Henry's soliloquy and the other Katy? What about Miss Floggy and Felicia and the *Studies in the Psychology of Sex?* So far as my suddenly leaping heart was concerned, they had never existed, or at any rate were totally irrelevant.

"As we entered the hall, Beulah came running out of the kitchen. Katy threw her arms round the old woman's neck and for a long half minute the two stood there locked in a silent embrace. Then, drawing back a little, Beulah looked up searchingly into the other's face. And as she looked, the expression of tear-stained rapture gave place to one of deepening anxiety. 'But it isn't you,' she cried. 'It's the ghost of you. You're almost as far gone as he is.' Katy tried to laugh it off. She was just a bit tired, that was all. The old woman emphatically shook her head. 'It's the virtue,' she said. 'The virtue's gone out of you. Like it went out of our dear Lord when all those sick people kept grabbing hold of him.' 'Nonsense,' said Katy.

"But it was quite true. The virtue *had* gone out of her. Three weeks at her mother's bedside had drained her of life. She was empty, a shell animated only by the will. And the will is never enough. The will can't digest your meals for you, or lower your temperature—much less somebody else's temperature. 'Wait till tomorrow,' Beulah begged, when Katy announced her intention of going up to the sickroom. 'Get some sleep. You can't help him now, not in the state you're in.' 'I helped him last time,' Katy retorted. 'But last time was different,' the old woman insisted. 'Last time you had the virtue; you weren't a ghost.' 'You and your ghosts!' said Katy with a touch of annoyance; and, turning, she started up the stairs. I followed her."

"Under his oxygen tent Henry was asleep or in a stupor. A gray stubble covered his chin and cheeks, and in the emaciated face the nose was enormous, like something in a caricature. Then, as we looked at him, the eyelids opened. Katy bent over the transparent window of the tent and called his name. There was no response, no sign in the pale blue eyes that he knew who she was, or even that he had seen her. 'Henry,' she repeated, 'Henry! It's me. I've come back.' The wavering eyes came to a focus and a moment later there was the faintest dawn of recognition—for a few seconds only; then it faded. The eyes drifted away again, the lips began to move; he had fallen back into the world of his delirium. The miracle had miscarried; Lazarus remained unraised. There was a long silence. Then heavily, hopelessly, 'I guess I'd better go to bed,' Katy said at last."

"And the miracle?" I asked. "Did she pull it off the next morning?"

"How could she? With no virtue, no life in

her, nothing but her will and her anxiety. Which is worse, I wonder—being desperately ill yourself, or watching somebody you love being desperately ill? One has to begin by defining the word 'you.' I say you're desperately ill. But do I mean *you?* Isn't it, in fact, the new, limited personality created by the fever and the toxins? A personality without intellectual interests, without social obligations, without material concerns. Whereas the loving nurse remains her normal self, with all her memories of past happiness, all her fears for the future, all her worried awareness of a world beyond the four walls of the sickroom.

"And then there's the question of death. How do you react to the prospect of death? If you're sick enough, you reach a point where, however passionately you may be fighting for life, a part of you wouldn't be at all sorry to die. Anything rather than this misery, this interminably squalid nightmare of finding oneself reduced to a mere lump of suffering matter! 'Give me liberty or give me death.' But in this case the two are identical. Liberty equals death equals the pursuit of happiness—but only, of course, for the patient, never for the nurse who loves him. She has no right to the luxury of death, to deliverance, through surrender, from her sickroom-prison. Her business is to go on fighting even when it's perfectly obvious that the battle is lost; to go on hoping, even when there are no reasons for anything but despair; to go on praying, even when God has manifestly turned against her, even when she knows for certain that He doesn't exist. She may be sick with grief and foreboding but she must act as though she were cheerful and serenely confident. She may have lost courage; but she must still inspire it. And meanwhile she's working and waking beyond the limits of physical endurance. And there's no respite; she must be constantly there, constantly available, constantly ready to give and give—to go on giving, even when she's completely bankrupt.

"Yes, bankrupt," he repeated. "That's what Katy was. Absolutely bankrupt, but compelled by circumstances and her own will to go on spending. And, to make matters worse, the spending was fruitless. Henry didn't get well; he merely refrained from dying. And meanwhile she was killing herself with the long, sustained effort to keep him alive.

THE DAYS passed—three days, four days, I can't remember how many. And then came the day I shall never forget. April 23, 1923."

"Shakespeare's birthday."

"Mine too."

"Yours?"

"Not my physical birthday," Rivers explained. "That's in October. My spiritual birthday. The day of my emergence from half-baked imbecility into something more nearly resembling the human form. I think," he added, "we deserve a little more Scotch."

He refilled our glasses.

"April the twenty-third," he repeated. "What a day of miseries! Henry had had a bad night and was definitely worse. And when, at lunchtime, Katy's sister telephoned from Chicago, it was to announce that the end was very close. That evening I had to read a paper before one of the local scientific societies. When I got home at eleven, I found only the nurse. Katy, she told me, was in her room, trying to get a little sleep. There was nothing I could do. I went to bed.

"Two hours later I was startled out of unconsciousness by the groping touch of a hand. The room was pitch dark; but my nostrils immediately recognized the aura of womanhood and orrisroot surrounding the unseen presence. I sat up. 'Mrs. Maartens?' (I still called her Mrs. Maartens.) The silence was pregnant with tragedy. 'Is Mr. Maartens worse?' I asked anxiously.

"There was no immediate answer, only a movement in the darkness, only the creaking of springs as she sat down on the edge of the bed. The fringes of the Spanish shawl she had thrown over her shoulders brushed my face; the field of her fragrance enveloped me. Suddenly and with horror, I found myself remembering Henry's soliloquy. Beatrice had appetites, Laura was a graduate of Miss Floggy's. What blasphemy, what a hideous desecration! I was overcome by shame, and my shame deepened to an intense, remorseful self-loathing when, breaking the long silence, Katy told me in a flat expressionless voice that there had been another call from Chicago: her mother was dead. I muttered some kind of a condolence.

"Then the flat voice spoke again. 'I've been trying to go to sleep,' it said. 'But I can't; I'm too tired to sleep.' There was a sigh of hopeless weariness, then another silence.

" 'Have you ever seen anyone die?' the voice went on at last. But my military service hadn't taken me to France, and when my father died, I had been staying at my grandmother's place. At twenty-eight I knew as little of death as of that other great encroachment of the organic upon the verbal, of experience upon our notions and conventions—the act of love. 'It's the cutoffness that's so terrible,' I heard her saying. 'You sit there, helplessly, watching the connections being broken, one after the other. The connection with people, the connection with language, the connection with the physical universe. They

can't see the light, they can't feel the warmth, they can't breathe the air. And finally the connection with their own body begins to give way. They're left at last hanging by a single thread—and it's fraying away, fraying away, minute by minute.'

THE VOICE broke and, by the muffled sound of the last words, I knew that Katy had covered her face with her hands. 'All alone,' she whispered, 'absolutely alone.' The dying, the living—everyone is alone always. There was a little whimper in the darkness, then a shuddering, convulsive movement, a hardly human cry. She was sobbing. I loved her and she was in anguish. And yet the only thing I could find to say was, 'Don't cry.' "

Rivers shrugged his shoulders. "If you don't believe in God or an afterlife—which of course as a minister's son, I didn't, except in a strictly Pickwickian sense—what else *can* you say in the presence of death? Besides, in this particular case, there was the grotesquely embarrassing fact that I couldn't decide what to call her. Her grief and my compassion had made it impossible to say 'Mrs. Maartens,' but on the other hand 'Katy' might seem presumptuous, might even sound as though I were trying to exploit her tragedy for the baser purposes of a scoundrel, who found it impossible to forget Miss Floggy and the dung-slide of Henry's subhuman soliloquy.

" 'Don't cry,' I went on whispering, and in lieu of the prohibited endearments, of the Christian name which I dared not pronounce, I laid a timid hand on her shoulder and clumsily patted her. 'I'm sorry,' she said. And then, brokenly, 'I promise I'll behave properly tomorrow.' And after another paroxysm of weeping, 'I haven't cried like this since before I was married.'

"It was only later that the full significance of that last phrase began to dawn on me. A wife who permitted herself to cry would never have done for poor old Henry. His chronic weakness had compelled her to be unremittingly strong. But even the most stoical fortitude has its limits. That night Katy was at the end of her tether. She had suffered a total defeat—but a defeat for which, in a sense, she was grateful. Circumstances had been too much for her. But, by way of compensation, she had been granted a holiday from responsibility, had been permitted, if only for a few brief minutes, to indulge in the, for her, unprecedented luxury of tears. 'Don't cry,' I kept repeating. But actually she wanted to cry, she felt the need of crying. Not to mention the fact that she had the best possible reasons for crying. Death was all around her—it had come for her mother, it was coming, inevitably, so it seemed, for her husband, it would be there in a few years for herself, in a few more years for her children. They were all moving toward the same consummation—toward the progressive cutting of the lines of communications, toward the slow, sure attrition of the sustaining threads, toward the final plunge, alone, into the emptiness.

"From somewhere far away over the housetops a clock struck the three-quarters. The chimes were a man-made insult added gratuitously to a cosmic injury—a symbol of time's incessant passage, a reminder of the inevitable end. 'Don't cry,' I implored her, and forgetting everything but my compassion, I moved my hand from the nearer to the further of her shoulders, and drew her closer.

"Shaken by sobs and trembling, she pressed herself against me. The clock had struck, time was bleeding away, and even the living were utterly alone. Our only advantage over the dead woman up there in Chicago, over the dying man at the other end of the house, consisted in the fact that we could be alone in company, could juxtapose our solitudes and pretend that we had fused them into a community. But these, of course, were not the thoughts I was thinking then. Then there was no room in my mind for anything but love and pity and an intensely practical concern for the well-being of this goddess who had suddenly become a weeping child, this adored Beatrice who was now trembling, in just the way that little dogs can tremble, within the circle of my protecting arm. I touched the hands with which she was covering her face; they were stone cold. And the bare feet—cold as ice. 'But you're frozen!' I said almost indignantly.

"And then, thankful that at last it was possible for me to translate my pity into useful action, 'You must get under the bedclothes,' I commanded. 'At once.' I visualized myself tenderly tucking her in, then drawing up a chair and sitting, quietly watchful, like a mother, while she went to sleep. But when I moved to get out of bed, she clung to me, she wouldn't let me go. I tried to disengage myself, I tried to protest. 'Mrs. Maartens!' But it was like protesting against the clutch of a drowning child; the act was at once inhuman and useless. And meanwhile she was chilled to the bone and trembling—trembling uncontrollably. I did the only thing that was left for me to do."

"You mean, you got under the covers too?

"Under the covers," he repeated, "with two cold bare arms round my neck and a shuddering, sob-shaken body pressed against my own."

Rivers drank some whisky and leaning back in his chair, sat for a long time smoking in silence.

"The truth," he said at last, "the whole truth and nothing but the truth. All the witnesses take

Stendhal or Meredith? Anatole France or D. H. Lawrence? *The fountains of our deepest life shall be Confused in Passion's golden purity* or the *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*?"

"But you know the answer," I objected.

He shook his head.

"Maybe we could describe the event in [illegible] terms. In the [illegible] John Rivers [illegible] with the stem of his pipe two lines at right angles to one another, each from their point of intersection, which a vertical that took his hand above the level of his head.

"Let the [illegible] represent Katy, [illegible] the John Rivers of thirty years ago, and the [illegible] John Rivers as I am today. Now, within this frame of reference, what can we say about the night of April 25, 1925? Not the whole truth, of course. But a good deal more of the truth than can be conveyed in terms of any single fiction. Let's begin with the Katy line."

He drew it again, and for a moment the smoke of his pipe [illegible] its position in space. "It's the line of what I call a born parish priest," he said, "or a born psychologist, which only a thoroughgoing Christian or Buddhist could adequately deal. It's the line of a woman who has always been happily at home in the world and who suddenly finds herself standing on the brink of the abyss and invaded, body and mind, by the horrible black emptiness confronting her. Poor thing! She felt herself abandoned, not by God (for she was congenitally incapable of monotheism) but by the gods—all of them, from the little domestic lares and penates to the high Olympians. They had left her and taken everything with them. She had to find her gods again. She had to become a part once more of the natural, and therefore divine, order of things.

"She had to re-establish her contacts with life [illegible] friendship, as the experience of animal warmth, as strong sensation, as hunger and the satisfaction of hunger. It was a matter of self-preservation. And that isn't the whole story," Rivers added. "She was in tears, grieving for the mother who had just died, grieving for the husband who [illegible]

"There's a certain affinity between the more violent emotions. Anger modulates only too easily into aggressive lust, and sorrow, if you give it a chance, will melt almost imperceptibly into the most delicious sensuality. After which, of course, [illegible] In the context of bereavement, love is the equivalent of bar-biturates and a trip to Hawaii. Nobody blames the widow or the orphan for resorting to these [illegible] So why condemn them for trying to preserve their life and sanity by the other simpler method?"

"I'm not condemning them," I assured him. "But other people have other views."

"And thirty years ago I was one of them." He ran his pipe up and down the imaginary vertical in front of him. "The line of the virgin peg of twenty-eight, the line of the ex-Lutheran and ex-mother's boy, the line of the Petrarchan idealist. From *that* position I had no choice but to think of myself as a treacherous adulterer, and of Katy as—what? The words were too hideous to be articulated. Whereas from Katy's goddess-eve viewpoint nothing had happened that was not entirely natural and anything that was natural was morally good. Looking at the matter from here" and he indicated the line of John Rivers-Now, "I'd say we were both of us half right and therefore wholly wrong—she by being beyond good and evil on the merely Olympian level (and the Olympians, of course, were nothing but a pack of superhuman animals with miraculous powers), and I by not being beyond good and evil at all, but still mired up to the ears in the all too human notions of sin and social convention. To be wholly right, she should have come down to my level and then gone further, on the other side: whereas I should have climbed to her level and, having found it unsatisfactory, pressed forward to join her at the place where one is genuinely beyond good and evil in the sense of being, not a superhuman animal, but a transfigured man or woman.

IF WE HAD been at that level, should we have done what we then did? It's an unanswerable question. And in actual fact we weren't at that level. She was a goddess who had temporarily broken down and was finding her way home to Olympus by the road of sensuality. I was a divided soul committing a sin all the more enormous for being accompanied by the most ecstatic pleasure. Alternately and even, at moments, simultaneously, I was two people—a novice in love who had had the extraordinary good fortune to find himself in the arms of a woman at once uninhibited and motherly, profoundly tender and profoundly sensual, and a conscience-stricken wretch, ashamed of having succumbed to what he had been taught to regard as his basest passions and shocked, positively outraged (for he was censorious as well as remorseful) by the easy unconcern with which his Beatrice accepted the intrinsic excellence of pleasure, his Laura displayed her proficiency in the arts of love, and displayed it, what was more,

in the solemn context of mortality. Mrs. Hanbury was dead. Henry was dying. According to all the rules, she should have been in crape and I should have been offering the consolations of philosophy. But in fact, in brute, paradoxical fact . . ."

There was a moment of silence. "Midgets," he went on pensively as, behind closed lids, he studied his far-off memories. "Midgets who don't belong to my universe. And they didn't really belong to it even then. That night of the twenty-third of April we were in the Other World, she and I, in the dark, wordless heaven of nakedness and touch and fusion.

"And what revelations in that heaven, what pentecosts! The visitations of her caresses were like sudden angels, like doves descending. And how hesitantly, how tardily I responded. With lips that hardly dared, with hands still fearful of blaspheming against my notions, or rather my mother's notions, of what a good woman ought to be, of what, in fact, all good women are—(in spite of which, and this was as shocking as it was wonderful) my timid blasphemies against the ideal were rewarded by an answering ecstasy of delight, by a bounty of reciprocated tenderness, beyond anything I could have imagined.

"But over against that nocturnal Other World stood this world—the world in which the John Rivers of 1923 did his daytime thinking and feeling: the world where this kind of thing was obviously criminal, where a pupil had cheated his master and a wife her husband: the world from whose point of view our dark heaven was the most sordid little hell and the visiting angels nothing but the manifestations of lust in a context of adultery. Lust and adultery," Rivers repeated with a little laugh. "How old-fashioned it sounds! Nowadays we prefer to talk of drives, urges, extramarital intimacies. Is it a good thing? Or a bad thing? Or does it simply not matter one way or another? Fifty years from now Bimbo may know the answer.

"Meanwhile one can only record the fact that, on the verbal level, morality is simply the systematic use of bad language. *Vile, base, foul*—those are the linguistic foundations of ethics; and those were the words that haunted my conscience as I lay there, hour after hour, watching over Katy's sleep. 'Sleep'—that's also the Other World. Otherer even than the heaven of touch. From love to sleep, from the other to the otherer. It's that otherer otherness which invests the sleeping beloved with a quality almost of sacredness. Helpless sacredness—the thing that people adore in the Christ Child; the thing that filled me, then, with such an inexpressible tenderness.

"And yet it was all vile, base, foul. Those hideous monosyllables! They were like woodpeckers, hammering away at me with their cast-iron beaks. Vile, base, foul . . . But in silence between two bouts of pecking I could hear Katy quietly breathing; and she was my beloved, asleep and helpless and therefore sacred, sacred in that Other World where all bad language, even all good language, is entirely irrelevant and beside the point. But that didn't prevent those damned woodpeckers from starting up again with undiminished ferocity.

AND THEN, against all the conventions of fiction and good style, I must have fallen asleep. For suddenly it was dawn, and the birds were twittering in the suburban gardens, and there was Katy standing beside the bed in the act of throwing her long-fringed shawl over her shoulders. For a fraction of a second I couldn't think why she was there. Then I remembered everything—the visitations in the darkness, the ineffable Other Worlds. But now it was morning, and we were in this world again, and I would have to call her Mrs. Maartens. Mrs. Maartens, whose mother had just died, whose husband might be dying. Vile, base, foul! How could I ever look her in the face again?

"But at that moment she turned and looked *me* in the face. I had time to see the beginnings of her old frank, open smile: then, in an agony of shame and embarrassment, I averted my face. 'I'd hoped you wouldn't wake up,' she whispered, and bending down, she kissed me, as a grownup kisses a child, on the forehead. I wanted to tell her that, in spite of everything, I still worshiped her; that my love was as intense as my remorse: that my gratitude for what had happened was as deep and strong as my determination that it should never happen again. But no words came: I was dumb.

"And so, but for quite another reason, was Katy. If she said nothing about what had happened, it was because she judged what had happened was the sort of thing it was best not to talk about. 'It's after six' was all she said, as she straightened herself up. 'I must go and relieve poor Nurse Koppers.' Then she turned, opened the door noiselessly and, as noiselessly, closed it behind her. I was left alone, at the mercy of my woodpeckers. Vile, base, foul; foul, base, vile . . . By the time the bell rang for breakfast, my mind was made up. Rather than live a lie, rather than besmirch my ideal, I would go away—forever."

[*To be concluded.*]



After Hours

BITTER PILL

DR. PAUL COREMANS, who knows a great deal more about what fails to meet the eye than most people, has his troubles. As this is written he has rather dreadful troubles, the kinds of troubles that experts get themselves into with dilettantes. Dr. Coremans is the director of the Laboratoire Centrale des Musées Belgique. His difficulties started several years ago, just after the war, and they are about to come to a head.

He is being sued for having given an expert opinion. It was he who published the scholarly work on the fake Vermeers painted by a Dutchman named Van Meegeren who had swindled the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, Herman Goering, and a number of other collectors out of several million dollars. The case broke, you may remember, when Van Meegeren was accused of collaboration with the Germans for having sold Goering a "Vermeer." To prove that he had not collaborated he set out to prove that the Vermeer in question was the work of his own hand. He was sentenced, not for his dealings with the Germans, but for forgery, and died not long after of a heart attack. It was Dr. Coremans who subjected the fake Vermeers to a series of elaborate tests—chemical and physical (X-ray, ultra-violet, infra-red)—and published a book demonstrating how the fakes were made. His troubles are the result of his having published as a fake a "Last Supper" ascribed to Vermeer and purchased by a famous Dutch collector and man of vast wealth named Van Beuningen. Herr Van Beuningen declines to pass over lightly the validity of Coremans' evidence.

Several weeks ago I had the pleasure of spending a day in Brussels and Ghent with Dr. Coremans. He is a slight, sharp-faced man with horn-rimmed glasses and a smile that is easy. He is something of a tease, and he gave not the least impression of a man who has been hounded for four years or more by a wealthy opponent who seems to be out to break him. He went with my wife and me to Ghent to look at the most famous of all Flemish masterpieces, the Van Eyck altarpiece usually known as "The Adoration of the Lamb" but referred to affectionately by the men in Coremans' laboratory as the "Mystic Mutton." Coremans had been in charge of the restoration of this extraordinary picture—a series of panels, as you may remember, painted around 1432, and touched up and repainted by succeeding generations of restorers. It once suffered damage by fire. It was Coremans' problem to restore it as nearly as was practical and aesthetically feasible to its original state. This is not merely a matter of cleaning, as you might think, but of knowing what it is unwise to clean.

"Those clouds," he said, pointing to the sky in the central panel, "are nineteenth-century. We didn't dare take them off. There's nothing underneath."

It is Dr. Coremans' practice not only to look at what is underneath the surface with X-ray, but to take minute samples of paint, smaller than a pin head, mount them in plastic and subject them to microscopic examination. With the aid of visible light, infra-red, and ultra-violet he can tell not only how many layers of pigment there

are, but what the composition of the paints is, and even with a considerable degree of accuracy what dates they were applied.

It was this kind of technique that Coremans had turned on the fake Vermeers. He took us back to his laboratory after the trip to the "Mystic Mutton." I had carefully not mentioned the Vermeer scandal to him, lest he prefer not to talk about it; we had heard that the pending suit had greatly upset him. It was he who said: "I guess you know about the Van Beuningen suit"; and when I said, "I wish you'd tell us about it," he did, with the evidence, or some of it, at hand.

The "Last Supper" that has caused all the trouble is a large picture, roughly six feet high and nearly eight and a half feet wide, with a somewhat unconventional arrangement of the disciples around a central figure of Christ. Propped up against a wall in the laboratory was a full-scale X-ray print of the painting, the X-rays having been pasted together, to form almost the complete picture. Through the "Last Supper" could be seen several dogs or parts of them. It seems that the "Last Supper" is superimposed on another picture, a seventeenth-century hunting scene painted by A. Hondius.

IT IS THE practice of forgers, clever ones, to use canvas or wood panels of the dates of the pictures they wish to imitate; according to Dr. Coremans, when he had published the X-ray of the "Last Supper," an art historian and friend of his found and sent to him a photograph of the hunting picture over which Van Meegeren had worked. The picture was then traced to a dealer in Amsterdam who said that he had, indeed, sold it to Van Meegeren in 1940. But it seems that there was also another "Last Supper," not the one about which there was a dispute, but one which became a sort of red herring. Van Meegeren had written in July 1939 to a dealer saying that he had found a Vermeer "Last Supper" in a French collection and gave its dimensions and roughly described it. This letter, which became known to Coremans after the trial of the forger, did not check with the description or size of the picture in the Van Beuningen collection. In 1949 Coremans took a trip to Nice in the South of France, where Van Meegeren had done his forgeries, and there he found the picture described in the letter. It too was quite large, and a full-size X-ray of that was also propped up in the laboratory. It was painted over a picture of two children in a goat cart . . . also a seventeenth-century picture . . . by G. Flinck.

Dr. Coremans, who is a scientist (a Ph.D. in chemistry and physics) has absolute confidence in his evidence. "When I am not sure," he said, "I say so, but of this I am absolutely positive. But it has been a great deal of trouble. I cannot let this suit interfere with my work here in the laboratory, and I do not start working on it until ten o'clock at night. I work on it every night until about two, and I have written about fifteen hundred pages of documentation. This does not include a great many other scientific documents. It is also very expensive. The Belgian government has given me a lawyer, but I also retain a lawyer of my own to help him. And it is very expensive getting things typed. There have been very ugly rumors circulated about me, about how I have faked the X-rays and photographs. Dealers do not like people who expose fakes and many of them have said very mean things about me. Not long ago I was approached to settle this out of court, but I said I wouldn't; I want to get the record straight. It all worries my wife a great deal."

Dr. Coremans, scientist, does not blame the experts and connoisseurs and dilettantes for having got stuck with the Vermeer fakes. Purely visual evidence to a man who respects test-tube evidence is always fallible, but the circumstances under which the fakes were sold, Coremans believes, explains why the swindle was so successful. During the war the genuine Vermeers had all been stowed away for safe keeping and comparison with them was impossible. Furthermore some of the pictures were sold very clandestinely on the pretense that no open dealing could be done lest the Nazis hear about them and whisk them off to Germany as loot. They were looked at in dark cellars by candlelight, in a murky atmosphere of underground dealings . . . not the ideal circumstances for cool and objective judgment or scholarship. "The first fake, the 'Supper at Emmaus'," Dr. Coremans said, "was the best one. It is possible to understand how that got by. But the others, no. It could only have happened during the war."

But connoisseurs and collectors don't like to be fooled, war or no war, and there is evidently still a good deal of feeling about the Van Meegerens. Coremans, the expert who provided the scientific evidence of the fakes, is a Belgian working for the Belgian government. But the

fakes were bought in Holland. Vermeer is one of the most celebrated of Dutch painters, and the whole thing, it would seem, is still frightfully hard to swallow.

OLD PAPERS

THOSE boxes and drawerfuls of old family papers that are such a nuisance when you're clearing out a house may be more useful to a lot of people than you suspect. If any of them are connected with "a man or a woman who played a significant role in national life"—any branch of national life—the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress will be delighted to have them. What's more, if you make the Library a present of them, it will send you, on request, an assessment of their worth, based on their value in the collectors' market, that you can deduct from your income tax as a contribution.

Even if your family had no noted members, you may find among its belongings letters *from* prominent persons—and these may be just what the Library wants.

"We'd like to see a lot more people get the idea of sending us their papers," Mr. David C. Mearns, head of the Manuscript Division, told me recently. He added that, of course, the Library likes to be queried about the acceptability of the papers first, but if it is interested, then it wants to see *all* the available papers of that person or family—"Except canceled checks," Mr. Mearns amended quickly—reserving the right to return to the donor later those that are deemed inappropriate for permanent preservation.

"It's often difficult, especially since the invention of the typewriter, for an outsider to tell what we will find interesting," he explained. For example, a letter typed and signed by the author is more valuable than a signed letter he had typed for him by someone else, but the Library may want the second letter just the same. A draft of a manuscript with the author's own corrections is more desirable, no matter how rough it is, than a draft an editor has worked on.

A great problem, Mr. Mearns said, is to persuade donors not to discard in advance papers they think are too trivial. Trivia can be an important part of a collection—like the careful letter from Thomas Jefferson to a friend on the care of his geraniums, a prized item in the Library's 20,000-piece Jefferson collection.

And the papers, Mr. Mearns emphasized, do not have to be old. The Library's Art Division not long ago accepted with pleasure the gift of two original comic strips of *Pogo* from cartoonist Walt Kelly. "We consider him an important American," said Mr. Mearns.

The Manuscript Division currently has upwards of 14,000,000 items—letters, drafts, memoranda, diaries, journals, and notes of every conceivable description, from Colonial days to the present—filed, boxed, and housed in fireproof, air-conditioned stacks with humidity control. Most, but not all of them, are available to serious students—an average of from twenty-five to fifty a day of them who visit the Division—who can show a need to consult original sources. Some of the more important are occasionally lent for exhibition or photostated on request at a nominal cost. Not one has ever been willfully damaged while in the Library's possession—a record few other libraries would care to try to match.

Those manuscripts which are not made available are not, as you might expect, the oldest and most precious, like the rough draft of the Declaration of Independence. They are recent papers of an intimate nature which were given with the understanding that they would be kept restricted or released only to people specified by the donors for a certain period of time—sometimes as long as fifty years. (The most famous case was, of course, the Lincoln papers which were held in absolute cloture until twenty-one years after Robert Lincoln's death.)

Nervous donors who feel that the papers they are giving are particularly personal often write in their formal instruments of gift that, for a certain length of time, "Nobody may use this collection"—a stricture which successfully seals off the collection from even the donor, unless the Library catches the clause in time and suggests a modification. Usually it does, to the donor's subsequent relief. Occasionally it does not. There is now one collection which indeed for the time being can be seen by *nobody*.

THE KRAUT WOMAN

WE REMEMBER her first from the soft spring evenings, two or three decades backs, high school or prep, your end of the country or mine. There would be someone who had a phonograph in an attic room, where the window under the eaves was shaded from the street lamp by heavy foliage. There would be

someone too who owned the imported Telefunken records, worn by a hundred adolescent reveries—"Jonny," "Peter," *"Wo ist der Mann?" "Moi, je m'ennuie"* . . .

The husky voice of Marlene Dietrich was part of the temperamental environment of that generation of Americans. To say that we understood —even understood the lyrics—would be an exaggeration; we merely accepted. We absorbed, from this endlessly replenished source, the promise of unexplored sophistications to come, sometime, somehow, even to such as we (world-weary, oh, how weary of it all). Somewhere a screen door slammed. A voice called or a clock struck. Well, there was world enough and time.



A WORLD war and half a dozen movies later, we have been catching up. Miss Dietrich's daughter is on TV, and *she* has a daughter. Gaps have been filled in: there turn out to have been earlier records (the HMV ten-inch 78s numbered 1770, 1802, 2265, and 2275) that show how far Grandma's pitch had slid down the register before we knew her. There have been numerous revivals of "The Blue Angel," a film that now seems naïve in its assumption that her casual destroying of a pompous professor was tragic. The once-scarce Telefunken records are widely available on LP (Vox PL 3040), and Decca has brought out an album (on LP, 5100) of an American Dietrich—less mysterious, almost wholesome, but more highly skilled. In it, a triumph of translation brought "Falling in Love Again" out of *"Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuss auf Liebe eingestellt"* and gave her a theme song.

Several years after the war came another record, one of the most perennially satisfying I know, the ten-inch Columbia LP called "Marlene Dietrich Overseas" (GL 105)—a remake of the songs she sang for the OSS to broadcast to German soldiers. Mostly they are American pop tunes, with the words revised to make them morbid and Teutonic, twisting the knife of nostalgia; the exception could have been written for her: "Lili Marlene." Ever the artist in effects, on the jacket-photo she appears in GI clothes and combat boots, an echo of her mannish suits from the Twenties. On the wreckage in the background a sign says: *"Vorsicht! Glas! Nicht Stürzen!"*

NOW, MIRACLE on miracle, there is a new Dietrich album, a Columbia twelve-inch LP (ML 4975) transcribed directly from her opening last fall at London's Café de Paris, complete with introduction by Noel Coward and a dash of Arpège on each record. Of course, it is the same old Dietrich, the same old songs. But the context has strangely altered. This time there is no artful contrast between the loud bawdry of "Lola" and the perversely baby-faced German dumpling who sang it originally. This time, on the jacket, along with photographs of her Legion of Honor, she appears in the cloud of chiffon (not the Las Vegas dress, but just as startling) which sent the British critics groggily reaching for metaphors.

Milton Shulman: "Slithering down the famous stair like a glacier glinting in the sunlight. . . ." Kenneth Tynan: "The Venus in furs, with black leather in her voice, over whom applause broke like a cloudburst over the Sphinx." Derek Monsey: "That extraordinary dress, apparently transparent, actually opaque, mesmerizes."

Practice has made her perfect at the full-time job of being Marlene Dietrich, but it has cumulatively revealed her secret—which was never to be what she seemed, or seem what she was. The words were doubly feline in so low a voice, the poses more suggestive in male clothing; she ever appealed to writers like Hemingway, whose fictional women are so frequently destructive. ("Your name," wrote Cocteau, "at first the sound of a caress, becomes the crack of a whip.") This much, by now, was obvious; there was only one trick left. Perhaps we should have guessed that after all these years, when it seemed least likely, that she would come forward trying to be of all things—feminine.

— Mr. Harper

the NEW BOOKS

JOHN BROOKS

Somerset Maugham on Fiction

. . . Novels Controversial and Otherwise

. . . TV and Wall Street

THE **Art of Fiction:** An Introduction to Ten Novels and Their Authors, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, $4.50), is the result of a project undertaken some time ago by the self-styled Very Old Party (who is as far as possible from old in mind and spirit) to write introductions for reissues, in condensed form, of ten of the world's recognized masterpieces of fiction. Anticipating, with his characteristic urbanity, the howls of anguish that would arise from purist circles at the very whisper of such a profane project, Maugham writes in the introductory chapter to this book, "Though some of us have acquired the knack of skipping to our profit, most people have not, and it would surely be a good thing if they could have their skipping done for them by a person of tact and discrimination." That ought to silence the opposition.

This volume does not, of course, contain the condensed novels; it is made up of the introductions, each one of which contains a sketch of the writer's life and ends with a critical evaluation of the book in question. I do not know that it can be called a book of criticism, because the articles are concerned very largely with the writers' lives, not so much in relation to their work as to the reader's sensibilities and risibilities. A lot of what Maugham has to say, and especially the way he says it, might be put under the heading of gossip. This recalls the remark that a friend of mine made not long ago when, after the evening's guests had gone home, his wife began to talk about them and my friend accused her of being a gossip. She truthfully and logically pointed out that he was taking his full part in the discussion, whereupon he retorted,

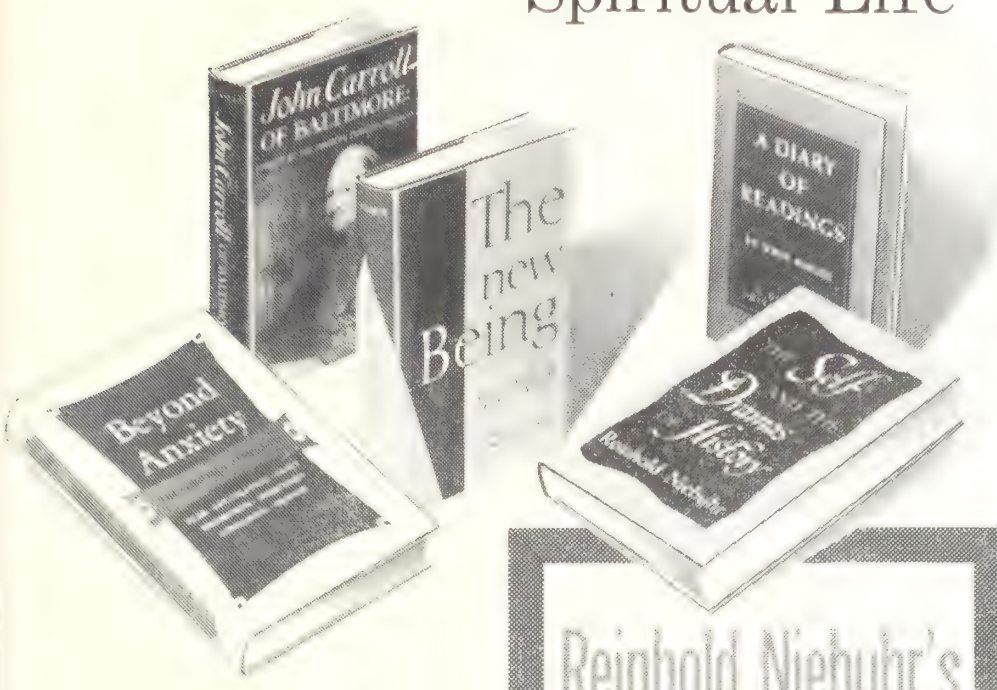
"When you talk about people, it's gossip; when I do, it's character analysis."

What my friend's wife replied to that is no part of this review, but the anecdote points to what sort of tightrope Maugham treads in his essays. The novels under discussion are *Tom Jones, Pride and Prejudice, Le Rouge et le Noir, Le Père Goriot, David Copperfield, Madame Bovary, Moby Dick, Wuthering Heights, The Brothers Karamazov,* and *War and Peace.* There are not, so far as I know, any new biographical facts or critical theories advanced in any of the essays; what gives color, life, and a wonderful narrative force to the brief biographies is Maugham's own lively and distinct feeling about each author. Many of his feelings are not flattering, especially when the authors are considered, as Maugham insists on considering them, as members of society. He is particularly malicious and funny on the young, undergrown, and rather unprepossessing Stendhal pursuing his ambition to be a great lover, and on Flaubert's unique methods of composition—the stylist living with his mother outside of Paris, grinding out *Madame Bovary* at a rate sometimes as low as a line a day, frequently pausing and going out on the terrace to bellow his latest sentence at the Seine, to see how it would sound.

It is as actual criticism, it seems to me, that the essays are weakest. Having showed the authors' lives in such broad and vital strokes, Maugham tends to eviscerate their work—Dickens' was sentimental, Flaubert's cold, Balzac's uneven, and so on—and then to add, "Nevertheless, it is a great novel." The impression increases that in spite of everything, and even when writing about writers, Maugham puts life before literature. He is at his very best in a final chapter entitled "In Conclusion," in which he imagines himself giving a party that is attended by all ten of the authors he has been considering.

"Mr. Dickens was smaller than Miss Austen liked men to be, and much too smartly dressed; but he had a pleasant face and fine eyes.

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. . . There were two Russians there, one with an unpronounceable name who looked disagreeable and common; the other, Tolstoy, had the air of a gentleman, but you could never tell with foreigners. . . . And as for the others—Monsieur Beyle, whom they called Stendhal, was fat and ugly. Monsieur Flaubert laughed much too loudly for anyone who had pretensions to elegance, and as to Monsieur de Balzac, his manners were deplorable."

Would the Very Old Party, if modesty did not forbid, be tempted to devote one of his chapters to a twentieth-century novel, the one called *Of Human Bondage?* If so, he would not, as a critic, be far wrong.

THE BOMB AND THE PERSON

WHY ARE not the great and tragic world events of the past generation producing commensurate literature? There hasn't been time, runs the usual theory, which I find irrefutable. Great tragedy is usually written in dull times; emotion, to be projected successfully, must be recollected in tranquillity. The time of journalism is now; the time of art will come (hopefully) later. Be that as it may, **The Accident**, by Dexter Masters (Knopf, $4) is that rare and wonderful thing, a deeply satisfying novel, that is really a novel, based on a recent event. The event was the death from radiation sickness of Louis Slotin, the atomic scientist, as a result of an accident that occurred in a laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico, on May 21, 1946.

The novel begins on the day before the accident, and ends nine days later, when Louis Saxl, Masters' hero, finally dies. It is concerned in part with the medical details of the dying man's case, which, as the book proceeds, appears increasingly hopeless; in part with the reactions of his friends and associates to the accident and to Saxl's role in it, which consisted of knocking a poisonously radioactive pile apart with his bare hands (was this heroic? outsiders say yes; other scientists, without malice, say no, it was the automatic reaction of a trained man); in part with the victim's deathbed thoughts about his work and the future of the human race; and in part with the story of his love that had, for seven years, been forced to take second place to his secret and demanding work.

It is backhanded praise for a book as deeply felt, honestly and lyrically written, and ineffably moving as this one to say that it avoids the temptations of cheap sensationalism. There is not a sensational scene in it; the reader is neither in the lab when the accident occurs, nor in the sickroom when the patient dies. The superficial, meaningless suspense element inherent in the question, "will he live or die?" is eschewed entirely.

Saxl will die—this we know with our minds, yet we continue to hope for him with our emotions. Nor is there any attempt to achieve a journalistic scoop—to attract attention by "taking the reader inside the secret enclaves." No; Masters is out for bigger literary game. His book's pace—and it is a swift, breathless book, a book not to be put down—comes from the sympathy that the author feels for his characters, and the tragic dignity with which he invests Louis Saxl.

The Accident has flaws, and the chief of them is that the minor characters—several fellow scientists, a young doctor, a superstitious nurse, an Army Colonel, and Saxl's fiancée—are not very fully realized. But it is a measure of Masters' skill that on finishing, the reader feels that the flaws are not important. *The Accident* is a novel that is not made up of parts, but is a whole. Its impact is solid and unified; it is a triumph, and not such a small one, either.

To make his triumph the more startling and encouraging, Masters is not, or has not been, a professional novelist. Almost fifty, he has been editor of a magazine called *Radar*, and is now an educational broadcaster and editorial consultant. *The Accident* is a first novel, but it is not a work of promise, rather of fulfillment; one in which overpowering emotion and long, hard thought have been painfully distilled and projected. To accomplish such a thing takes talent, but it also takes a quality that is somewhat out of fashion these days—care.

NOVEL AND PROPAGANDA

THE **Cypresses Believe in God** by José Maria Gironella (Knopf, $10) is a 1,000 page blockbuster that the publishers present attractively in a boxed two-volume edition and announce as "the first Spanish novel of worldwide relevance since Vicente Blasco Ibañez wrote *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* (1916)." It traces the story of life in the Catalan town of Gerona from April 1931 to July 1936, when the civil war was under way and Spain was already partly in flames. Any novel out of a totalitarian country, especially one that deals with politics as this one does, must engage our interest for extra-literary reasons, *i.e.*, How much freedom has the author exercised, or been permitted by the authorities to exercise? Considerations of art and politics become intertwined.

For approximately the first half of its course, or the part in which Gironella focuses on people first and politics second, *The Cypresses Believe in God* is an enormously engaging novel of provincial life, somewhat in the mood and manner of *Buddenbrooks*. Most attention is paid to the family of Matias Alvear, a telegraph operator who lives in one of those continental apartments

JOHN MASTERS

Every once a generation or so a superb storyteller comes along whose books not only capture the hearts and imaginations of contemporary readers but also become a treasured part of our literary heritage. James Fenimore Cooper was such a writer; so were Robert Louis Stevenson and Joseph Conrad. More and more frequently, you are likely to hear John Masters mentioned in this way, for his books are best-sellers in many countries and many languages, and his readers are numbered in the millions.

Critics as well as readers were quick to recognize this extraordinary talent. Of John Masters' first novel, *Nightrunners of Bengal,* Harrison Smith wrote: It is "the most exciting historical novel of the year." When *The Deceivers* was published, Sterling North employed the phrase, "the best teller of Indian tales since Kipling." *The Lotus and the Wind* received this praise from the *New Yorker:* "Mr. Masters tells a story of love, fighting, and espionage in nineteenth-century India with as much authority as if he had been on hand himself." When *Bhowani Junction* appeared last year the *New York Times* commented: "Its magic of atmosphere, subtlety of character, vigor of narrative, and overtones of meaning make *Bhowani Junction* one of the major novels of 1954."

Coromandel! is John Masters' new novel. Its hero, Jason Savage, was a boy in Wiltshire when he first saw that name on a bloodstained map of India he bought from Old Voy, the poacher, in 1627. The map and the aching visions it caused drove Jason from his father's farm to the roistering streets of London, by ship to India and Coromandel, through the jungles and across the scalding wastelands, to the icy heights of the mountain he hoped was Meru. In an age of few celebrated tellers of tales, the success of John Masters is something to be grateful for, and his new book is a deeply exciting and rewarding experience.

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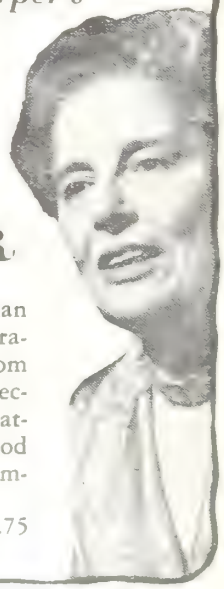
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that literally overhang a river: his sport on Sunday afternoons is to fish out of the living-room window, gleefully hurling his catches inward over his shoulder to his wife, a quiet, pious lady, in the kitchen. Alvear has two sons—Cesar, who goes to a monastery, and Ignacio, who works in the bank, studies law, and becomes caught in the conflicting political currents of the time—and one daughter, Pilar, who is pretty, high-spirited, and, need I add, apolitical.

Cesar's mother, although approving of his religious bent, is worried about his habit of mortifying the flesh by drinking salt water; Ignacio's father is worried about his involvements in the fantastically complicated, and increasingly violent, struggles of Socialists, Communists, Freemasons, moderate Leftists and Rightists, Anarchists, and, finally, a new and strange organization calling itself the Falange. This new movement is first presented as interesting (it aims for the unity of Spain) but somewhat sinister (it seems to favor and encourage Mussolini's adventure in Ethiopia). It does not loom large, though. There is a wonderfully warm passage in which the good qualities of almost everybody in town, of whatever political stripe, are listed. There is a charming account of Ignacio's summer romance at the seaside, and a touching one of his encounter with a prostitute. That is the mood.

IN VOLUME II, the spotlight shifts from people to politics—as, undoubtedly, it did in Spain at the time. The citizens of Gerona, whom we have come to know so well, tend to recede into ideographs. When the Anarchists, Communists, and Socialists finally make common cause in the Popular Front movement, violence takes over the stage with a vengeance. Churches are desecrated; priests are murdered and lynched. Honest Socialists are corrupted into betraying their pacificist ideals. Nor is the Falange above reproach. It is presented as a violent organization, necessary to oppose the Godless and ruthlessly advancing "dictatorship of the proletariat."

In an introductory note to the American edition Gironella boasts that in Spain the reaction to his book is that it is "implacable." By this is meant, no doubt, that its pattern does not fully emerge until the very end, when both Pilar and Ignacio have taken Falangist sweethearts, when thirty-six Geronans have been murdered by the Popular Front and Cesar has just become the thirty-seventh. A writer who engages our sympathies and then manipulates them to political ends must be accused, regardless of his artistic skill—and Gironella's is considerable—of writing propaganda. For all I know, there is not a line of exaggeration of Popular Front atrocities in this huge and impressive book. What must be pointed out is that, to give it the tragic stature it deserves, Gironella would have had to continue his story beyond July 1936, when the Falangists were still the outsiders and the underdogs, through the three bloody years that followed.

And Guernica?

EXAMINING WALL STREET

THINK of all the American novels and short stories in which the Wall Street Crash of 1929 played a crucial background role. Fitzgerald's "Babylon Revisited" and several Marquand novels would just be a starter: there are many such works by lesser-known writers, one of the better of which was the recent *What's the Big Hurry?* by James Yaffe. Here, in **The Great Crash—1929** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), by Professor John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard, we have a dramatic factual treatment of that pivotal event in American history. Professor Galbraith, of course, is the man who apparently drove the Dow-Jones averages down a few points the day, not long ago, when he appeared before the Fulbright committee in Washington and recommended that the buying of stocks on credit be suspended for the present, to slow down the market boom. His book, which grew out of an article which appeared in *Harper's* last October, is a piece of social history that reads the way a novel ought to and seldom does. It starts with an account of the years of glowing optimism that preceded the Crash, and describes how the public, gradually and progressively, came to think of Wall Street as the new Golconda. In this

connection, it is instructive to note the striking similarities and points which Professor Galbraith does not make explicit) and between market conditions in 1928 and those existing right now. (The contrasts are also striking, particularly in the regulation of the exchanges.)

Then came the almost forgotten "little crash" of March 1929 which Charles E. Mitchell of the National City Bank kept within bounds almost single-handed, when he announced that he still felt bullish and that the National City would lend money as necessary to prevent liquidation. (How quaint and delightful it now seems to think of single bankers averting panics! Morgan in 1907, Mitchell in March 1929—but who after the events of that October?) Professor Galbraith is at his best when he comes to his climax. His description of the days of the Crash is as memorable as that in Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*. He has a wonderfully ironic section on the pompously optimistic statements issued at the time by various Wall Street moguls.

As to the aftermath of the Crash, I could have wished for more detail, particularly on the famous Pecora investigation. Professor Galbraith has, however, done some fascinating research which tends to upset the pet idea that Wall Street was not safe for pedestrians for years after 1929 because they were in danger of being hit by falling brokers. Actually, it appears that the suicide rate for the general population *declined*. And he also draws an instructive parallel between the cases of Richard Whitney and Alger Hiss, each of whom, whatever his misdeeds, had the misfortune to become a popular symbol of evil in his time.

PROFESSOR Galbraith's book, coming just when public interest in the financial markets is strongly on the upswing, is well-timed, and so is **Wall Street: Men and Money**, by Matthew Josephson (Harper, $3.75). Here is a good man to explain the intricacies of the financial world to the innocent and impecunious public precisely because, when he tackled the subject, he didn't know a thing about it. Therefore it had to be made comprehensible to him before he could write about it. He is not a Wall Street Man, but an uptown man interested in economics, a novelist and magazine writer who started writing an article about Wall Street, became fascinated, and expanded it into a book.

Mayer goes right down the Street, taking up, one after another, the New York Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange, the over-the-counter market, the big brokerage houses, the investment banking business, the commercial banks, and the legal aspect of financial dealings—which, since the passage of the Glass-Steagall and Securities and Exchange Acts, looms enormous. His style alternates between straightforward exposition and firsthand reports on his interviews with important Wall Streeters. The book does not contain a single hot tip, and yet it is hardly ever dull. I wonder, in view of his relation to his subject, whether he would not have been well advised to stick to reporting and to avoid making some of the judgments he does, and I was put off a few times by an overly-clever writing style. But these faults, if they are faults, can easily be forgiven a man who has provided such a comprehensive and readable handbook on such a prickly subject. The reader will also find here a vivid and evocative description of the tiny amount of real estate in lower Manhattan that all the hullabaloo is about.

SO FAR, I am a non-viewer of television, although increasingly frequent and compelling descriptions by friends, of programs that I wish I hadn't missed are tending to convert me. [illegible] and on himself. The book is **The Bachelor Party and other TV Plays** by Chayefsky without falling into the [illegible] baffle me in the [illegible] habitual addicts.

89

Good reading from Rinehart

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[illegible] nating that it is not possible to put it down . . . The theme is eternal, far transcending the village it encompasses . . . A privilege to read . . . it has captivated me utterly and the [illegible] into its writing can never be praised [illegible]

— Excerpt from a letter by Han Suyin, author of *A Many Splendored Thing*.

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Chayefsky, as must have been said many times, has a wonderful ear; he can write such accurate lower-middle-class metropolitan dialogue that it does not need an actor to make it come alive. Therefore his plays read splendidly. His other cardinal assets appear to be a great deal of human sympathy, a hatred of one-dimensional characters, and a really startling *expertise* in a medium in which he can scarcely have had any classic models to follow. He seems to take to the small screen like a duck to water.

HE ALSO has interesting limitations. In one of his plays, "The Mother," he introduces as necessary background material two violent thunderstorms on successive early mornings in New York City in early spring. Now, it is a meteorological fact that thunderstorms very rarely, if ever, occur in those particular circumstances. But the interesting thing is that the mistake does not appear to be the result of sloppiness. The portrait of the mother, who is sixty-six and desperately hopes to stay independent of her daughters and their husbands, is so deep and sympathetic that one feels it engaged Chayefsky's entire attention when he wrote the play, to the exclusion of such matters as weather conditions. He has looked into the human heart so steadily and devotedly that he has neglected to look out the window.

Chayefsky seems to write two kinds of plays—those in which sentiment overrides naturalism, and those in which naturalism overrides sentiment. All his plays have elements of each. Those in the former category (*i.e.*, "Printer's Measure," in which a delightful old-school printer gets mad at a new-fangled linotype machine, tries to break it to pieces, and gets better treatment from his boss than credibility will admit of; and "Holiday Song," in which an emissary of God appears in a Brooklyn subway station) come out as expert and satisfying tear-jerkers in the tradition of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol." Those in the latter category especially "Marty," a really searing and beautiful portrait of a lonely man in the Bronx in relation to his mother and a lonely girl he meets—are lessened somewhat by the quasi-happy endings that evidently must be tacked on to satisfy the sponsor, or the enormous audience. At all events, here is a man of great talent who is writing very distinctly and distinctively *for* television, and his first book of plays is a delight to read.

His interspersed essays are interesting on another level. They give many hints to aspiring television writers, much documentation on life in the cable-cluttered studios, and further documentation tending to prove what few probably suspect—that television writers are underpaid.

SOMETHING OF VALUE?

ROBERT RUARK, the syndicated newspaper columnist writes in a foreword to **Something of Value** (Doubleday, $5): "There are portions of this book which are almost unbelievable. . . . Less than a year ago I saw an African shot in front of the *best hotel* (italics mine) of Nairobi just as thirty tourists arrived from the airport. . . . I love Kenya and its people, white and black. . . . There is much blood in this book. There is much killing . . . this is not a pretty book." The quarter of a million-word novel that follows this odd announcement is the May selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and will later be a movie. It is about the tragic effect of the partial Westernization of the Kikuyu tribe in Kenya, which has resulted in certain members of that tribe combining the atheism of Western tourists with the revolutionary violence of Communist infiltrators, and eventually in their joining the murderous secret society that they call Mau Mau.

There is never any evidence that Ruark is capable of enough human sympathy to approach a projection of this tragedy, but, for a time, his book has the journalistic virtue of giving a certain appreciation of the situation in Kenya, and, for the reader with a taste for Americans who talk like the gossip columns and British colonials who talk like road-show Noel Coward, it probably has a certain entertainment value. But as one reads on, one begins to feel a little disturbed, and finally a little sick. That there are terrible Mau Mau rituals with which members exact pledges from new members is a fact; but that Ruark dwells repeat-

edly and at loving length on these rituals must, it seems to me, indicate one of two things: either he is making a cruel and cold-blooded bid for sensation-hunting readership at the expense of human misery, or else he is an emotionally sick man.

I DEVOTE so much space to this novel not because of literary quality, of which I find it devoid, but because it seems to illustrate an unfortunate situation in American letters, perhaps in American public life. The curse of modern man, as one of Dexter Masters' characters says, is that he is either unable to feel or, confronted by problems beyond him, doesn't know what to feel. In the case of such a book as this, author, publisher, book club, anyone who has a financial stake in it, can abdicate the question of their feeling about it, if any, and simply stand back and accept the unanswerable accolade, profits. One of the Book-of-the-Month Club judges—courageously, I think—has made a public disclaimer of it, and implied that it was selected over her adverse vote. But that only creates "controversy," which, as everybody knows, sells books. Conversely, Miss Loveman and other hostile critics can be dismissed with the curse word, "moralistic," when their real objection is that the book presents that least edifying of literary spectacles, that of a big subject cheaply and ineptly treated.

For my own part, I found that its chief effect, which I wiped out with better reading the next day, was successively to stultify me with its prolixity, stun me with its bad writing, and tire me with its adolescent nastiness. Is that entertainment?

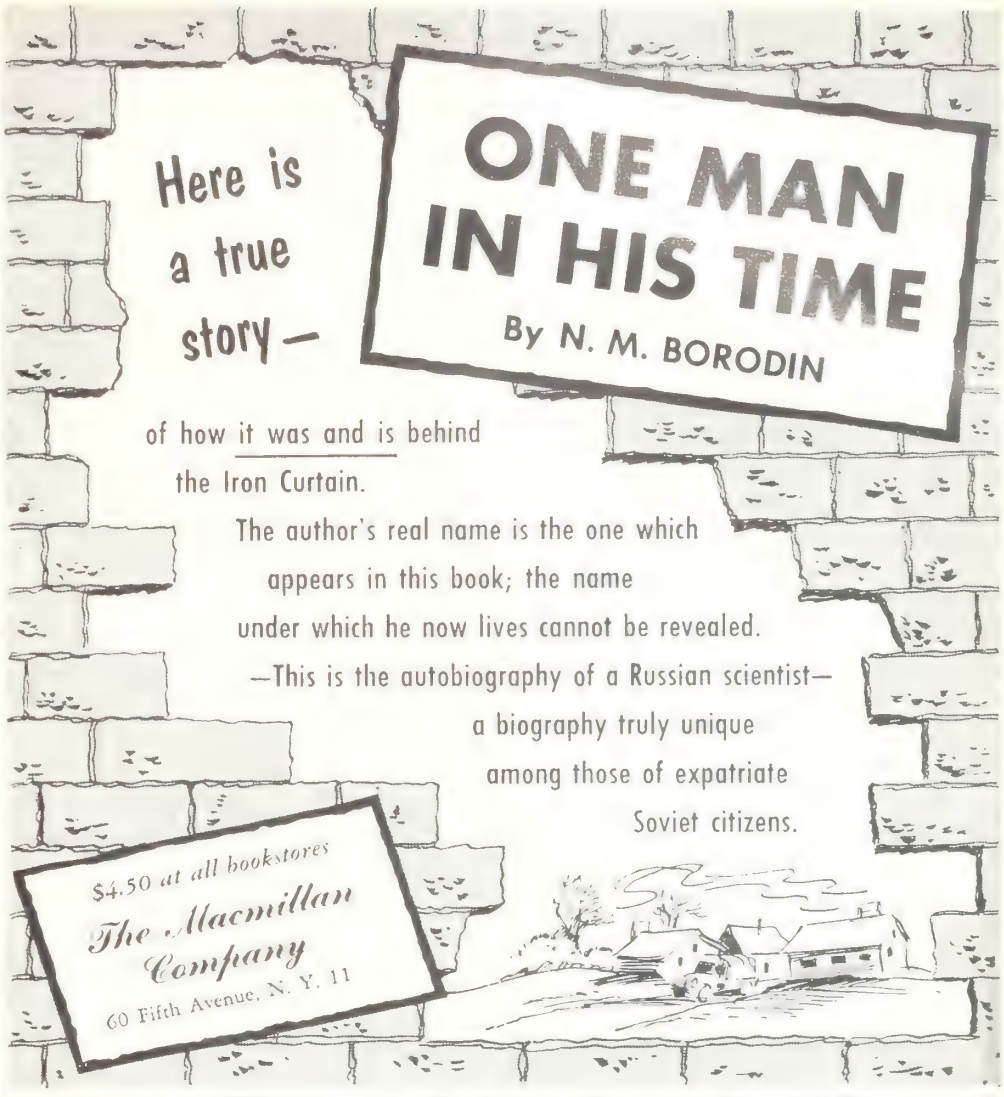
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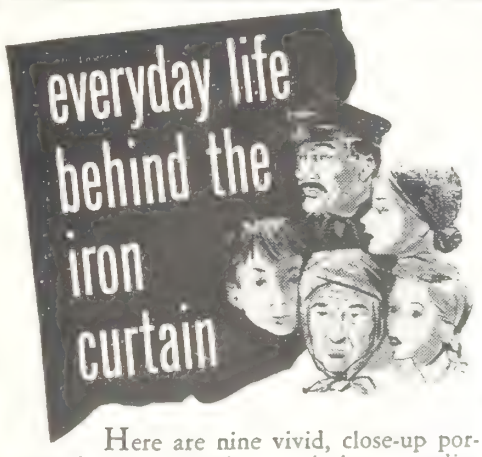
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

The Tall Dark Man, by Anne Chamberlain.

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future." Or: "This is a most remarkable first novel." And all the statements will be true. But none of them will convey the atmosphere which from the first page held *this* reader in a state of near-hypnotism. With an economy of words and selectivity of incidents—the action all happens in one afternoon—Miss Chamberlain tells the story of a thirteen-year-old girl, rather tiresome to teachers, classmates, family, and even to herself, who is involuntarily witness to a murder and known to be so by the murderer. Mixed with the terror of the chase—real, breath-taking terror—are humor and compassion so that though it is a frightening book it leaves one happy. Bobbs-Merrill, $3

Bonjour Tristesse, by Françoise Sagan.
This book by an eighteen-year-old French girl writing under a nom de plume, though her picture appears large on the jacket, is said to be "the sensation of Europe." That is the worst thing I've heard about Europe in some time. The novel is remarkably clever for so young a girl to have written. It is the story of another young girl, seventeen, two years out of a convent, who goes everywhere with her gay and handsome father, a widower who must always have a woman. They have wonderful times on their escapades *à trois,* if somewhat unsuitable to her years. Then—to interrupt their carefree days at their villa on the Riviera where her father is having an affair with a stupid though pretty young actress—comes a beautiful and gentle woman, a friend of her mother's, whom the father decides he wants to marry. The daughter both likes and dislikes her but almost in spite of herself plots to break up the engagement. The plot she concocts is wholly artificial and the rather deliberately amoral stand of the author is, to this reader, childish and boring. Her excellent craftsmanship and observation deserve stancher attitudes—and fortunately she has plenty of time. Dutton, $2.50

A Summer Night, by Alan Moorehead.
"Old-fashioned" is the word that comes to mind when one tries to describe this romantic novel. Two nice families, one American, one British, have spent two summers and are now on their third, in adjacent villas above the seaport town of San Lorenzo in Italy. It is a summer of unrest (postwar 1940s)—the Communists threaten a general strike, the sirocco blows, the British painter's work isn't going well, the American couple quarrels for the first time in their lives. The English husband, the painter, and the American wife, a pianist who has given up her career for her family, fall in love. They go to Venice (she ostensibly to visit her mother) for an enchanted interlude. The denouement is not unexpected. . . . The setting is lovely, almost tangible as Mr. Moorehead portrays it, the minor characters and minor scenes are memorable. But the main characters' *grand amour* seems too little to make a fuss over—more staged than real. But the staging is pretty, the summer's other happenings are fun and Mr. Moorehead's excellent writing makes the reading very pleasant. Very *fin de siècle* in tempo, except for the Communist note. Harper, $3

Mamma, by Diana Tutton.
Miss Tutton has a wonderful ability to make the ordinary experience of nice people mixed up in ordinary human predicaments seem important. To be sure, her previous novel, *Guard Your Daughters,* had in it two eccentrics, one fun, one frightening; but the over-all atmosphere in that book as in this, was one of amusing people enjoying and respecting everyday life, fighting back humanly, not too nobly or ignobly, when emotional disaster comes their way. In this novel a young English mother-in-law (forty-one and widowed) takes in, against her will, her competent daughter (twenty) and her new husband (thirty-six) for the first year of their marriage. The very nice, very funny, very warm-hearted, reasonably inefficient mother and the somewhat hen-pecked son-in-law fall in love and the resolution of the situation—perfectly satisfactory—is the substance of this pleasant story, set in pleasant, garden-surrounded middle-class England. Macmillan, $3.50

The Love Eaters, by Mary Lee Settle.
Into the uneasy but reasonably well functioning pattern of a small Southern town come two strangers to

spend the winter—a new director for the local Thespians, and the until-then-unknown twenty-four-year-old son (by a previous marriage) of a man married some twenty years to a second wife. The couple, Joe and Marty (head of the group which has brought in the new director), have no children and are not in love but they have established a perfectly workable *modus vivendi*. What the arrival of the selfish and beautiful young man and his friendship with the crippled and egocentric director do to Marty and Joe's life and the life of the community is the soul-chilling story of the book.

Harper, $3

NON-FICTION

Nowhere Near Everest: An Ascent to the Height of the Ridiculous, by Maurice Dolbier. Illustrated by Virgil F. Partch.

Mr. Dolbier, who reviewed books for *Harper's* last month, has a most wonderful ear—so good a one, in fact, that one slides through this caricature of the books of the mountain climbers recognizing and wondering at the same time: "Which one is he doing *now*?" And his mingling of clichés from every field is a delight. After the spate of Everest books, here we have a man who traces his ancestry back to 1067 when the founder of his family (whose motto was *"J'Avoide"*) went to England after having turned down a chance to take part in the battle of Hastings the year before; goes right through his own history to his avoidance of Harvard and refusal of an attempt at Everest. Perhaps the funniest chapter is the one recounting the ascent which he had refused to take part in. It turned out that the planners had made a mistake and climbed Mt. Everett in the Berkshires instead, but you can be sure none of the drama was lost because of that! Delightful nonsense (footnotes a joy) that stops in plenty of time. Knopf, $1.95

FORECAST

Variety in Biography

If biography is very popular these days it may well be because there is enough variety to suit the most diverse tastes. There is, for instance, in June alone, the "bright and brash" autobiography of Ethel Merman "as sung to Pete Martin," *Who Could Ask for Anything More?* (Doubleday); *Churchill, His Life in Photographs,* edited by Randolph S. Churchill and Helmut Gernsheim (Rinehart); *From My Experience: The Pleasures and Miseries of Life on a Farm,* by Louis Bromfield (Harper); and the life story of *Elinor Glyn* by her grandson, Anthony Glyn (Doubleday). This is the woman who, in the 1920s was called the "Queen of Romance" and the "Goddess of Passion" and about whom some gay spirit of the time wrote:

> Would you like to sin
> With Elinor Glyn
> On a leopard skin?
> Or would you prefer
> To err with her
> On some other fur?

And then in July along comes *The Memoirs of Will H. Hays* (Doubleday) and still another biography of that even more-than-usually controversial figure, T. E. Lawrence, called *The Desert and the Stars,* by Flora Armitage (Holt).

Look at America

In 1927 André Siegfried, French historian and economist, wrote his well-known book, *America Comes of Age.* In July Harcourt Brace will publish his *America at Mid-Century* which promises to have a lively reception; and Stewart Holbrook takes a look at one special aspect of the American scene in *Machines of Plenty: Pioneering in American Agriculture* (Macmillan).

Book Clubs

The Literary Guild has chosen for its June selection *The Last Temptation,* a novel based on the Biblical query: "What profiteth a man if he shall save his own life but shall lose his soul?" It is by Joseph Viertal and will be published by Simon & Schuster. The Book of the Month has two selections for June: a novel, *Nectar in a Sieve* by Kamala Markandaya (John Day) and *Onions in the Stew* by Betty (*The Egg and I*) MacDonald, from Lippincott. And for July they have chosen *The Flower Girls* by Clemence Dane, who nearly twenty years ago wrote the best-seller, *Broome Stages.* Norton is the publisher.

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Opera on Records

THERE is no more ephemeral show business than opera on the stage. But opera on records is a budget operation that can draw its audience on a world-wide basis.

Stage opera, at least in the United States, is limited to short "runs" or intermittent productions. The requirements in the way of singers, producers, and staging are exacting and costly; yet the rapport between it and its paying audience is as unstable as it is powerful. Opera on records, in contrast, has a low first cost and almost no overhead; its "public" is slow but steady; and its "run" is as long as you wish.

And so stage opera—now as always—depends rigidly upon the accepted styles of the moment. All other styles are taboo. No matter that our present conventions are mainly of another time and country (Italy); the principle has always applied. Out-of-style operas, even by great composers, are no more practical now than they ever have been. There are operas by Handel, Weber, Tchaikowsky, Berlioz, Schubert, Wolf, and Haydn; but we aren't going to see them staged. This is the normal, healthy state for staged opera. Opera is show business and always has been, and show business is notoriously short on reliable historical perspective.

On the other hand, we have for a long while fancied ourselves as eclectics in concert music. Here the tradition is the opposite. We shy away (or have done so in the past) from the least bit of stylistic unity—too monotonous. A bit of this and a bit of that, for variety; an opening gambit from Haydn perhaps, followed by a tone poem of Liszt, a dash of Saint-Saëns or a piece of Shostakovich, and, to keep everybody waiting, a Brahms symphony at the end.

CLEARLY, recorded music has absorbed both points of view. Variety on records is far greater than in any concert or concert series. The world is at hand, for your record player. Never in music history has the general musical audience been exposed to such a fabulous array of styles and manners, periods, regions, schools. And our already eclectic tastes have been immeasurably broadened since LP.

Our sense for stylistic unity has grown as well. Increasingly, we prefer to remain within one style—whichever it may be—for long periods of listening. A boxed set of twelve Handel Concerti Grossi quickly outsells twelve separate records of the same in any record store; quartets, symphonies, and the rest come now in multiples. Operas are better sellers complete than in the once-convenient excerpts.

And so opera on records, budget-cheap, wide-ranging into every corner of operatic history, is a musical force wholly unlike stage opera. The two are so far apart that we cannot conceivably apply the same values and judgments. We must expect to build up an entirely new appreciation of the recorded literature in its own terms, and these terms may often contradict the generally accepted verdicts of stage opera criticism.

We should not, I suggest then, complain about the narrowness of stage opera repertory, nor be surprised at it. We must expect it to justify itself critically, too, from its own point of view. We can be happy that so much lost opera from so many periods can profitably be brought back to usefulness on records, and we should delight in the new and unforeseen insights that we gain with such simple but vital aids as a complete text to follow, word for word, in two languages.

OPERA FOR THE MUSIC LOVER

Debussy: Pelléas and Mélisande. Janine Micheau, Camille Maurane, Michel Roux *et al.;* Eliz. Brasseur Choir, Lamoureux Orch., Fournet. Epic SC-6003 (3).

A remarkable new version of this unique opera, so seldom well performed, done here in a thoroughly French manner with all-French personnel—as is essential to project its carefully stylized intensity. The honors go here primarily to the male leads, who are excellent—a rather uncommon circumstance in the opera—but the three sopranos are not far behind in quality and the orchestral playing is first rate, the unity of ensemble and direction quite wonderful.

But what is most attractive for the record collector is the recording, of hi-fi quality: the voices are picked up at close range, in a warm liveness, and sensuously surrounded by the orchestral sound, without the unpleasant exaggerations of sibilants and the volume peaks that often occur in this sort of close-up. The result is the clearest, most easily followed sung French diction I have yet heard, a superb study of Debussy's splendid understanding of his own language in terms of music.

Strauss: Arabella—the Great Scenes. Eliz. Schwarzkopf, Anny Felbermeyer, Josef Metternich, *et al.,* Philharmonia Orch., Von Matacic. Angel 35194 (2).

The recent New York performance of this opera from 1933 got the usual and expected damnings with faint praise—according to the convention that late-Strauss operas are somehow no more than watered-down early Strauss.

Worth Looking Into . . .

Opera's Relatives

Purcell: Come Ye Sons of Art. Margaret Ritchie, sopr.; A. Deller, J. Whitworth, countertenors; male altos; B. Boyce, bar.; St. Anthony Singers; Ens. Orch. de L'Ois.-Lyre; Lewis. L'Oiseau-Lyre DL 53004 (10″).

A splendid Purcell ode in cantata style featuring chorus, trumpet music, two countertenors; very well performed in hi-fi recording.

Schütz: The Christmas Story. Soloists, Kantorei der Dreikönigskirche, Orch. Coll. Musicum. Frankfurt, Kurt Thomas. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50020.

A lovely work, simply laid out in the manner of the Bach Passions with Evangelist, chorus, an Angel, etc.

Beethoven: "Egmont" Music, complete. Magda Laszio, Fred Liewehr, narr., Vienna State Op. Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WL 5281.

Not much continuity and a lot of repetition; this is true incidental music, often requiring visible stage action. The best parts are excellent listening, well done here. Spoken narration, in German.

Tchaikowsky: Swan Lake (complete). Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. Mercury OL-3-102 (3).

A businesslike and marvelously recorded first complete performance—and you can almost hear the dancers and see them.

That convention does not prevail in Europe and it surely will not surround. The opera is long, needless to say; that is one respect in which old Strauss remained uninfluenced by modern streamlining. But even a cursory listening to this superb performance—with text (German and English) on librettos enough to show the immense power of expression, the wonderfully lyric voice parts, the strength and suppleness of the melodic lines, the extraordinary musical play of character expression. The simple fact is that Strauss in his old age was one of the greatest masters of operatic expression who ever lived. The mere fact of his relatively conservative choice of harmonic language is truly of little importance.

There could be no more pleasant way to explore this opera than in this excerpting of the principal scenes, sung with wonderful directness and musicianship by the incomparable Schwarzkopf and her well-chosen allies, vocal and instrumental. This is a thoroughly modern opera in spite of its old-Vienna locale (1860), with an excellent and highly adult libretto by von Hofmannsthal ("Rosenkavalier"), which dwells mainly on character development through conversation, the kind of half-serious [illegible] Strauss can set so superbly to music. The orchestral flow has the ever-changing luminosity of Wagner, but the vocal setting is as light and rapid as Mozart—or Debussy; indeed, there is a curious similiarity in technique between these two otherwise utterly different operas.

A good companion disc is London's single LP (or two 10-inchers, alternatively) with Della Casa's cooler "Arabella" [illegible] "Four Last Songs" of Strauss, orchestral works dating from the late 1940s.

Paisiello: Il Duello (The Duel) 1774. Soloists. Orch. Inst. Fonografico Ital., Rapalo. Haydn Society HSL-130.

Considerable numbers of once-obscure small operas are now appearing on records which otherwise would be quite impractical to hear, granted the difficulty of mounting a live performance. This one is by one of the outstanding Italian opera composers of the period of Mozart—no matter that we today have scarcely heard of him. And as might be expected, the music turns out to be [illegible] and very skillful if perhaps not quite as profound as a similar Mozartean product. A frothy plot about a silly girl who thinks it very *chic* to talk in French, and her boyfriend who does the same, merely keeps things moving in lively fashion through the duel (with unloaded pistols) and the properly farcical ending.

There is much *recitativo secco*, with harpsichord alone here; the arias are tuneful but not particularly memorable—indeed the opera would be a bore for modern listeners if it were not, again, for the running libretto (so to speak) in Italian and English. With its aid we can follow what's going on with no trouble at all, and the music's intent is enormously clearer.

Cimarosa: Il Maestro di Capella; Il Matrimonio Segreto (excerpts). Soloists. Orch. da Camera di Milano, Gerelli. Vox PL 8450.

A still more celebrated Italian here of the same (Mozart) period, and the music shows at once a more authoritative shape and force within the lighthearted style of the time. "Il Matrimonio" is the famous item on this disc and is well sung, in excerpts, by the soprano and tenor (Elda Ribetti's voice isn't supple enough to manage the fast notes); but false economy has omitted the connecting links in the partial libretto that is provided, so that what is left makes no sense whatsoever.

More interesting for the musical explorer is the complete one-acter, "Il Maestro," for a single bass voice—he is a good humored conductor who proceeds to exhort his orchestra in time-[illegible] music [illegible] *andante, staccato*, calling for the flute solo, the oboe, and bassoon, singing wonderful imitations of the proper sounds that are promptly echoed by the instruments themselves. There is much more than this to it, for its light-fingered satire not only pokes fun at all sorts of musical mannerisms but manages to [illegible] the "old style" of the time satirizing Scarlatti or [illegible] but so much [illegible] the "new" music, which we can hear at once is the stuff of Romanticism long before that term was applied.

The best of the work is that throughout the whole farce of imitations, lectures, repeats, false beginnings ("No! No! No! No!"), and exasperated lectures, the actual music flows on effortlessly [illegible] unity. A skillful composer, Cimarosa.

Schubert: Der Häusliche Krieg (Die Verschworenen). [illegible] Kammerchor. Pro Musica Symph., [illegible]

[illegible] point—for though the books may tell you that Schubert was no opera composer, this score has some of the most memorable songfulness in the Schubert vein that you'll ever hear. In the manner of "Rosamunde" and very nicely [illegible]

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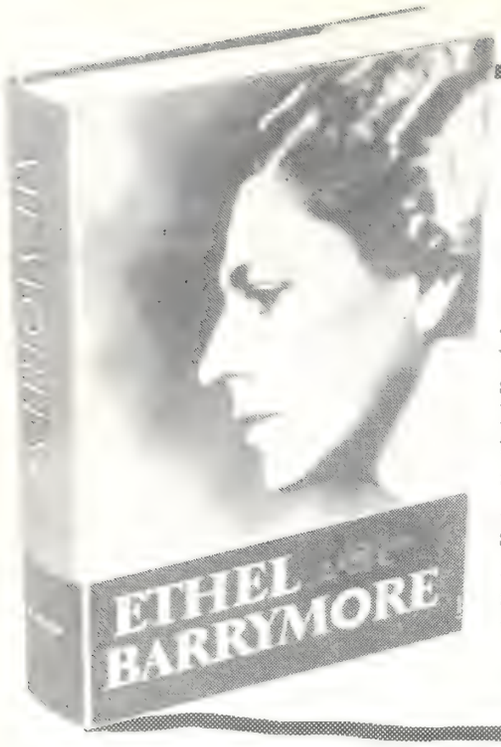
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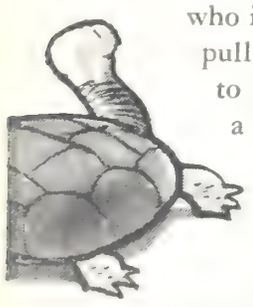
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LETTERS

Saving the Theater

TO THE EDITORS:

Isn't Walter Kerr's article on the modern theater ["Killing Off the Theater," April] just about tops so far on the subject? Inclusive but succinct, humorous and at the same time penetrating, it provides guidance for our current crop of playwrights and renews faith in the fine art of dramatic criticism. Where else have we seen Ibsen, Chekhov, and the rights of the common playgoer so neatly put in their proper places?

D. H. RICH
Maplewood, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Kerr blames Ibsen and Chekhov for the unfortunate condition of the modern theater. In my opinion, there is a more prosaic reason: many people cannot afford the price of theater seats.

Because the theater is a luxury commodity, because of the tremendous production costs, few aspiring playwrights can hope for a hearing. . . . The theater has been dying for a long time. But it will never be completely dead. There are still angels willing to risk their shirts for the sake of art; there is still a nucleus of the *cognoscenti* who will not be satisfied with anything else but the theater as entertainment. There is the off-Broadway theater movement which Broadway diehards regard with disdain. But this is precisely the salvation of the theater: let it be housed in playhouses with low production costs and low prices for the theatrical consumer. And if Mr. Kerr does not care for Ibsen and Chekhov, there are others on the theatrical horizon to give us entertainment provided they can find a producer and a public. . . .

DAVID ANTMAN
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

I turned green and red during Mr. Kerr's account of his loneliness reviewing Broadway second nights. I rarely have the price of a Broadway play. I assure Mr. Kerr if I did have I would feel cheated indeed if I spent my money for a play of story without character or theme. . . .

Does Mr. Kerr honestly believe "Oedipus" was a play of story? . . . It is a play of character: the character is a brilliant man who oversteps brilliance into arrogance as the Greeks saw it.

The question of arrogance is a universal theme of man. . . . Interpretations of arrogance, of integrity, of good and of evil, will continue to be important to mankind and therefore suitable material for drama until we have all become robots acquiescing to McCarthy methods, or ourselves Greek gods, or annihilated. . . .

ELIZABETH KEELER
Wilton, Conn.

TO THE EDITORS:

The similarity between the theme of Walter Kerr's article and that of Henry Pleasants' highly controversial book, *The Agony of Modern Music,* is striking. Both men hold that condescending to the dictates of the audience might lead to better artistic expression as well as to fuller houses. To both, the Russian pattern (Chekhov in one case and Stravinsky in the other) has been deprived of its novelty, and its modifications as presented today represent degeneracy. One author laments the abhorrence modern artists have of a moving plot, the other, abhorrence of obvious melody. One reason mentioned to explain the current sublimation of action in modern drama is "a rebellion against the souped-up narrative of the nineteenth-century melodrama." It immediately comes to mind that Stravinsky, Bartok, and Schoenberg are testimony to the rebellion against the all-too-clear themes of the romanticists. The parallel eventually breaks down, but not before each author has affirmed his conviction that modern dramatists and composers have mastered their techniques as well as the art of boring audiences!

IRIS BORG
Princeton, N. J.

Moderate Triumph

TO THE EDITORS:

Professor Carleton in "The Triumph of the Moderates" [April] mistakes mediocrity for moderation. He states that the later nineteenth century . . . provides an historical parallel to the present. The parallel lies in the fact that the 1870s and 1880s were the product of political leaders who were unable to grasp the vast socio-economic change which convulsed the nation in the aftermath of civil war. The leaders, then and now, were simply men unable or unwilling to grasp and wrestle with the changes through which this nation has passed and is passing. . . .

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Flushing, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

. . . It seems to me that Mr. Carleton is selling us the Miami-type blue sky which resembles the typical public-relations-approved reports we get daily from the 99 per cent Republican press and TV and from the Administration's spokesmen.

If this is the beginning of a period of political tranquility in the United States, or anywhere in the world, I wonder what a stormy period would be like. The key to the whole article is revealed in the sentence "Southerners are more concerned about civil liberties (at least for whites) than the people of any other section." . . .

I think that the people of the United States are alarmed at the reckless disregard of our elected representatives, regardless of party affiliation, for this nation's human welfare and natural resources. . . . ELIZABETH MANNING
Bronxville, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

Professor Carleton shows that both our major parties are controlled by the same kind of people and have essentially the same philosophy and program. It follows that the only real contest between them is over the spoils of office—a contest most citizens will watch with mild amusement or appropriate apathy.

Both our major parties are old, tired, and without distinctive purpose. If one of them should become a class instrument, somewhat in the fashion of the British Labor party, they might take on new life; but if they are not to divide on issues, they will disintegrate or fade away as did their predecessors.
GLENN E. HOOVER
Oakland, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS:

. . . We don't measure moderation by checking off liberalism against conservatism, *i.e.*, by deciding that a campaign to curtail the activities of the TVA is offset by increased Social Security coverage. One measures moderation by moderate actions in all fields, and we have yet to indicate that that is the road we are taking. PHILIP LEWIS

Reprisal

TO THE EDITORS:

I would like to thank Mr. Moshe Brilliant for his article, "Israel's Policy of Reprisals" in the March issue. It is an all-out confession that Israel is a

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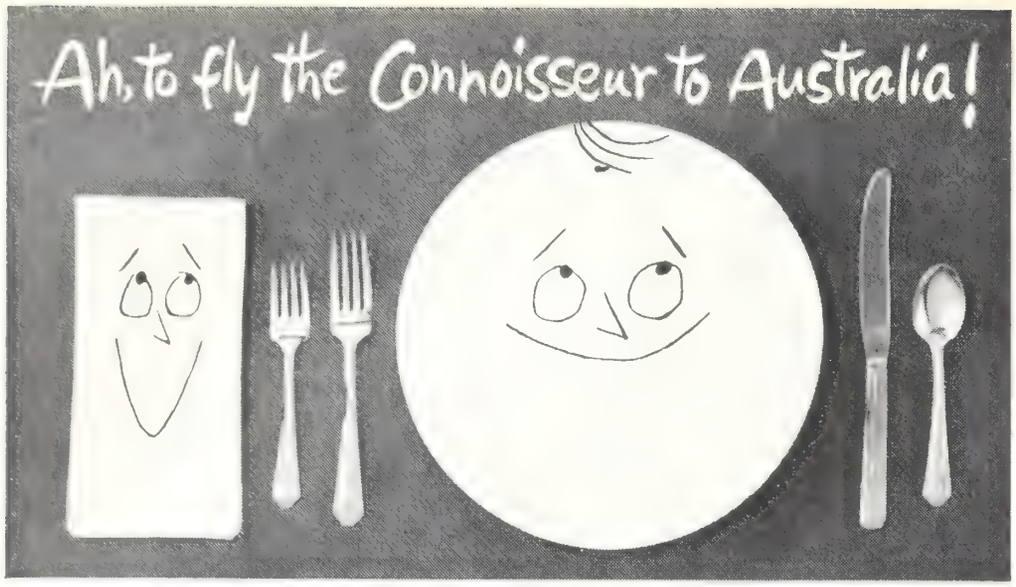
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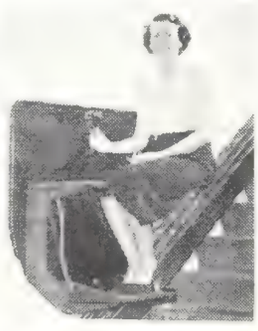
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LETTERS

violator and an aggressor. His apol getics mark a new departure in Zioni propaganda. Unlike other Zionist wri ers, he makes no attempt to absol Israel of guilt; he confirms it.

Mr. Brilliant's statement that th Arabs started the war to dislodge th Jews from Palestine, and that they wer forced to convert the truce into a armistice when the truce situation d veloped to their disadvantage, is on case in point. Actually the Arab launched their campaign to protect the fellow Arabs in Palestine from bein massacred and expelled from their ow land. On the other hand, the armisti was signed by the Arabs not becau they were beaten, but because the listened to the peace call made by t Western powers. . . .

Mr. Brilliant, who condones the v cious border incidents as long as th are committed by Israel, is outraged the record of Arab refugees' thefts whe in fact, their action is no more than attempt to salvage what can be s vaged of their own property.

It is further contended that the dr by 50 per cent of Arab infiltration w due to Israeli raids. . . . Actually t drop was the result of severe measur taken by the Arab governments dealing with such infiltration. . . .

It must be said that those who a encouraging and supporting Israel her violations and aggressions are doi irreparable harm to the cause of pea and stability in that strategic part the world. Humanity cannot be serve by encouragement of lawless violence

RASHAD MOUR
Press Counselor, Embassy of Egy
Washington, D.

Latin America

TO THE EDITORS:

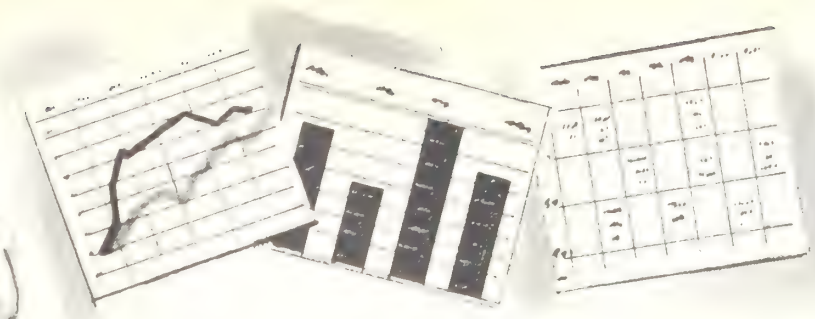
Mr. Halle's article on "Why We A Losing Latin America" [April] is an i telligent and lucid analysis of a pro lem of immediate importance. T policy of consultation is indeed of t essence of inter-American relations, b it is not clear that much practical a vantage would have been gained by su consultation in regard to the decisi of March 12, 1947. Subsequent const tations, however, bearing upon the p sibility of extending much needed e nomic assistance to the Latin Americ nations would have prevented the d turbing situation that developed.

J. RAFAEL OREAMU
Former Ambassador of Costa Ri
Washington, D.

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just finished reading M Halle's fine article. He covers all t





A message for the man who realizes that

statistics give him little chance . . .

If you are a man who faces the facts, you know that statistics play no favorites — that you have small chance of escaping a disabling sickness or injury in the future.

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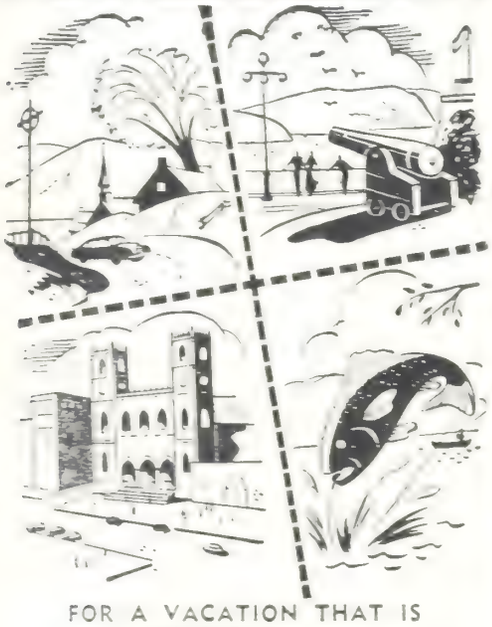
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LA PROVINCE DE
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major points expertly, except one that seems to me the most important—the human element and its human pettiness. Sometimes the smallest thing can make a whole continent go "off" us, and this has happened not only in Latin America, but in Europe too.

I spent several months touring Latin America in 1950. . . . One of the things which most provoked Latin Americans [illegible] self-appointment since 1945 to "world leadership." First they were amused, then they were mad, and they're still mad. . . . World leadership cannot be bought with dollars or goods or aid.

Our tourists have done our cause no good in Latin America. They have to be warned repeatedly that they must write "U.S.A." on hotel registers and other documents, and not simply "American." A small matter, but the Latin Americans are "Americans" too. Moreover, they think we are too oriented to Europe, which is a fact. . . .

Perhaps some of us don't like certain governments in Latin America. I suggest that this is impertinence. Too many of our politicians freely declare their dislike. [illegible] the Latin republics don't like their neighbors' governments either, they defend them against our outspoken dislike, out of annoyance at our presumption. . . .

We speak too often of "the free world" without mentioning Latin America. Yet many republics there are as "free" as [illegible] most respects much freer. . . .

They think we lack humor, that we are too serious, too driving, too unaware that life is [illegible]. Nothing irritates a humorous man more than a man without humor, and our business-men [illegible] in Latin America. . . . *Noblesse oblige* is one of the strong points of a Latin gentleman's code, and we never display it. So we are put down as crude, rather than prompt and direct. . . .

[illegible]
Eggertsville, N. Y.

Science Fiction

To the Editors:

I was highly entertained by Mr. Harper's comments on "Science" fiction [April]. I am employed on an Atomic Energy Project, so many of my associates are members of that new holy order, "Nuclear Scientists." A significant fraction of these devoted persons are regular subscribers to the galactic type of publications cited, and pass their copies of the periodicals around.

Being a chemical engineer instead of a scientist, I had supposed this was the reason I found science fiction as dull as any other poorly written trash.

I was amused by Mr. Harper's incredulity that professionals actually read the stuff. If the data available locally are representative, it can be stated with a low degree of confidence at least that scientists enjoy reading science fiction and engineers don't.

F. P. Vance
Idaho Falls, Idaho

To the Editors:

Mr. Harper's comments on the recent trend in science fiction were well founded and perspicacious—but he really ought to be required to go back and re-read his early H. G. Wells before he makes such hasty comparisons between yesterday's and today's stories of this type. Although of course Wells wrote various Utopian romances showing what could happen to civilization if mankind would only make use of the intelligence which it has before it is too late, he began his scientific fantasies by showing what would happen if it did not come to its senses and persisted in following its present course. . . .

Arthur H. Nethercot
Evanston, Ill.

Meat Mores

To the Editors:

It was with much interest that I read your article on "Meat Mores" in March. . . . You have overlooked one thing, however, and that is how the eating habits of people have been changed by the members of the American Meat Institute.

In the days of the small German beef or pork butchers, products could be obtained which are hard to come by now.

Hams were boiled, boned, and rolled and were very juicy. . . . Packers' hams with all the juice squeezed out are hardly fit to eat. . . .

Try to buy good scrapple anywhere south of Baltimore, and it is a scarce [illegible] there.

Both veal and so-called baby beef were common throughout the South. This was because of the lack of pastures and feed to finish the animals off. A short number of years ago the dairymen would give their young calves away so as not to lose milk production.

A lot of 300 to 500 pound animals now come out of Florida (tasteless stuff). They do not have the pastures and cannot raise the feed to bring them up to even 1,000 pounds. The range cattle you see there are terrible and you wonder how some of them are able to stand up. . . .

W. F. Crimmins
Greensboro, N. C.

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BERNARD DEVOTO

the easy Chair

FOR THE RECORD

THE TEMPLATE for an edifying Easy Chair is on my work bench. But the work bench is in my study and I am not: I am in bed. I have been hexed by what the passionately exact medical profession calls a virus infection, meaning an affront to human dignity and physiology the nature of which it does not understand and for which it has no therapy. So indulge me while I correct a couple of recent misstatements in what we may call, with as much precision as the doctors, literary history.

Both are minute but somebody may want to write footnotes about them sometime and he might as well use the facts. I can provide the facts simply because I happen to have been on hand during the episodes he will be writing about.

Some time ago Mr. Dwight Macdonald published in the *New Yorker* a series of excellent articles about Mr. Roger Baldwin and the American Civil Liberties Union. In the course of them he credited ACLU with conducting the *Strange Fruit* case, the case that marked the turning point in the long struggle to stop the extra-legal censorship of books in Boston. Well, correction: ACLU had nothing to do with the case beyond making a very welcome cash contribution. This was not for lack of willingness. It repeatedly offered its services and was, I think, grieved when they were declined. But those of us who kept it out of the case did so for sound reasons.

The case was made by the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union which, though affiliated with ACLU, is a local and entirely independent organization. The decision to force a test over *Strange Fruit* was made by its executive committee, not by ACLU or Mr. Baldwin. The job then passed to Mr. F. O. Matthiessen and Mr. Kenneth Murdock of the Union's committee on censorship, its secretary Miss Elizabeth Sanger, its attorney Mr. Alfred A. Albert—and me. Beginning with the Dunster House Book Shop case in 1930, I had taken part in every attack on Boston censorship but I was not a member of the Union. When I learned that it was going to make a test, I offered my services. They were accepted, I joined the Union, and I was selected to get arrested for buying the book.

We refused the help of ACLU for two reasons: Boston xenophobia and Mr. Morris Ernst. We intended to conduct the most intense agitation about censorship that the city had ever been subjected to, and we knew that it had to be conducted by the home folks. Boston has always shown that it wants no damned outsiders telling it what to do and we were starting with enough handicaps as it was. The attitude has always been especially marked in Massachusetts courts of appeal, which make clear that if they want any pointers on the law they can get them from the local talent. Since we knew that we were headed toward the Supreme Judicial Court, we wanted talent so local that its inflections would be unmistakable. The ACLU offered to lend us Mr. Ernst but we couldn't use him. Not at least where he would show: actually he was at Mr. Albert's side during the preparation of the final brief.

For we knew what we would get from Mr. Ernst, a superb, impassioned, and irrefutable argument on the basic right of freedom of publication. It had worked elsewhere but it was sure to get from the Massachusetts courts a ruling of "Nuts to Ernst." You see, we believed that we had a chance to win with *Strange Fruit*. There was an untested amendment to the obscenity statute which, we thought, would require the entire book to be taken into account instead of a few passages or the two words actually at stake. We thought that even a Massachusetts court would have to find that this book was not obscene.

Mr. Joseph Welch, who was the publisher's attorney, thought otherwise: he predicted that we would lose all the way. He was right—and yet not altogether right. For though the Supreme Judicial Court did find against us, it also ruled for the first time that a book must be judged as a whole. And in its efforts to represent that *Strange Fruit* was sodden with obscenity it perpetrated so much absurdity that its decision was greeted with an almost universal raspberry. A couple of years later it was glad to reverse its own reasoning point by point and to pronounce *Forever Amber* pure—a cheaply indecent novel, as opposed to the manifest dignity and decency of *Strange Fruit*. It would never have done so, regardless of a new statute, except for the derision heaped on its earlier finding. The *Strange*

Fruit case had to be lost before the *Forever Amber* case could be won.

Well, we thought we had a chance. We did not want to forfeit it by alarming the judiciary with foreigners and by standing on exalted principles. What Massachusetts needed was a ruling —we had been futilely bombarding it with principles as exalted as Mr. Ernst's for fifteen years. We were fed to the teeth with winning the presentation and losing the verdict. That was why Mr. Matthiessen, Mr. Murdock, and I, to whom the decision was left, advised ACLU to stay in its own backyard and Mr. Ernst never to appear except by proxy.

The test was made in Cambridge instead of Boston because, out of the courageous Boston bookstores that howled so pitifully about being persecuted, only two would consider joining us in it. One had a visible tinge of pink, the other was an exquisite lavender, and it would not do to let a state's attorney work out on either. I cannot say that our relations with the Cambridge bookseller who did join up with us were happy, but he gave us what we had to have.

THE AGITATION and the case were packed with amusing incidents that ought to be related sometime. It would be a pleasure to publish the most craven letter I have ever received, from the proprietor of a famous Boston bookstore. (I am not referring to Richard Fuller, my constant opponent and the actual suppressor of *Strange Fruit* and many other books.) Another collector's item was from a Boston novelist whose best-sellers consisted largely of sexual sadism but who felt that a novel with two four-letter words in it reeked with evil. We got little help of any kind from Boston writers—no speeches, no agitation, no office work, and only three cash contributions. But the Authors League campaigned for us and contributed more to the defense fund than ACLU did.

To the writer of footnotes: the *Strange Fruit* case was, as I have said, the turning point in Boston. Merely by bringing it we broke up for good the three-cornered partnership which for a quarter of a century had effected an always extralegal and sometimes flagrantly illegal censorship of literally hundreds of books—the booksellers' committee, the cops, and the Watch and Ward Society. It forced public officials to take the responsibility for censorship and censorship promptly began to die. The booksellers' committee lost its power. The Watch and Ward Society undertook to demonstrate its power and brought a lot of new obscenity cases, but our agitation had changed public opinion and now magistrates began to throw the cases out of court and denounce the Society, which has since confined itself to virtues that pay a bigger cash dividend. The legislature yielded to public opinion and passed a new obscenity statute. It passed the wrong bill, one by the Boston booksellers, who were interested only in self-protection, not freedom of publication. It is a bad law and has never had the approval of the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union, but the boys got too cute and put in a gimmick whose implications they did not foresee. (It was under this statute that Mr. Alexander Lindey conducted his brilliant defense of *Forever Amber.*) One prosecution under the new law has succeeded but that was because counsel unaccountably failed to make use of the gimmick that the law was not intended to contain. While that gimmick remains, no prosecution for obscenity in Massachusetts ought ever to succeed. But remember: Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union, not ACLU.

MY OTHER emendation is required by the fact that there is nobody on the *Saturday Review* who was on it when it performed one of its most brilliant journalistic feats, and a recent article shows that no one knows how to read a disingenuous note in the issue for November 21, 1936, a note which I wrote. The stunt which the note prefaces was spectacular and amusing, and I am concerned to make sure that the person who discovered the way to do it gets credit for his ingenuity. He was Mr. George Stevens, now an official of vast dignity and elegance at the J. B. Lippincott Company but then managing editor of the *Review*. I was the editor, having recently succeeded Henry Canby, who had become a contributing editor. Once Mr. Stevens announced his inspiration, we were all confident that we would have got there ourselves in a few more minutes, but we hadn't got there and it was George who had the inspiration.

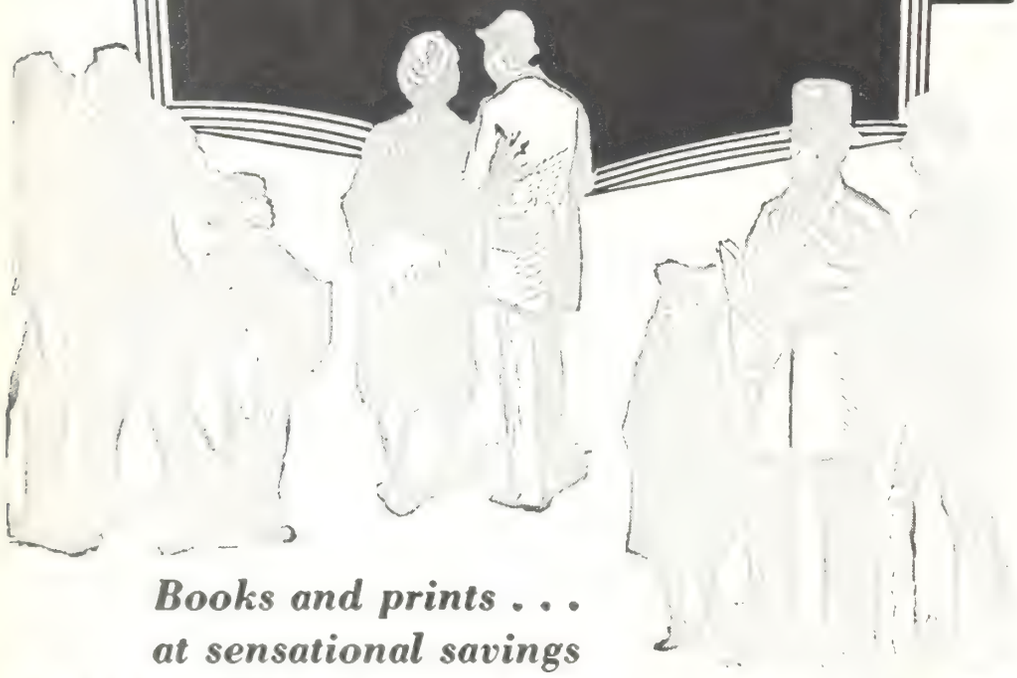
Doubleday-Doran had already got a year of continuous and free publicity from their announcement that, in order to protect the copyright, they were going to publish an edition of a book written for posterity by T. E. Lawrence and called *The Mint*, in an edition of ten copies which would be offered for sale at five hundred thousand dollars apiece. No edition could be detected by the most sensitive instruments, however, till the *New York Times* Book Fair opened in the first week of November 1936. But there, sure enough, was a copy of *The Mint* with a half-million price tag on it, in a glass case wired with burglar alarms and tear-gas bombs and protected by the Police Department, the FBI, the King's Guard, and three dozen press agents on four-hour shifts. It stole the show. Practically nothing else at the Book Fair got any publicity.

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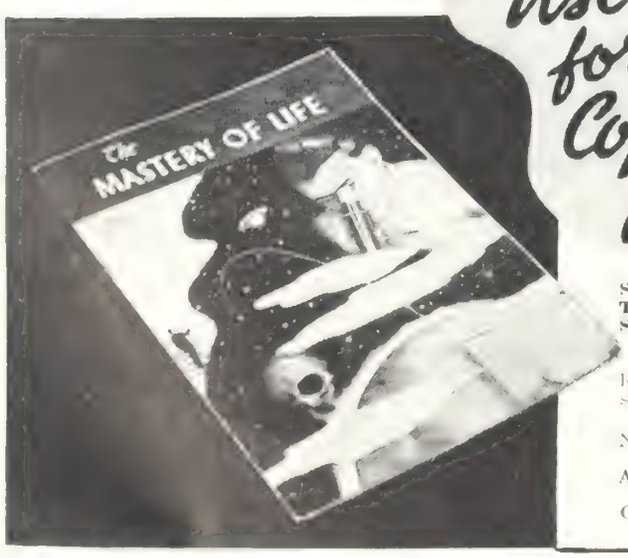
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you had a powerful impulse to splash some mud on. Every newspaperman who went to the Book Fair felt the same way. That was a large part of the fun Doubleday-Doran were having. They had a fine Keep Off the Grass sign that could not be kicked over and, enjoying their planned security, they were snootily considerate of everyone and gathered in free plugs by the ton. At the *Review* we did little for three days—especially George Stevens and Noble Cathcart, the business manager, and I—except tell one another that he had to knock off that top hat. The trouble was we simply could not figure out how. The perfect thing would be to run a review of *The Mint*, which after all was what we were for. But we knew that various hands who had aspired to that had got thrown out at first. Doubleday-Doran said firmly that they didn't want the book reviewed, that the edition had been made for the sole purpose of protecting the copyright, and that there were no review copies. Of course, they added, if anyone wanted to buy a copy, they could not restrain him from writing a piece about it. The *Review* had $1.26 over the weekly payroll.

WE INVENTED a thousand schemes, all of them preposterous, and by the end of the third day we were ready to give up. But George Stevens does not take kindly to frustration; from where he sat, Doubleday-Doran had put on him personally an affront he was honor-bound to avenge. The three of us went to a bar to mourn the death of a bright hope and make further poisonous remarks about *The Mint*. George picked up his first drink, put it down again, glared at Noble and me, and said, "If it's copyrighted, it's in the Library of Congress, isn't it?"

Of such simplicities is genius composed. It had to be in the Library of Congress, two copies of it. Therefore any citizen was entitled to read it. And reviewing published books is privileged—there was no way of preventing it. It took us ninety seconds to perfect our plan. As the editor of the *Review*, I should have done the job but Henry Canby knew much more about Lawrence than I did and he was a friend of Mr. Her-

bert Putnam, the Librarian of Congress. Besides, it was granted that he could use suaver language than mine when told, as he was sure to be told, that *The Mint* was unavailable, being in the catalogue department, the bindery, or the Treasury of the United States. Henry has a deliberateness that can madden men who are in a tearing hurry. But we got him off to Washington with a single directive: come back with a review of *The Mint*, no matter what Doubleday might have cooked up with the Library for the duration of the Book Fair.

BY NOW we were awed by the beauty of our scheme; we saw it as the stunt of the century. The next week was agonizing, for we figured that if we could think of it, so could anyone else. I bought every edition of every New York paper; it was the only time in my life that I ever scrutinized the front page of the *American* for literary criticism. Also, during the week every one of us had an outbreak of qualms, fortunately no two of us at the same time. Henry got his on reaching Washington and phoned me from the Cosmos Club that he'd been thinking things over and was afraid that our demand might embarrass the Librarian of Congress. I convinced him that you can't embarrass a public servant and he went ahead with the assignment. Presently he was back with a fine review of *The Mint*, and delighted by his descent into journalism.

We set up the review and went on losing sleep lest the *American* come out with our exclusive. Then a couple of days before we were to go to press Noble Cathcart had his attack of qualms. He was afraid that our stunt might annoy Doubleday-Doran into canceling their advertising contract—in those days if the *Review* had lost any advertising at all it would have had no advertising left. I felt otherwise, for we too were about to confer some priceless publicity on *The Mint* free of charge and would be serving the cause of literature with spotless legality. But we made an appointment and went over to see Mr. Nelson Doubleday and Mr. Malcolm Johnson—Noble. Henry to quiet the waters if that should prove desirable, and I to trouble them if need be.



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H-8

THE EASY CHAIR

I have never spent an afternoon more enjoyably. I said that we would like to review *The Mint.* Mr. Johnson said that a lot of other people would too but nobody could. I said that he was misinformed, that in fact we had reviewed it and were running our review next Wednesday. I showed him the galleys we had pulled and for a while the elegant office of a Doubleday executive resembled an overturned beehive. I am sure that Mr. Doubleday understood from the first moment that we had them, but Mr. Johnson had worked too hard perfecting the absolutely foolproof plans and he held to his conviction that *The Mint* could not be reviewed. There were transatlantic phone calls to Lawrence's brother and his brother's solicitor. There were consultations with Doubleday's lawyers, with the Office of Copyright, with soothsayers and astrologers. There were recitatives, arias, choral passages, and climaxes for brass and percussion.

But eventually a great fraternal accord enveloped us. Mr. Johnson decided that this unforeseen development would work out well and that he could milk a lot of additional publicity from it. Mr. Doubleday took Henry out to buy him a drink. Noble and I had to buy our own, but Mr. Johnson sent us away in a glow.

"You people were pretty bright to think this one up," he said. "*Time* has been round here a lot, demanding a chance to review it. We told them, no review."

I said, certainly, we were bright as all hell. But we weren't bright, only George Stevens was.

AND FORTHWITH our stunt flopped. We were at the printer's Monday afternoon, about to put the story to bed, when the office phoned saying that Eugene O'Neill had been tapped for the Nobel Prize. The *Review* had to say something and so we held the press while I wrote a commonplace little piece announcing that we, or at least I, regarded it as a lousy award. Moral: when you've got an exclusive, don't jab your elbow into a literary sentiment. When our issue appeared, our readers were so outraged to learn that a vulgarian could speak disrespectfully of "The Great

God Brown" that they paid little attention to the stunt of the century, which I still say was a triumph and a poem and a fine review as well.

But it got a big play in England, where pulses do not flutter at mention of dat old dayvil the sea. Every daily and weekly picked up our story and quoted from it. Questions were asked in the House of Commons. Letters were written to the *Times*. Archbishops preached sermons. We even heard that Henry's piece had proved useful to the enemies of Sir Oswald Mosley's blackshirts, though I never found out just how. In short, we were sensational overseas—and we would have been here if I had had the common sense to vote the *Review* for O'Neill.

If the *Saturday Review* would like to carry this a little farther, it might try to find out why Doubleday-Doran made that edition in the first place. The story that they were protecting the copyright never did make sense. So long as the manuscript remained unpublished, Lawrence's heirs had the absolute protection of a common-law copyright. The moment the book was copyrighted here, copyright began to run out. Nineteen years of it have been used up, now that a new edition has been published at discount of $499,980. Just what was the idea?

COMING NEXT MONTH

"Clare Boothe Luce as Italians See Her"—a candid, continental portrait of our Ambassador to Rome, by one of Europe's leading journalists, **Luigi Barzini, Jr.**

On a shoestring, adrenalin, and plenty of aspirin, **Martin Quigley** ran a home-grown TV station in St. Louis. His conclusions about educational TV are both hilarious and highly useful to anyone who has a set or a child.

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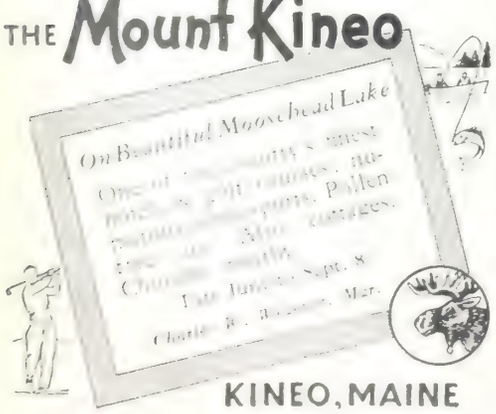
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Dodging Another Yalta

IT IS a curious fact that in all the recent talk in Washington, London, and Paris about whether we should negotiate with the Russians—and when—few people have bothered to ask: "What do we negotiate about?"

This omission looks even stranger since the publication of the Yalta Papers. For these documents contain two invaluable reminders:

(1) Anybody who dickers with the Communists had better decide in advance exactly what he wants to get; what he is willing to pay for it; and how he can enforce delivery.

(2) The Western allies ought to be in absolutely solid agreement on these points before they walk into a conference room.

Most of the woes of Yalta stemmed from the failure of Roosevelt and Churchill to reach such an understanding before they met Stalin; and perhaps the shabbiest blot on Roosevelt's record was his attempt to cook up a few sly deals with Uncle Joe behind Churchill's back. These are blunders which the present Administration, surely, will not repeat.

Mr. Dulles may not find it easy, however, to agree with the French, the Germans, and the British on how to conduct the coming negotiations. Perhaps the allies can get together without too much trouble on a tactical plan, of the sort outlined by Perry Laukhuff on page 27. But it will be far harder to decide on a set of common aims, and on the concessions we can afford to make in return.

To begin with, the French find it achingly difficult to make up their minds about anything. They hate Germany, envy England, fear Russia, and resent the United States. Apparently what they would really like is for all these unwelcome neighbors to vanish into outer space—leaving the French to sip placidly on their sidewalk terraces. Since this isn't apt to happen, they want protection from both Germany and Russia, at the least possible cost to themselves. They will seek to keep Germany divided, to delay the building of a German army as long as possible, and to beg from the Soviets a promise of good behavior. (No matter that such promises have always proved worthless in the past; the French are desperately eager to believe that *this* time it will be as good as gold.) To get these things, they probably will be eager to make almost any concession—especially if it is at British or American expense.

The Germans, on the other hand, want first of all to reunite their vivisected country. The British—well aware that a dozen hydrogen bombs could turn their island into a radioactive slag heap—will pay high for any relaxation of tension. All three countries, of course, will hope to increase their trade with the Iron Curtain nations.

THE AMERICAN aims don't mesh readily with any of these desires. Our long-range objective is, of course, a peaceful and prosperous world. Any hope of getting it depends first of all on our ability to block any further Communist expansion, anywhere. Consequently, we will not consent to yield ground in Asia or the Middle East, which our allies might be willing to give up. (After all, they have no frontiers, and only secondary interests, in the Pacific Ocean.) We would be glad to see Germany reunited—but not at the price of "neutralization" or a deal which would let Communists filter into positions of power. Presumably Washington is just as eager as everybody else for a genuine easing of tension which might bring peace a single inch closer—and, incidentally, lighten the heavy costs of defense. But our negotiators probably will be a good deal more skeptical than the Europeans about any Russian promise, however enticing, which does not carry a double-riveted guarantee. In general—because we still are not quite so vulnerable to atomic attack—America almost cer-

ainly will favor a somewhat firmer ine than our allies on every im-ortant issue.

Let's assume, however, that Mr. Dulles can get enough agreement vith the other Western powers, on it least a few points, to make a meet-ng with the Russians feasible. What ire the chances, then, for striking any kind of useful bargain?

As of now, they look pretty small. The Communist goals in the coming conference are plain enough:

(1) To split the Western alliance and to whip up suspicion and resentment among the allies at every opportunity.

(2) To maneuver America's protective forces out of both Europe and Asia.

(3) To halt the rearming of Germany.

(4) To work toward a reunion of Germany, on terms which eventually will bring the whole country under Soviet control.

(5) To bring Red China into the councils of the Big Powers.

(6) To open up enough trade with the West—especially in machinery and raw materials—to relieve the Communists' chronic economic problems.

(7) To convince the uncommitted peoples everywhere that America is the trigger-happy bully who is blocking the road to peace.

Clearly there isn't much room here for bargaining. Probably the only points on which we can afford to compromise a little are Numbers 5 and 6. To everybody except Senator Knowland, it already is obvious that we cannot keep on forever pretending that 400 million Red Chinese do not exist. Granting them formal recognition would cost nothing, except a bruise on the pride of the Senator and Chiang Kai-shek—and it is possible that we could get something tangible and worthwhile in return. In similar fashion, we cannot hope to persuade other nations to keep a permanent throttle on their trade with the Iron Curtain countries, unless we cut our tariffs and let them sell more to us—a step Congress shows no eagerness to take. Sooner or later, therefore, some expansion of East-West trade seems inevitable, with or without our consent. Perhaps, then, it would be wise to swap our consent now for a Soviet

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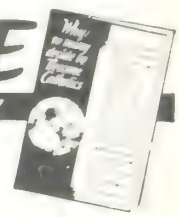
Nobody would undertake to meet such rigid requirements out of mere curiosity, or as a passing fancy. It may be assumed, therefore, that the average person who is thinking of becoming a Catholic has been moved by some strong reasons to feel this way. Is it merely because he has friends and neighbors who are Catholics... because the Catholic Church spans the earth and dates back to the Apostles... because in the Catholic Church there is unity of creed and worship, authority and a distinctive form of ritual?

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concession on some other point—and try to limit the flow of goods to non-strategic items.

EVEN if we drive a hard bargain on these minor issues, however, there is no evidence that the Russians will be willing to yield anything on the big ones. They may be willing to place a restraining hand on the reckless ambitions of Peking . . . to arrange the release of some American prisoners . . . to agree to a reasonable Austrian treaty . . . to iron out a few other fringe irritations. But when the conference ends, the odds are that Germany will still be divided; NATO will remain intact; and the rest of the map will look much as it does today.

If this were the whole story, the prospect would look pretty glum. Yet there is one faint chance that something else might be accomplished: just possibly the negotiations might result in a first, short, tentative step toward real disarmament.

True enough, the Russians have given no hint so far that they would consider any serious plan for reducing arms—that is, a plan which would cut back the total Communist strength on an equal basis with the West's, and which would be backed up by an airtight system of inspection. Indeed, some Washington officials have been suggesting recently that no such plan is possible, because atomic weapons can now be so easily hidden, in almost any cave, attic, or haystack.

Concealment is not so easy, however, for the tools by which atomic weapons are delivered. Long-range aircraft and intercontinental missiles can hardly be swept under the rug whenever an inspector calls. They require landing fields, launching sites, maintenance depots, and a huge specialized industry—all relatively easy for an inspection team to keep track of. It is at least conceivable, then, that a man as clever as Harold Stassen, the new Secretary for Peace, can hit upon a workable scheme to limit strategic bombing fleets and land armies—even if nuclear weapons cannot be surely controlled. (A loophole might still remain for the saboteur, carrying a suitcase atom bomb; but that kind of tactic is not likely to prove decisive.)

Such an arrangement would dispel much of the hydrogen nightmare that now haunts the world; and in time a lessening of fear, on both sides, might create an atmosphere in which other problems would become more soluble.

And it is barely possible that the Soviet bosses might listen seriously to such a proposal. The arms race probably strains their resources even worse than the West's. They surely know as well as the anonymous scientist at Los Alamos that "the hydrogen bomb comes in three sizes—small, medium, and Where's Everybody." Why should they risk all that they have built so painfully in the last thirty-seven years on the tremulous balance of the air-atomic stalemate —particularly since their religion preaches that Communism is bound to triumph in the end any way?

At least the possibility is worth testing. No doubt a disarmament agreement acceptable to both sides could only emerge very slowly, after many conferences and prolonged domestic debates in many countries. But the coming meeting offers a chance to make a start. And if the Kremlin turns down such a proposal, the world will know for sure who it is that blocks to road to peace.

•••**Perry Laukhuff** worked out his ideas on negotiating with the Russians as a result of his sixteen years' experience in the U.S. Foreign Service, during which he participated in many talks with the Communists. He was, for example, political adviser to the U.S. Commandant in Berlin in 1947-48; special adviser to Philip Jessup, the U.S. representative in the Berlin blockade debate in the UN Security Council in 1948; adviser to Dean Acheson at a number of Foreign Ministers' meetings; and a member of the U.S. Delegation to the session of the Foreign Ministers' Deputies at the Palais Rose in Paris in 1951.

He is now writing and serving as a consultant to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York.

•••In addition to being the creator of one of the most memorable "fantastic companions" of modern times —Barnaby's incomparable fairy godfather who twice appeared between hard covers as well as in a daily

comic strip—**Crockett Johnson** (p. 32) has written and illustrated two children's books; provided the pictures for several more, including three by his wife, Ruth Krauss; and been editor, art editor, and professional cartoonist. His new syndicated comic strip, *Barkis & Family*, about the adventures of a suburban dog and his owners, began appearing in the papers last month. Meanwhile *Barnaby* is being adapted for a weekly TV show.

•••Oklahoma-born **Faubion Bowers**, who reports on the outlaw of Jolo (p. 35), is immersed in the culture of West and East. During the war, he was a U.S. Army captain, Japanese interpreter, and aide to General MacArthur in Tokyo. Since then he has written two books about the Orient—*Japanese Theatre* and *Dance in India*—and he is now in India at work on a book about the drama and theater of that country. Mr. Bowers' Indian-born wife, Santha Rama Rau, is the author of *This is India* and other books.

•••**Elizabeth Bartlett**, whose "Mexican Profile" appears on page 38, has lived abroad and in Mexico for many years, and lives now in Virginia.

•••In this land of Home and Mother, it's a commonplace of folklore that the hero attributes his success in life to the Little Woman—his wife, his mother, his sister. But few members of the United States Senate would have the candor to tell the world—as **Richard L. Neuberger**, freshman Senator from Oregon, does on page 40—just *how* his wife pulled off his victory. Mr. Neuberger was a journalist before he was a politician—he is "Dick" to hundreds of editors and writers throughout the country—and this probably accounts for his reporter's relish in a good factual story.

Already a prolific writer about public affairs and the Pacific Northwest, Mr. Neuberger was first elected to the Oregon Legislature in 1940 just before he reached the age of twenty-eight. He served in the Army for three years, becoming a Captain and aide-de-camp to Brigadier General J. A. O'Connor, in charge of construction of the Alcan Highway. In 1945, not long after his discharge, he married Maurine Brown and returned to politics and writing. Mr. Neuberger's most recent book, *Adventures in Politics* (published by Oxford last fall), reports the political history and beliefs of this husband-and-wife team, the first ever elected simultaneously to both chambers of a state legislature.

•••"The Little Missionary" (p. 46) is by a South African, **Jack Cope**, a newspaperman whose first novel, *Fair House*, has just been published in London. Mr. Cope's feeling for the subtleties of race antagonisms may come from his childhood as a white lad growing up among Zulus, for he was born on a farm in Natal, not far from Zululand, and did not go to a town until he was twelve.

•••The moral of **Fletcher Pratt's** "The Grift Goes Legit" (p. 60) might be found in the illustrative quotation under "Grift, on the," in the *Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo:* "I tell you, Grubber, there ain't big scores (large sums of money) on the grift, but there ain't no big bits (long prison terms) either. No spinach on the heavy for me (no more major crimes for me)."

Mr. Pratt—on the level—is mainly a writer of books, averaging about two a year. Under the pseudonym of George U. Fletcher, he specializes in science fiction (for example, *Double in Space*); while his serious works range from histories and biographies of the Civil War and of World War II to *The Third King*, about a fourteenth-century Danish monarch.

•••**Charles Frankel**, whose answers to the question, "Are We Really Crazy?" appear on page 66, is associate professor of philosophy at Columbia University. During the war he served with Naval Intelligence in the Orient and South Seas. He has held an exchange professorship at the Sorbonne and a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is now at work on a book to be published later this year, *The Philosophy of History*.

FOOTNOTE

ONE thing about the coming conference with the Russians can be predicted with absolute certainty. It won't be held at Yalta.

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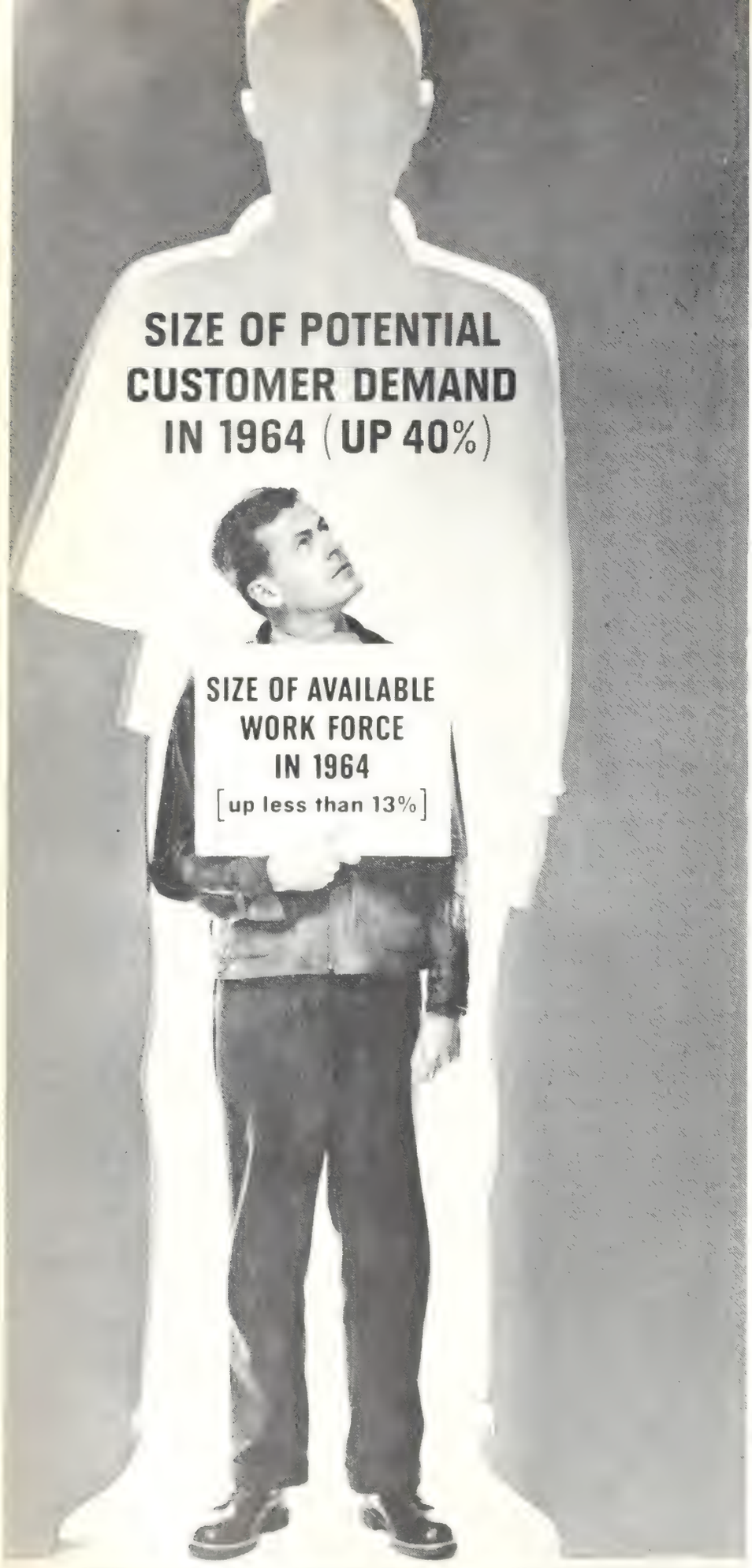
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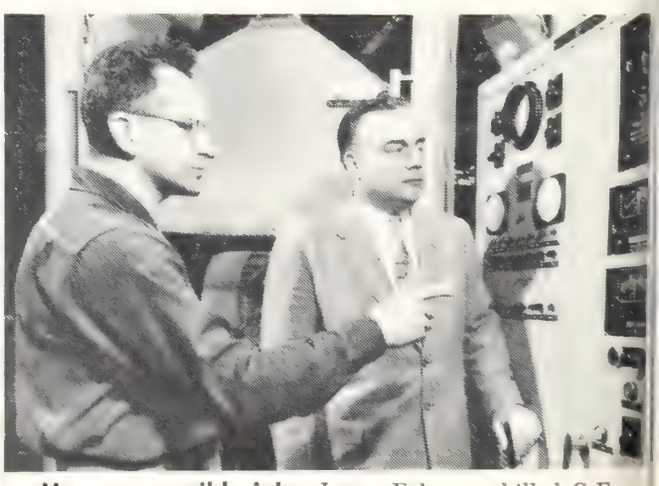
In the next nine years, the demand for goods will grow faster than the number of people available to produce them

In 1964, one of the greatest shortages in the United States may be man power. Our most conservative estimates indicate 184 million Americans will want 40% more goods than we consume today, and they may demand 100% more electrical products; yet the work force available to produce the goods will increase less than 13%.

In our opinion, automation is the most practical and desirable solution to this shortage of labor. If our standard of living is to keep rising the way it has been, machines will have to be put to work where none now exist — new, more versatile machines will have to be built.

For working men and women, automation creates new jobs requiring more skill and judgment; it will give more human beings a chance to do creative work . . . work which machines cannot do. And, because automation promises more and better goods at lower cost, pay checks will buy more than ever before.

Automation has proved to be an evolutionary, not a revolutionary, process. It requires careful study and adjustment, and there are always short-range problems to solve. But using more machines is our best hope to meet the coming shortage of working people, and allow the available men and women to do a higher order of productive work. As we see it, this is progress in the American way.



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HOW TO BARGAIN WITH RUSSIA

PERRY LAUKHUFF

A diplomat with long experience in negotiating with Communists suggests five ways to avoid disaster in the coming conferences.

SOMETIME this summer we are going to have to start negotiating with the Russians. Nobody in Washington is enthusiastic about this chore. Very few Americans, in Washington or out, expect that much of anything will come of it. Nevertheless, the pressure from our allies has built up to the point where talks with the Soviets cannot be avoided much longer. Nor do we want to overlook any possible chance, however slight, of putting an end to the dangerous division of Germany.

Further delay, then, clearly would be unwise and more expensive than we can afford. For it would give a damaging appearance of truth to the propaganda line that the Communists already have sold so successfully to the confused and nervous people of Europe—the myth that Russia is eager for "peace" and "coexistence," while the United States is stubbornly determined to continue the Cold War, and maybe to provoke a hot one. (Incredible as it may seem to us, this argument is widely accepted in both Europe and Asia.) Moreover, we persuaded our allies—especially the French—to agree to the rearming of Germany only because we promised them that we would be willing to negotiate with the Russians as soon as we could do so from "a position of strength." Now that promissory note has fallen due.

There are good reasons for the State Department's reluctance. As soon as a conference is announced, hopes will soar all over Europe. Millions of people, whose nerves have been worn raw by decades of tension, will be eager to believe once more (against all the evidence) that *this* time everything can be settled—and that they can then drop their guard, disband most of their armed forces, quit paying heavy taxes, and relax. When these hopes are disappointed—as they surely will be—not only the Communists, but a host of neutralists, Bevanites, and assorted America-baiters will blame the United States for the failure. In the effort to escape this blame, there is always a chance that our negotiators will make some disastrous concession, that once again they will go too far in an attempt to prove their reasonableness.

The record of our earlier negotiations with the Russians indicates that these dangers are very real indeed. But they are not inescapable. If we

are willing to learn from our own experience, the coming negotiations can be rendered relatively harmless. And, as Senator Walter George has pointed out, "at least there is a possibility" that something useful may come out of them.

My own experience in bargaining with the Russians convinces me that there are five lessons which we ought to keep firmly in mind whenever we sit down at a table with them.

(1) Communists are different.

There is a fundamental gap between our knowledge of the essential nature of Communism, and our understanding of the individual Communists we have to deal with. Most of us realize that Communism is an ideology of religious intensity; that it is animated by implacable hostility to all other systems, especially capitalism; and that it is determined to supplant these systems, by force if necessary. Yet we continue to believe that Soviet leaders are, fundamentally, very much like other people. We think of them as politicians with their ears to the ground—men pretty well preoccupied with their own troubles, who would be willing to meet us halfway if we made them a reasonable offer. Consequently, we try to bargain with them as if they were Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Americans.

The Yalta Papers show plainly that this false picture of the Soviet bosses (based on inexperience) was firmly fixed in the mind of President Roosevelt and most of his advisers. It has continued to mislead other American negotiators, from Potsdam to Panmunjom. I suffered from it myself—a little—when I sat down on March 5, 1951, at the big table, covered with green baize, in the Palais Rose in Paris. For a little while, I had a flicker of hope that this time the conference might go along normal lines.

The deputies of the Foreign Ministers were there ostensibly to arrange for a meeting of their chiefs—surely a simple task. I looked across the table at the solemn and inscrutable Gromyko, the gimlet-eyed Lavrentiev, at the faint cat-like smile of Semenov and the Left-Bank beard of the Rabelaisian Pavlov. At first Gromyko's rich, deep voice poured out a rushing melody of his mother tongue—sounding much as I imagine the sough of winds through the melancholy Russian forests must sound. Later his tone turned harsh and sneering, as he heaped accusations on us and denounced Churchill as a cannibal.

After a day or two of this, my hopes flickered out, and I settled back to the endless shadowboxing which I should have expected from the first. From all past experience, I ought to have realized that these men are totally different from any ordinary opponents, however stubborn or disagreeable.

For I have seen all kinds of normal tactics used against Communist negotiators—without effect. At home we try to appeal to an adversary's good will, his common sense, his sense of fair play, or his business instincts. Or, in extremity, we may use promises or threats. With the Russians, none of these work. They have no good will toward us. They regard the dogma of Marx and Lenin as the root of all common sense. They are devoid of pity, do not understand what is meant by "fair play," and would regard it as a contemptible weakness if they did. They despise us precisely for what they regard as our grasping business habits. They disbelieve our promises, because they have long been trained to regard their own promises merely as traps. Threats alone *may* serve as a weight in the Communist scale of calculations. But only if they are convinced that the threats are deadly serious. It is worse than useless to try a bluff, and have it called.

(2) Communist aims in every conference are different from our own.

Not just their objectives, but their very concept of "negotiation." In fact, this word ill describes the character of any meeting with the Russians. A true negotiation is a discussion aimed at reaching an agreement by bargain, compromise, or persuasion.

This is precisely what the Communists do *not* have in mind when they meet with us. Usually they have no desire to reach any agreement whatever. Mostly they are not even talking to the men across the table; their words are aimed at their own people, or at selected portions of the world public. They are seeking, ordinarily, to sow discord, to throw up a roadblock, or to create a propaganda impression—sometimes good, sometimes deliberately frightening.

Sometimes they just want to play on nerves. I remember an occasion at the Allied Kommandatura in Berlin in 1948, when Colonel Yelizarov, the Soviet Deputy Commandant, remarked sneeringly:

"It is well known that Colonel Babcock"—the United States representative—"is a sick man and that his nerves are breaking, so we can overlook his agitated distortions."

To which the American, who was to all intents

perfectly well, snapped back: "My nerves will hold out as long as yours will!"

It is true that there are exceptional occasions when the Russians are actually willing to negotiate for some kind of real agreement. Usually this happens when they find themselves with an embarrassing mistake on their hands. One example was the secret discussions between Jacob Malik and Philip Jessup which resulted in the lifting of the Berlin blockade. Another was the arrangement of the Korean armistice. But it should always be remembered that such cases are rare exceptions—and that they occur only when the Russians have to extricate themselves from some uncomfortable fix.

Much more typical was the Geneva conference, which the Communists attended merely to accept the French surrender of northern Indochina, and to flaunt their triumph before the world. A kindred example was the Berlin conference in 1954. The Russians did not go there with any intention of settling the Austrian or German problems—the ostensible purpose of the meeting. They aimed to weaken the Western alliance if possible, to consolidate their hold on Eastern Germany, and to delay or prevent the formation of the European Defense Community. The last aim they achieved; the others, perhaps in part.

(3) We should never let the Communists make all the proposals.

The Russians always strive to give the impression that they are full of ideas to achieve "peace" and that we stubbornly oppose every "constructive suggestion" that they make.

For instance, at Berlin they made one proposal after another—a Five Power Conference, a German Treaty, withdrawal of occupation troops from Germany, Austrian "independence," a European security system. We were forced into the position of arguing down every Soviet proposal, and (except for a narrow insistence on German elections) we advanced no ideas of our own. It made no difference that the Russian proposals were idiotic, grandiose, one-sided, or transparently phony. The net result was an impression that the Communists were the eager seekers for a settlement, while we were responsible for blocking it. This is a dangerous picture to hold up before the people of Europe, in view of the disappointments of the Germans and Austrians, the instabilities of French and Italian public opinion, and the alarming aberrations of Bevanism in England.

We too can make proposals, even though our task is harder because so many Western allies have to be brought into alignment. At Berlin we might have put forward the outlines of a German treaty, a European security system of our own, a disarmament plan, a suggestion for easing tensions in Asia. At the forthcoming conference there will be at least as many opportunities for the Western nations to advance proposals in the cause of peace and good feeling. Whether or not there is any possibility of agreement is highly immaterial.

(4) We must find the chinks in the Russians' armor.

A few do exist—though not in the expected places. Legal technicalities, for one thing, do not offer a really effective opening. It does not impress the Communists in the least when we point out that they have violated a legal agreement—the Korean truce provisions, or the Indochina agreement, or their Yalta pledges. They take it for granted that an agreement will be broken whenever they can get away with it; they assume that we take the same attitude; and they consider us either naïve or hypocritical when we protest.

It was claimed at Geneva that the presence of Red China was of no significance, because we have not "recognized" its government. Such an argument—worthy of a Philadelphia ostrich—ignored the really significant fact that we recklessly met with the Chinese Communists on a world stage, and were arrogantly told to get out of Asia for our pains. The Administration also insisted that a barrier to aggression had been set up because we warned the Chinese Communists of instant and massive retaliation if they should intervene openly in Indochina. They, however, were quite satisfied with the progress they were making to take Indochina by indirection. This kind of legalism never wins a skirmish, let alone a war, in the fight against Communism.

Pure logic is not the answer either. At the Palais Rose, I had the pleasure of listening to some beautiful logic leveled at the Russians by Alexandre Parodi of France. Smooth, polished, sincere, subtly ironic, he delivered some of the most cogent explanations of Western policy I have ever heard. He might have saved his breath. His subtlety was lost amid the bludgeonings of Soviet propaganda; his humor and logic had as much effect on Gromyko's dogmatic progress as a pea-shooter on an elephant.

On the other hand, Dr. Jessup of the American delegation seemed to me to get some results with his hard-hitting debater's punch, which carried conviction in the headlines without ever descending to the crudities of Gromyko. He even appeared to gain a certain respect from the Russians.

Their most sensitive spot apparently can be touched by spontaneous ridicule. This makes them wince—in contrast to the calculated ridicule of the phrase-maker, which they simply ignore. The news dispatches did not exaggerate the "Laugh of Berlin" which swept the Western delegations when Molotov proposed his so-called "European Security System." This plan would have reduced the United States to the status of an observer and left the continent at the mercy of Soviet armies. It was greeted by an unrehearsed guffaw—and the Soviet delegation was visibly shaken.

Apparently the shell of self-deception which surrounds all Soviet negotiators was, for the moment, pierced. This is a healthy thing. It is necessary, from time to time, to open their eyes to the realities of a world which is not totally hypnotized by fear of Communism, nor by its promises.

(5) We need negotiators especially trained to cope with Communist methods.

Patience, an ability to keep both eyes on the ball, and a determination to see what the Russians are really trying to accomplish are indispensable qualifications for every American who enters this peculiar arena.

He should prepare himself for the confusing variations of mood, manner, and pace which he is sure to encounter. One day he will find that his Soviet adversary is smiling and full of grace, ready to come to grips with minor points of difference and resolve them. Next day he will turn vituperative and insulting. In one session he will be crisply businesslike; in another he will hold the floor for hours with irrelevant oratory. When not trying to make a propaganda speech for the world press, or a doctrinaire speech to impress the Kremlin with his personal orthodoxy, he will be trying to confuse his opponent and throw him off balance.

Nothing can be worse than to give an impression of erratic irresolution, or of willingness to compromise on principle. I have seen this impression created by Americans who fancied they were giving the Russians tit for tat in deviousness, or who sought to show how sincere they were in seeking agreement. Unwittingly they forfeited all chance of impressing the Russians with their own country's strength and resolution.

We should never forget the lesson learned at a score of postwar conferences. The West—seeking to be agreeable and sincere—would advance halfway to meet a Soviet position. "All right," the Russians would say, "we accept your offer. Now let's seek a compromise between the position you have just taken and our own." And sometimes the Westerners would give way again, still hopeful of convincing the Communists of their good will.

The Communist, in contrast, will never give an inch on his principles—that is, on his Marxist-Leninist dogma. When he sees us take a "firm" and "irrevocable" attitude one day, and offer to retreat halfway from it the next, he simply concludes that we don't have any principles at all.

WHY HAVE we failed to learn from our past mistakes? Chiefly because we have not bothered to develop and use steadily a corps of expert "negotiators with Communism." Here we could well take a page from the Soviet book. All Communist representatives are specially trained in Communist methods, aims, doctrine, and dialectic. They are professionals, secure in the knowledge that whatever special task they are doing fits into a whole picture. They are prepared to sit at the table till doomsday, if necessary, because they serve a religion which is in no hurry, and which they believe to be eternal—and because they are doing their life's work, rather than taking time off for a temporary assignment.

What do we do? As soon as our recruits see the whites of the enemy's eyes, we retire them more or less honorably from the battle and send in a new company of innocents. Dean Acheson learned rapidly about the Russians and handled them skillfully. His knowledge is now being entirely wasted. The same is true of Philip Jessup, who had a strenuous course of indoctrination in the Security Council and at the Palais Rose. We have shunted aside most of our past representatives at the United Nations. Arthur Dean was sent to do battle at Panmunjom, doubtless with ample instructions and precious little instruction. He was maneuvered into a bad spot and came home again. (Besides, his law practice needed him.) John Foster Dulles has been taking *his* lessons, but he in his turn will be discarded for more beginners later on.

It is hard to believe that these wastages of our political system are necessary when the struggle is so grim. It is even harder to believe that we can afford to discard a non-political expert like George Kennan, one of the most brilliant and thoroughly trained of all our specialists on Communism and the Russians. And why do men like Lucius Clay and John McCloy stand unused, when they have had costly education in dealing with Communist representatives? Molotov, Gromyko, and Malik are there decade after decade, training, training, training. Too often they gain an inch here, a foot there, a country or half a continent somewhere else—while our Clays and McCloys, our Achesons and Jessups, our Kennans and our Deans and Dulleses come and go and do their temporary best.

We ought to draft on a full-time basis all the old hands we can muster. There is no conclusive reason for thinking that we are finished with the era of "negotiation" as I have described it, and are now entering the era of real negotiation for a settlement. The harsh and threatening tone of Stalin seems at times to be giving way to a more conciliatory approach; but this signifies only a change of tactics, not of aim. We need our wits about us more than ever when the Russians may give the appearance of being willing to negotiate a "settlement"; for it is sure to be aimed at what they consider is their own tactical advantage in their long-range war to the death with capitalism. Communist methods at the conference table will be all the more dangerous, after the free world has been softened by smiling faces and talk of co-existence.

In the last ten years we have actually met the Russians in at least twelve major conferences, some of them lasting months. This does not include the 260 meetings of the deputies on the Austrian question, the years of contacts at the United Nations, the hundreds of meetings of Control Councils and Commissions and Kommandaturas in various defeated countries, and innumerable private contacts of Ambassadors and others. We are not without a rich experience, much of it costly, as to how the Communists negotiate. Let us apply what we have learned and use the men we have trained so that in conferences to come we can at least avoid parroting our own mistakes.

HOW TO BE EFFICIENT, WITH FEWER VIOLINS

The following is the report of a Work Study Engineer—a specialist in Method Engineering—after a visit to a symphony concert at the Royal Festival Hall in London:

FOR considerable periods the four oboe players had nothing to do. The number should be reduced and the work spread more evenly over the whole of the concert, thus eliminating peaks of activity.

All the twelve violins were playing identical notes; this seems unnecessary duplication. The staff of this section should be drastically cut. If a larger volume of sound is required, it could be obtained by electronic apparatus.

Much effort was absorbed in the playing of demi-semi-quavers; this seems to be an unnecessary refinement. It is recommended that all notes should be rounded up to the nearest semi-quaver. If this were done it would be possible to use trainees and lower-grade operatives more extensively.

There seems to be too much repetition of some musical passages. Scores should be drastically pruned. No useful purpose is served by repeating on the horns a passage which has already been handled by the strings. It is estimated that if all redundant passages were eliminated the whole concert time of two hours could be reduced to twenty minutes and there would be no need for an intermission.

The conductor agrees generally with these recommendations, but expressed the opinion that there might be some falling off in box-office receipts. In that unlikely event it should be possible to close sections of the auditorium entirely, with a consequential saving of overhead expenses, lighting, attendance, etc. If the worst came to the worst, the whole thing could be abandoned and the public could go to the Albert Hall instead.

—Anonymous memorandum circulating in London, 1955.

By CROCKETT JOHNSON

Fantastic Companions



I ONCE did a comic strip about a small boy who was visited in his suburban home by an unlikely fairy godfather named Mr. O'Malley—a purely fictional creation. Almost from the start it brought me letters from parents telling of astonishing creatures that visited *their* homes. These writers were not inventing. They were reporting fact.

Not only is there scientific verification of the existence of these fantastic "companions"—as the child-study books call them—but they exist in disturbingly vast numbers. Authorities estimate that half of our pre-school youngsters enjoy (if that is the word) the exclusive attentions of one or more of the monsters. In the United States alone, then, there must be over *ten million* of them going daily, about their odd affairs.

Despite their prevalence, shockingly little is known about them. Indeed, I have found nothing in the way of collated material on the species that compares with even my own casual collection of individual dossiers. Several of these are appended here, in the hope that they may help stimulate interest in a thorough and comprehensive fact-finding study.

MRS. BIRDFEATHER

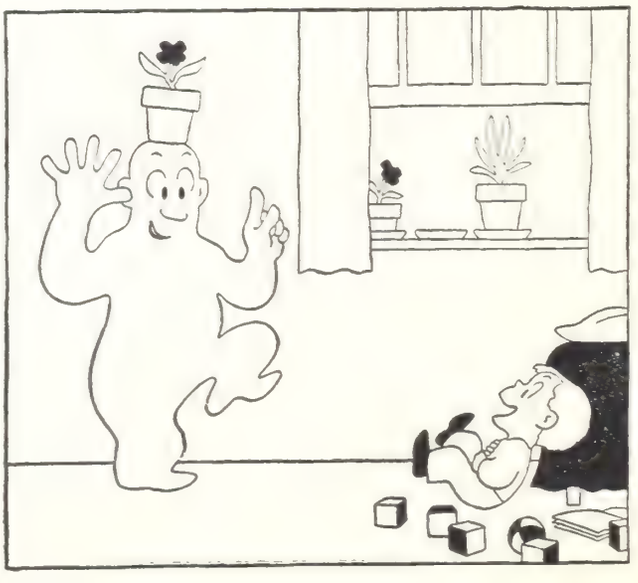
IN HER playroom at Hicksville, New York, Glenda D. has been observing almost daily for six months a "Mrs. Birdfeather" energetically "making things." Glenda states that all the furnishings of the room are the work of Mrs. Birdfeather and that they were made with nothing but a needle and a bit of thread. "The thread is worsted thread," Glenda points out with a significance that so far has eluded investigators. Skeptical, naturally, when apprised of



the fact that no other tools or raw materials were used in production, several qualified experts have examined carefully every article in the room. Admitting amazement, all have testified that the maple chairs and table, the metal bed, the plastic toys, and everything else is not only substantial but of perfectly sound quality. Glenda, the only member of the household who has studied Mrs. Birdfeather's method of work, describes it very simply. "She just makes things, that's all." Like most busy people, Mrs. Birdfeather talks very little. Because of this, almost nothing has been learned about the industrious creature's personal life except that she lives with her parents in a lovely house the family constructed together; that her mother, too, is known as Mrs. Birdfeather; and that her father also goes by the name of Mrs. Birdfeather.

THE GREAT YAFTY

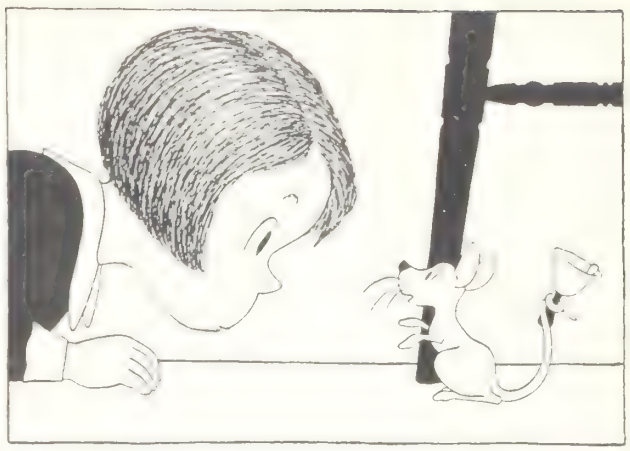
YAFTY is the funniest thing I ever saw in my whole life," declares thirty-nine-months-old Walter P. from his Philadelphia home, where



the comedian is being held over for his twelfth week. Walter's unequivocal statement is borne out by the gales of laughter that emanate from any room in the house in which the strolling player has happened to find Walter alone. Yafty prefers a very small audience, probably because his sensitive humor and delicate timing require an immediate sympathetic reception and complete rapport. "As soon as Yafty comes in I laugh at him," is the way Walter puts it. He describes the performer's physical appearance in a way that leaves nothing to be desired in a comic, "He looks funny." However, Yafty does not rely on his appearance alone. He is hard-working and versatile. "He does every kind of funny thing," Walter testifies, with an encompassing gesture. Asked for an example of any kind from the talented mime's repertoire, Walter chuckles as his mind flicks back through Yafty's hilarious routines and he selects his unvarying favorite, the mere memory of which reduces him to a state of collapse. "Once Yafty put a flower pot on his head!" When he recovers enough to speak again, Walter adds, "Too bad you couldn't see him."

A MOUSE WHO WARNS PEOPLE

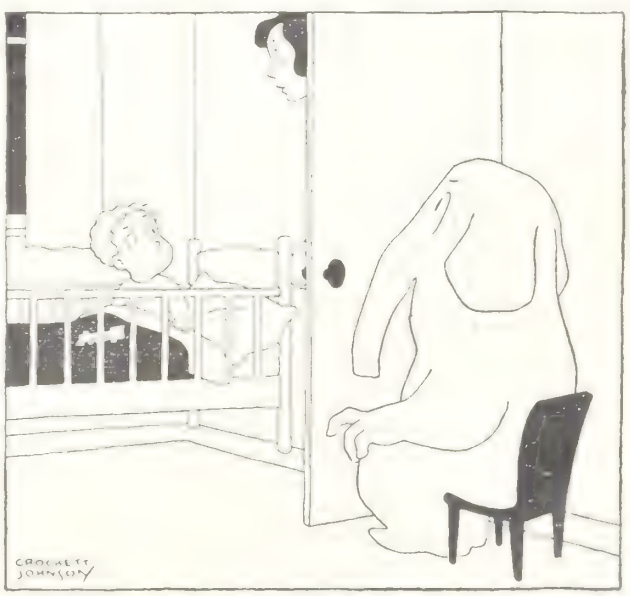
WITH Mary McH. in her home in Davenport, Iowa, lives a mouse whose apparent concern for the welfare of human beings makes him worthy of mention. "He's a good mouse because he goes around warning people about things," Mary says. Actually, Mary is the only person in the household he has succeeded in warning about anything, but this is understandable because the weak voice of a mouse does not carry far and "the bell he rings with his [evidently prehensile] tail" necessarily must be too small an instrument to raise vibrations to the ears of people who have grown over thirty-six months tall. The alarms of the mouse are sounded in fine dramatic fashion but his warnings, while undeniably sensible, are usually somewhat anti-climactic in nature. Also they are often oddly timed. Mary, breathlessly heeding the sudden clanging of the tiny bell at three o'clock of an afternoon, is likely to receive the news that "everybody should eat all of their breakfast!" The mouse has rushed out to exhort her, with an urgency that seems questionable in Iowa, to "watch out not to fall in the ocean because there's a big fish in it!" Another warning, and one that for a time led Mary's relatives toward the belief that the mouse was developing



a kind of perverse humor, occurred one day just as Mary donned a freshly laundered frock with starched collar and cuffs. She flung herself on the floor, her customary position for listening to the zealous mouse's excited monitions, to hear that "people shouldn't get their clean dresses mussed!"

GUMGAW WHO COMES TO CHAT

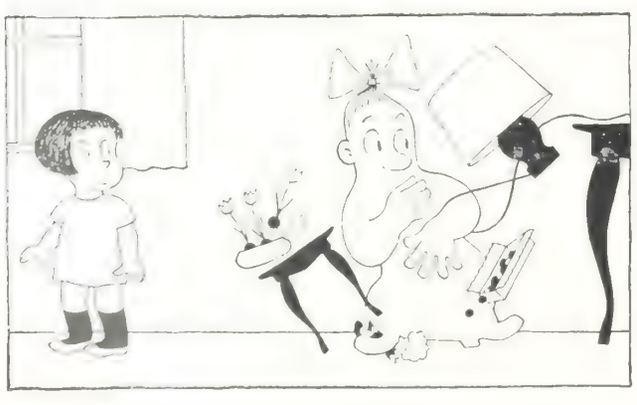
GUMGAW is a friend of Henry M. of New York City and he drops in at the twenty-nine-month-old host's nursery nearly every night at bedtime for no reason other than the pleasure of a good chat. Knowing Henry to be normally a person of few words, his relatives were puzzled one night a few months ago to hear what they believed to be his voice carrying on an animated and seemingly endless monologue in his room. Their confusion was cleared up when they learned about Gumgaw, who is "big, with a face like an elephant" and who "talks all the time" in a voice that surprisingly, considering his bulk, is pitched high enough to be mistaken



through a closed door for Henry's own. Henry says, "He talks about everything!" Evidently he does, fascinatingly, sometimes till all hours. People have asked Henry why a raconteur of such genius is not given to making public appearances, envisioning sure-fire success for him on the dais at association banquets and perhaps in politics. The answer seems to lie in Gumgaw's shyness. Probably because of a deep self-consciousness about his unusual appearance he is ill at ease with strangers. An interruption even by a member of his friend Henry's immediate family will silence him in the middle of a sentence and, if indeed he does not leave at once, he is apt to sit quietly for some time after the withdrawal of the offending person, tapping his knee in annoyance, before resuming his discourse.

BIVVY WHO BREAKS THINGS

BIVVY, a frequent visitor at the residence of Mildred K. in Pasadena, California, is described as wearing "a beautiful big hair ribbon on top of her head," an effort at adornment that suggests an eagerness on Bivvy's part to make herself a charming and ornamental guest. But unfortunately her desire to please, as well as any other admirable qualities she may possess, is obscured by one serious social handicap. "Bivvy knocks things over and breaks things," says Mildred sadly. "But she can't help it and she's sorry." The sorry creature is "always very ashamed" too, as well she might be, judging by the mishaps that plague her. Once she reached daintily for a caramel on the library table, dropped the box and, in a laudably quick move to avert that calamity, pulled over a table lamp, backed into a taboret holding a bowl of tulip bulbs, and stepped on her hostess's newest doll. "Because she is so embarrassed" when that sort of thing happens, Bivvy flees immediately. This fact is attested to by other members of the household, who, no matter how quickly they arrive on the scene of disaster, find Bivvy gone and Mildred by herself amidst the debris. Rather reluctantly Mildred admits there seldom are any mitigating circumstances, that these recurring catastrophes must be attributed to her ill-starred friend's shocking ineptness, and that when they occur Mildred herself usually is "away over on the other side of the room."



BEARS WITH WOTS ON THEM

AN UNUSUAL species of bear has been discovered in New Haven, Connecticut, by Michael S., a four-year-old resident, who is making a study of a pair of the beasts. Understandably reluctant to have any conclusions drawn until he has all his data in hand, the young naturalist has released very little information about the animals to date. The picture below, therefore, does not pretend to photographic exactness and is in fact merely an "artist's conception" based upon what few remarks Michael has made to neighbors and members of his own household about the "bears with wots on them." After wearily denying that "wots" are in any precise way like "spots" or "dots," Michael did say as he ended one particular interview, "The wots are on their fur, of course!" This leads to a reasonable speculation that the animals merely have markings on their coats that can be said to be somewhat more or less wot-shaped. Generally pleasant-tempered, the bears seem to make fairly good companions at games of the simpler sort. However, should any controversial situation arise, they are apt to turn ferocious without warning and at such times can be driven off only by having marbles rolled at them by a steady hand. Also, they speak a kind of basic English, but so poorly that the accomplishment, Michael has intimated, scarcely deserves mention.



Faubion Bowers

The Land-locked Pirate of the Pacific

His reign of terror extends over the Philippine island which has given the world the expression "to go amok" . . . and which, four centuries ago, produced the Malay pirates.

JOLO, the capital of the southernmost group of the Philippine Islands, derives a large part of its income from the sale of turtle eggs, pearls, and the birds' nests used in Chinese soup. Its other claim to exoticism is that it has produced Kamlon, the Philippines' most eminent and elusive bandit.

Jolo is the largest of the Sulu islands—an archipelago of hundreds of rich tropical isles, rocks, reefs, and sand banks, surrounded by the deep waters and swift, changeable currents of the Sulu Sea. Politically, the Sulus are considered part of the Philippines. In tradition and emotion, however, they are explosively independent, and from their earliest history they have had the means to be as independent as they pleased.

The archipelago first became known to the outside world several hundred years ago through the dreaded and fearsome "Malay Pirates," who raided the seas as far north as China and as far west as Burma, ruthlessly pursuing junks, outriggers, galleons, and even the mightiest European exploring and adventurer ships. By their skill in negotiating the difficult Sulu Sea with huge *garays*—long, slender, canoe-like boats with two giant outriggers and anywhere from forty to sixty oars—the pirates kept themselves immune to attack. And once they reached their home area with their booty, their pursuers lost all hope of navigating safely or of following them into the millions of inlets and watery hide-outs the islands offered.

It was inaccurate, however, to call them "Malay." They did, to be sure, rule the seas surrounding the vague area called Malaya, they had—like almost everyone in Southeast Asia—a touch of sturdy Malayan stock, and they spoke a derivative of the Malay language. But they called themselves *Tao Sug*, "people of the currents"—and even now this is the only name that the inhabitants of Jolo accept. "People of the currents" comes, appropriately enough, from the name of the archipelago, *Lupa Sug* or "Land of Currents." The Spanish, who were the first Europeans to penetrate this far, inverted the first syllables to produce the present "Sulu" and arbitrarily named the main island after a city in Southern Spain. Although Jolo—pronounced with a gutteral "j" and accented on the last syllable—is now the official name for the island, the people are infuriated if you refer to them as "Joloanos." They are still *Tao Sug*.

HOW TO GET TO HEAVEN

IN 1380 THE Mohammedan religion—or at least a rather militant version of it—reached Jolo, and its fervor and intensity found a welcome in the spirited passions of the *Tao Sug*. Piracy, of course, continued, and slavery, a practice already in vogue, became morally sanctioned. The local word for "slave" is *visaya*, which refers to the people of the central Philippines—the Visayan group—because so many captives were taken in the past from these areas. Later, *visaya* came to mean "Christian," which gave added religious grounds for taking the Spanish as well as the Filipinos for slaves. The practice reached

such a point that once, in that especially fearful, piratical year of 1759—still taught in the history books of the Philippines—Jolo pirates entered Manila Bay and stole batches of people from the wharves themselves.

Like almost everything else in the isolated conditions of the Sulus, Mohammedanism took on a complexion peculiar to the area. As many people as possible go to Mecca, for example, but just once is not enough—for real local prestige, one should get there every other year. This, the local officials will tell you, is the chief reason for Jolo's widespread brigandage. Money used for going to Mecca is all right, regardless of the means by which it was gained.

Even the hieratical terminology has acquired its own special meanings in Jolo. A *maharaja* (which is, in any case, a Hindu title) corresponds roughly to a justice of the peace in America. Or if it is used in connection with the army, it refers to a "captain who has charge of a subsection." A *vizir*, so familiar from the Arabian Nights—and a genuine Muslim title—here means something like an associate justice of the equivalent of the Supreme Court. And other Jolo names, like *sahib, raja, tuan,* have also shifted from their original meanings. The Spaniards who came to the Sulus in the sixteenth century to conquer and convert succeeded in neither project, but they did leave behind their name for Mohammedans—*Moro,* a confusion with their own Muslim Moors—and the word still remains in Jolo and still retains its original sense of wildness and fierceness.

PERHAPS the most extraordinary quality the Mohammedan religion developed in Jolo is its fanaticism. For years, no Moro would attend school for fear of "invisible conversion" to Christianity. As recently as 1940 the students of one of the schools killed all their non-Moro teachers for no reason that the authorities were ever able to discern. And even today, some people of Jolo will not ride in a car, simply because Christians introduced automobiles to the island. It is also a problem for Moros to go to the hospital, because, according to their reasoning, if they died, a Christian would touch them, and this is not to be borne.

But of all the fanatical aspects of the Moros of Jolo, the most terrifying are those described by the words *juramentado* and *amok. Amok* is a word as old as the Malayan language, and it refers to anyone who goes murder-mad and kills and kills until he himself is killed. With the advent of Mohammedanism, the peculiar emotional possibility which going *amok* represented was given a purpose and the word *juramentado* (from the Spanish meaning "a sworn person") came into fashion. *Juramentado* is what Dr. Sixto Y. Orosa defines, in the only book I know of ever written about this strange part of the world, as "a frenzy-driven religious fanatic."

The origin of the *juramentado* goes back to the holy wars against the Christians when a devout follower of Mohammedanism was guaranteed transition from earth to heaven if he, after purification at the mosque, set out to kill the first Christian he saw and as many thereafter as he could until he was killed himself. This gave a reason to what had previously been covered by the simple word *amok.*

Going *amok* is still a serious problem in Jolo, and only recently the sober Manila *Times Magazine* (modeled on the one in New York and set in identical type) ran a long article entitled "What Makes an *Amok?*" (The answer was vaguely ascribed to sexual frustration of some sort.) If you say in Manila that you are going to Jolo, people will caution you to watch out for "the *juramentados* and *amoks,*" and will remind you that only two years ago a *juramentado* entered Jolo Cathedral with his gun and fired indiscriminately, murdering among others the daughter of the present Governor of the Sulus.

Because of certain peculiarities in the Jolo character, this mood of murder and self-immolation sits easily on Jolo consciences. A *juramentado* or *amok* is always the result of a violation of a person's *martabat* or self-respect which is, to a native of Jolo, a man's most important, private, tender, and—sadly enough—vulnerable possession. When your *martabat* is hurt you are "at the end of your patience," according to the Moro, and your only recourse is to go *amok.* A wife's infidelity is the most frequent source of these crimes, but other motivations also operate. A short while back, for instance, a man went *amok* and killed three innocent bystanders before he was shot down by the police when he resisted their orders to stop. The cause of his actions lay, it seemed, in the fact that his wife on the day before had chided him for his poor love-making.

A similar sensitivity operates in other spheres of life on the island. Some years ago, the brilliant spear dance of the Moros was banned by law, because too many deaths resulted from it,

and competitive sports like boxing, where two individuals are pitted against each other, led to so many subsequent sword killings that they are now banned even from the schools.

JUST A FEW SLAVES

THANKS to its complicated conditions of geography, religion, and character, Jolo remained unperturbed while the Spanish from the sixteenth century onwards were conquering, converting, and exploiting the other islands of the Philippines. The pirates simply took more Spanish ships and more Spanish slaves. In 1638, after almost a century of exasperation, the Spaniards moved against Jolo with eighty vessels and two thousand soldiers. They occupied the town, but that was about the limit of their influence. Not until 1848, when the first steamboats were used in Sulu waters, did they gain sea superiority over the pirates' *garays* and secure some measure of turbulent control over the island. Deprived of piracy, the people of Jolo, however, immediately turned to smuggling and land brigandage—both of which professions are so widely practiced today that the government of nearby British North Borneo is currently carrying out an anti-smuggling campaign, somewhat nostalgically called "Operation Pirate," at a cost, so far, of more than $130,000 to stop the illicit traffic between the two areas.

In 1899 the new American rulers of the Philippine Islands relieved the small Spanish garrison on Jolo and invented a "policy of attraction" in the hope of subduing the island peacefully. One of the concessions was the acceptance of slavery. Much later, as a token of gratitude to the Americans for their tolerance of Jolo customs, the late wife of the present Sultan made a gesture at abolishing the practice. Instead of the five hundred slaves at her command, she kept only five maids for her bath and five others to sleep at her side by night.

The Japanese, who in 1942 replaced the United States in the Philippines, managed to keep a terrorized control over Jolo by public executions. But even those did not prevent one of the chieftains, of whom more will be said later, from giving a banquet to which he invited a number of Japanese officers whom, in true Moro fashion, he killed as soon as they had finished eating.

Since the war, the Filipinos, for the first time in their history, are having to cope with Jolo themselves, and they have found that the old problems, prides, and practices make a proper administration of the island as part of the Philippines virtually impossible. The troubles range from the most trivial level to the highest political and military echelons—from a question of spitting on the street to full-scale armed rebellion against the government. To the unprepared visitor arriving in Jolo, it is a shock to see city officials walking along the streets with revolvers tucked into their belts. To the people of Jolo, this seems a reasonable and necessary precaution. One Moro I talked to started off by saying, "Now, take spitting. Any Moro [who chews betel nut and therefore has to spit] spits in the street and gets fined five pesos by the Sanitary Inspector. So he asks himself, 'Have I not freedom of spit?' And then, there is the housing question. According to the Koran, Allah gave the Moro land and the right to live on it. So he builds his little *nipa* hut of palm leaves near the hotel in Jolo. Along comes a Fire Inspector who says it is dangerous and tears it down. It is a wonder," he concluded patiently, "that we don't *all* go *amok* these days."

THE LAST OF THE BANDITS

SUCH MINOR problems of administration could perhaps eventually be handled by the civil authorities and the police. But there is a complicating factor, one that necessitates the presence of several thousand crack Filipino troops on the tiny island. This is the powerful existence of Kamlon, a gallant Moro chieftain of the old school according to his followers; a bandit, outlaw, and murderer according to the Filipinos.

At the moment, Kamlon controls about one fourth of Jolo, and the island is literally obsessed by him. There is a tempting reward of 5,000 pesos ($2,500) on his head, "dead or alive," and four distinct military operations, using army, navy, and air force, have been launched against him by the Philippine government in the past seven years.

Meanwhile, a body of myth and mystery has grown up about him. The longer he is defiant, the more elusive he becomes; the more troops that are pitted against his handful of followers—which surely cannot be more than two hundred men—the more the Moros find him an expression of their most cherished traditions. The latest reports about him going around Jolo are openly

ELIZABETH BARTLETT

MEXICAN PROFILE

BUZZARDS in the air
And flies
Peasants everywhere
Earth size

Jungles by the sea
And sands
At each extremity
Bare hands

Volcanos over towns
And hills
Traditioned in the browns
The wills

Corn and bean for breath
And bones
Remembered after death
The stones

Dark feet on the roads
And wheels
Heavy are the loads
The heels

Burros led by whips
And shouts
In answer to the lips
And clouts

Adobes out of earth
And cathedrals
Attendant on the birth
Of eagles

fantastic. He is said to have magical power and to be invulnerable to metal, either of a sword or a gun.

But if the people of Jolo attribute his continued immunity to supernatural protection, the members of the Philippine army have more plausible explanations. On his own island Kamlon has every advantage. He knows the terrain. His area is protected by a single bridge over which he has complete control. Some of the ground separating his area from the enemy is bog that swallows you chest-deep if you try to walk through it; artillery aimed against it never detonates, but sinks silently into the mud. His scouts keep him constantly informed of Philippine military movements, while army intelligence almost never captures a scout, for in that jungle country you need only the ability to stay still to be virtually invisible.

He is also mobile. He moves about constantly, lives off the land, and seldom spends two consecutive nights in the same village. And beyond all of this, Jolo's traditional fanaticism is on his side. His men fight with a *juramentado*-like passion. Some of those killed in a skirmish have been found to have gangrenous, suppurating wounds from a previous encounter which apparently received no medical treatment but which still did not impair the efficiency of the fighter. In the fierceness of battle, the Moros are reputed to feel no pain, to fight until they are killed, and never to be taken prisoner. Filipino soldiers who have fought the Communist-inspired Hukbalahap rebels in other islands claim that whereas one bullet will dispose of a Huk, or even a shot over their heads will be enough to demoralize and scatter a group of them, it takes eight direct hits to kill a Moro. And whenever Kamlon loses a man, he is immediately replaced by some relative who is Moro-duty bound to take his place.

Kamlon and his men have only one weakness: because of their overpowering fear that the Christians will touch their dead, they fight relentlessly to recover all their casualties. (Not long ago a battle raged three days simply to recover one dead body.) These are the only occasions when Kamlon allows any sort of prolonged battle contact, or on which he is not complete master of the combat situation. Normally, after a skirmish or ambush, his men slip silently into the jungle and reassemble later at a prearranged spot.

OUT OF the fantasy that surrounds Kamlon himself, one can piece together a few, fairly accurate bits of information. It is generally believed that his grandfather was also an outlaw who alternately defied and ambushed Spanish troops; and that his father had a few brushes with the Americans when they were running the island. During the Japanese occupation it was

Kamlon himself who held that notorious dinner for the Japanese officers. In the same period he murdered a number of landowners whose estates adjoined his, and this started the present trouble. In 1947 the new government of the independent Philippines tried to bring him before the court -the official one, not the Moro *agama* - to explain his wartime murders of his fellow islanders. Kamlon went into hiding, and a year later Operation Kamlon Number 1 began.

To combat this strange enemy and cope with the curious battle conditions on Jolo, the Philippine Army created a special striking unit called JOTAF or the Jolo Task Force. But there was not much that JOTAF could do against Moro fanaticism and treachery, so negotiations for Kamlon's surrender were begun. The terms finally agreed upon were that Kamlon would surrender, and the government's case against him would be dropped. It was. But Kamlon continued to be an outlaw. According to his enemies' figures, Kamlon, after this surrender, liquidated no less than thirty petty landholders near his area and upped his modest holdings to more than 40,000 coconut trees. They claim, too, that Kamlon was financially worth 2,000 pesos in 1947, and 200,000 by 1948.

Then came Operation Kamlon Number 2, and the situation was no different. But when harvest time arrived, Kamlon surrendered again. This gave his men time to harvest the crops, sell them, and then engineer their leader's escape. Operation Kamlon Number 3 started with renewed intensity. But the fighting was always inconclusive and vague. In 1952, during the Quirino government, when the present President of the Philippines, Ramon Magsaysay, was the Secretary of Defense, a new and fancy kind of surrender based on the old American "policy of attraction" was thought up. This was conceived in the spirit of generous Filipino respect for Moro customs and vagaries.

At the end of the negotiations, Kamlon surrendered and presented himself before the authorities. A trial was held on a navy vessel off a Jolo beach. Kamlon humbly proffered his *barong* sword to the then Secretary Magsaysay who, according to people present at the trial, pointed to his own gun—indicating that he was armed—and returned the *barong* to Kamlon. The trial proceeded. Kamlon was charged with three crimes in all—two counts of resisting the duly recognized forces of law and order, and one of commanding and engineering a particularly brutal ambush over which Filipino feeling had run high.

According to the previously agreed upon terms of surrender, Kamlon was to plead guilty to all three charges, although in reality he happened not to be involved in the ambush. But because of some legal technicality he could be freed only by pleading guilty to all three counts. He was found guilty and granted what became known as "continuous parole." His only obligation was to report to the police once a month. In addition he was given a sum of 40,000 pesos by the government, for which he was to exile himself to the southern island of Tawi Tawi, where the government would give him a large holding of land. For the first time in history, banditry and crime seemed ended in Jolo.

BUT WITHIN a few months of the subsequent celebrations, trouble started all over again. Kamlon failed to report to the police. It also became clear that he had no intention of going to Tawi Tawi and that he had spent the 40,000 pesos on arms from a neighboring island. Secretary Magsaysay came to Jolo to meet Kamlon and straighten matters out, but Kamlon refused to see him. Operation Kamlon Number 4 began, and it continues today in dead earnest. Now, according to every member of the Philippine government, the campaign against Kamlon will be carried to the bitter end, regardless of expense or time. But just when that bitter end will be, nobody knows. The best troops of the army are stationed in force on Jolo and will remain there until Kamlon's fate is irrevocably decided.

Curiously enough, as the determination of the Filipinos grows stronger, the Moros in the town grow calmer. They, at least, know how it will work out. There is, they say, only one solution. Kamlon will have to go *amok*. The "continuous parole" idea must inevitably, they recognize, have incited Kamlon's sense of *puchukuan* or "having an eye kept on you." This to the Moro is intolerable. But they all admit that Kamlon can not hold out forever against the entire Philippine army. Now, they say, too many soldiers are here, too many ships patrol the waters around Kamlon's part of the island, and too many eyes are kept on him. His *martabat* will one day be irreparably damaged by such watchful hostility. He will go *amok* and, in a frenzy of indiscriminate killing, Operation Kamlon Number 4—and possibly the whole problem of Jolo—will come to an end.

Richard L. Neuberger

my WIFE put me in the SENATE

She terrified her friends . . . baffled her enemies . . . broke all the rules . . . polled more votes than Eisenhower—and now she is heading for both Washington and Hollywood.

POLITICAL analysts in Washington are still searching for the decisive factor which made me the first Democrat to be elected to the Senate from Oregon in forty years. After all, this might afford a clue to 1956 and even beyond. The correspondents are particularly intrigued because I won what they call "a miracle victory" in a year of only tepid success for my party throughout other areas of the West. But in Oregon people aren't troubled by any such doubts. When they are asked why I won, they invariably reply: "Maurine."

Maurine is my wife.

The issues were, of course, important. Conservation, electric power, the threat of unemployment, the clear need for some kind of federal aid for our schools—all these are questions which mean a great deal to the people of Oregon. If I hadn't fought hard on every one of them, I certainly would have lost. Yet these same issues existed in greater or lesser degree in neighboring states—Idaho, California, Washington, Colorado—where the Democrats *did* lose. The one ingredient which was present in Oregon, and was present nowhere else, was Maurine.

Her story is worth telling, because—I think—it offers a lesson for everybody interested in politics. Especially for liberals. It suggests that political blessings sometimes descend unexpectedly on those who don't take their ambitions too seriously. It proves that uninhibited courage can pay off far better than most politicians (including myself) ever dared hope. It also demonstrates that elections are seldom won on The Issues alone. The soundest arguments, the highest principles, the hardest kind of campaigning may not be enough—unless they are combined with one thing more. That one vital ingredient is a personality capable of arousing enthusiasm, trust, and (let's admit it) curiosity among the voters.

When I first swung around the state early in the campaign, I was alone. Strangers kept coming up and asking: "Where is Maurine?" The disappointment in their voices and faces was evident. They had come to see Mrs. Neuberger—but they referred to her as Maurine. Even the cynics who rim newspaper copy desks follow the same practice. In headlines in the Oregon press I am "Neuberger"; but she is always "Maurine." This one fact tells a lot about her role in politics.

It would be difficult to find anyone with a less conventional preparation for that role. Although she has become the most phenomenal vote-getter in the history of the Oregon legislature, she was trained as a teacher of physical education and modern dance. Her main interests are out-of-doors—gardening, swimming, farming. When I told her over long-distance telephone that I had been honored at a New York banquet attended by Senator Lehman, Mayor Wagner, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., she asked: "Was Martha Graham there?"

Maurine would rather cook or sew than draft legislation. If I am out of the city, the *New Republic*, the *Progressive*, and the *Congressional Record* remain in their brown mailing wrappers while Maurine opens *McCall's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal*. On a camping trip we made into the Cascade Mountains with Adlai Stevenson, Maurine chatted with him about fir seedlings, square-dancing, and the comparative merits of swimming in hot or cold water. It never occurred to her to talk politics with this man.

Although Maurine is descended from one of the famous old Republican families in our state

—a family claiming kinship with several editors of the properly-Republican *Oregonian*—she has been a registered Democrat ever since she was twenty-one, "because Democrats seem so much more light-hearted and have such a good time." Politics to her has never been grim or ugly. She takes it as casually as if she were teaching a girls' gymnasium class.

This blithe touch was invaluable when I decided to distribute alta-fescue grass seed instead of the usual political book-matches; the seed dramatized our major issue of conservation of natural resources. My wife made a project of lining up Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls all over the state to pour seed into little cellophane wrappers, which then were stapled between cardboard covers that heralded the name "Neuberger" and advised using the seed to re-sow Oregon's upland range while out camping.

Maurine even drafted some young people whose parents are rabid Republicans. "Conservation is nonpartisan," said she with a grin. I doubt if anything caused more gnashing of molars among the opposition—for a lot of these youngsters will just about reach voting age when my Senate term ends in 1960.

HOW TO SCARE YOUR FRIENDS

IN THE ten years we have been married, I have yet to see Maurine act deviously. Although caginess is presumed to be a prerequisite for politics, she has marched to the top of the ballot by blurting out exactly what is in her mind. When she was asked to back a bill allocating a portion of dog-racing revenues for 4-H clubs, Maurine scolded her constituents for tying a worthy cause to pari-mutuel gambling. The special interests which she has offended would terrify most politicians—utility companies, dairy farmers, the Bar-Tenders' Union, the fairs in all thirty-six Oregon counties, slot-machine operators, the Farm Bureau Federation, even the American Legion.

To public life in our one-party state, my wife has brought a candor that still alarms my friends. Since our party has been a minority almost all through modern times, it would not be unreasonable to expect that Maurine's uninhibited behavior might reduce our status still further. Indeed, such prophecies have been virtually constant. Veteran party officials and self-appointed newspaper sages have shaken their heads dolefully and warned:

"She's really gone and sunk you now."

The extent of that sinking may be judged by election statistics. Maurine first ran for the Legislature in 1950. She said she did so because she became tired of sitting in the gallery and watching men make a botch of things. A woman, she concluded, couldn't do worse. Maurine reached this decision while we were in the wilds of Idaho's magnificent Lochsa River region, writing about the Lewis and Clark expedition. She liked to tell audiences later how she had mailed in her filing from Moscow. When some local witch-hunter would claim that this proved the Republic was in peril, Maurine cheerfully noted that she didn't think it necessary to say "Moscow, *Idaho*" to an intelligent group of Americans.

For her original venture on the ballot, Maurine had to rely on my reputation as a writer and State Senator. She ran a respectable race and was the only woman elected to the House of Representatives. The next time, in 1952, she was running on her own record. This was the year of the Eisenhower landslide. General Ike swept Oregon by one of his largest proportionate margins in the nation. In Multnomah County—which is principally the city of Portland—he polled 132,602 votes. One candidate for the lower house of the Legislature ran ahead of him. Paradoxically, this was a Democrat: Maurine got 133,467 votes.

This might have been in the mind of my Republican opponent, Senator Guy Cordon, when he was interviewed during the bitter Oregon campaign of 1954 by Doris Fleeson, the syndicated columnist. The one time in the interview that Cordon brightened up was when he said with a wry smile:

"At least I have something to be thankful for, Miss Fleeson. I think maybe the easier of the two Neubergers ran against me!"

Cordon could have been right. When I became the second Democrat ever to be popularly elected to the United States Senate in Oregon's ninety-five-year history, I swept Multnomah County with an off-year total of 107,672 votes. My wife's total was 114,560.

After the election I was eating lunch in Portland with a wise and canny man, Lyle F. Watts, formerly Chief Forester of the United States. He had organized a zealous statewide group known as Conservationists for Neuberger.

"Many circumstances contributed to your election, Dick," he said, "but everyone in Oregon realizes that there's one person without whom

you couldn't possibly have won your great victory. That person is your wife."

IN POLITICS Maurine and I operate in tandem. I make most of the decisions for us on what might be called cosmic issues. These are foreign policy, taxation, agriculture, conservation of natural resources, and civil liberties. Maurine sets the course where she is best informed—schools, public health, consumer problems, social welfare, recreation. Nor does this mean she is a cipher on the other issues. I believe our best speech on public power was Maurine describing how her widowed mother—who lives eighteen miles out of Portland on a farm of 120 acres—had no electricity until the transmission line from Bonneville Dam was erected along the wooded ridge above the north 40.

Campaigning with Maurine is like wearing a hair shirt. Being less concerned about politics, she made it a point of honor to serve constantly as my conscience. The strategy of living to fight another day had no status with her. Either you told the truth about your views or you didn't. There was never a middle ground. So once I had fully made up my mind regarding a public question, Maurine held me to it. The only times during the long Oregon campaign, from March until November, that I saw her get irritated was when she suspected me of pussyfooting. Indeed, before I ever mailed to the state capital the check for $150 which put me on the ballot, my wife exacted two pledges:

(1) If I didn't win I would concede that Oregon was impossible for the Democrats and withdraw from politics, letting us live a normal life.

(2) Under no circumstances would I conduct a shabby or dishonest campaign.

"A writer's life is an enviable one," she said. "Why stultify yourself to end it?"

At the top of a notebook which I carried around the state to use for speech material, my wife wrote one of her favorite phases from "Hamlet": "To thine own self be true." The first test of this came when it was suggested that I use a teleprompter or a set of "idiot boards" for an appearance on television.

Maurine shook her head stubbornly. "Let's tell the people you don't play like that," she argued. So together we worked out a little introduction for my talk. It spoke of the teleprompter as a device to fool the audience into believing a politician was talking extemporaneously when this actually was not the case. If a candidate deceived the viewers about his method of presentation, might he not also be deceiving them about the substance of what he was saying? The introduction added that I was not depending upon facial makeup to conceal beard, bald spot, or jowls.

This returned an immediate bonanza. Secretary of the Interior McKay had been in the state, speaking for my opponent with the aid of a teleprompter. Thousands of voters got the point. Furthermore, radio columnists for the *New York Times, Christian Science Monitor,* and other national papers called attention to the forlorn-hope Democratic nominee out in Republican Oregon who was refusing to "stage" his TV appearances. Dollar bills came through the mail in appreciation from men and women all over the land who were weary of candidates being merchandised on the air like comedians or chorus girls.

THE ERMINE COAT

BUT MAURINE'S standards of honesty were not always easy for a hard-pressed candidate to maintain. Near mid-October we were scheduled to address a big farm potluck dinner in the Willamette Valley. The weather had turned brisk and Maurine came downstairs wearing a rich brown ermine coat—a legacy from a well-to-do aunt, who recently died in New York City. Maurine quickly noted the petulant look on my face. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"It's extremely unwise politically to wear that coat to a meeting like this," I retorted. "In the first place, it gives a false impression of our income. You never could have such a coat if Aunt Rita hadn't left it to you. It's sure to arouse jealousy and gossip."

Maurine turned around and went back upstairs. I was sure my counsel of caution had prevailed. She came back in a few minutes, clad in the slacks and moccasins she often wore around the house.

"I'm not going," she calmly announced.

"But they're expecting you," I said desperately. "There are certain to be hundreds of women present, just to hear you. What'll I tell them?"

"Tell them the truth," said Maurine. "Tell them I wouldn't stand for any cloth-coat phony business. I've got just the right kind of coat for the weather tonight. If I can't wear that coat because you're a candidate for the United States

Senate, you can go to the potluck without me."

I was torn between laughter and anger.

"Okay," I said reluctantly. "You win. Put on the fur coat."

Maurine ran upstairs and soon returned, luxurious in ermine. I never heard her give a better speech—and I ran stronger than any Democrat had done before in those row-crop precincts.

Lest this episode seem to indicate that Maurine was cavalier about my welfare at the polls, I should add that no wife ever endured a sterner regimen to help make her husband a Senator.

There were days when we started campaigning at 6:00 A.M. and stopped at midnight. We spoke in locomotive roundhouses, we shared chuck-wagon meals with cowpunchers, we chatted with Indians in the mist of Columbia River rapids. Maurine did most of the driving and at least half of the speaking. In the beginning we traveled by ourselves, without public-relations men or any other entourage, because we had no funds. Later on, when an exchequer was available, we still campaigned in this way—for we found that Oregon's people took to a husband and wife out on their own, as contrasted with the elaborate retinue of advertising counselors, press agents, and politicians who convoyed my opponent.

I remember the day near Grants Pass when I spoke thirteen times, ending with a big dinner at Fruitdale Grange. It was our plan to drive to Coos Bay after the dinner, calculating we might make it in three hours and get to bed at 1:00 A.M.

Before I fell asleep, utterly bushed, I had said, "Wake me in an hour. I'll take the wheel." When I awakened five hours later she was still driving—inching through the Coquille River Canyon in the worst fog I ever have seen.

Maurine slept two fitful hours at dawn, then stood under the cold shower and appeared—seemingly fresh and buoyant—at a breakfast of trade-union wives. When Mae Barton, the alert Coos County Democratic chairman, told this Spartan tale it was worth more votes to us in that salt-water bailiwick than a dozen boners by the opposition.

PERHAPS because she would have been completely content to have me return to a writing career, Maurine always was stunning our campaign committee. She had sponsored a bill in the Legislature ending Oregon's thirty-eight-year-old ban on colored margarine. She had even put on an apron and demonstrated to her fellow-legislators what a messy chore it was to color margarine by hand. After that, political orthodoxy dictated that she should stay as far as possible away from the dairy counties during the campaign. Instead, she traveled to the foremost butter-and-cream-production areas and stood on her feet for fifty or sixty minutes at a stretch, placidly answering hostile questions. She never got belligerent but she never gave ground. I still can hear her remarking to a defiant dairyman:

"Mister, if it's legal to put artificial coloring into maraschino cherries, into cheddar cheese, into catsup, and even into your butter, why should it ever have been illegal to do the same thing with margarine?"

Nor did she forget to mention that her own mother was in the dairy business; that she herself had milked eighteen cows a day when her brother was in the Army; and that she had been born and raised on Oregon farming soil. . . . And in the creamery realm, too, I ran far ahead of any Democratic candidate for major office in modern times, although the Republicans had tried to capitalize on Maurine's margarine "blunder."

COPING WITH BIGOTRY

WE NEVER were quite sure what she would do next—and yet everything she touched seemed to turn to political gold. She did not go with me on a trip into southeastern Oregon because the Soroptomists asked her to stay in Portland and model at a charity tea. A day or so later, the Railroad Brotherhood official who was to introduce me to the men in the Southern Pacific freight yards at Klamath Falls inquired if I had seen the paper. "Better get it," he advised.

In the pictures of the fashion tea, one well-known woman was in evening dress, another in lounging clothes—and the wife of the Democratic nominee for United States Senator appeared in skimpy corduroy shorts and sandals. I didn't look up from my cornflakes for a moment or so. "Well, Gerry," I asked the railroad-man, "what do you think?"

His reply became a classic in our campaign. "Dick," said Gerry Rutledge, "it's either very bad or very good."

Maurine also persisted in criticizing the impact of pari-mutuel wagering upon low-income families, despite the fact that the voters had overwhelmingly ratified the racing law at the

polls. And when she was invited to help judge the annual bathing-beauty contest at Seaside in July, she turned up at the beach in her own swimming suit, to the delight of photographers and the consternation of Democratic party leaders.

Yet having someone with me who really didn't care too much may have been what saved me. It prevented the violent displays of righteous indignation which scuttle so many candidates. For example, the opposition had a nightly broadcast about me called "Tricky Dick." The program consisted mainly of personal abuse. Maurine persuaded me not to listen to it. "You'll only waste a lot of energy in being mad," she argued. So to this day I have yet to hear "Tricky Dick." Maurine also urged me to include in the official *Voters' Pamphlet,* most widely-circulated campaign document in Oregon, a statement commending my opponent's patriotism. "It will make their accusations all the more shameful," she prophesied.

DURING the entire campaign I saw her really angry only once. It was when the headquarters of my adversary mailed out a broadside heavily tinged with anti-Semitism. A few nights later, Maurine was speaking in a lumber community. In the question period a man friendly to the opposition rose in the audience.

"What religion are you, Mrs. Neuberger?" he inquired. It was obvious what he hoped to get at.

"I'm Unitarian," shot back Maurine. "My husband is Jewish—and what does that have to do with a person's qualifications for public office in a great free country like the United States?"

It was evident from the sustained applause that this was not a fertile furrow for the other side, and six small-town daily papers sharply rebuked the Republicans for trying to introduce bigotry into the contest.

After eleven years in the Senate, my opponent, who was experiencing his first real challenge, abruptly endorsed the old McNary-Haugen farm program, which was favored by many wheat growers of eastern Oregon. Democratic officials in that area felt I should do likewise immediately. Maurine argued: "It would be obvious Dick had just done it for politics. He hasn't had a chance to study the plan. There wouldn't be anything back of his endorsement. The wheat ranchers surely know that the other side has done it only for votes, with no basic belief in the idea."

I followed Maurine's counsel—and carried grain areas never before friendly to a Democrat.

And, as I write these words, I have just phoned my wife in Oregon, where she still is serving in the Legislature, to announce that I have taken a potentially unpopular stand which she long had been urging upon me.

Since 1904 Alaska's insane have been treated at a private hospital in Portland, Oregon. Perhaps necessary in the Klondike era, this remote incarceration is an anachronism today. It is as if New York's mentally ill had to be institutionalized in Butte, Montana. Yet many generations of Oregon politicians have thwarted efforts by Alaskans to secure their own mental hospital. The voteless Delegate from the Territory never has been able to prevail against two Oregon Senators and four Oregon Congressmen. Thus, it has been obvious that a bill for an Alaskan insane asylum might become law only if sponsored by a member of Congress from Oregon—which has had a sizable payroll out of treating wretched Indians, Eskimos, and cabin-wracked prospectors, 2,000 miles from their homes.

When I told my wife, via long distance, that such a bill at last has been introduced, she never even mentioned the possibility that it might cost votes.

"THE BEST POLITICS"

WHEREVER I went campaigning with Maurine, I did much better at the polls than where I stumped the countryside alone. My crowds were larger; their enthusiasm seemed more genuine; the audiences represented a wider segment than the hard core of partisan support which goes to every politician.

I have tried to analyze my wife's amazing political popularity in Oregon. Why should she set new voting records in a state which had been considered nearly as Republican as Maine or Vermont? To some degree I suspect that her performance proves the old maxim that "the best politics is no politics." If anyone ever violated every standard political rule, that person is my wife. A Mark Hanna or a Jim Farley would have been horrified, thinking Maurine had set out deliberately to antagonize most of the state's big pressure groups.

The American Legion, for example, is supposed to be immune from criticism. It is *lèse majesté* for anyone dependent upon popular favor not to stand in awe of our biggest organiza-

tion of veterans. But when a teachers' oath bill was before the Legislature, Maurine conjectured publicly why Legion spokesmen at the Capitol were actively pushing this bill, while a measure to safeguard the bank accounts of war veterans in mental hospitals languished in committee. Which was more important to the Legion, she asked, imposing an oath on teachers or guarding the assets of men who had lost their sanity fighting for the United States?

Since I also had voted against the teachers' oath in the State Senate, I was told that Maurine's candor assured our retirement from public life. Yet we survived—and, wonder of wonders, the Legion was represented at the next session of the Legislature by a State Commander named Karl Wagner, who said a teachers' loyalty-oath bill was not necessary in Oregon but that the bill to establish legal protection for the estates of incompetent ex-soldiers was a "must."

Perhaps because of her physical-culture training, Maurine disapproves of cocktail bars. After the electorate had voted in favor of liquor-by-the-drink, it was up to the Legislature to pass an enabling act. Maurine voted and spoke against it.

"It'll just mean more money spent on whisky," said she, "and that means less spent on medicine and lamb chops and diapers. I'm going to speak my piece if it costs us the votes of everybody who ever drank a highball."

What was most unorthodox of all was her active campaign in Portland for the re-election as Mayor of a prominent Republican, Dorothy McCullough Lee.

In between these escapades, Maurine worked desperately hard on the legislation which has been her dominant interest in Oregon politics—setting up pilot courses in the schools for children who are retarded mentally and physically. I remember vividly a meeting of the parents of these poor children; they crowded around her with tears of gratitude in their eyes. I also recall the night I hurried away from a TV broadcast at a studio on top of a mountain outside of Medford. I had to catch a train for Portland, and already its headlights flickered far off in the wooded darkness. I was told a woman in great emotional stress was on the telephone.

"Are you Maurine Neuberger's husband?" the woman asked.

I said I was.

"Tell her," said the woman, obviously under strain, "that my husband and I bless her every night. He is a sawmill worker, and we are the parents of a retarded little boy. He never had a chance to learn to feed himself, to play with other children, or to read and write until your wife got her wonderful bill for pilot classes through the Legislature."

And so at last I came to realize that my wife was someone who always did what it came into her head to do, and that this fact had gotten through to the people of the state. Some certainly disagreed with her. Yet the general impression remained of a woman politician who behaved as if she were not in public life at all.

This was neatly put by a seventy-nine-year-old Republican matriarch, a woman descended from the pioneers who brought the first Conestoga wagons to Oregon over the famous Applegate trail, who had given a tea in her home at Yoncalla because of personal admiration for Maurine.

"I never went into politics myself," Annie Kruse said to me, "and now it's too late. But if I had, I would have hoped to be exactly like your wife."

"And what is that like, Mrs. Kruse?"

"You know what it's like, young man," she replied. "It's like somebody who does just what comes naturally."

WHEN the 1955 session of the Oregon Legislature adjourns this spring, Maurine's active political career will end. There is not a doubt in my mind that she could win any office the state has to offer, including the one which I occupy. But this is not her ambition—and perhaps that is why she could fulfill it. Voters may sense the need in these times of electing people who don't have to win an office to climax their personal destinies.

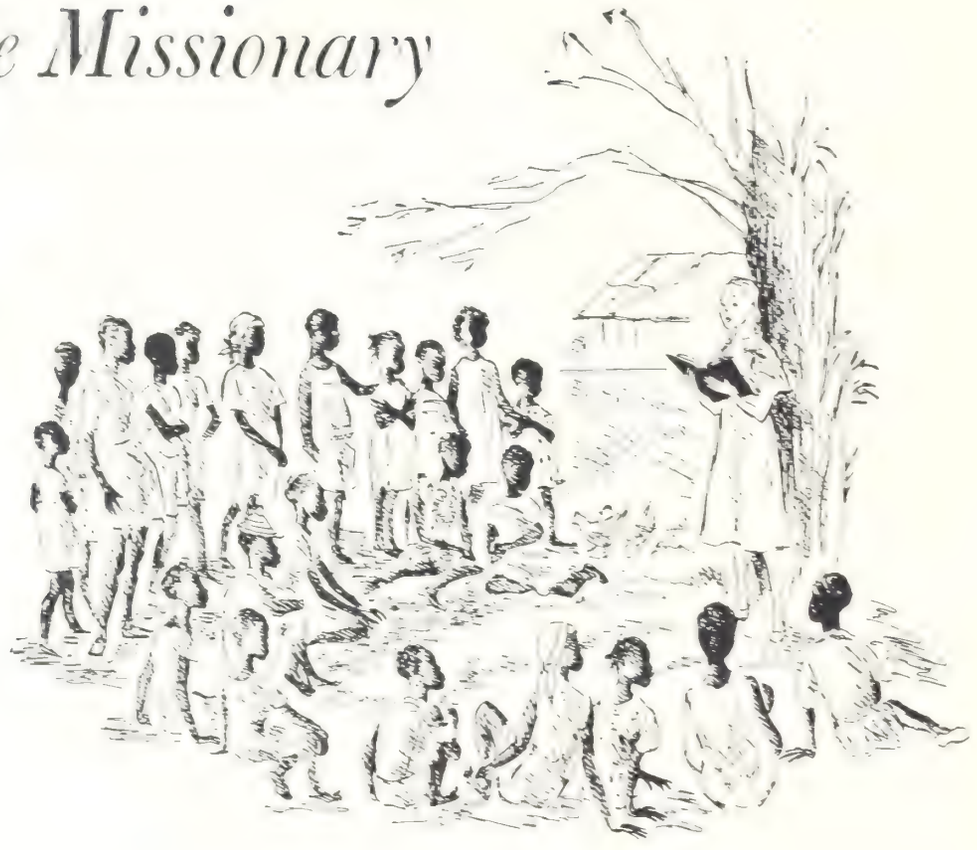
In 1956 Maurine plans to campaign in all thirty-six counties for the re-election of Senator Wayne L. Morse. She doesn't always agree with him, but she greatly admires his independence and courage. Meanwhile she will work in my Senatorial office, without pay. Walter Wanger of Allied Artists—who intends to use our experiences as the basis for a movie about a married couple in politics—also has plans for Maurine. He wants her to play a supporting part in the film—the role of a lady legislator who mixes margarine in marble halls, wears bathing suits, and invariably speaks her mind.

But I hope Maurine's movie career will not be permanent, for I need her urgently in Washington, at Suite 348, Senate Office Building.

A Story by JACK COPE

Drawings by Marian Taylor

the little Missionary



HE CAME out of the shadow of the bush path and blinked in the sun. The clearing was scattered with refuse and tufts of dry marsh-grass struggling to keep a foothold against the bush. The sun beat on his head but he was listening and took no notice of the heat and of the flies that buzzed up at any slight movement. His face hardened and he ran his tongue quickly over his full, strong lips. He could hear them singing, children singing a hymn tune on a Sunday morning. Which direction did the voices come from?

The willow-bush stretched on for miles, criss-crossed by a thousand paths. One minute you were hidden in the dense, acrid-smelling foliage, your footsteps muffled in soft white sand; the next, you were in the midst of a shanty cluster. Thousands of shanties and pondokkies grew overnight with the swiftness of a malignant fungus in the bush. They were the homes of the people flocking like migrant birds, with an urgent necessity, to the City. Once the land had been gleaming white dunes until the willow-bush crept over it and bound down the moving sands and shut out the sea haze and the great blue outline of Table Mountain anchored in sky-space above the City. Now the shanty-clusters brought a half-wild life into the bush. The axe was heard; women laughed and hens clucked; men shouted to one another over the treetops.

He remembered how the police sometimes came: they tramped along the maze of sandpaths at night carrying flashlights, keeping together in parties of a hundred or more with reinforcements waiting beside the nearest roads. Next day the shanty-dwellers would set their life in order again, talking with a low hum of voices, cursing. A song of lamenting would start, and some would sing with tear-brimmed eyes.

On that Sunday morning Benjamin Segode listened to a different kind of song, a Christmas hymn of rejoicing. He had been brought up a Christian at a Mission in Basutoland. His father was a church warden and people said there was no one for a week's journey who could preach like him. Benjamin had saddened his father,

asking why he, the best preacher in Mafeteng, swept the church floor while the white missionary was up in the pulpit and could hardly make himself understood. His father had said, "God's will is not always plain for a boy to see." Benjamin had left Basutoland and never returned. Though he remembered his father's sorrowing voice and resigned expression of face and hands, he had not stopped asking questions. His Sesotho Bible lay, carefully wrapped, in the bottom of his tin box and he felt its presence there like his father's voice, reproachful, full of distant music.

HE WIPED his face with a red handkerchief before he pushed aside the foliage and went on. He walked slowly, picked a leaf involuntarily, and bit it, tasting the sharp, astringent juice. The veins pulsed in his neck and anger was rising to his wide, upward-slanting eyes. He had a mouth turned up at the corners too so that in his utmost temper there would still remain the shadowy semblance of a smile.

The singing came to him more distinctly as he pushed on with muffled steps along the path. Children's voices, not in his language but in Afrikaans, the language of the white man. That was what he disliked and suspected.

Then he was out in a big clearing. Six or seven dwellings sprawled among a few tall trees. Close by was the pondokkie of a wood-hawker opening on a sandy yard where he kept his two donkeys, stacks of cut wood, chopping blocks, and everywhere untidy heaps of wood chips, bark, and refuse. The donkeys stood in the sun on three legs leaning their necks over the fence. The wood-hawker himself was slouched asleep against his pondokkie wall while his wife stooped over a washing tub full of soapsuds. Neither took any notice of the singers. Benjamin Segode looked at them carefully and counted the children—twenty or more of them sitting and standing in a little circle under the shade of a large willow. The tree grew at the far corner of the wood-hawker's yard and trailed its ragged branches over two more shanties standing back to back on the other side of the fence.

The singing was led by a pretty white girl of fourteen or fifteen. She stood with her back to the tree, Bible in hand, and sunlight filtering through the leaves made bright moving dots on her white cotton dress and her blonde hair braided in two plaits over her shoulders.

Benjamin stood at the edge of the bush. None of them had seen him.

O die vrolike, o die salige
Vredebringende Kersfeestyd . . .

—the child voices sang with a lilt—

O joyful and blessed, peace-bringing Christmastide . . .
Holy choirs of angels sing the happy news . . .

He walked out towards the woman at the washtub until his shadow fell across the soapsuds and she looked up quickly.

"*Dumela,*" he said quietly.



He was listening . . .

"*Dumela,* Segode," she greeted him, smiling. Then she caught the look in his eye and glanced across, suddenly scared, to where her husband dozed in the sun.

"Is there trouble?" she asked in a low voice.

"You should know." His gaze turned to the girl and her Sunday school.

She did not follow his meaning. "Here is Benjamin Segode," she sang out to her husband. The sleeping man stirred and settled back, his hat pushed still further over his face.

"Are your children there too?" Benjamin jerked his head toward the big tree. She was a little alarmed by the question and stood with the soapy water falling in drops off her fingers. Then she nodded. "My children and the other children."

"How can you sell them—are they cattle?"

"I do not sell my own children. Segode, what are you saying?"

She dried her hands on her apron, looking away from him, and walked with heavy steps to

the pondokkie. "Wake up," she touched her husband on the shoulder, "here is a visitor."

The woodseller sat up and yawned.

"Ho, Segode!" he held out a hand genially. "*Dumela*, brother."

"*Dumela*."

"What brings us the good luck of this visit, Mr. Secretary?"

Benjamin warmed to the man's good-natured manner. He would have liked to squat at his side and smoke a cigarette with him there in the sun. But he stood back unbending.

"Do your eyes see what mine do?" he asked.

"Brother, I think they do."

"That?" And he pointed expressively with his middle finger at the circle of children and the white girl at the far end of the yard beyond the donkeys.

The woodseller stood up. "Is there anything against that?" He screwed up the corners of his eyes.

"You must answer for yourself," Benjamin said, feeling the heat and indignation rising up again in his veins. The woman had gone round to the other side of the pondokkie and he could hear her voice in a soft cooing tone call to some-



"Is there trouble?" she asked.

one out of sight. "Ay, here is our Vigilance secretary, Benjamin Segode." Voices answered from the bush, quietly, like the note of the Cape robin.

"It keeps the children out of mischief and no harm is done," the wood-hawker conciliated.

"You gave her permission to teach in your yard?"

The man nodded and tried to smile although he could see the secretary had brought a flame of anger to singe him.

"No—you cut wood all day," Benjamin said, "and you have a heart of wood and a brain of wood. Are you all the same—does your wife have soapy water in her veins? No harm is done! You hand over to them the children of our people; you, Washington Mahleke, sell your own flesh and blood for a morning on your back in the sun!"

"Hai, Segode!" the woodseller cut in.

"Why can't you keep them out of mischief yourselves? Teach them to be true men and girls, teach them the songs of our race that are forgotten here in this stinking marsh. Teach them to rise up out of the mud!"

The woodseller tugged his beard nervously. The secretary was a younger man than he and, by rights, had no business to give him such a rating. But he drew a deep breath and said bitterly, "There is some truth in what you say, Segode."

BENJAMIN waited in silence until their eyes met. He hated the indolence of people who could forget everything in a song or could dance the moon down into the gleaming ocean, dreaming of a full life, and of friendship and peace until the sun woke them up in the naked helplessness of their poverty. He saw his words had shaken Washington Mahleke and touched a hidden sore. Again he mopped his face with the red handkerchief and walked over to the Sunday school circle. The dry twigs cracked under his boots. The children looked round to see who came, gladly letting their attention wander from the lesson. They had stopped singing and the white girl was reading to them from the Bible. Most of them were pure blacks but there were a few Cape Coloured children among them, and all could understand the language they spoke, which was Afrikaans. The girl was reading in Afrikaans and held open her Bible in both hands. A ray of sunlight shone through the stray whisps of her blonde hair on the pages of the Book. She paused, looking at Benjamin Segode with her bright greenish eyes.

"Go on," he said.

She was reading from Genesis the story of the disinheriting of Ishmael, son of the Egyptian bondwoman.

"'And Sarah saw the son of Hagar the Egyptian, which she had born to Abraham, mocking.'"

She looked up from the page again and noticed the sinister smile of the black man.

"Go on," Segode repeated.

"'Wherefore she said to Abraham, Cast out this bondwoman and her son, for the son of this

bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.'"

The girl's lips quivered and she could not read further. Benjamin Segode stepped between the sitting children and approached her. She had turned paler and watched him with a fixed look. He could see now she had brown freckles in the green of her eyes. They were firm, steady eyes, wide open and shining. Involuntarily she had pressed the open book against her bosom and waited, standing her ground.

"Good morning—and who sent you here to do this?" he said in English.

"I'm sorry, I don't speak that language."

He repeated his words in Afrikaans with the thick overtone of a Basuto accent. He knew five languages and the babel of the new slums was easy to him. The girl frowned in the effort to decide whether she should answer a black man's questions. Then she said honestly, "The Dominie sent me."

"What is your name?"

"Angelina du Preez."

"So the Dominie sends you and you come here alone to preach to the heathens. Why doesn't he come himself?"

"He is too busy—he has to preach to the white people at three services and baptize and teach the Catechism."

"He's not afraid to come here?"

She flushed. "No, he is not afraid."

"He marks the Book for you and the chapters you must read and the hymns to sing?"

"Yes."

"And you believe in God and Jesus Christ and the Saints?"

She frowned again and decided not to answer. The strange, flickering smile of the man was beginning to freeze her. Black people were coming from all sides as if there were no reason for coming but simply a chance they happened along that way. Men with a jacket hung on one shoulder, a woman hitching up a baby in the blanket on her back, older children with long bare legs and bare feet shuffling in a half-dance through the sand. They all stopped in different groups when they were some way off and seemed to be speaking to one another, yet she felt they were watching her, listening to her every word. She was a long way, more than a mile, more than half an hour's walk through the bush on heavy sand-paths to the nearest white man's house. She could scream and her voice would be lost in the willows.

"Does the Dominie also give you sweets for the children?" Benjamin asked her.

"No." Her face clouded with bitter resentment at the unjust question. "I buy sweets for them out of my own pocket money."

He turned to the children. "Do you like sweets on a Sunday morning?"

They did not answer but lowered their big wondering eyes to avoid his sneering look. They loved their little teacher and were troubled and a little panic-stricken by the manner and tone of the powerful secretary.

"Let me see your Book?" He waited to receive it. But she was suspicious and pressed it still tighter to her as if to protect it with her life.

"Why are you afraid to let me see it—is it not a good book?"

"Yes, it's the one and only Book."

SLOWLY and reluctantly she yielded up the Bible and he took it in both hands with the traditional African courtesy. To take anything with one hand was an affront to the giver. He saw it was marked in a number of places with little pieces of black ribbon, but he did not trouble to see what the Dutch Reformed minister had set for reading. It was easy to find in the great Book he had been brought up on a justification, or at least a point of argument, for almost anything—for peace as well as for violence and treachery, for avarice and deceit and hatred, or for love and goodness. He knew how oppression could be sanctified as the curse of God on Ham or the casting out of the sons of Ishmael and the choosing of Israel. It was not honest, it was not the spirit of the Book; but it was done. Benjamin closed the pages and held it flat between the palms of his hands. It was a finely printed Bible bound in black American cloth and with the paper edges tinted red.

"Juffrou du Preez, we black people know this Book—do you understand? We have had it for more than a hundred years, two hundred. It is full of good, it is written in a way the heart of a man understands. But I say we should put it away for a time. I mean that we do not accept it from you. Do you hear? We do not believe you, we do not trust you—you, little girl, and your Dominies and your rich men and your soldiers and policemen. When we are equal and free we will take up the Bible again. Then we will be happy with it and no one will make us afraid. Is this understood?"

He raised his voice and she pressed her back

against the tree with a sense of terror, watching him, and beyond him the hundreds of black people gradually closing up.

"Is it understood?" he demanded again.

"I don't understand. I have done nothing wrong."

"No, Juffrou du Preez—" he gave a short deep laugh—"you have done right, by your own people. You have come here to capture our children as slaves."

"Aah, that is a terrible thing to say. It is not true, I vow and swear it is not true."

"Well, we have had enough. But your Dominie sends you to preach your laws."

"I have preached no laws."

"You think you are above us and can talk down to our children because your white Parliament has passed a hundred Acts to lower us."

"That is politics and I know nothing about it. I have never heard of such acts. If you say false things before these children, then I deny them and God is my only witness of the truth."

She was white-faced and the pink had drained even out of her lips. But she spoke with a desperate courage, putting him into a rage.

"The truth, the truth," he shouted contemptuously. "Every lie is the truth for your kind. You twist everything to suit yourselves."

Somebody laughed in the crowd behind him, and from the menace in that laugh she felt her knees grow soft and tremble.

Benjamin Segode handed her back the Bible.

"*Nou vat jou Boek en trek* (take your Bible and clear out)," he said in a controlled voice. She stood a moment pressing it to her thudding heart. "*Trek, trek!*" he shouted.

AND WITHOUT knowing what she was doing she began to run. A little figure in white in the gleaming sunlight, her blonde hair braids tied with white ribbons flying out behind her and the Bible, black and red, clutched under one arm. The people in the wood-hawker's yard parted to let her go. She ran past the iron washtub swimming with soapsuds and past the wood-hawker himself at his door with a slender homemade pipe between his teeth.

In a few seconds she was out of the yard and had plunged down one of the sandy paths into the tunnel of the bush. There she saw a single black man coming her way and in her panic she ran on straight toward him, almost into his arms. Surprised, he stepped aside, pushing into the wall of leaves, to let her pass. Her feet sank deep into the sand at each step and running was like the cloying horror of a nightmare.

Angelina du Preez did not know how long or how far she had run when she came to a stop. There was a taste of blood in her throat and her heart was knocking and jolting as if it would leap out of her breast. It was the first time she had ever felt like that. Her legs were weak and heavy almost as though detached from her body.



Without knowing she began to run . . .

At first she listened for anyone who might be following her. There was no sound except the faint crackle of bush seeds ripening in the sun and the swish of leaves. That was all she could hear for a while, holding her breath; that, and the drumming in her ears. Somewhere a cock crowed; far off, out of sight, an airplane hummed in the sky. She longed just to catch sight of it, but the strip of sky above the path was narrow and gave her no view. She could not tell where she was or which way she should now go to get back on the tarmac road, the cars passing, and the houses of white people. She changed her Bible into the other hand, thinking what to do.

Trying to fix her bearings, she was certain of one thing alone—the direction from which she had run. Should she continue and trust to chance? But doing so, she might stumble upon more bunches of strange, hostile pondokkies; she might encounter a skolly gangster drunk and treacherous on the lonely bush path. It was cowardly to hold such fears and she tried to fight them down in her mind.

"God help me, Lord God help me," she prayed.

In the vague, rustling emptiness with every bush watching her and maybe concealing something, she had nothing to grip on to, nothing but the thought of the little children she had come to teach and to know. Sunday after Sunday she had found them waiting for her. Surely they had grown to love her in their own way and no harm would come to her among them. It had been a foolish and mad thing to run away from the Native leader, for she had thus accepted his charge of wrong, of untruth and twisting. And in one minute of fear she had lost the children and undone the work and the first mission of her young life. How could she explain it? If she were to set right her mistake she must go back and face the black people, whatever the consequences, whatever the danger and threat to her life itself. There was no other way.

"O Lord God, help me," she prayed.

THE WAY back was easy to find. She simply turned and followed the path, going neither to right nor left. But at each step, at each sound from the bush, her courage sagged. Then, after what seemed a long time, she heard a murmur of human voices somewhere ahead, and she had to stop to let her heart slow down. The voices became louder as she continued.

At last she reached the edge of the clearing near the woodseller's fenced-in yard and peered out from among the foliage. Where she had taken her Sunday school class, under the same sheltering tree, the secretary was holding a meeting. He spoke slowly and expressively in a language she did not understand and hundreds of people in the yard responded to him with rumbling voices or with a sigh. They had their backs to her. The Native leader had turned her cowardly running away into a success for himself. On the edge of the crowd were the children, her children. They were not listening but seemed drawn by the stir and passion among their elders.

Slowly she walked out across the sand into the full sunlight. They noticed her at once. A murmur came from them and hundreds of dark faces turned toward her. The secretary stopped in the middle of his speech. Some of the children started talking excitedly but their elders hushed them.

She came near the children and opened her mouth but her throat was dry and no sound emerged.

Again she tried and said huskily, "Children, I have one more thing to say and one hymn to sing with you before I go today. . . ."

She did not know how to continue and there was a silence.

Then she said, "Will you listen to me, my children?"

A small boy hiding behind a companion piped up, "No!" A faint rustle like a deep breath rose from the crowd.

"Gracie, will you listen to me?" Angelina appealed.



The people had their backs to her . . .

A little black girl with her crimpy hair done in a dozen plaits said softly, *"Ja, my nonnatjie."*

"No!" shouted another shrill voice.

Then one of the children picked up a wood chip and tossed it at the white girl. It grazed her sunburnt leg and left a slight scratch and a bead of blood. Another chip followed and another until in a moment they were all pelting her as hard as they could, laughing and jeering at her. Some chips hit her and some flew past. They did not hurt her; she could not feel them. But the wound they made was deep in her breast. She stood there in the sunlight and bowed her head and began to cry.

Benjamin Segode rushed from his place at the tree and stopped the children throwing wood chips. "Hai!" he hissed at them furiously. "What is this—are you hooligans?"

The children shrank back among the people and the whole crowd fell quite silent. Some watched and some turned away their eyes while the white girl stood there and cried, shaken with long choking sobs, and the tears ran down her small face and dropped in the hot sand.

Peter F. Drucker

Eleven Coming Issues in Politics

America's next twenty years, part iv

While both parties are still squabbling over the battles of the last generation, a new set of issues is emerging. . . . They probably will fix the shape of American politics for the next two decades.

THE PAST twelve months should long be remembered as a watershed in American politics. This was the year, as the 1954 election showed, in which the New Deal finally passed into history—codified, consolidated, and accepted. It was also the year in which the economic and social problems which will dominate the next two decades first took shape. Their appearance was foreshadowed by President Eisenhower's State of the Union message of last January and by the many Presidential proposals on major policies—transportation, water use, medical care, tariff policy, and so on—which followed during winter and spring, a steady stream of legislative requests unprecedented since Franklin D. Roosevelt's "First Hundred Days." The lack of surprise which greeted these proposals—almost all of which would have seemed revolutionary a few years ago—showed that we were indeed entering a New Era of public policy.

The preceding three installments in this series have addressed themselves mainly to the demands the future will make on the management of business, on union leadership, and on higher education. This concluding article is concerned with the political meaning of these developments. Again, as in the series so far, the theme will be "the future that has already happened."

The starting point of this analysis, and its central fact, is, of course, the growth of our population and the changes in its structure. Equally important is its shift in geographic distribution. Twenty years ago, when it was commonly believed that America's population had ceased to grow, it was also widely held that our people had lost their traditional mobility. "The days of the frontier are forever gone," and so on. The past ten or fifteen years have proved this false. The largest migration in our history began during World War II; and it has continued ever since with undiminished momentum.

This is a migration both of people and of industry. Three areas in particular have grown as fast as any on this Continent ever did in the past: the Far West, the Southwest, and—just north of the border but intimately linked with the United States—Southern Ontario. To be sure, the spectacular growth of California—from fifth in size of population in 1940 to second in size in 1950—shows signs of slowing down. But even so, California will be the most populous state by 1965, if not by 1960. And Texas, New Mexico, Nevada, Oregon, and Florida are now growing at boom speed. Just across the border, southern Ontario since the end of the war has become one

of the major industrial areas of the world; and the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway should bring another tremendous expansion to Canada's industrial center.

The new migration is an urban one. California is already one of the most highly urbanized states in the Union; and southern Ontario is hardly less urban, despite all attempts by the Canadian government to direct into farming the "New Canadians" from Europe. Internal migration from the farm to the city is also changing the character of the Old South. Fifteen years ago the states that once formed the Confederacy were predominantly agricultural; only one out of every four people employed held a non-farm job. Today half the Southern population makes its living away from the farm. And, significantly, the Southern Negro seems to have become urbanized even faster than the Southern white.

Already, in other words, the Americans are a *metropolitan* people. Almost two-thirds of us live and work in the one hundred and sixty-eight areas the Census recognizes as metropolitan. The country can in fact be best envisaged as a galaxy of urban solar systems. And while, within itself, every one of the metropolitan systems tends to decentralize—as people move to the suburbs—the country as a whole tends steadily to centralize. It is the push of people toward the metropolis that causes it to expand into the semi-urban countryside.

The basic issues of domestic policy in the next twenty years will therefore be those of a densely populated, industrial country in which the metropolitan area is the basic unit. There will no longer be major regional differences in basic population patterns. Even in Colorado, Utah, and Arizona, well over half the population is already metropolitan. Above all, the basic difference between the agrarian South and the industrial or commercial North—which has shaped so much of American history and culture—will tend to disappear. Concretely, eleven issues will be in the foreground—all difficult, all controversial, all requiring broad national as well as local or regional resolution.

NEW ISSUE: WATER

THE GEOGRAPHY textbooks have it that the United States is favored above all nations with natural resources. It is certainly true that our food-producing capacity is so great that we will be able to feed even the very much larger population of 1975 out of domestic resources—and at a higher standard of nutrition. And while, twenty years hence, the United States will be a net importer of most industrial raw materials on a gigantic scale, it will still produce a much larger share of its basic needs than other Western countries. But there is one natural resource in which the United States, compared to Western Europe, has always been badly supplied. It is a basic one: *water*. Not only is rainfall over large parts of the country deficient, and abundant rainfall limited to small areas in the northwest and southeast; but because of geography, geology, or soil structure far too much of the rainfall we get seems to be lost in run-off rather than stored up in the subterranean water table for future use.

During the past fifteen years the signs have multiplied that we are living off our water capital—running the risk of repeating with our water resources the orgy of destruction we indulged in with our soil. Water tables, once depleted, are even more difficult to restore than eroded and depleted soil. Yet we continuously pour new population and new industries into areas of marginal water supply, inviting disasters that we should have experience enough to forestall.

During the next twenty years the need for water will sharply increase—partly because of population growth, but mainly because the new and growing industries typically need water at an ever-increasing rate. A mad scramble for water resources among metropolitan areas, states, and regions is already going full tilt—between New York and Philadelphia in the East, for example; between California, Oregon, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado in the West. There will be so many of these fights for a larger share of an inadequate water supply—and they will be so bitter—that federal water allocation is certain to be demanded and heatedly discussed.

The conservation of water will be a more novel—and certainly a hotter—political issue. Twenty years hence, in many parts of the United States, the users of water (especially industrial ones) will have to re-use it and to return it, cleaned and cooled, to the underground water table—an expensive process. State laws or local ordinances on water conservation should therefore be the hottest of political hot potatoes nearly everywhere in the country from now on.

The same will apply to conservation of all kinds: soil and forests; grazing lands and petroleum; clean, unpolluted air and clean, un-

polluted water; scenic beauty and open spaces—all will be more desirable, more expensive, and more difficult to secure—and hence they will become even more prominent as political issues for national and local governments alike.

POWER, TRANSPORTATION, AND HOUSING

THE POPULATION pattern will also push into the foreground our national policies on all three of these basic facilities: power, transportation, and housing.

Our power needs will grow even faster than our water needs. Broadly speaking, technology is now moving from the age of mechanical industry into that of chemicals (where, for instance, atomic energy belongs). Electric power is the basic raw material of most chemical industries; and our present power supply, despite the tremendous building of new stations in the past ten years, is already inadequate. Not only will need continue to grow faster than supply, but most of the accessible sources of water-generated power have been used up. From now on we will have to depend increasingly on thermal generation.

Already this issue has arisen over the large governmental power systems like TVA or Bonneville. They can only keep up with demand if they add thermal generating facilities. And, whether they do this by building their own generating stations or by going into "partnership" with private companies, they are bound to arouse antagonism and debate. That much, at least, the Dixon-Yates contract can be said to prove.

At the same time, however, as atomic power reactors are being developed, the basic technology of thermal power generation is changing. This will raise an even touchier political issue. The Atomic Energy Act of 1954, a major landmark in the relationship of government to private business, decided for the private development of the new resource. It did so, however, not merely by applying to atomic power the traditional and uniquely American principle of close regulation of private industry by public authority. It also—for the first time—established "partnership" between public bodies and private industry—and inevitably so, since atomic power cannot be wholly divorced from atomic-war material. Even if the 1954 act were a clearer and less ambiguous document than it is, these twin features (regulation and partnership) would by themselves insure that the status of the power industry in relation to government will for years remain a source of contention.

Transportation needs, too, are fast outgrowing their facilities—the present state of our highways is only the most glaring result of an outmoded transportation policy. Railroad regulation still assumes a transportation monopoly of the railroads, for instance, where the actual conditions of monopoly have long since disappeared. And there is no co-ordination of policy—even less, of regulating agencies—between rail, highway, and airway transportation. It has been obvious since the mid-thirties that the creation of a unified Department of Transportation at cabinet level would make good sense. Even more necessary—and more controversial—are national programs for building and maintaining a transport system adequate to our population and industry.

Finally, housing will be a major political issue—nationally as well as locally. We are at present building in the new industrial areas some of the worst slums this country has ever seen—in and around Los Angeles, for example, and in the new industrial cities of the South. These new slums are expensive, but the fact that a tar-paper shack costs $14,000 does not make it any less of a shack.

The housing need, moreover, will grow mightily before it lessens. As every suburban home owner knows, we live today off the housing inheritance of our grandparents. Few middle-class families could afford to build the kind of house they are now able to live in, thanks to the lower building costs of thirty years ago. But these houses are rapidly deteriorating. Within the next twenty years most of them will have to be replaced. Together, these older houses constitute the bulk of our available, and practically all our good, housing. But they are rarely to be found, unfortunately, in the areas of maximum population growth, where we will need large numbers of new houses. These had better be reasonably decent, reasonably cheap, and reasonably well-built houses—and we will want to get them without state or federal entry, except for slum-clearance, into the housing business.

PRESSURE ON THE SCHOOLS

ANOTHER area of constant concern, at all levels of government, will be education. Today we are at least seventy-five thousand classrooms short of the minimum needs of our children in primary and secondary school. This means that a million and a half children cannot

be properly educated—half of them are on double or triple sessions; half go to school in temporary barracks, unused garages, or church basements. Of the school buildings now in existence, one-fifth are fire traps long past their maximum life span.

We are building fifty thousand new classrooms a year, but that is less than we need to take care of the yearly growth in school population. The deficit is not being reduced; it grows by ten or twenty thousand classrooms a year. And in the mid-sixties, barely ten years away, another huge increase in school population will overtake us.

THE COLLEGE situation is even more desperate. In this country today there are colleges with five times the enrollment for which their plants were originally built. And yet, within the next twenty years, enrollment may increase three- or four-fold. Again, we are doing nothing to anticipate the future; we are not even keeping pace with the past. Within the next ten years we will need more new college plants than we built in the three hundred years since the founding of Harvard. We should build college facilities for an additional five hundred thousand students a year for at least the next ten years. Instead, we are building for about fifty to a hundred thousand more each year.

I have space only to mention, with a kind of horrified fascination, the further question of teachers. We will need more—many, many more—on all levels: kindergarten, elementary school, junior and senior high school, undergraduate and graduate colleges. Yet, instead of training more teachers, we are training fewer than we did fifteen or twenty years ago.

We seem to have accepted the thesis that every young American with the capacity for college education should be able to have it. But who is going to pay for this, and in what form? How can we maintain the freedom of the colleges if government foots the bill?

Nor will the question be confined to money. Educational policy and curriculum—especially in the colleges—promise to become hot issues. At present there is little left of the fervent interest in education that characterized the thirties; but now is the very moment when the pressure of numbers on the colleges should force them into experiments with new methods, new subjects, and new educational policies. The more going to college becomes the normal thing for the young American to do, moreover, the more crucial becomes the question of harmonizing academic freedom with education for citizenship—a problem by no means as easy to solve as it appears to either liberal or reactionary.

DECLINE OF THE UNIONS?

DURING the next two decades we will also have to decide how to make medical and hospital care available to everyone. Already we have begun to tackle this problem through voluntary community co-operation: Blue Cross and Blue Shield are the obvious examples. We have yet to extend this system to the self-employed, the farmers, the very poor, and the aged. Above all, we have to extend it to cover "major medical expenses" or "catastrophic illness" expenses—the most serious medical costs for all but the very rich. The proposal of the Eisenhower Administration to re-insure "catastrophic illness" insurance by co-operatives and private companies—and thus make it available to those who cannot be covered today—is thus a major step in the right direction.

There is also the question of providing for medical education. We do not even train enough doctors today to take care of an expanding population at our present standard. Any extension of medical-cost insurance, to make adequate medical care more easily available, would create a *real* doctor shortage. Yet, medical education is so expensive that it puts medical-school expansion beyond the reach of even the few rich universities. A good case can be made out for considering the cost of medical education as a long-term capital investment, which the doctor's higher earning power should enable him to repay over the years. Even such self-financing of medical education, however, might require some form of public re-insurance of the risk; and though the amounts would be fairly small, they are not going to be easy to find.

Nor are the next twenty years likely to be years of industrial peace. On the contrary, all signs point to labor ferment: the rapid rise of total population without an accompanying rise of working population; the major technological shifts which will change large numbers of jobs from unskilled work to highly skilled; the resulting need for radical change in concepts of seniority and training; and the rapid growth of industry in sparsely unionized areas. Unrest may not arise merely between management and labor but fully as much, perhaps even more, between

labor and the public, and within labor itself.

There is today a large area of agreement on the rights and limitations of trade unions throughout the country—far larger than the shrill battle cries of small minorities on either side would lead you to suspect. But there are four unresolved issues—each a basic one. There is the strike that imperils national welfare. There is the conflict between union security and the "right to work." There are the union restrictions of access to a craft. And finally there is the fight over the unionization of employees who are not industrial workers—salaried employees, clerks, engineers, and so on. Since the work population will before long be dominated by white-collar employees, their acceptance or rejection of unionization will determine whether the labor union will continue to be a power in industrial society, or become just another pressure group—and a rather insulated and rapidly aging one, at that.

DEMAND FOR EQUALITY

WE CAN expect the status of the Negro minority, during the next two decades, to change fairly drastically. Twenty years hence, the rapid industrialization of the South—combined with the continuous emigration of Negroes from the South—should mean that the traditional Southern pattern of rural and small-town segregation, except for a few isolated areas, will be a thing of the past. Instead, the problems of race relations will be those of industrial centers, and especially of northern industrial centers.

Within the next twenty years, we can also expect the Negro's fight for equal opportunity and fair treatment to shift from a demand for equal employment opportunities to a demand for equal opportunities for advancement. While this would represent a tremendous achievement—nothing less than the attainment of economic equality for the American Negro—it would also encounter more resistance. Certainly a national policy, focused on the steady and courageous pursuit of Negro equality—and based upon a firm insistence on the Negroes' civil and economic rights—will be badly needed during this period.

The economic forces which determine the employment of older workers—that is, over sixty-five—will pull in the opposite direction. Wherever industry shifts to Automation, they will be under pressure to get out. This is not only the easiest way to take care of reductions in employment, it will be more "efficient"; the old worker will have the greatest difficulty in "re-learning" and acquiring new skills. But elsewhere, in the absence of Automation, the shortage of labor will tend to force business to employ old people as long as they are able and willing to work. We will see pressure, therefore, toward better provisions and legislation to prevent "discrimination" against the older worker. Since the older people will steadily grow in numbers and proportion—at least 12 if not 15 per cent of the population will be over sixty-five by 1975—they may well achieve highly organized and powerful pressure. It would certainly be no more than prudent for both management and union leaders to prepare immediately to determine which of the older people are capable of work, how to place them in jobs they can carry, and how to treat them with respect to lay-offs and promotion. In several states, unions are already clamoring for a "Fair Employment Practices Act" to forbid discrimination in both hiring and retirement on grounds of age.

NEW IDEAS ABOUT MONEY

THESE are certainly not going to be years of low government spending—even if armaments expenditures, God willing, should become less necessary. There will be no "withering-away of the state," whether Republicans or Democrats control the federal and state governments. Yet our notions of fiscal policy are still based largely on the assumption that high expenditure belongs only in an "emergency." How, therefore, are we to combine the needs of the government for large revenue with the needs of an expanding economy for investment capital? Perhaps we may even have to give up the oldest principle of business taxation: the legal distinction between income on fixed capital—which is considered a "cost," and thus deductible from business profits—and the income on venture capital, which is "profit" and taxed. For under the present high corporation tax rates one dollar paid out in interest costs a company only fifty cents, while a dollar dividend to the stockholder actually costs it two dollars. The result of this four-fold disproportion is an increased dependence on fixed capital, a decreasing supply of venture capital and a decreasing revenue therefrom—that is, both economic and fiscal decay.

Another unresolved conflict in fiscal policy lies

between the realities of modern governmental life, which require planned long-term capital expenditures, and the constitutional requirement that Congress appropriate money on an annual basis. That any one Congress cannot commit a future Congress is sound doctrine. But much of the expenditure of modern government is meaningless unless it is considered in long-range terms. Actually, by refusing to accept the reality of a "capital budget," Congress may well be sacrificing its control over its expenditures. But how such problems as these should be resolved, let alone how they can be resolved, we are clearly not going to know for some time to come.

FOOTNOTE ON INFLATION

ON ONE issue of fiscal policy, public opinion rather than government action may make the greatest difference. That is inflation.

Public opinion in economic matters is still deeply influenced by the depression psychology; it sees in unemployment the major threat and in full employment the earthly paradise. As a result, we have created defenses in depth against the last depression. We are committed to immediate governmental action the moment there is significant unemployment. And we have such a tremendous backlog of public works—not to mention armaments—that we could immediately mobilize the entire economy should the real threat of unemployment appear.

But the next depression is most unlikely to be an unemployment-depression. One of our greatest economists, the late Joseph Schumpeter of Harvard, pointed out in his last paper—read to the American Economic Association in December 1949, only a few days before his death—that it is inflation rather than unemployment that destroys stability in the twentieth century. Schumpeter based his pessimistic appraisal of America's chances to survive as a free society on his belief that American public opinion did not understand the danger of inflation, and would not permit adequate safeguards against it.

Inflation is not only an impersonal and general danger to society—the breeder of class hatred and the destroyer of the middle class. In an economy where the great mass of people have become long-term creditors (through their insurance and pension holdings) and where as much as half of the employed population is on fixed salaries which do not readily adjust to changes in money values, inflation may cause more individual suffering than even widespread unemployment. This statement—obvious to any German, Frenchman, Italian, or Austrian (not to mention the people behind the Iron Curtain)—is still totally incomprehensible to most Americans. While we will not—and should not—forget the danger of an unemployment-depression, we will have to learn that it is a major duty of government in our economy to safeguard monetary stability. And this requires, above all, a vigilant public opinion.

Whatever policies we adopt in these eleven basic policy areas, their total impact on our national life will be enormous—greater even than that of the New Deal. Certainly—and deservedly—we will debate each one of them, will disagree about them, will engage in bitter partisan fights. But it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the answers adequate to our needs can be developed entirely through the give and take of political battle. What we should have are fundamental state papers on the economic and social policies of an industrial society—papers comparable, perhaps, to Jefferson's "Notes on the State of Virginia," Hamilton's "Report on Manufacturers," Henry Clay's "American System," or John Wesley Powell's papers on the management of the Western lands. President Truman made a start in this task by appointing Commissions on Water Policy and on Raw Material Resources. The present Administration has tackled the job of highway modernization, of government reinsurance against catastrophic illness, and of a national transportation policy. But these are only beginnings.

REDRAWING THE MAP

THE FEDERAL government is the proper agency to develop broad policies in most of these eleven areas. But the federal government simply cannot do the detailed job in any one of them. Much of the actual work will have to be done by local governments—municipal, state, regional. In most areas it will have to be done in close co-operation with private industry. It will have to take account of local or regional needs and circumstances, and the administration will have to be local. Yet existing local and state governments are patently unequal to the task.

The national population no longer corresponds to the traditional distinctions between local and

state government. A metropolitan people cut across the boundary lines of cities, counties, and states. The truly admirable system of parkways built by New Jersey, for instance, has only added to the traffic problems of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. The best planning New Jersey can do has been largely nullified, in turn, by the lack of co-ordination with neighboring states. Similarly, Westchester County shows that schools can no longer be planned within the historical unit of the school district. One of the few communities in Westchester that planned ahead for tomorrow's school needs is Pleasantville. But the main effect of Pleasantville's foresight has been an influx of people from the surrounding towns, which has quickly rendered Pleasantville's careful plans inadequate.

Local and state governments, our oldest civic institutions, have remained basically unchanged since the Northwest Ordnance of 1787. But somehow we are going to have to invent and develop new ones that cut across existing jurisdictions. Leonard D. White of the University of Chicago has recently shown (in his three books *The Federalists, The Jeffersonians,* and *The Jacksonians)* how important the administrative foundations laid in the early years of the Republic were for the survival and growth of the United States, and how much courage and imagination went into their design. The creative skill required to build the regional institutions needed now will hardly be of a lesser order.

OUR GEOGRAPHIC ideas also need revision in the matter of atomic dispersal—a subject that has occasioned more confused talk than action. We now know, at last, that the largest theoretically possible bomb is limited both in its area of immediate danger and of total destruction. We know, too, that there is no "defense" against atomic attack; there is only early warning—and even this is problematical with guided intercontinental missiles. Finally we know —though it is highly secret information—what are the critical products and processes on which our ability to maintain an industrial economy really depends.

We know what we need to know, in other words, to escape paralysis from the first all-out attack. It should be emphasized that dispersal is not "defense." It is only a safeguard against being knocked out in the first round. And it is not something we have actually done. In fact we may be more vulnerable today than we were ten years ago. Forty per cent of the American population and 56 per cent of all manufacturing are concentrated in forty metropolitan areas. The remaining 120 sizable cities contain only 16 per cent of the population and 19 per cent of the manufacturing facilities. In other words, we are so highly concentrated as to invite attack. If we had a national dispersal policy, we could use the internal migration of population and industry (which goes on anyway) to change this pattern fairly rapidly and with a minimum of cost and dislocation. If we had only had such a policy during the past ten years we might by now be in a position to survive even a massive attack. The next ten years offer an equal opportunity. But we will have to do more about dispersal than we have done so far—which is chiefly to discuss it.

A HAVE-NOT COUNTRY

IN INTERNATIONAL economics America has almost adjusted to the unfamiliar role of richest nation. During the past ten years we have successfully made the shift from debtor to creditor policies. But now we have to make an even greater one—from having enjoyed in all our history a raw-materials surplus, we will come to the new experience of a raw-materials shortage, becoming for the first time a "have-not" nation. The much-publicized "dollar gap," the chronic and apparently incurable shortage of dollars in the outside world, may well be replaced by a shortage of foreign currency in American hands to cover the purchases we want to make abroad. This, at least, was the opinion of the Paley Commission, which President Truman appointed five years ago to study United States raw-materials requirements.

The American economy and the world economy will in any event become more interdependent than they are today. "When America sneezes, the world catches pneumonia." The past two years proved this European saying of the 1940s to be false; Europe experienced its biggest boom while America went through the recession of 1953-54. Yet it will certainly be true that the outside world's economic health will increasingly depend on America's purchases of raw materials. And America's economic health will increasingly depend on our ability to export enough manufactured goods to pay for our import needs.

Two conclusions follow that at first sight may appear both paradoxical and mutually exclusive.

The first is that low American tariffs on manufactured goods are rapidly becoming obligatory. We are in a very exposed position, precisely because of our high productivity. Every other country with a similar lead—France in the eighteenth century, Britain in the nineteenth—eventually became complacent; it is always harder to stay ahead than just to get ahead. And liberal tariff policy is the best—perhaps the only—safeguard of high productivity. Low tariffs are not primarily the means to live up to our obligations as world creditor and world leader. They are a domestic necessity, and increasingly so recognized by many (though by no means by all) of our manufacturing industries. The fact that the low-tariff fight is no longer led by Southern agrarians and New York bankers (the traditional free-trade groups) but by manufacturing leaders like Ford, Burroughs Adding Machine, and IBM is an indication of how drastically we have changed.

The second conclusion to be drawn from our becoming a "have-not" country is that we must urge on the rapid industrialization of the "underdeveloped" areas. Only industrial countries are good markets for industrial goods—that is, for America's exports. All the 360 million people of India buy from the United States only as much as the five million Swiss—and they would buy less but for American aid. But our future world productivity policy need not require the constant expenditure of money, or be based on money at all.

In the first place, continuous handouts are just about equally intolerable to the giver and the recipient. Secondly, what is really needed is neither money nor equipment. It is social innovation, the concepts and tools of an industrial society, which must be encouraged on a permanent and purposeful basis. The policy that would stimulate innovation cannot wait until the situation has become desperate, and depend each year on laws rushed through Congress like a last-minute rescue in the "Perils of Pauline." It cannot afford to confuse military with economic and social objectives, nor can its success be measured by the number of votes the Communists of a country we momentarily notice get in this year's election of union stewards. It must primarily depend on finding, developing, and inspiring people who can lead—as public servants, managers, farmers, workers, technicians—and helping them to help themselves. It will require vision and endless patience.

WE MUST therefore conclude this series on America's domestic future in the recognition with which we began—that events beyond this country's borders may play, whether we like it or not, the determining part. Not only does the shadow of atomic warfare darken all prediction, but even if we assume a relative amount of luck—immediate postponement of major conflict by fighting an indefinite number of little ones—we will have to recognize how many of our internal rewards depend on our international wisdom and leadership. In politics, as elsewhere, the two entwine—and offer the major parties a double opportunity to capture national leadership.

The demands an expanding economy will make on public policy are clearly so great—and so new—that they will force drastic changes in political alignments, organizational structure, and voting patterns. Yet, at the moment, neither party seems adequate to the issues of tomorrow. The Republicans, with their vulnerability to futile nostalgia for a past that never was, and the Democrats, with their almost obsessive fear of depression unemployment, seem equally impervious to the future. Yet the very fact that the two are so evenly balanced in popular appeal suggests that the first to produce imaginative, bold, and realistic economic leadership might thereby gain a twenty-year ascendancy.

But the same is true many times over of the demands—in fact, the absolute prerequisites—of our international position. Unless they are satisfied, none of the opportunities these four articles have sketched out will ever see reality. And they can only be satisfied by a firm, determined, and long-sighted foreign policy—dedicated to the economic and social development, rapidly and peacefully, of the Free World. For the first time since the Louisiana Purchase and the War of 1812, that is, foreign affairs have returned to primacy in the national scene. This seems likely to be the most enduring fact—as it is certainly the most revolutionary one—of America's Next Twenty Years.

Peter F. Drucker's four-part series, "America's Next Twenty Years," is now available in its entirety in reprint form. Cost: 50 cents per copy. Please address all inquiries to:

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the GRIFT goes Legit

By FLETCHER PRATT

Drawings by Oscar Berger

THE CHANCES are overwhelming that sometime during the coming year you will be approached by the operator of some scheme for getting your money without any adequate return. Whether he succeeds or fails, you will find that nothing can be done about it. He is an honest businessman, working within the law, or at least so close to the edge of it that the district attorney is unwilling to tackle the case, especially for the amount involved.

For the modern successors of Buck Boatwright and Yellow Kid Weil don't want much of your money. They may hit you for as little as a five-spot, and if they get up into the altitude brackets above a hundred dollars, they leave you with something like a vacuum cleaner or a TV set that can be represented (however implausibly) as legitimate merchandise. This does not mean that they are small-time operators. One gentleman with a five-dollar take racket had reached the satisfactory income of $7,500 a month before the Post Office moved in on him.

In the old days a con man set up a "big store" —a completely phony race-track betting room or stock brokerage house, with helpers playing the parts of employees and customers. Then he went looking for someone who already had quite a lot of money and was willing to make more by none too scrupulous methods. After a series of often brilliantly conducted operations, the "mark" found himself poorer by a sum which occasionally reached all the way up to $65,000 and was seldom less than $10,000.

Then, in the middle twenties, the FBI entered the picture, with authority to take charge in any case involving more than $5,000. Now it is a known fact of swindling that you can often put in the fix with the local law—one gang operated out of Denver for years—but federal law is something else. Also the FBI, with its elaborate files and far-flung organization, had an annoying habit of picking up a man in Dallas just when he thought he was secure after having made a particularly fine score in Minneapolis.

One hears occasionally of old-fashioned rackets being worked today, usually variations of the gypsy switch where bundles of paper are skillfully substituted for bundles of bills. The Spanish prisoner is also still around, but he has become a Mexican prisoner and operates by correspondence from south of the Rio Grande where the G-men find it hard to get at him. And he is usually careful enough to ask for a sum just under what would involve the FBI in the case. But the genuine Big Con has withered and become a part of history, along with the mountain men and the Confederate States of America. The boys have decided to go legitimate.

This process has involved appealing to the mass market, and as people in the mass market are not apt to have either $10,000 or any intention of beating the stock market or the race track on a large scale, the machine has had to change

gears—to find something that will tempt the ordinary, quite honest citizen into spending a little of his money in the hope of making more, or of obtaining something of greater value than he paid for. This has to be something that will get past the guard set by newspapers and periodicals on the advertising they take, and escape the attention of the Post Office for at least long enough to let the operator make a handsome profit before complaints begin to come in and orders to cease and desist go out. It has to be something so ingeniously novel that the prospect wonders why nobody ever thought of that before, and yet something so close to legality that swindling can be indignantly denied.

These are hard conditions. They have been met with dazzling skill and by a system of remote control. A woman in Maine finds an ad about doing lucrative work at home in her local paper and writes to the firm in Seattle which placed it; in return for $3 she gets an instruction book on how to dig a pond in her back yard and stock it with marketable fish. Somebody rings your doorbell with a package for the Smiths next door, who are not at home right now; will you pay the COD charges? (This operator is a careful one: he will have on file at least a clipped coupon from the Smiths expressing interest in his probably quite worthless merchandise.) Or you solve the puzzle propounded over TV and get a certificate entitling you to $50 worth of sash weights. And the rest of the list is equally familiar.

THE MODERN TWIST

MOST modern operators pick up some long known scheme and use their ingenuity to give it a twist that makes it practically unrecognizable. Eventually all the possible changes are rung and a certain type of operation goes out of style for a while, to be replaced by one that has lain fallow. Nobody has bought any gold bricks for quite a while, so the deal is probably about to come back.

As a result, money-making schemes tend to run to type and the ordinary citizen can protect himself by being alert enough to recognize a typical operation. The vast majority of nothing-for-something propositions now on the market fall into five classes, with a certain amount of cross-pollination: vending machines, home improvements, money-making work to be done at home, the sale of worthless merchandise, and lottery tickets.



The home-improvements racket has been so thoroughly discussed in FHA investigations that it would be redundant to go into it here. Lottery tickets are another matter. Their sale is illegal in most jurisdictions, so both operator and purchaser know at the start that they are on the shady side of the law. The new gimmick in this deal is that it has been taken up by a lot of the boys who used to make accurate copies of the certificates bearing the portraits of Hamilton and Jackson. It is not technically a crime to counterfeit a ticket in the Cuban National Lottery or the Irish Sweepstakes, even though the cops may find clever ways of being nasty when they catch you at it. And the mark has no way of knowing when he has been taken. All he ever learns is that the ticket he bought didn't win.

It is thus about as safe as a racket can be. The main difficulty lies in the pushing. A counterfeit twenty can be passed anywhere—at a hotel, in a store, in a crap game. Disposing of phony lottery tickets requires a build-up. The salesman has to establish himself in some area—usually a factory or a big office—as a person of probity and unusual resources. This takes time, and as time cuts down on the profits, the racket is not as popular as it might be.

At the opposite end of the scale are the salesmen who run so close to the law that very often no charge at all can be brought against them. A typical example is a wandering merchant, who has operated fur stores all the way from upper New York State to Oklahoma, always on the same lines. A grand opening is announced in the local papers, with an ad saying: "Just count the stars in this ad," and offering as a prize a credit certificate for $25 and up to be used on the purchase of furs. Both the prices and quality of his furs have led to complaints. But there is nothing illegal about the deal. The customers saw the goods before they paid their money, didn't they?

A similar operator is the grief-stricken individual who has been touring the country for some

time, advertising in every town where he can get the paper to take the ad: "Mink stole. Wife passed away. Cost $550. Will sacrifice for $100." The quality of the furs thus disposed of may be imagined, but once again there is no redress.

Persuasiveness is the essential element in all these sales schemes and the contest approach is a good one. You solve the crossword puzzle or guess the tune on TV and find that you have won a credit on the beautiful vacuum cleaner displayed with the come-on. A salesman calls. It turns out that your electricity is DC while the advertised cleaner will work only on AC. But the company is not going to let you down. It has another vacuum cleaner that will suit your current perfectly, a little more expensive than the one you thought you were getting almost free, but the credit will apply on it as well as on the other.

This is known as the "bait advertising" game and it has dozens of ramifications. In the mail you get a "claim stub" and a notice that a Christmas package is being held for you: return the stub with $1.98 and it's yours. It will hold a pen and pencil set that you could have bought at Woolworth's, but it's a legal sale.

THE FABULOUS WILLIAMSONS

ONLY rarely do operators in this field become greedy enough to slip. For example, the Williamsons, a nomadic family all interallied by marriage, have for more than fifteen years been touring the country, peddling worthless merchandise from door to door and seldom drawing more than a thirty-day sentence and an order to get out of town. As far back as 1936 they were selling fur coats to selected lists of school teachers at $100 a coat, explaining to each prospect that they had been given her name by a friend and that this was a sacrifice. The coats developed holes within five days. More recently the Williamsons have shifted to Irish laces made in Hoboken, Persian rugs that never saw Iran, and, above all, English woolens, with markings bearing a crest and a guarantee from Bradford, England.

This strange tribe of gypsies, who are not gypsies by blood, meet, intermingle, exchange members, and breed on the road. They live in motels and park near race tracks, always a good market for their operations. There is hardly a town in the United States they have not visited. They travel in the best of cars and are always meticulously dressed. Many of the girls are pretty blondes and the men are highly presentable. Their approaches are various. A young man with a fine Scots accent explains how he came by the tweeds and woolens. A pair of the girls with just a trace of brogue sorrowfully describe the recent death of their mother and why they must sell off the laces which are their only inheritance. (In Catholic districts the laces were always made by kindly nuns.) Another Williamson trick in rural districts is to travel through on a paint truck with a false address, offering to paint roofs or barns with a "guaranteed aluminum spray paint." They do it too, but the paint washes off in the first rain.

A Williamson team, which numbers from two to six members, will normally collect $400 or $500 in a day or two of operations—despite the fact that Chambers of Commerce and Better Business Bureaus everywhere have issued warning after warning about them. They have an elaborate knowledge of local law and seldom engage in anything that will bring really serious charges against them. To be sure, one of the Williamson women and her three children, aged 24, 22, and 21, were caught in Norwalk, Connecticut, last October and got thirty days apiece for receiving money under false pretenses. But at about the same time a couple of Williamson men showed up in Belle Glade, Florida, their cars loaded with the cheapest kind of rayon tagged as British woolens. When the police caught up with them, they discovered there were also some genuine woolens in the car with which the Williamsons opened the conversation. Then, to the accompaniment of some verbal and physical sleight of hand, the talk shifted to the rayons. The only legitimate charge against the salesmen was house-to-house peddling without a license, and they even got out of that by sacrificing their very modest bail.

THE HOMEWORK BUSINESS

PERHAPS the most heartless of the modern money-coaxing schemes are those connected with earning at home. Just as the Williamsons are the archetypical operators in the quick-load sales field, so the homework business has its Napoleon in one Earl Wilson, of various addresses in Minnesota and California. He has been head of no less than thirty-one enterprises, dealing in matters as various as breeding chinchillas and Angora rabbits, assembling ties and

baby bootees from materials, growing miniature trees, addressing envelopes, and, rather incredibly, searching for missing persons. He has also been placed under hack by the FTC, the Post Office, and almost every other organization that has been able to identify a new homework plan as a Wilson promotion, but the main result so far has been to force him to have new stationery printed.

The schemes for breeding rabbits and chinchillas (parent stock sold by Wilson) are, of



course, very similar to the old Florida frog farms which used to have such an appeal for suckers. Wilson's new gimmick was offering to buy large quantities of the fur produced.

One of his most ingenious schemes was his address-envelopes-at-home plan. It began with a carefully worded, apparently straightforward ad in local newspapers:

> TYPISTS, sorters, assemblers, longhand addressers needed by large mail order concern. Piece work. Home, Sparetime. International Enterprises, 216 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Answers produced a three-page letter telling the recipient how much money could be made addressing envelopes and asking for $5 for a book of instructions. The latter turned out to be a 32-page pamphlet, accompanied by an order blank for 200 more of the three-page letters and 200 envelopes, both for another $5. The addresser was now in business for himself: he sent out the 200 letters to persons of his own selection. When they sent in $5 for the instruction book, the first answerer could keep $2.50 of it and pass the rest along to International Enterprises, which would forward the book.

The particular beauty of this scheme is that it contained a built-in snowballing feature. Those who bit became accomplices and by the time complaints began to reach the newspapers, the thing was so large it was no longer necessary to advertise. This was the promotion that netted $7,500 a month, and it proved so successful that it has been widely imitated.

The tie and baby bootee scheme are closer to the rabbit production program. Wilson has used at least eight firm names on them—common practice, since no firm could long exist in the face of the inevitable wave of complaints. The ads are in Help Wanted form: respondents can obtain a pattern and materials for four ties for $10. The company will pay $2.30 for each first-grade tie and 75¢ for each second. The point is that the customer seldom succeeds in making a first-grade tie, or even a second. Most have been rejects, even a batch of ties made by a sewing expert in Boston, who was willing to spend $10 to see how far the thing would be carried.

The search for missing persons remains Wilson's most bizarre and original creation. This offered a promise of big returns, and many of the contact ads were placed in detective story magazines, presumably on the theory that the readers of this class of literature would make good prospects. According to Wilson's story, there are hundreds of missing persons in the country and rewards out for nearly all of them, all the way up to $5,000. Members of his missing-persons research organization were authorized to keep the reward on each and every missing person they found. All you had to do was pay your annual dues ($5), buy and study a manual on missing-persons research (another $5 and a volume which solemnly advised the reader to look up names in telephone books and city directories), and subscribe to his "Journal of Missing Persons" ($3).

WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?

NEWEST of the money-making schemes—and most worrisome to the authorities because there is so little basis for legal action—is the vending-machine racket. And let it be noted before going any farther that not all vending machines are rackets or the product of rackets. The vending machine business is a thoroughly legitimate enterprise: in fact, one of the basic characteristics of modern swindles, as opposed to the classic Yellow Kid Weil type, is that they adopt a protective coloration as close as possible to the operations of some legitimate business.

The vending machine racket begins with a classified ad in the "business opportunities" section of the newspaper. If the paper looks up the firm placing the ad or the prospect does later, they will find impeccable bank references and frequently Chamber of Commerce references on file. The ads are directed at people with a small fixed income and some savings who want to make a little money—widows, retired persons living on pensions, and so on. The ad offers a brilliant opportunity in a service business requiring no experience and only a high-school education; a small investment is involved, but it will be covered by stock. Write Box #241 for appointment.

The appointment invariably takes place in a hotel room at some such hour as nine in the evening to emphasize how busy these people are. There the prospect meets (let us say) Mr. John Doe and his assistant. There is always one assistant, sometimes two; the operators have learned that the best way of putting on pressure is applying it double. Mr. John Doe exhibits his credentials and invites the prospect to check them. He is the "authorized independent distributor" for the Coronet Vending Machine Corporation. He explains that Coronet has decided to move into this particular city and set up vending machines at various points. The prospect has a chance at an exclusive territory, which will be covered by a minimum of ten machines. The machines dispense different articles according to the fashion. Two years ago it was mostly salted nuts, in 1953 chlorophyll pills, this year pocket packages of Kleenex. Mr. Doe has elaborate charts, showing how much the investor will make every time the machine is emptied.



All he has to do is buy the machines, ten or twenty of them at $100 apiece, and service them. Every other detail has been taken care of. The source of supply has been set up and it is a legitimate firm which will give wholesale rates—a fact that can be checked by telephone. Coronet has already made contacts with people who will allow the prospect to place the machines in locations where there is heavy traffic. Just sign the order here.

In a few cases, notably with chlorophyll pills, you don't even have to buy the machines. Mr. Doe loans or gives them to you, with the statement: "My business is selling chlorophyll pills."

What could be fairer? Well, a lot of things. The victim never knows, or only discovers much later, that he could have bought the same vending machines from the manufacturer for $20 each. The "heavy traffic locations" turn out to be a small garage, a laundry, a grocery store, where a fairly limited number of people feel the need for salted almonds or chlorophyll pills or Kleenex, and where the proprietor wants 10 to 25 per cent of the take for allowing the machines to be put in. It is altogether probable that there are two or three other sets of machines in the "exclusive territory."

The machines gross six dollars a month instead of the $50 indicated by the chart; also they get out of order.

By the time the buyer has made these discoveries Mr. John Doe has long since checked out of his hotel and left a forwarding address in Florida or Arizona. A letter to the Coronet Vending Corporation produces a dignified reply that they will get in touch with their authorized independent distributor, Mr. Doe, and urge him to correct matters at once, but as he is an *independent* distributor they are not responsible for his actions. Letters of complaint to Mr. Doe bring no response. Further letters to Coronet produce promises until the day, some six months later, when a letter of protest is returned marked "Out of Business." The life of these vending-machine corporations is accurately calculated in terms of how long it will take the customers to become so troublesome that they cannot be bothered with. It is easy enough to found a new firm.

The case of the chlorophyll pills with its "free" machines is a variation of the racket. Here the operator's business is indeed selling chlorophyll pills; he insists that along with his machines the victim take enough of them to supply his community with chlorophyll pills for approximately twenty years, at the usual 5 to 1 mark-up price.

Aside from one single case in California where two operators overstepped the line a trifle and drew a fraud conviction, no one has yet gone to jail for the vending-machine racket, which is essentially nothing more than making a 500 per cent overcharge and inducing the customer to buy through high-pressure methods.

Outside of these promotions which are met with daily, lie a small number of specialty

operations. Promoters are still active with the "mug book," or compendium of laudatory biographies, in which the amount of space you obtain is conditioned by the number of copies you buy. The coupon book only works once in a while in a given area, but when it does, it works hard. The promoters approach a series of merchants with a sensational new advertising scheme. Will you, a beauty shop operator, give free hair-dos to five or six persons as promotion for a contest which will be played up all over town and will attract to your place countless customers you never heard of? Will you, a garage proprietor, give five or six lubricating jobs on the same basis? When enough merchants have signed up to make the total value of their services or goods amount to $40 or $50, coupon books are printed up, each coupon entitling the holder to the article in question. The promised ballyhoo consists in calling up every woman in town and asking her some such question as who invented the electric light bulb or the telephone. The correct answer is greeted with:

"Oh, you lucky girl. This allows you one of our coupon books for $2.95, and you will get $40 worth of goods and services. Let me read you the list."

By time the beauty parlor operator discovers she has contracted to give five or six hundred free hair-dos instead of five or six, the promoters are out of town.



ARE YOU SWINDLE-PRONE?

THERE are also a small number of religious cults which are at least suspicious. They are especially designed to attract older people who have lost their religion and are trying to find it again, and as an operation they have the advantage of being absolutely law-proof—no district attorney will touch a "religion." A typical example of these is run by a man who has already served at least four terms for various swindles. It operates solely by correspondence, assuring its members that the head of the cult will pray for them daily, and sending them a verse from the Bible once a month to study. The collection is $5 a month a head.

Curiously, almost all modern swindles have one feature in common. They lay the greatest stress on getting the names and addresses of customers. These make up mailing lists. "Once bitten, twice shy" does not apply to the swindles racket.

With astonishing frequency, the customer is good for a reload. The man who has bought an expensive home improvement deal or a little covey of vending machines will almost certainly be good for some form of homework promotion. The purchaser of English woolens is probably worth approaching with a "reconditioned" vacuum cleaner, the man who has won a prize in the Irish Sweepstakes (names printed in the papers) is an obvious target for a mail-order Cuban lottery ticket.

As the warnings of Better Business Bureaus and Chambers of Commerce have tended to make the newspapers shirty about accepting the right kind of advertising, mailing lists thus compiled have become of crucial importance to the business. They sell all the way from one cent a name for an ordinary home-work list up to ten cents a name for those who have been bitten on vending machines or mink stoles. So if you get caught on one of these things, you need not worry about your future; the boys will be back for more.

Charles Frankel

ARE WE REALLY CRAZY?

Are we—in this Age of Unreason—suffering from a "mass softening of the brain"? A young philosopher thinks there may be other causes for the contrast between our private sense and public nonsense.

THERE is a great deal of talk these days about the irrationality of modern man. Some tell us it proves that the Old Adam, who was apparently a lunatic, has revolted against the strain of being civilized. Others blame it on centuries of bad toilet training, whose consequences are suddenly catching up with us. "We are entering," Dr. Robert Lindner has recently concluded, "an era that will be dominated by primitive emotional appeals." He went on to suggest that psychiatry might help postpone this fate, but the *New York Times* headlined his remarks: "Dark Ages Near, Society Warned." Whatever the diagnosis, there seems to be a general agreement that modern man is suffering from some sort of mass softening of the brain.

I wish to enter a dissent. I don't think we are so crazy. It seems to me that on a simple quantitative basis the amount of rationality in the world far outweighs the irrationality. Taking everything into account, most of us most of the time are quite unexpectedly sane. The crops are harvested, the mails delivered, and income taxes paid; they are even computed. In the course of their daily jobs, traffic cops, telephone operators, garage mechanics, bank tellers, and sales people solve problems of a fair degree of complexity. And most of us not only get through our daily jobs but bring up and educate our children, stay only moderately in the red, and manage to keep out of jail while doing so.

All of these activities require ingenuity, foresight, imagination, the ability to derive conclusions logically from premises, the capacity to distinguish fact from fantasy, and, most of all, a sense of proportion. When we consider the wars, depressions, inflated currencies, and deflated egos in which our society has recently been specializing, the remarkable fact is not the increase in the number of neuroses but their comparative mildness. The relative balance most men and women have managed to keep in their personal affairs during these last lunatic decades is a lesson in the resilience of the human animal. All in all, I think it can be said that we are not doing so badly.

AND IT should be said. For, while it seems depressing to say that we are all crazy, it is really a consoling and lazy-making notion. It is plain, of course, that we do live in a period that may fairly be called an age of unreason. And the notion that this collective unreason goes back to the illness of individuals, that it is mainly a medical problem, saves us from thinking about the difficult and risky communal choices that we really *have* to make if we are going to deal with unreason in any large-scale way.

Where does the irrationality around us show itself? It shows in the statistics—or what may merely be more accurate statistics—of personal neurosis, of juvenile delinquency, of drug addiction. But it shows itself most plainly in our large-scale impersonal activities. Increasingly these have come to seem the special province of emotions we used to find only in tales of lovers mad with jealousy, or in ghost stories, or in bad melodrama—hysteria, fears out of proportion to their ostensible causes, obsessions with some one issue at the expense of all others, and an obvious growing inability to draw the line between the probable and the improbable. We seem to live in an age when people who cannot be carried away by anything in their personal lives are transported out of themselves by public affairs. If Emily Brontë were to write *Wuthering Heights* today, Heathcliff would have to have been disappointed in politics to make his emotional state

seem plausible. And if *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* were a contemporary novel, Mr. Hyde would turn out to be a courier for a spy ring.

There have been periods before—for example, in the Middle Ages—when lunacy ran through communities like a plague and men and women went collectively berserk. But the symptoms of our modern bouts of collective insanity are not the same. In these earlier periods individuals fell in trances, or spoke gibberish, or had fits. They do not behave that way now, or anyway not quite. Men who fall into trances make three-hour speeches; those who speak gibberish get it printed in the newspapers, where it looks like grammatical—or almost grammatical—English; and those who have fits have them on television. The men who participate in modern organized madness are not individually insane in a medical or legal sense. Those who take part in race riots in Illinois or California go home and pick up their lives, and five minutes afterwards cannot be distinguished from anybody else. Their unreason is limited to certain public and political things, and in their own personal lives they may be no more irresponsible than the rest of us.

COMFORTABLE AND FAMILIAR

THE GREAT problem today is how so much public insanity can come from so much private sanity. Why do the sobriety and competence which so many exhibit in their individual workaday lives—the housewife who plans her meals like a trained dietitian, the baseball fan who uses statistics so expertly in making predictions—why do such traits not show themselves in the group and civic behavior of the same people?

If collective irrationality does not come from unbalanced individuals, where does it come from? It comes, I think, from something in the way our lives are socially organized. In the course of their daily round most people work out a set of precepts and rules, expectations of what is normal, and techniques for doing what they want to do, which go by the name of "common sense." This common sense is the distillation of ordinary experience. It is frequently vague and inarticulate; it is sometimes inconsistent. But as a vehicle for getting men and women through the daily run of things, from their homes to their jobs to their personal relations, it is their main support in life. It is comfortable, it can be used almost intuitively, and so long as it stays in the area for which it was built it fits most needs.

Common sense, moreover, is not just a collection of cold ideas. It carries with it all the comfort of the familiar, the pleasures of home and hearth, the warmth of family and native idiom. It is associated with most of the things that are intimate and precious—with our earliest memories, with our habitual routines, with our most permanent commitments. As a result, we do not like to give it up. We prefer to use it even when it does not fit.

YET there is now a gap between the ordinary experience of ordinary people in their daily lives and the events that break in on them from the outside world of government and international affairs. And this gap has become steadily harder to bridge. The ordinary rules and judgments by which we get around successfully in our private lives [illegible] and when common sense leaves us in the lurch, we find ourselves without intellectual defenses, fusing fantasy with fact, and confusing the impossible with the possible. We fall back on ways of thinking we would effortlessly reject when we are fixing a car or buying a house or playing bridge—on animistic styles of thought, on the belief in invisible conspiracies, on a faith in occult forces or in superhuman human beings.

Many men and women, for example, have tried to interpret the Communist revolution in China in the terms they would employ to explain a fire in the basement: they look for carelessness or criminal negligence or blame it on a few incendiaries. Such analogies with the small-scale events of daily life are not wholly misleading. If they were they might not do so much damage, for fewer people would believe them. But they are just misleading enough. And when they are acted on they can give the outsider (if he operates on different assumptions) the impression of [illegible] world of their own imagination.

An increasing number of people in Europe, for this reason, are thoroughly perplexed by the American emphasis on internal subversion; they seem to have concluded that we are all off our rockers. What leads to this impression, of course, is the obvious fact that we are the richest country in the world, with the most contented population, and that we have fewer Communists and fellow-travelers per capita than any other nation. Here again, it is the radical dissimilarity of public events with the ordinary round of men's

experience which discourages us from using what common sense we have. Our present obsession with the danger of internal Communists has not happened *in spite of* the fact that we have so few Communists. It has happened precisely *because* of that fact.

We do not take Communists in stride as Europeans do because, in America, they are strange, unknown people who are clearly cut off from the mainstream of national life. The average Frenchman is likely to know at least one Communist personally; and most Frenchmen, as a result, have been able to judge from direct contact just how dull of intellect, boring in manner, and clumsy in action the normal run of Communists are. We, on the other hand, do not have the Frenchman's advantages. And so we continue to treat Communists as men apart, whose qualities elude the categories we normally apply in our judgment of human beings. We ascribe to a handful of Communists supernatural powers to undermine our lives. We are not crazy. But on this issue we act crazy.

SENSE, COMMON AND OTHERWISE

THERE are a number of reasons why the gap between public and private reason is so hard to bridge. The first is the simple difficulty of getting reliable information. Common sense, after all, cannot work in the void. It has to start from what it can take to be facts. A free press, offering a multiplicity of views and opinions, is vastly preferable to a controlled press that offers only one. But unfortunately, competing misinterpretations do not always cancel one another out, leaving the bare facts bathed in a pure white light for all to see. Ten small lies may be preferable to One Big Lie, but they are not exactly the royal road to truth. And a good many people have the common sense to see this.

Of course, there are newspapers, commentators, and other agencies of information in countries like Britain and America from which something like an objective account of events can be obtained. But in all too many circumstances a man of common sense is still justified in deciding simply not to believe anything he hears. And even when he thinks he can believe what he hears, it is still possible for this information to leave him cold. He may find it impossible to exercise his common sense upon it. What in the experience of most of us, for example, prepares us to appraise the significance of new proposals for the international control of currencies?

A man's common sense is checked and chastened, and it grows in flexibility and wisdom, when he can see results directly, and measure them against his expectations. But today the private individual is often far removed from the consequences of his public actions. He does not know what these consequences are, or he does not have to pay attention to them. They are diluted and lost by distance. A businessman who lobbies for a tariff will never see, or he will not know that he sees, the men and women thousands of miles away who may one day make war on his account. Much of what goes by the name of wickedness in the world is not wickedness at all, but the result of the fact that the "criminal" is so far removed from the scene of his "crime."

There is a deeper reason for unreason, therefore, in the increasing specialization of modern societies. When Aristotle, in his *Politics*, analyzed the natural history of politics, he moved by easy stages from the problems of domestic economy through the problems of the village to the problems of the city-state. The assumption was that the same language, the same general style of reasoning, and the same fundamental community of experience persisted as men moved from their private domains to public ones. It is plain that some such assumption has been at the basis of most theories of liberal and democratic government. The relevance of common sense to public problems; the possibility of checking the narrowness of expert knowledge against the wider experience of ordinary men; the existence of some basic community of shared sentiment and useful intelligence—these are the conditions on which vigorous democratic politics have usually been thought to depend.

BUT to an increasing extent men and women of all classes are now involved in exacting technical routines which absorb their energies and shut them in behind a set of exclusive experiences and habits. On the one hand, specialization insulates the ordinary man's experience from the experience of other ordinary men. On the other, it makes his private knowledge and practical abilities increasingly irrelevant to public problems. We are now getting less and less of what might be called "common common sense," and more and more different kinds of common sense that are barely on speaking terms with one another.

So we look back wistfully on the superior

political wisdom of the Founding Fathers, forgetting that their national politics were in fact a fairly short extension of their domestic affairs. A Jefferson or a Franklin was required to know less about his specialized interests because, quite simply, there was so much less to be known; as a result, he could know a great deal more about a great many other things. Even more important, the decisions the Fathers made, and the issues involved, could in some sense be judged by the other educated men of their day. In contrast, we today have innumerable men who are distinguished specialists in their own fields—physical scientists, industrial engineers, military men—who suddenly find themselves pushed to the center of public life, where they are called upon to make decisions involving ultimate public issues which hitherto have appeared only on the hazy and remote horizons of their lives.

A MATTER OF MORALS

TO SAY that contemporary irrationality is thus a by-product of the way our world has changed since the Enlightenment may sound discouraging: for, obviously, we could not hope to restore in usable form the conditions of the eighteenth century, even if we wanted to. But to assume that our troubles arise from individual instability would be even more discouraging. There is at least a mildly cheerful note, it seems to me, in concluding that our current bouts with irrationality are *not* the result of some sudden decline in the reasoning power of the individual human animal. Our lunacies are not personal but political—political in context, political in language, political in origin. And they therefore offer the possibility of political solution, of dealing with them on the large scale that their ubiquity and urgency require.

What we seek is not the nostalgic restoration of some "lost" sense of innocence and order which, retrospectively, the Founding Fathers seem to have enjoyed. What we need is to achieve, in our own terms, the equivalent of something they did indeed possess—which was a public intelligence, the kind of shared reaction to common experiences which enables the community to respond relevantly to its problems, or—more simply—to extend its private common sense to its public affairs. In this the Fathers had the advantage of us, it is true, in having a set of formal and somewhat arbitrary moral rules and hierarchies at their command. Achieving their kind of public intelligence is today attended with numerous difficulties, as we have seen. But we should do ourselves the credit of remembering that it has never been wholly easy, in any time or place. For, at the political level, a particularly sharp and bewildering divergence must always take place between the private and public intelligence. It arises over the question of morality.

Mr. Dooley on the Eisenhower Administration

> Histhry always vindicates th' Dimmycrats, but niver in their lifetime. They see th' thruth first, but th' throuble is that nawthin' is iver officially thrue till a Raypublican sees it.
>
> —Finley Peter Dunne, *Dissertations* by Mr. Dooley (1906).

The morals of common sense are personal morals. They are relevant to the sort of small-scale, face-to-face actions whose unintended or unknown consequences are limited, and in which, as a result, a man's conscious intention—his good or ill will—is of crucial importance. Common-sense morality grows out of circumstances in which individuals can be treated with due regard to the differences between them, can have exceptions made in their favor, and can be held personally responsible for what takes place. Since it is grounded in the particular, common-sense morality can deal with good and evil without becoming lost in abstractions. It can deal, above all, with motives.

But the direct application of common-sense morality to public affairs has disastrous results. When one must deal with individuals in great numbers, or with events of which no man can clearly foresee the end, then it is no longer appropriate to apply the simple, categorical value judgments of daily private life. To be preoccupied with motives, or to insist on attributing ideological purity and civic virtue to only one political faction, is fatal alike to the practicing politician and the observing citizen. Public affairs can be neither conducted nor understood in terms of individual moral intentions. In fact, if any single factor can be said to have poisoned the wellsprings of the American political intelligence, it has been this kind of misapplied and at times extravagantly single-minded concern with motives.

The same disability attends the rules and standards of personal morality when they are employed in international politics. They not only fail to apply, but the attempt to force-fit them may produce unintentionally immoral effects. We do not ordinarily go around stealing our neighbors' mail. But this is standard operating procedure, and long accepted as such, in international diplomacy. One cannot make diplomacy better merely by asking it to be moral in small-scale terms. It is not only useless to appeal to the better nature of diplomats; it is irrelevant.

Of course, to say that human ideals have nothing to do with politics would be false in fact and misguided in principle. Communities in which political action takes place hold certain moral views, and when government diverges too widely from these views it contributes to a general moral breakdown. But, though the final test of public conduct is the difference it makes in the private lives of individuals, this does not mean that the behavior of nations can be interpreted by the principles we apply to individual conduct, or controlled by attempts at moral persuasion. A man who tries to do so today, when politics have become large-scale and impersonal, is apt to end with the empty feeling that the world he lives in is morally absurd. His common sense may all too easily evaporate into empty platitudes about the need for moral regeneration, or (and sometimes in addition) lead him to endorse a cynical and supposedly "realistic" separation between morality and policy.

THE RECOVERY of a moral public intelligence is therefore a problem mainly of confidence and appropriateness. We possess, as a collection of individuals, more common sense than we seem able to draw on as a group. The enlarging of our private intelligence to a publicly meaningful size, in any traditional way, is obstructed by the unique extent and variety of the group we compose. Our loss of confidence in common sense is in good part the outcome of misapplying it, or asking of it functions it cannot satisfy. Where the application is suited to the situation, we have every proof that individual common sense can be widely and successfully brought to bear. Again and again in recent years —on the battlefield, to choose familiar examples, or in temporary housing developments since the war—quite ordinary people have demonstrated under the pressure of common emergencies the degree to which they can take charge of their own affairs, develop publicly useful skills, and act with sober independence and imagination. But these reserves of reasoning power and co-operative ingenuity have appeared where individuals felt that, if they chose to act, they could make a difference. We would have much to gain if such situations turned up, not simply in an emergency, but in the normal course of events.

There is, in short, a germ of truth in the old notion that only those with property should vote, because they alone will vote responsibly. What is wrong with it is only the narrowness of the notion of "property." If we think of "property" as the concrete interests over which an individual has real power, and of increasing the ways in which such "property" can be more broadly diffused, we might recover a responsible and politically oriented common sense. Tocqueville's recommendation for making large-scale democracy work is still sound: public decisions reached by consultation at the local level and enforced by local agencies with real powers. This is what the TVA tried to do twenty years ago, and it succeeded in tapping the human, as well as the natural, resources of a depressed area. The formula perennially needs to be given substance, but it suggests the direction in which we should turn.

The "problem" of political irrationality invites us to seek many such "solutions," and to look more discerningly for communal rationality in-the-large from sources we may hitherto have thought too small. But whatever approach we take, one thing is plain. There are no justifications for the current adventures in wholesale despair—for loss of faith in democracy, for snobbishness about the "common man," or for the increasingly fashionable notion that belief in rational methods of social conduct rests on an excessively optimistic view of human nature. The problem of why we are crazy is a *political* problem—a problem of re-arranging the ways in which social power is now exercised. It needs the social inventiveness, the willingness to make choices, and the courage to take the risks that go with imaginative action. It does not need medicine, magic, or moonshine about the end of Rational Man. Perhaps if we spent less time in being fascinated by the spectacle of our lunacy, and more time thinking about how we now use—and could clearly better use—the common sense we have, we might find that there is still plenty of reason to believe in human reason.

Part III. Concluding a Novel

by ALDOUS HUXLEY

THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS

Drawings by Leo Manso

This is the story of Dr. Henry Maartens, brilliant scientist and Nobel Prize winner, and of his family—especially his beautiful wife, Katy, and Dr. Maartens' prudish young assistant, John Rivers, who lived with them, and who now, thirty years later, relates the story to the novelist.

There are minor tensions; the young daughter, Ruth, who fancies herself a poet, also fancies herself in love with Rivers. But the dynamics of the situation lie in the obsessive love which the scientist and his wife have for each other. Because Katy is called to Chicago to take care of her dying mother, Dr. Maartens becomes dangerously ill with pneumonia and his wife is forced to return home to nurse him. The double strain is too much for her and she turns to the young man, who loves her with what he describes as an almost religious passion. He becomes her unhappy lover and the household is electric with conflicting emotions. The story resumes as the guilty Rivers comes down to breakfast the morning after he has first made love to Katy.

III

IN THE HALL, on my way to the dining room, I ran into Beulah. She was carrying a tray with the eggs and bacon, and humming the tune of 'All creatures that on earth do dwell'; catching sight of me, she gave me a radiant smile and said, 'Praise the Lord!' I had never felt less inclined to praise Him. 'We're going to have a miracle,' she went on. And when I asked her how she knew we were going to have a miracle, she told me that she had just seen Mrs. Maartens in the sickroom, and Mrs. Maartens was herself again. Not a ghost any more, but her old self. The virtue had come back, and that meant that Dr. Maartens would start getting well again. 'It's Grace,' she said. 'I've been praying for it night and day. "Dear Lord, give Mrs. Maartens some of that Grace of Yours. Let her have the virtue back, so Dr. Maartens can get well." And now it's happened, it's happened!'

"And, as though to confirm what she had said, there was a rustling on the stairs behind us. We turned. It was Katy. She was dressed in black. Love and sleep had smoothed her face, and the body which yesterday had moved so wearily, at the cost of so much painful effort, was now as softly strong, as rich with life as it had been before her mother's illness. She was a goddess once again—in mourning but uneclipsed, luminous even in her grief and resignation. The goddess came down the stairs, said good morning, and asked if Beulah had told me the bad news. For a moment I thought something must have happened to Henry. 'You mean Dr. Maartens?' I began. She cut me short. The bad news about her mother. And suddenly I realized that, officially, I hadn't yet heard of the melancholy event in Chicago. The blood rushed up into my cheeks and I turned away in horrible confusion. We were acting the lie already—and was I bad at it! Sadly but serenely, the goddess went on talking about that midnight telephone call, about her sister's voice sobbing at the other end of the wire, about the last moments of the long-drawn agony.

"Beulah sighed noisily, said it was God's will and that she had known it all along, then changed the subject. 'What about Dr. Maartens?' she asked. Had they taken his temperature? Katy nodded; they had, and it was definitely lower. 'Didn't I tell you so!' the old woman

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said to me triumphantly. 'It's the grace of God, just like I said. The Lord has given her back the virtue.' We moved into the dining room, sat down and began to eat. Heartily, as I remember. And I remember, too, that I found the heartiness rather shocking." Rivers laughed. "How hard it is not to be a Manichee! Soul's high, body's low. Death's an affair of the soul, and in that context eggs and bacon are in bad taste, and love, of course, is sheer blasphemy. And yet it's sufficiently obvious that eggs and bacon may be the means of grace, that love may be chosen as the instrument of divine intervention."

"You're talking like Beulah," I objected.

"Because there aren't any other words to talk with. The uprush from within of something strong and wonderful, something that's manifestly greater than yourself; the things and events which, from being neutral or downright hostile, suddenly, gratuitously, spontaneously come to your rescue—these are facts. They can be observed, they can be experienced. But if you want to talk about them, you discover that the



only vocabulary is the theologian's. Grace, Guidance, Inspiration, Providence—the words protest too much, beg all the questions before they're asked. But there are occasions when you can't avoid them.

"Here was Katy, for example. When she came back from Chicago, the virtue had gone out of her. Gone out of her so completely that she was useless to Henry and a burden to herself. Another woman might have prayed for strength, and the prayer might have been answered—because prayers *do* get answered sometimes. Which is absurd, which is out of the question; and yet it happens. Not, however, to people like Katy. Katy wasn't the praying kind. For her, the supernatural was Nature; the divine was neither spiritual nor specifically human; it was in landscapes and sunshine and animals; it was in flowers, in the sour smell of little babies, in the warmth and softness of snuggling children; it was in kisses, of course, in the nocturnal apocalypses of love, in the more diffuse but no less ineffable bliss of just feeling well.

"She was a kind of feminine Antaeus—invincible while her feet were on the ground, a goddess so long as she was in contact with the greater goddess within her, the universal Mother without. Three weeks of attendance on a dying woman had broken that contact. Grace came when it was restored, and that happened on the night of April the twenty-third. An hour of love, five or six hours of the deeper otherness of sleep, and the emptiness was filled, the ghost reincarnated. She lived again—yet not she, of course, but the Unknown Quantity lived in her. The Unknown Quantity," he repeated. "At one end of the spectrum it's pure spirit, it's the Clear Light of the Void; and at the other end it's instinct, it's health, it's the perfect functioning of an organism that's infallible so long as we don't interfere with it; and somewhere between the two extremes is what St. Paul called 'Christ'—the divine made human. Spiritual grace, animal grace, human grace—three aspects of the same underlying mystery, ideally, all of us should be open to all of them. In practice most of us either barricade ourselves against every form of grace or, if we open the door, open it to only one of the forms. Which isn't, of course, enough. And yet a third of a loaf is better than no bread. How much better was manifest that morning of April twenty-fourth. Cut off from animal grace, Katy had been an impotent phantom. Restored to it, she was Hera and Demeter and Aphrodite gloriously rolled into one, with Aesculapius and the Grotto of Lourdes thrown in as a bonus—for the miracle was definitely under way. After three days at death's door, Henry had felt the presence of the virtue in her and was responding. Lazarus was in process of being raised."

"Thanks, at one remove, to you!"

"Thanks, at one remove, to me," he repeated. "*Le Cocu Miraculé.* What a subject for a French farce."

NO BETTER than any other subject. Oedipus, for example, or Lear, or even Jesus or Gandhi—you could make a roaring farce out of any of them. It's just a question of describing your characters from the outside, without sympathy, and in violent but unpoetical language. In real life farce exists only for spectators, never for the actors. What *they* participate in is either a tragedy or a complicated

and more or less painful psychological drama. So far as I was concerned, the farce of the cuckold's miraculous healing was a long drawn anguish of divided loyalties, of love in conflict with duty, of temptations resisted and then ignominiously succumbed to, of pleasures guiltily enjoyed and passionately repented, of good resolutions made, forgotten, made again, and once more swept away by the torrent of irresistible desire."

"I thought you'd made up your mind to go away."

"I had. But that was before I saw her coming down those stairs reincarnated as a goddess. A goddess in mourning. Those emblems of bereavement kept alive the pity, the religious adoration, the sense that my beloved was a spirit who must be worshiped in spirit. But out of the black bodice rose the luminous column of the neck; between the coils of honey-colored hair the face was transfigured by a kind of unearthly radiance. What's that thing of Blake's?

> In a wife I would require
> What in whores is always found.
> The lineaments of gratified desire.

"But the lineaments of gratified desire are also the lineaments of desirability, the lineaments of the promise of future satisfactions. God, how frantically I desired her! And how passionately, from the depths of my remorse, the heights of my idealism, I loathed myself for doing so! When I got back from the lab, I tried to have it out with her. But she put me off. It wasn't the time, it wasn't the place. Beulah might come in, or Nurse Koppers. It would be better in the evening, when we could be quiet. And so that evening she came to my room. In the darkness, in the perfumed field of her womanhood, I tried to tell her all the things I had been unable to tell her that morning—that I loved her, but we mustn't; that I had never been so happy, nor so utterly miserable; that I would remember what had happened with the most passionate gratitude, all my life long, and that tomorrow I would pack my bags and go and never, never see her again. At that point my voice broke and I found myself sobbing. This time it was Katy's turn to say, 'Don't cry,' to offer the consolation of a hand on the shoulder, an encircling arm. The outcome, of course, was the same as it had been the night before. The same but more so—with fierier pentecosts, visitations not from mere angels, but from Thrones, Dominations, Powers, and the next morning (when, needless to say, I did not pack my bags), remorses to match the ecstasies, woodpeckers proportionately ferocious."

"Which Katy, I gather, wasn't pecked by?"

"And absolutely refused to talk about," Rivers added.

"But *you* must have talked about them."

"I did my best. But it takes two to make a conversation. Whenever I tried to tell her something of what was going on in my heart and mind, she either changed the subject or else, with a little laugh, with a little indulgent pat on the back of the hand, gently but very decidedly shut me up. Would it have been better, I wonder, if we had come out into the open, courageously called a spade a phallic symbol and handed one another our quivering entrails on a silver platter? Maybe it would. Or maybe it wouldn't. The truth shall make you free; but on the other hand, let sleeping dogs lie and, above all, let lying dogs sleep. One must never forget that the most implacable wars are not the wars about things; they're the wars about the nonsense that eloquent idealists have talked about things—in other words, the religious wars. What's lemonade? Something you make out of lemons. And what's a crusade? Something you make out of crosses—a course of gratuitous violence motivated by an obsession with unanalyzed symbols. 'What do you read, my lord?' 'Words, words, words.' And what's in a word? Answer: corpses, millions of corpses. And the moral of *that* is, Keep your trap shut; or if you *must* open it, never take what comes out of it too seriously. Katy kept *our* traps firmly shut. She had the instinctive wisdom that taboos the four-letter words (and *a fortiori* the scientific polysyllables), while tacitly taking for granted the daily and nightly four-letter acts to which they refer. In silence, an act is an act is an act. Verbalized and discussed, it becomes an ethical problem, a *casus belli*, the source of a neurosis.

"If Katy had talked, where, I ask you, should we have been? In a labyrinth of intercommunicating guilts and anguishes. Some people, of course, enjoy that sort of thing. Others detest it, but feel, remorsefully, that they deserve to suffer. Katy (God bless her!) was neither a Methodist nor a Masochist. She was a goddess and the silence of goddesses is genuinely golden. None of your superficial plating. A solid, twenty-two-carat silence all the way through. The Olympian's trap is kept shut, not by an act of willed discretion, but because there's really nothing to say. Goddesses are all of one piece. There's no internal conflict in them. Whereas the lives of people like you and me are one long argument. Desires on one side, woodpeckers on the other. Never a moment of real silence.

"What I needed most at that time was a dose of justificatory good language to counteract the effect of all that vile-base-foul. But Katy wouldn't give it me. Good or bad, language was entirely beside the point. The point, so far as she was concerned, was her experience of the creative otherness of love and sleep. The point was finding herself once again in a state of grace.

The point, finally, was her renewed ability to do something for Henry. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, not in the cookbook. Pleasure received and given, virtue restored. Lazarus raised from the dead—the eating in this case was self-evidently good. So help yourself to the pudding and don't talk with your mouth full—it's bad manners and it prevents you from appreciating the ambrosial flavor. It was a piece of advice too good for me to be able to take.

"True, I didn't talk to her; she wouldn't let me. But I went on talking to myself—talking and talking till the ambrosia turned into wormwood or was contaminated by the horrible gamy taste of forbidden pleasure, of sin recognized and knowingly indulged in. And meanwhile the miracle was duly proceeding. Steadily, rapidly, without a single setback, Henry was getting better."

"Didn't that make you feel happier about things?" I asked.

Rivers nodded his head.

"In one way, yes. Because, of course, I realized even then, even in my state of imbecile innocence, that I was indirectly responsible for the miracle. I had betrayed my master; but if I hadn't, my master would probably be dead. Evil had been done; but good, an enormous good, had come of it. It was a kind of justification. On the other hand how horrible it seemed that grace for Katy and life for her husband should be dependent on something so intrinsically low, so utterly vile-base-foul, as bodies and their sexual satisfaction. All my idealism revolted against the notion. And yet it was obviously true."

"AND HENRY?" I asked. "How much did he know or suspect about the origins of the miracle?"

"Nothing," Rivers answered emphatically. "No, less than nothing. He was in a mood, as he emerged from the sepulcher, in which suspicion was unthinkable. 'Rivers,' he said to me one day when he was well enough to have me come and read to him, 'I want to talk to you. About Katy,' he added after a little pause. My heart stopped beating. This was the moment I had dreaded. 'You remember that night just before I got ill?' he went on. 'I wasn't in my right mind. I said all kinds of things that I oughtn't to have said, things that weren't true, things, for example, about Katy and that doctor from Johns Hopkins.' But the doctor from Johns Hopkins, as he had now discovered, was a cripple. And even if the man hadn't had infantile paralysis as a boy, Katy was utterly incapable of even thinking anything of the kind.

"And in a voice that trembled with feeling he proceeded to tell me how wonderful Katy was, how unspeakably fortunate he had been to win and hold a wife at once so good, so beautiful, so sensible and yet so sensitive, so strong and faithful and devoted. Without her, he would have gone mad, broken down, fizzled out. And now she had saved his life, and the thought that he had said those wild, bad, senseless things about her tormented him. So would I please forget them or, if I remembered, remember them only as the ravings of a sick man. It was a relief, of course, not to have been found out, and yet, in some ways, this was worse—worse because the display of so much trust, such abysmal ignorance, made me feel ashamed of myself—and not only of myself, of Katy too. We were a pair of cheats, conspiring against a simpleton—a simpleton who, for sentimental reasons which did him nothing but credit, was doing his best to make himself even more innocent than he was by nature.

THAT evening I managed to say a little of what was on my mind. At first she tried to stop my mouth with kisses. Then, when I pushed her away, she grew angry and threatened to go back to her room. I had the sacrilegious courage to restrain her by brute force. 'You've got to listen,' I said as she struggled to free herself. And holding her at arm's length, as one holds a dangerous animal, I poured out my tale of moral anguish. Katy heard me out; then, when it was all over, she laughed. Not sarcastically, not with the intention of wounding me, but from the sunny depths of a goddess's amusement. '*You* can't bear it,' she teased. 'You're too noble to be a party to a deception! Can't you ever think of anything but your own precious self? Think of *me*, for a change, think of Henry! A sick genius and the poor woman whose job it's been to keep the sick genius alive and tolerably sane. His huge, crazy intellect against my instincts, his inhuman denial of life against the flow of life in me. It wasn't easy, I've had to fight with every weapon that came to hand. And now here I have to listen to you—talking the most nauseous kind of Sunday School twaddle, daring to tell me—*me!*—you cannot live a lie—like George Washington and the cherry tree. You make me tired. I'm going to sleep.' She yawned and, rolling over on her side, turned her back on me—the back," Rivers added with a little snort of laughter, "the infinitely eloquent back (if you perused it in the dark, like Braille, with your finger tips) of Aphrodite Callipygos.

"And that, my friend, *that* was as near as Katy ever got to an explanation or an apologia. It left me no wiser than I was before. Indeed it left me considerably less wise; for her words prompted me to ask myself a lot of questions, to which she never vouchsafed any answers. Had she implied, for example, that this sort of thing was inevitable—at least in the circumstances of

her own marriage? Had it, in actual fact, happened before? And if so, when, how often, with whom?"

"Did you ever find out?" I asked.

Rivers shook his head.

"I never got further than wondering and imagining—my God, how vividly! Which was enough, of course, to make me more miserable than I'd ever been. More miserable, and at the same time more frenziedly amorous. Why is it that, when you suspect a woman you love of having made love to somebody else, you should feel such a heightening of desire? I had loved Katy to the limit. Now I found myself loving her beyond the limit, loving her desperately and insatiably, loving her with a vengeance, if you know what I mean. Katy herself soon noticed it.

"'You've been looking at me,' she complained two evenings later, 'as though you were on a desert island and I were a beef steak. Don't do it. People will notice. Besides, I'm *not* a beef steak, I'm an uncooked human being. And anyhow Henry's almost well again, and the children will be coming home tomorrow. Things will have to go back to what they were before. We've got to be sensible.' To be sensible . . . I promised—for tŏmorrow. Meanwhile—put out the light!—there was this love with a vengeance, this desire which, even in the frenzy of its consummation, retained a quality of despair. The hours passed and in due course it was tomorrow—dawn between the curtains, birds in the garden, the anguish of the final embrace, the reiterated promises that I would be sensible.

"And how faithfully I kept the promise! After breakfast I went up to Henry's room and read him Rutherford's article in the latest issue of *Nature*. And when Katy came in from her marketing, I called her 'Mrs. Maartens' and did my best to look as radiantly serene as she did. Which in my case, of course, was hypocrisy. In hers it was just a manifestation of the Olympian nature.

"A little before lunch, the children came home, bag and baggage, in a cab. Katy was always the all-seeing mother; but her all-seeingness was tempered, generally, by an easy tolerance of childish failings. This time, for some reason, it was different. Perhaps it was the miracle of Henry's recovery that had gone to her head, that had given her not only a sense of power but also a desire to exercise that power in other ways. Perhaps, too, she had been intoxicated by her sudden restoration, after all those nightmare weeks, to a state of animal grace through satisfied desire. Anyhow, whatever the cause may have been, whatever the extenuating circumstances, the fact remained that, on that particular day, Katy was too all-seeing by half. She loved her children and their return filled her with joy; and yet she was under a kind of compulsion, as soon as she saw them, to criticize, to find fault, to throw her maternal weight around.

"Within two minutes of their arrival she had pounced on Timmy for having dirty ears; within three, she had made Ruth confess that she was constipated; and, within four, had inferred, from the fact that the child didn't want anyone to unpack for her, that she must be hiding some guilty secret. And there—when, at Katy's orders, Beulah had opened the suitcase—there the poor little guilty secret lay revealed: a boxful of cosmetics and the half-empty bottle of synthetic violets. At the best of times Katy would have disapproved—but would have disapproved with sympathy, with an understanding chuckle. On this occasion, her disapproval was loud and sarcastic. She had the make-up kit thrown into the garbage can and herself, with an expression of nauseated disgust, poured the perfume into the toilet and pulled the plug. By the time we sat down to our meal, the poetess, red-faced and her eyes still swollen with crying, hated everybody—hated her mother for having humiliated her, hated Beulah for having been such a good prophet, hated poor Mrs. Hanbury for being dead and therefore in no further need of Katy's ministrations, hated Henry for being well enough to have permitted this disastrous homecoming, and hated me because I had treated her as a child, had said her love poem was lousy, and had shown, still more unforgivably, that I preferred her mother's company to her own.

"Did she suspect anything?" I asked.

"She probably suspected everything," Rivers answered.

"But I thought you were being sensible."

WE WERE. But Ruth had always been jealous of her mother. And now her mother had hurt her, and at the same time she knew—theoretically, of course, but in terms of the most violent and overblown language—the sort of things that happen when men and women like one another. Ache of purple pulses; lips intertwisted and bitten. Et cetera. Even if nothing had ever happened between Katy and me, she'd have believed that it had, and hated us accordingly, hated us with this new, more implacable kind of hate. In the past her hates had never lasted for more than a day or two. This time it was different. The hatred was unrelenting. For days on end she refused to talk to us, but sat there, through every meal, in a black silence, pregnant with unspoken criticisms and condemnations.

"Poor little Ruth! Dolores-Salome was, of course, a fiction, but a fiction founded on the solid facts of puberty. In outraging the fiction Katy and I, in our different ways, had outraged

something real, something that was a living part of the child's personality. She had come home with her perfume and her make-up, with her brand-new breasts and her brand-new vocabulary, with Algernon's notions and Oscar's sentiments—had come home full of vaguely wonderful expectations, vaguely horrifying apprehensions; and what had happened to her? The insult of being treated as what, in fact, she still was: an irresponsible child. The outrage of not being taken seriously. The hurt and humiliation of finding herself rejected by the man she had chosen as her victim and Bluebeard, in favor of another woman—and, to make matters worse, the other woman was her own mother. Was it any wonder that all my efforts to laugh or cajole her out of her black mood were unavailing? 'Leave her alone' was Katy's advice. 'Let her stew in her own juice, until she gets sick of it.'

"But the days passed and Ruth showed no signs of getting sick of it. On the contrary, she seemed to be enjoying the bitter tastes of wounded pride, of jealousy and suspicion. And then, about a week after the children's return, something happened that turned chronic grievance into the acutest, the most ferocious animosity.

"Henry was now well enough to sit up, to walk about his room. A few days more, and he would be fully convalescent. 'Let him spend a few weeks in the country,' the doctor advised. But what with the bad weather in early spring, what with Katy's absence in Chicago, the week-end farmhouse had been closed since Christmas. Before it could be lived in again, it would have to be aired and dusted and provisioned. 'Let's go and do the job tomorrow,' Katy suggested to me one morning at breakfast. Startlingly, like a prairie dog popping out of its burrow, Ruth emerged from the depths of her malevolent silence. Tomorrow, she muttered angrily, she'd be at school. And *that,* Katy answered, was why tomorrow would be such a good day for doing the necessary chores. No work-shy poetesses mooning around and getting in the way. 'But I *must* come,' Ruth insisted with a strange kind of muffled violence. 'Must?' Katy echoed. 'Why *must?*' Ruth looked at her mother for a moment, then dropped her eyes. 'Because . . .' she began, thought better of it, and broke off. 'Because I want to,' she concluded lamely. Katy laughed and told her not to be silly. 'We'll get off early,' she said, turning back to me, 'and take a picnic basket.' The child turned very pale, tried to eat her toast but couldn't swallow, asked to be excused and, without waiting for an answer, got up, and ran out of the room. When I saw her again that afternoon, her face was a mask, blank but somehow menacing, of controlled hostility."

FROM outside, in the hall, I had heard the creak of the front door being opened, then the bang of its closing. And now there was the sound of footsteps and low voices. Rivers broke off and looked at his watch.

"Only ten after eleven," he said, and shook his head. Then, raising his voice, "Molly!" he called. "Is that you?"

Open on a square of smooth white skin, on pearls and the bodice of a scarlet evening gown, a mink coat appeared in the doorway. Above it was a young face that would have been beautiful, if its expression had been less bitterly sullen.

"Was it a nice party?" Rivers asked.

"Stinking," said the young woman. "That's why we're home so early. Isn't it, Fred?" she added, turning to a dark-haired young man who had followed her into the room. The young man gave her a look of cold distaste, and turned away. "Isn't it?" she repeated more loudly, with a note in her voice almost of anguish.

A faint smile appeared on the averted face and there was a shrug of the broad shoulders, but no answer.

Rivers turned to me.

"You've met my little Molly, haven't you?"

"When she was *so* high."

"And this," he waved his hand in the direction of the dark young man, "is my son-in-law, Fred Shaughnessy."

I said I was pleased to meet him; but the young man didn't even look at me. There was a silence.

Molly drew a jeweled hand across her eyes.

"I've got a splitting headache," she muttered. "Guess I'll go to bed."

She started to walk away; then halted and, with what was evidently an enormous effort, brought herself to say, "Good night."

"Good night," we said in chorus. But she was already gone. Without a word, as though he were a gunman on her trail, the young man turned and followed her. Rivers sighed profoundly.

"They've got to the point," he said, "where sex seems pretty dull unless it's the consummation of a quarrel. And *that,* if you please, is little Bimbo's destiny. Either life as the child of a divorced mother with a succession, until she loses her looks, of lovers or husbands. Or else life as the child of two parents who ought to be divorced but can never separate because they share an unavowable taste for torturing and being tortured. And there's nothing in either eventuality that I can do about it. Whatever happens, the child has got to go through hell. Maybe he'll emerge all the better and stronger for it. Maybe he'll be utterly destroyed. Who knows? Certainly not *these* boys!" He pointed with the stem of his pipe at a long shelf of

Freudians and Jungians. "Psychology fiction! It makes pleasant reading, it's even rather instructive. But how much does it explain? Everything except the essentials, everything except the two things that finally determine the course of our lives, Predestination and Grace. Look at Molly, for example. She had a mother who knew how to love without wanting to possess. She had a father who at least had sense enough to try to follow his wife's example. She had two sisters who were happy as children and grew up to be successful wives and mothers. There were no quarrels in the household, no chronic tensions, no tragedies or explosions. By all the rules of psychology fiction, Molly ought to be thoroughly sane and contented. Instead of which . . ." He left the sentence unfinished.

"And then there's the other kind of Predestination. Not the inner Predestination of temperament and character, but the Predestination of events—the kind of Predestination that lay in wait for me and Ruth and Katy. Even through the wrong end of the opera glasses one doesn't like to look at it."

There was a long silence, which I did not presume to break.

"WELL," HE SAID at last, "let's get back to Ruth; let's get back to that afternoon of the day before the picnic. I came home from the laboratory, and there was Ruth in the living-room, reading. She didn't look up as I came in, so I put on my breeziest bedside manner and said, 'Hullo, kiddums!' She turned and gave me a long, unsmiling, balefully blank look, then went back to her book. This time I tried a literary gambit. 'Have you been writing any more poetry?' I asked. 'Yes, I have,' she said emphatically, and there was a little smile on her face more baleful even than the previous blankness. 'May I see it?' To my great surprise, she said yes. The thing wasn't quite finished; but tomorrow without fail. I forgot all about the promise; but the next morning, sure enough, as she was leaving for school, Ruth handed me one of her mauve envelopes. 'Here it is,' she said. 'I hope you'll like it.' And giving me another menacing smile, she hurried after Timmy.

"I was too busy to read the poem immediately, so I slipped the envelope into my pocket and went on with the job of loading the car. Bedding, cutlery, kerosene—I piled the stuff in. Half an hour later we were off. Beulah shouted goodbye from the front steps, Henry waved at us from an upstairs window. Katy waved back and blew a kiss. 'I feel like John Gilpin,' she said happily as we turned out of the driveway. *'All agog to dash through thick and thin.'*

"It was one of those lyrical days in early May, one of those positively Shakespearean mornings. There had been rain in the night, and now all the trees were curtseying to a fresh wind: the young leaves glittered like jewels in the sunlight; the great marbly clouds on the horizons were something Michelangelo had dreamed in a moment of ecstatic happiness and superhuman power. And then there were the flowers. Flowers in the suburban gardens, flowers in the woods and fields beyond; and every flower had the conscious beauty of a beloved face, and its fragrance was a secret from the Other World; its petals had the smoothness, under the fingers of my imagination, the silky coolness and resilience of living skin. It goes without saying, of course, that we were still being sensible. But the world was tipsy with its own perfections, crazy with excess of life.

"We did our work, ate our picnic lunch, we smoked our cigarettes on deck chairs in the sun. But the sun was too hot and we decided to finish our nap indoors; and then what anybody could have told us would happen duly happened. . . . Happened as I suddenly discovered between two ecstasies, under the eyes of a three-quarter-length portrait of Henry Maartens, commissioned and presented to him by the directors of some big electrical company that had profited by his professional advice, and so monstrous in its photographic realism that it had been relegated to the spare bedroom at the farm. It was one of those portraits that are always looking at you, like Big Brother in Orwell's *1984*. I turned my head, and there it was in its black cutaway coat, solemnly glaring—the very embodiment of public opinion, the painted symbol and projection of my own guilty conscience. And next to the portrait was a Victorian wardrobe with a looking-glass door that reflected the tree outside the window and, within the room, part of the bed, part of the two bodies dappled with sunlight and the moving shadows of oak leaves. 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"But here, what with the portrait and the mirror, there was no possibility of ignorance. And the knowledge of what we had done became even more disquieting when, half an hour later, as I put on my jacket, I heard the crackle of stiff paper in a side pocket, and remembered Ruth's mauve envelope. The poem, this time, was a narrative, in four-line stanzas, a kind of ballad about two adulterers, a faithless wife and her lover, before the bar of God at the Last Judgment. Standing there in the huge, accusing silence, they feel themselves being stripped by invisible hands of all their disguises, garment after garment, until at last they're stark naked. More than stark naked, indeed: for their resurrected bodies are transparent. Lights and liver, bladder and guts, every organ, with its specific

excrement—all, all are revoltingly visible. And suddenly they find that they are not alone, but on a stage, under spotlights, in the midst of millions of spectators, tier on tier of them, retching with uncontrollable disgust as they look, or jeering, denouncing, calling for vengeance, howling for the whip and the branding iron.

"There was a kind of Early Christian malignity about the piece, which was all the more terrifying because Ruth had been brought up completely outside the pale of that hideous kind of fundamentalism. Judgment, hell, eternal punishment—these weren't things she'd been taught to believe in. They were notions she had adopted for her own special purposes, in order to express what she felt about her mother and myself. Jealousy, to begin with: jealousy and rebuffed love, hurt vanity, angry resentment. And the resentment had to be given a respectable motive, the anger transformed into righteous indignation. She suspected the worst of us so that she might be justified in feeling the worst. And she suspected the worst so vehemently that, in next to no time, she wasn't guessing any more, she *knew* that we were guilty. And, knowing it, the child in her was outraged, the woman felt more bitterly, vengefully jealous than before. With a horrible sinking of the heart, a mounting terror in the face of an incalculable future, I read the thing to the end, read it again, then turned to where Katy was sitting before the mirror on the dressing table, pinning up her hair, smiling at the radiantly smiling image of a goddess, and humming a tune out of "The Marriage of Figaro." *Dove sono i bei momenti Di dolcezza e di piacer?* I had always admired that divine unconcern of hers, that Olympian *je m'en foutisme*. Now, suddenly, it enraged me. She had no right not to be feeling what the reading of Ruth's poem had made me feel.

"'Do you want to know,' I said, 'why our little Ruthy has been acting the way she has? Do you want to know what she really thinks of us?' And crossing the room, I handed her the two sheets of purple notepaper on which the child had copied out her poem. Katy started to read. Studying her face I saw the original look of amusement (for Ruth's poetry was a standing joke in the family) give place to an expression of serious, concentrated attention. Then a vertical wrinkle appeared on the forehead between the eyes. The frown deepened and, as she turned to the second page, she bit her lip. The goddess, after all, was vulnerable. . . . I had scored my point; but it was a poor sort of triumph that ended with there being two bewildered rabbits in the trap instead of one. And it was the kind of trap that Katy was totally unequipped to get out of. Most uncomfortable situations she just ignored, just sailed through as though they didn't exist. And in effect, if she went on ignoring them long enough and serenely enough, they stopped existing. The people she had offended forgave her, because she was so beautiful and good-humored; the people who had worried themselves sick, or made complications for others, succumbed to the contagion of her godlike indifference and momentarily forgot to be neurotic or malignant.

"And when the technique of being serenely unaware didn't work, there was her other gambit—the technique of rushing in where angels fear to tread; the technique of being gaily tactless, of making enormous bloomers in all innocence and simplicity, of uttering the most unmentionable truths with the most irresistible of smiles. But this was a case where neither of these methods would work. If she said nothing, Ruth would go on acting as she had acted up till now. And if she rushed in and said everything, God only knew what a disturbed adolescent might do.

"And meanwhile there was Henry to think of, there was her own future as the sole and, we were all convinced, the utterly indispensable support of a sick genius and his children. Ruth was in the position, and might even now be in the mood, to pull down the whole temple of their lives for the sake of spiting her mother. And there was nothing that a woman who had the temperament of a goddess, without the goddess's omnipotence, could do about it. There was, however, something that *I* could do; and as we discussed our situation—for the first time, remember, since there had been a situation to discuss!—it became more and more clear what that something was. I could do what I had felt I ought to do after that first apocalyptic night—clear out

"Katy wouldn't hear of it at first, and I had to argue with her all the way home—argue against myself, against my own happiness. In the end she was convinced. It was the only way out of the trap.

RUTH eyed us, when we got home, like a detective searching for clues. Then she asked me if I liked her poem. I told her—which was strictly true—that it was the best thing she had ever written. . . . She was pleased, but did her best not to show it. The smile which lit up her face was almost instantly repressed and she asked me, in an intently meaningful way, what I had thought of the poem's subject. I was prepared for the question and answered with an indulgent chuckle. It reminded me, I said, of the sermons my poor dear father used to preach in Lent. Then I looked at my watch, said something about urgent work and left her, as I could see by the expression on her face, discomfited. She had looked forward, I suppose, to a scene



in which she would play the coldly implacable judge, while I, the culprit, gave an exhibition of cringing evasion, or broke down and confessed. But, instead, the culprit had laughed and the judge had been treated to an irrelevant joke about clergymen. I had won a skirmish; but the war still raged and could be ended, it was plain enough, only by my retreat.

"Two days later it was Friday and, as happened every Friday, the postman had brought my mother's weekly letter, and Beulah, when she set the table for breakfast, had propped it conspicuously (for she was all for mothers) against my coffee cup. I opened, read, looked grave, read again, then lapsed into preoccupied silence. Katy took the cue and asked solicitously if I had had bad news. To which I answered, of course, that it wasn't too good. My mother's health . . . The alibi had been prepared. By that evening it was all settled. Officially, as the head of the laboratory, Henry gave me two weeks' leave of absence. I would take the ten-thirty on Sunday morning and, in the interval, on Saturday, we would all escort the convalescent to the farm and have a farewell picnic.

THERE were too many of us for one car; so Katy and the children went ahead in the family Overland. Henry and Beulah, with most of their luggage, followed in the Maxwell with me. The others had a good start on us; for when we were half a mile from home, Henry discovered, as usual, that he had forgotten some absolutely indispensable book, and we had to drive back and look for it. Ten minutes later we were on our way again. On our way, as it turned out, to that meeting with Predestination."

Rivers finished his whisky and his pipe.

"Even through the wrong end of the opera glasses, even in another universe, inhabited by different people . . ." He shook his head. "There are certain things that are simply inadmissible." There was a pause.

"Well, let's get it over with," he said at last. "About two miles this side of the farm there was a crossroad where you had to turn left. It was in a wood and the leaves were so thick you couldn't see what was coming from either side. When we got there, I slowed down, I honked my horn, I put the car into low and turned. And suddenly, as I rounded the bend, there was the Overland roadster in the ditch, upside down, and near it a big truck with its radiator smashed in. And between the two cars was a young man in blue denims kneeling by a child, who was screaming. Ten or fifteen feet away there were two things that looked like bundles of old clothes, like garbage—garbage with blood on it."

There was another silence.

"Were they dead?" I finally asked.

"Katy died a few minutes after we came on the scene, and Ruth died in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. Timmy was being reserved for a worse death at Okinawa; he got off with some cuts and a couple of broken ribs. He was sitting at the back, he told us, with Katy driving, and Ruth beside her on the front seat. The two of them had been having an argument, and Ruth was mad about something—he didn't know what, because he wasn't listening; he was thinking of a way of electrifying his clockwork train and anyhow he never paid much attention to what Ruth said when she was mad. If you paid attention to her, it just made things worse. But his mother *had* paid attention. He remembered her saying, 'You don't know what you're talking about,' and then, 'I forbid you to say those things.' And then they turned the corner, and they were going too fast and she didn't honk the horn and that huge truck hit them broadside on.

"So you see," Rivers concluded, "it was really both kinds of Predestination. The Predestination of events, and at the same time the Predestination of two temperaments, Ruth's and Katy's—the temperament of an outraged child, who was also a jealous woman; and the temperament of a goddess, cornered by circumstances and suddenly realizing that, objectively, she was only a human being, for whom the Olympian temperament might actually be a handicap. And the discovery was so disturbing that it made her careless, left her incapable of dealing adequately with the events by which she was predestined to be destroyed—and destroyed (but this was for *my* benefit, of course, this was an item in *my* psychological Predestination) with every refinement of physical outrage—an eye put out by a splinter of glass, the nose and lips and chin almost oblit-

erated, rubbed out on the bloody macadam of the road. And there was a crushed right hand and the ragged ends of a broken shinbone showing through the stocking. It was something I dreamed about practically every night. Katy with her back to me; and she was either on the bed in the farmhouse, or else standing by the window in my room, throwing the shawl over her shoulders. Then she'd turn and look at me, and there was no face, only that expanse of scraped flesh, and I'd wake up screaming. I got to the point where I didn't dare to go to sleep at night."

Listening to him, I remembered that young John Rivers whom, to my great surprise, I had found at Beirut, in 'twenty-five, teaching physics at the American University.

"Was that why you looked so horribly ill?" I asked. He nodded his head.

"Too little sleep and too much memory," he said. "I was afraid of going mad, and rather than go mad, I'd decided to kill myself. Then, just in the nick of time, Predestination got to work and came up with the only brand of saving Grace that could do me any good. I met Helen."

"At the same cocktail party," I put in, "where I met her. Do you remember?"

"Sorry, I don't. I don't remember anybody on that occasion except Helen. If you've been saved from drowning, you remember the lifeguard, but not the spectators on the pier."

"No wonder I never had a chance!" I said. "At the time I used to think, rather bitterly, that it was because women, even the best of them, the rare extraordinary Helens, prefer good looks to artistic sensibility, prefer brawn with brains (for I was forced to admit that you had some brains!) to brains with that exquisite *je ne sais quoi* which was *my* specialty. Now I see what your irresistible attraction was. You were unhappy."

He nodded his agreement, and there was a long silence. A clock struck twelve.

"Merry Christmas," I said and, finishing off my whisky, I got up to go. "You haven't told me what happened to poor old Henry after the accident."

WELL, HE BEGAN, of course, by having a relapse. Not a very bad one. He had nothing to gain, this time, by going to death's door. Just a mild affair. Katy's sister came down for the funeral and stayed on to look after him. She was like a caricature of Katy. Fat, florid, loud. Not a goddess disguished as a peasant—a barmaid imagining she was a goddess. She was a widow. Four months later Henry married her. I'd gone to Beirut by that time; so I never witnessed their connubial bliss. But from all accounts it was considerable. But the poor woman couldn't keep her weight down. She died in 'thirty-five. Henry quickly found himself a young blonde called Alice. Alice wanted to be admired for her thirty-eight-inch bust, but still more for her two-hundred-inch intellect. 'What do you think of Schrödinger?' you'd ask him; but it would be Alice who answered. She saw him through to the end."

"When did you see him last?" I asked.

"Just a few months before he died. Eighty-seven and still amazingly active, still chock-full of what his biographer likes to call 'the undiminished blaze of intellectual power.' To me he seemed like an overwound clockwork monkey. Clockwork ratiocination; clockwork gestures, clockwork smiles and grimaces. And then there was the conversation. What amazingly realistic tape recordings of the old anecdotes about Planck and Rutherford and J. J. Thompson! Of his celebrated soliloquies about Logical Positivism and Cybernetics! Of reminiscences about those exciting war years when he was working on the A-bomb! Of his gaily apocalyptic speculations about the bigger and better Infernal Machines of the future! You could have sworn that it was a real human being who was talking. But gradually, as you went on listening, you began to realize that there was nobody at home. The tapes were being reeled off automatically, it was *vox et praeterea nihil*—the voice of Henry Maartens without his presence."

"But isn't that the thing you were recommending?" I asked. "Dying every moment."

"But Henry hadn't died. That's the whole point. He'd merely left the clockwork running and gone somewhere else."

"Gone where?"

"God knows. Into some kind of infantile burrow in his subconscious, I suppose. Outside, for all to see and hear, was that stupendous clockwork monkey, that undiminished blaze of intellectual power. Inside there lurked the miserable little creature who still needed flattery and reassurance and sex and a womb-substitute—the creature who would have to face the music on Henry's deathbed. *That* was still frantically alive and unprepared, by any preliminary dying, totally unprepared for the decisive moment. Well, the decisive moment is over now and whatever remains of poor old Henry is probably squeaking and gibbering in the streets of Los Alamos, or maybe around the bed of his widow and her new husband. And of course nobody pays any attention, nobody gives a damn. Quite rightly. Let the dead bury their dead. And now you want to go."

He got up, took my arm, and walked me out into the hall. "Drive carefully," he said as he opened the front door. "This is a Christian country and it's the Saviour's birthday. Practically everybody you see will be drunk."

After Hours



DIGGING THE NEW SOUND

JAZZ MUSIC is old enough by now to show signs of old age, but I'm happy to report that it hasn't done so. A hasty and amateurish inspection of what's new, in jazz, has convinced me that in at least this respect its present is no different from the past. The music is still changing so steadily that he who stands still is soon left behind. The musicians still nurse fantasies of being respectable, or at least eating regular. The teen-age enthusiasts are still given to outlandish whimsies (like Rock 'n Roll), and the remarks of the professional critics still tend to be incomprehensible to anyone else. Only a small group of people, as usual, has the slightest idea what it's all about. Or cares.

Maybe I shouldn't say "cares." There are obviously many more adults than there used to be who think they *ought* to understand, but don't. Jazz enjoys right now a double advantage: it has become culturally okay but is still vaguely disreputable: it is invulnerable in its capacity as genuine Americana but still carries a faint odor of the gin mill—a combination difficult to resist. A jazz festival now takes place, with only normal abrasion on the local nerves, at Newport: and records are being made (even sold) at a rate that leaves precedent behind. And yet, and yet.

The fact that several generations have now grown up with jazz has not produced, in the proportion you would expect, an audience trained to support and appreciate it. Most of us, it is true, still vibrate to the echoes of what was "popular" when we last paid attention. But youth passes, tastes change. In the fond conviction that we know jazz, we postpone checking on developments until too late—too late to avoid the embarrassment of having to ask who "Klook" is, or what instrument Shorty Rogers plays, or what is so "cool" about a diminished fifth.

Worse still, we recognize the feeling. We suspect our juniors, quite rightly, of entertaining the same opinion of their elders as we did of ours. So we adopt the traditional defense, which is old fogyism. Looking back, we attribute to the idioms and idiosyncrasies of the bands we knew best a special emotional potency—all since is transparently dross. We tend to suppose (and I confess to so supposing) that jazz started downhill on a hypothetical date when it reached perfection—let's say, May 13, 1927, when Frank Trumbauer and Bix Beiderbecke recorded "I'm Coming Virginia"—and attribute everything since to vice, irrationality, or general decay.

To be fair, the consuming public is not the only villain. The musicians themselves (and their immediate interpreters, the jazz writers and disk jockeys) often lend themselves to each cult of mystification that comes along, preferring to compromise on a mannerism—and all grow goatees and wear berets, if necessary—if that will sell the music they really like. The result has been more than a decade of gaudy intramural warfare, with faddish overtones, which has only recently shown signs of slackening. Experience never seems to make the transition easier. When bebop came to national attention in the mid-forties, *Life* explained it as a curious method of greeting adapted from vaudeville; *Time* said it was "full of bawdiness, references to narcotics, and double-talk"; and Station KMPC in Los Angeles banned it from the air. 'Twas ever thus.

MY CONTENTION, after this necessary prologue, is that contemporary jazz is flourishing and that you owe yourself a chance to discover it. In many ways it is more accessible than ever before to the devotees of legit, or classical, music—more contrapuntal, less rhythmically monotonous, better educated in polyphony. Hi-fi, plus the decline of the dance-band circuit, has encouraged the growth of "chamber jazz"; relatively quiet playing by small groups, especially quartets, who must thus be highly expert. Their music reveals its history but is not swamped by it. Though each wave of revolution has left its audible mark, the core tradition is intact; the final question still is whether or not they *swing*.

Furthermore, as I was relieved to discover on consulting expert opinion, "swing" is still defined not only by example but by an old, reliable example. "Whatever it is, it's what Count Basie does" continues to be sound doctrine (for the curious, a current record is *Count Basie Dance Session,* Clef MG C-626). Just as the last-ditch defenders of Dixieland have mostly come around to admitting that "progressive" is not a synonym for intolerable, many of the insistent innovators now recognize their need for grounding in the tradition they once rejected. The New Orleans revival which has intermittently accompanied the New Jazz—and which I am going to have to ignore entirely—may eventually turn out to have been more useful than disruptive. Before we go on to particular musicians, in any event, it is worth remembering that not all good jazz being currently played is *ergo* "new." There are the "old" among us, after all, developing with the years, who are not so easily labeled. There is still respect for the singer of fondest memory, Miss Fitzgerald (*Ella,* Decca DL 8068), and the granddaddy of experimental orchestras, Duke Ellington's, which goes on its tirelessly idiosyncratic way (among many, *Ellington '55*, Capitol W 521).

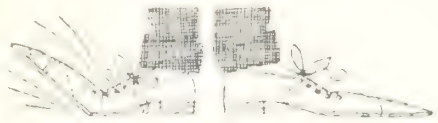
Such is the weakness, needless to say, of an arbitrary listing of examples; any given one should be elaborately qualified with exceptions, derivations, and unique circumstances. The music now included in the helpfully vague term "new sound" owes debts that cry out to be recognized: to pioneer individuals like Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Jimmy Blanton, Fats Navarro, Charlie Christian; orchestras that—now out of fashion, and deservedly so, to my taste—have nonetheless served so many of today's musicians as school and shelter: Billy Eckstine's, Dizzy Gillespie's, Woody Herman's, Stan Kenton's. But having acknowledged the debt, as far as the big bands go, I want to pass gracefully over it; for in sum they have also done a disservice in freezing the public image of what "experimental" jazz is—frenzied dissonance pursued to the point where unheard-of effects become their own justification. Where Kenton served, so also did he solidify. The path of the enterprising listener will first be blocked by his enormous shadow. "The new jazz? No, I've heard Stan Kenton and I didn't think much of it."

TO SPARE you that mistake, I hasten to explain that such shrieking and blatting by woodwinds and brass are not essential to salvation. Try instead, as a first step on the right road, the Modern Jazz Quartet—a group that made its reputation largely with one record (Prestige PRLP 160), has reinforced it with a second (Prestige PRLP 170), but lacks the fame that might have insured survival. The line-up: Kenny Clarke ("Klook"), drums; Percy Heath, double bass; Milt Jackson, vibraharp; and—*primus inter pares*—John Lewis, piano (it can be said that, without Lewis, the others do not sound the same). The MJQ is gentle, cohesive, melodic—one thing follows another so as to expose you, without too great pain, to some of the scales and chords the new jazz has absorbed from bebop and "serious" modern music (John Lewis, characteristically, is an ex-anthropologist who has sung in the Schola Cantorum and holds two degrees from the Manhattan School of Music; like the other three members of the quartet, he is also an alumnus of Dizzy Gillespie's academy and talent farm). From here on it is all easy stages into the many similar quartets (often with overlapping personnel) that offer an easy-going introduction—Teddy Charles' (Prestige PRLP 143 and 164), Tony Scott (Brunswick BL 58056), or Gerry Mulligan (Pacific PLJP-1), to start a hopelessly incomplete list.

You are only in danger of difficulty when you come to the quartet best known by name—name of Brubeck, fabled in *Time* and story, major figure, fine fellow, and more. But, with all respect, unless you are taking this course for credit, I suggest you pass on by. Dave Brubeck's kind of music is Dave Brubeck's kind of music. In the first place, this is less a quartet than a solo piano and a solo alto sax backed by a rhythm section; in the second, it is real cerebral stuff, full of quotations (all the same like T. S. Eliot) which I am

sure have greater impact if you can recognize them. Columbia has him on a host of large LPs (*Jazz Goes to College*, *Dave Brubeck at Storyville: 1954*, and *Brubeck Time*, CL 566, 590, and 622), but my personal vote would go to an ancient 1953 recording, *Jazz at Oberlin*, with another company (Fantasy 3-11). On the latter, in "These Foolish Things," you can hear Brubeck build up his percussive piano intensities with what seems to me his greatest success.

Brubeck's saturation in the modern non-jazz styles is constantly showing through, though it must be admitted at this point that the distinction is getting harder and harder to make. One of the admirable achievements of the "progressive" revolution (and some of the Afro-Cuban influences that accompanied bebop) has been to break down the rigidity of the one-two-three-four jazz beat. More and more jazz is also being written down, on paper beforehand (perhaps too much, but that's another story), and among the compositions appearing on records labeled "jazz" are many you might not otherwise identify as such—*viz.* the piece by Jimmy Guiffre on *Shelly Manne and His Men* (Contemporary C-2503) or the Mel Powell Trio's *Thigamagig* (Vanguard VRS-8502). Again, don't judge everything by the big bands; the rapprochement with the classical is not all Sauter-Finnegan, by any means.



WHERE you go from here is a matter of taste and temperament. Since so much of the new music relies on a cocktail-piano sort of charm and inner structural ingenuity, it depends on how charmed you are. I find much that is agreeable among the Pacific Coast products—try *Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars* or *Barney Kessel* (Contemporary C 2506 and 2508)—but am at a loss for other standards of judgment. Better to pick and to follow a single musician who takes your interest; better still to hear him in the flesh (Gerry Mulligan and Chet Baker, for instance, strike me as more impressive in concert than on records). The one instrument I find most promising, under the new dispensation, is the trumpet—and the three names to try are Miles Davis, Ruby Braff, and Clifford Brown. Davis led a famous group on a milestone record of several years ago (Capitol H 459) and has led others since (among them, his *All-Star Sextet*, Prestige LP 182). Braff appears with Mel Powell (see above) and more recently with Benny Goodman (*B. G. in Hi-Fi*, Capitol W 565), but has an able performance in his own name, *Ruby Braff Swings* (Bethlehem BCP 1005). For Clifford Brown, the recommended record is *Clifford Brown and Max Roach* (EmArcy MG 26043).

Sooner or later, you will want to head back into history and find out where all this started. Now is not the time—and I am certainly not the person—to offer explanations of who derived from whom, or when. There is ample scholarship, for example, in Barry Ulanov's *History of Jazz in America* to satisfy normal appetites, and Messrs. Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff (of *Downbeat*) are about to produce a book that should contain much enlightenment. But, as Mr. Ulanov says, though modern jazz knows where it came from, it doesn't know why. Armed with the idea of "influence," you can trace your way eventually back to the court music of the Pharaohs. History will therefore be represented here by three examples that can be justified only as personal favorites—Lennie Tristano (Capitol EAP 1-491), the late Stan Hasselgard (Capitol EAP 1-466), and the late Charles "Bird" Parker (the old Dial records that have just been issued by Concert Hall Society as Jazztone CHJ 1004). Readers of *Harper's* who remember a story called "Sparrow's Last Jump" (May 1947) will find its source in Charlie Parker.

The reason that you *should* do all this, instead of just thinking about it, is that jazz needs more friends. Records make reputations, but they make a living only for the favored few; and, as yet, the small concerts are only slowly replacing the dying dance circuit. Many of the musicians are now quite bourgeois types, strictly gray flannel, who don't intend to live out of a tenor-sax case on whisky and oxygen. By combining Brubeck, Mulligan, Baker, Carmen McRae, and Jazzbo Collins, the producing team of Don Friedman and Robert Gardiner was able to fill Carnegie Hall twice in an evening this past March; but it seems unfortunate that the jazz public has to be pushed into action by such a massing of names. Brubeck made a great discovery (though so far he has had no imitators) by coming up to fame through a series of personal appearances at small Midwestern colleges. There ought to be more like them—small, local concerts—without the underlying assumption that it's New York or nothing. Brubeck played Carnegie Hall, ironically enough, the night Charlie Parker died.

—Mr. Harper

the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

History, and How We Make It

Too Many People

Novels of Distinction

IN HIS **Chance or Destiny** (Little, Brown, $3.75) Oscar Handlin tackles the problem of what makes things happen in history. His book is an effort to dissuade the reader from the notion that history has immutable laws, that it is irresistibly "headed" somewhere, either in the direction of progress or decline. History, as he sees it, is a vast network of choices men have made in an equally vast network of circumstances. Man cannot choose to do anything he pleases, because the universe conditions and limits his choices in all sorts of ways, but the centuries are spanned by no great overarching "tendency" that automatically corrects him when he chooses wrong or that inevitably damns him even if he chooses right. Man proposes and God disposes, but *what* man proposes can sometimes make a terrifying amount of difference in what happens.

This is an attitude toward history appropriate to an age in which freedom is called with increasing frequency by the more somber name of responsibility. It is an attitude that takes cognizance of man's limitations without either excusing him for his blunders or robbing him of his hopes, though it reminds him that hope is always standing on the thin edge. It is an attitude that recognizes the historical event, however complex or ambiguous it may be, as something that really happened, a commitment rather than an illustration of a trend.

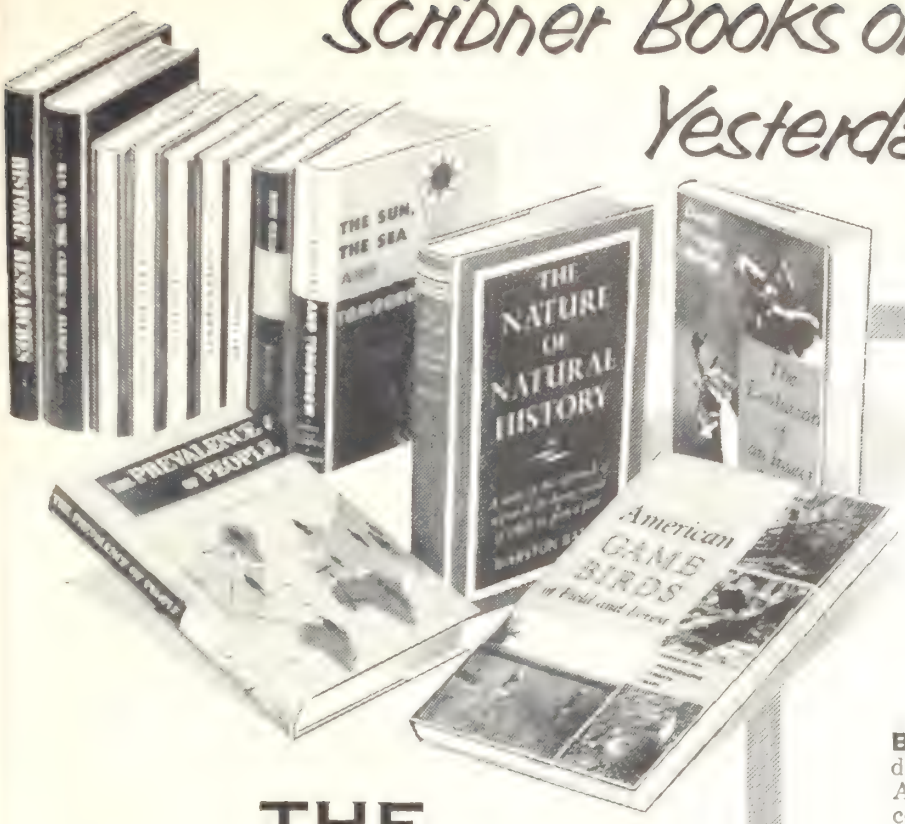
Handlin has hit upon an unusually agreeable way of presenting his ideas. He saves his more abstract discussion until the end and devotes most of the book to eight historical short stories. Each story tells of a turning point in American history, some moment when, if a man had acted differently or the universe had imposed a different set of conditions on his actions, the course of history would have been greatly altered. They are first-rate stories, well written and highly entertaining, but there is a little too much of O. Henry about them to do full justice to the theoretical chapters with which the book ends. The *one* event that provides the center of each story is often emphasized at the expense of surrounding events without which it would be of no importance. A kingdom may be lost for want of a nail, but a great many other things have to happen before that nail becomes crucial.

The title Handlin has given his book is a little misleading. In spite of what seems to be some uncertainty in his mind, he is not really trying to replace the idea that destiny rules history with the idea that chance does. After all there is no very great difference between the two; destiny is simply chance with somewhere to go. To believe that either chance or destiny is running things is to say that what men do is of no consequence. That is not what Handlin means. Rather, his book is a historian's contribution, and an important one, to a subject that in one way or another engages the attention of many of our most thoughtful contemporaries: the nature and extent of man's responsibility in the world.

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the South that it has more than one tradition to call upon, and to showing that segregation is so recent as to be less a tradition than an aberration. Since Woodward is a Southerner as well as a leading historian of the South, his work is both sympathetic and reliable.

Woodward's theme is that it is not the same old South, and never has been. Though most Americans have enjoyed a remarkable historical continuity, for the Southerner history has long been a series of sharp reversals and sudden changes of direction. Segregation itself is a comparatively recent invention. It wasn't possible under slavery, and the attempt to write it into law hardly began until about 1890. Travelers in the South in the 1880s, including old-time fire-eating Abolitionists, found little evidence of segregation. In 1885 a Negro newspaperman from Boston systematically toured the South to see how he would be treated. "I feel about as safe here as in Providence, R. I.," he wrote back to his paper. "I can ride in first-class cars on the railroads and in the streets. I can go into saloons and get refreshments even as in New York. I can stop in and get a glass of soda and be more politely waited on than in some parts of New England." After a few weeks he curtailed his letters because there was so little to report.

As late as 1898 the editor of the Charleston *News and Courier,* the oldest newspaper in the South, wrote a withering attack on a proposed law to require Jim Crow cars on railroads in South Carolina. He pointed out that the state had got along for many years without such a law and certainly had no need for it now. Then he tried to reduce the proposal to absurdity by suggesting the ridiculous lengths to which Jim Crowism could be carried once it got started. The cruel irony is that in a very few years almost every one of the absurdities he suggested had become a matter of solemn law. And by 1906 the same newspaper was arguing that segregation wasn't enough; only mass deportation of Negroes would do: "There is no room for them here." Segregation laws proliferated through the early years of the century; there were new ones as late as 1944. Laws preventing interracial checker-playing or the use by Negroes and whites of the same telephone booths are among the more whimsical examples.

Woodward surveys the variety of causes that produced Jim Crowism. Some of this material is too briefly and allusively presented, but the main point is made with inescapable clarity: the Summerian argument that you can't change human behavior by law is false. Segregation was created by law, and it can be destroyed the same way. In fact, as Woodward shows in his concluding chapter, it is right now being so destroyed.

Like Handlin's book, *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* increases our freedom by demonstrating that though the events of the past had their causes they were not inevitable. Segregation came about because certain men in certain circumstances made certain choices, and there is nothing in the nature of the case to prevent our exercising our responsibilities more wisely.

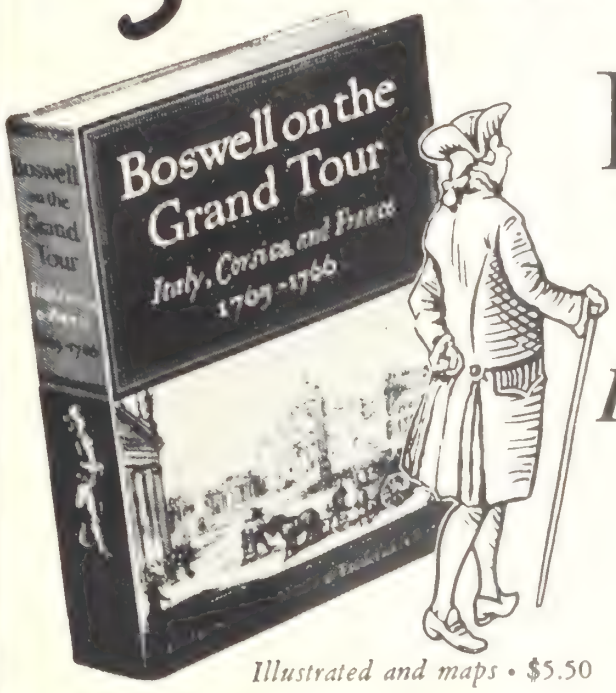
GETTING OUT OF TROUBLE

ON INDEPENDENCE Day of 1953 Benjamin Fine, the education editor of the *New York Times,* heard Attorney-General Brownell tell a teachers' convention that during the next year one million American boys and girls would get into trouble serious enough to be picked up by the police. At the time Fine thought the Attorney General's prophecy a pardonable piece of rhetorical exaggeration; later, however, after he started investigating the subject, he decided that the figure was appallingly realistic. The result of his investigation is the book **1,000,000 Delinquents** (World, $4).

1,000,000 Delinquents contains pages of statistics; it summarizes official statements; it quotes from those dreariest of documents, the findings of committees; and it is still fascinating. No one can be indifferent to the subject, and Fine does his level best to give it a fair and full treatment. He subscribes to no simple theory of causation (slums or poor schools or comic books) and he offers no simple cure. He is contemptuous of the "woodshed" approach—the notion that if delinquents' parents would only beat them up regularly they would come round—because his investigations show that it doesn't work. The available information indicates that whatever other deprivations delinquents have suffered, they have not usually been deprived of corporal punishment. Fine also demonstrates that various efforts to punish parents for the misdeeds of their offspring are unfair and unavailing. The evidence he has collected convinces him that there is truth in the psychologist's truism: the child in trouble is a troubled child, and the thing to do is to find out what is troubling him and help him to deal with it. This means that Fine regards the skills of the social worker and the psychiatrist as more to the point than the razor strop.

The generalized juvenile delinquent as he appears in Fine's pages is a youngster who has failed to make satisfactory contact with the world of adult responsibility. Usually he is estranged, either psychologically or physically, from one or both parents. He continues to be estranged at school and tries not to go; truancy is part of the record of most delinquents. Sometimes the delinquent has some peculiarity that alienates him—he is physically different, or he can't read, or he has a speech difficulty. Often the only place he fits in is with a group of other misfits. like himself, and a good deal of his misbehavior arises from a desire to impress that group. Then too,

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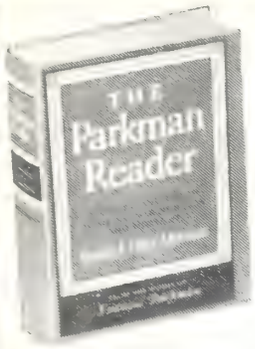
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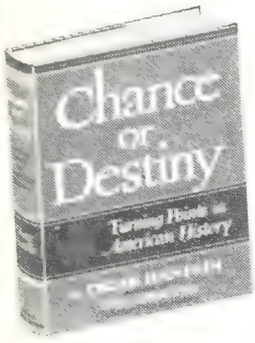
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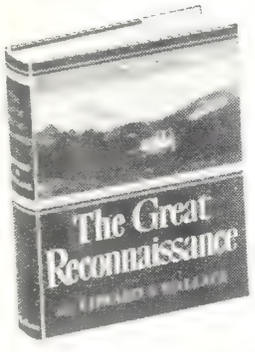
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since he doesn't get along very well at home, he hangs out in doubtful places; since he doesn't go to school if he can help it, he has a lot of time on his hands and gets bored. Not everything that he does to relieve the tedium is so lurid as the somewhat specialized coverage of delinquency by newspapers would suggest, but neither is all of it the spontaneous overflow of innocent high spirits by a long shot.

Fine convincingly reports that communities which have really wanted to do something about juvenile delinquency have shown that something can be done. Competent workers with adequate resources at their command can greatly reduce the amount of juvenile delinquency in a community. They have done it where they have been given a chance, and they need more chances.

SELF-PORTRAIT

TWENTY-eight years ago André Siegfried published *America Comes of Age,* which H. L. Mencken with characteristic moderation called "the most accurate, penetrating and comprehensive treatise on the United States ever published." Now, at the age of eighty, a professor in the Collège de France and a member of the Académie Française, Siegfried offers a sequel, **America at Mid-Century** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75).

The new book is not likely to cause the stir its predecessor did. In the last quarter-century too many European observers have written too many books about this country; and a man with Siegfried's urbanity, sympathy, and undramatic respect for facts can hardly compete with the astounding fiction about America perpetrated by Continental journalists and visiting lady Existentialists.

It must be confessed, too, that *America at Mid-Century* is in some respects an old-fashioned book. Though most of the information—especially on such subjects as politics and economics—is up-to-date, though there is an excellent account of such a recent event as the 1952 Presidential campaign, the book's range of allusion often recalls an earlier time. When Siegfried wants to refer to an evangelist he writes Billy Sunday rather than Billy Graham. With

one exception the only novelist he quotes is Sinclair Lewis. In a discussion of American religion he gives a page to summarizing Bruce Barton's *The Man Nobody Knows* (published in 1925), but he mentions neither Norman Vincent Peale nor Reinhold Niebuhr. The most recent American sociology he seems to have read is the Lynds' work on Middletown, though—faithful to the American image of a Frenchman—he has made his way through Kinsey.

A few of Siegfried's facts are wrong (he thinks that most of the newspapers, including those traditionally Republican, were for Stevenson in 1952); and some of his interpretations are doubtful, not only when he deals with topics on which there is an open season, like the character of Roosevelt, but also when he deals with matters usually subject to stricter rules of evidence. His picture of Roosevelt as an amiable lighthearted opportunist, a kind of political Robin Hood with his eye on the main chance, may not be right, but everyone is entitled to an opinion on that subject. But when Siegfried says that "the Jewish problem . . . has become more acute" in America because of such recent events as the apprehension of Jewish atomic spies and the creation of the state of Israel, he should give his evidence.

Yet on the whole *America at Mid-Century* is a reliable book, and few Americans could read it without learning something about their own country.

The best thing in the book, however, is a kind of self-portrait that slowly emerges from Siegfried's pages. We see an old man deeply committed to Western civilization and intensely aware that the chief responsibility for keeping that civilization alive now rests upon the shoulders of the enigmatic young giant across the ocean. Siegfried regrets that Europe does not mean more to America: "As Europe exists it must be defended, but were it to disappear under the sea like Atlantis, one may be sure that America would consider it as a cause of relief." He shows how bitterly Europeans resent our policies of exclusion, both of goods and of people. He believes that Western civilization will survive in American hands, but he also believes that it will be altered and in

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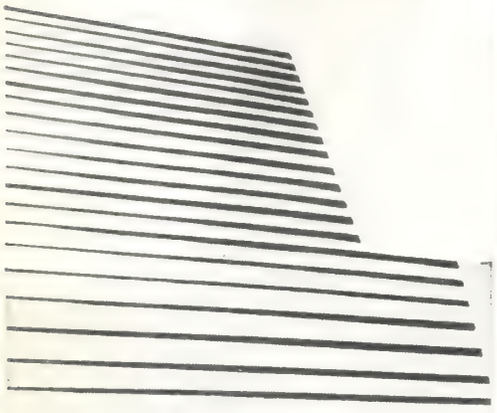
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some ways diminished. His hail and farewell to the country he has studied through many decades of his life is a line from Corneille: "A great destiny is ending, a great destiny is beginning."

STANDING ROOM ONLY

ONE WAY in which Western man has enormously and unexpectedly extended the scope of his responsibility in recent years is by prolonging the lifespan of people in non-industrialized countries. When Western medicine and other scientific aids (like DDT) are introduced into non-industrialized societies they set off a rate of population growth that in the long run may well be more dangerous to the peace of the world than the atomic bomb. At present rates the population of the earth will double itself in the next seventy years.

Of course Western science has a similar effect in the countries of its origin, the industrialized nations, but in time these countries taper off their population growth by bringing their birth rates more or less in line with their death rates. Perhaps this will happen in the non-industrialized societies too, but the catch is that the tapering-off process takes about 150 years, and in that 150 years population accumulates with implacable compound interest. And it is by no means certain that population will taper off at all without industrialization, urbanization, rising standards of living, and education. In **Standing Room Only** (Beacon Press, $3) Karl Sax argues that many countries, like Egypt, India, Ceylon, and Mexico, cannot possibly support the hordes they will produce in the 150 years before they achieve population stability, if they ever achieve it.

Sax carefully surveys the resources available to the coming crowd and concludes that there simply aren't enough. He looks at theories based on the hope that there is some built-in regulator of population growth that will come to our aid (like Josue DeCastro's notion that population growth can be halted by better food) and gives the evidence that makes such theories unconvincing. He summarizes the current attempts to find new sources of food and decides that even if our grandchildren can live on a diet of yeast and plankton there will still be plenty of starvation in the world. In the end he sees no solution but some kind of contraceptive that will be cheap, reliable, and universally acceptable, even to ecclesiastical authorities. He gives reasons for thinking that such a contraceptive will soon be discovered, though his grounds for supposing that it might be acceptable to ecclesiastical authorities seem theologically dubious.

One thing Sax's book makes clear is that the role of the Catholic Church in population problems is rather different from what it is commonly supposed to be. Some Catholic groups have established remarkable reproductive records, most notably the French Canadians. There were fewer than 6,000 of them when immigration ceased in 1680 and there are now about 4,000,000. If they could keep up this rate of increase for another 250 years the number of French Canadians in the year 3000 would equal the present total population of the earth. But in general the members of the Catholic Church are not creating a population problem. Except for Latin America most of the nations suffering from acute population pressure are not Catholic; and Ireland, the most Catholic country in the world, has a low birth rate and—thanks in part to famine and emigration—a total population little more than half what it was in 1840. In Massachusetts the seven cities with the highest proportion of Catholic residents have almost exactly the same birth rate as the seven cities with the lowest proportion of Catholic residents. Massachusetts as a whole has a lower birth rate than France.

Where the Catholic position does influence population growth, Sax thinks, is in its effect on Western attempts to introduce birth control into non-Western nations. But he may make too much of this point. Actually all societies know how to practice some sort of birth control, by abstinence if nothing else, and, as he shows, most societies have practiced it in one form or another—infanticide, abortion, drugs, and so on. Control of the population for the good of the group is well established among many peoples of limited resources, such as the Eski-

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mos. Why then have so many peoples in this century ceased to plan their populations? One reason is of course that Western science has made it very much harder for them to do so. Perhaps that is the only reason, but one is tempted to think that since planning of any kind—including planning a family—depends upon feeling a connection with the future, it is when the future becomes hopelessly unpredictable that you give up all attempt to plan. However that may be, *Standing Room Only* is a succinct and challenging presentation of a problem we dare not ignore.

NOVELS OF DISTINCTION

A WONDERFUL insight into what family life is like when it must always be lived on the brink of starvation is provided by Kamala Markandaya's novel about India, **Nectar in a Sieve** (John Day, $3.50). The central character in the story and its narrator is a woman named Rukmani. She is the youngest daughter in a village family of some consequence, but since the family wealth has been exhausted in providing dowries for the older sisters and the family beauty has passed her by, the best her parents can find for her in the way of a husband is a poor young tenant farmer.

The book follows the course of their married life through happiness and disaster, flood and famine, separation and reunion. At first Rukmani has no children, but later a slight operation performed by an English physician enables her to have six. Whether she has more than she and her husband can afford is immaterial, since by Western standards they can't afford any. But they find in their children the fulfillment of their lives, even though most of the children desert and disappoint them. As the husband lies dying in a strange city where they have come in desperate hope of aid from a son who has vanished, he says, "I live in my children."

Most novels about peasant life are unbearable. Usually they are written in a kind of solemn baby talk and are full of old women making tiresomely wise remarks. But *Nectar in a Sieve* (Book of the Month, June) is a beautiful book, neither preten-

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tious nor condescending, admirably written and very moving.

SPACE does not permit discussion of Joyce Cary's **Not Honour More** (Harper, $3.50), but it would be a pity to omit all mention of this subtle and powerful novel. It brings to a brilliant conclusion the richly-textured trilogy Cary has built around the compelling and repulsive figure of the Liberal politician Chester Nimmo. In this volume (which can be read apart from its predecessors) Nimmo attempts to regain his lost power through the opportunities for political maneuver afforded by the British General Strike of 1926. But he has failed to assess properly the capacity for moral outrage in a responsible, honorable man, and that failure brings his story to an end both tragic and ignominious.

BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

Laugh Till You Cry, by Wolf Mankowitz. Foreword by Malcolm Muggeridge. Illustrations by Heather Standing.

An English salesman is shipwrecked on a jungle island with nothing of civilization except a suitcase of his samples—practical jokes and fireworks from his firm (motto: Laugh Till You Cry). He is taken in by a primitive people called Ditts, whose tribal customs are a terrifying parody of civilized life. Through the unfamiliar magic of his practical jokes (itching powder, exploding cigars, etc.) the salesman soon becomes head man on the island until a crisis is reached in the unnatural relationship and a reversal of attitudes seems to take place. The savages, formerly grim and obsessed only with the idea of increasing their "purchase magic" (money-grabbing?), once out-magicked by the jokester (is this civilization?) and deprived of their wealth, suddenly, in their reduced condition become happy and friendly, both to nature and each other. And all at once the jokester's wares produce laughter among them instead of terror, and all live happily ever after. This is an unwarranted simplification of a very complicated and brilliant book whose interpretations could be endless. It goes on too long for this reader. In the beginning the idea as newly presented crackles with fun and excitement. Later the fireworks fade. By the author of *Make Me an Offer*.

Dutton, $2.50

A Villa in Summer, by Penelope Mortimer.

A recent news story in the *New York Times* quoted a psychiatrist as decrying the effects of suburban living on the family. Commuting, he said, was exhausting for the father, and besides it deprived younger children of a father altogether, hours being what they are. In a refreshing first novel Penelope Mortimer shows exactly how it happens (only the wife has a few problems, too) and how husband and wife drift apart when they take a house in the country for the sake of their children. It never could have happened, she seems to say, in the small London flat where, when they were all at home they were almost always within sight, and certainly within calling distance of one another. The main characters are credible and endearing and the supporting cast in the small, postwar English village of Manningford are memorable and real. Good story, good people, good fun. Harcourt, Brace, $3.50

The Troubled Midnight, by Rodney Garland.

The disappearance of the two English diplomats, Douglas Maclean and Guy Burgess, has been the subject of books before. Cyril Connolly did one, and more recently, Geoffrey Hoare. Both were reports based on the facts, each filled in with biographical material which might help the reader determine his own solution of the mysterious affair. Mr. Garland's fictional interpretation is to me both more interesting and more satisfying, although it deviates very little from the known facts except in the disposition of Maclean's (Lockheed's) wife. But here there is a plot within a plot; the narrator in the book is a man who supposedly knew both diplomats at Oxford and it is in trying to defend himself from

charges of Communism and homosexuality that he becomes involved again with his Oxford friends. . . . When facts become too hard to believe, good fiction can sometimes make them credible again. Mr. Garland, who wrote an admirable fictional study of the homosexual underground in England, *The Heart in Exile*, has been able to use his previous research to shed light on this situation and to make an exciting and convincing story in the process.

Coward-McCann, $3.50

The Dinner Party, by Gretchen Finletter.

Those who read "The Dinner Party" and "The Young Man Who Came to Visit" in this magazine already know the wry and rueful humor with which the lady in this book confides her amazing, though normal, family problems in her diary—dinner parties, church fairs, daughter's beaux, house remodeling, country-club parties, etc. A self-dramatizer, as what good woman is not, she is always imagining herself serene and poised in situations which have a way of turning—not maliciously or unhappily, but hilariously—against her, reducing her to very human size. And she enjoys the joke. Her family—husband, and three daughters—her sister, her architect, her friends and servants become vivid and charming characters.

Harper, $3

NON-FICTION

Before I Kill More, The William Heirens Story, by Lucy Freeman.

When in 1947 Lucy Freeman was sent by the editor of the Chicago *American* to interview the boy who at seventeen had confessed to the brutal murder of a child and two women, and to innumerable burglaries, there were many questions in her mind, but "What is he like?" was uppermost. As she says, "The question of questions—what we all want to know of a murderer. What is he like? Is he like us or is he different, hoping perhaps he is different so we may reassure ourselves we could never commit murder no matter how strong our wish. Or perhaps in order to spot him easily so our lives will not be in danger from the unknown." In any case, from the one

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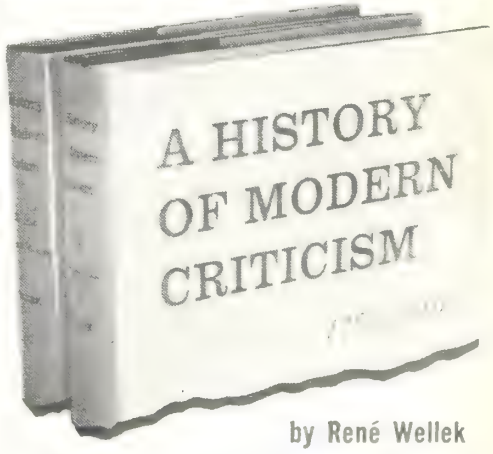
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prison visit she became so interested in this twisted young personality that she spent months interviewing him and his family, studying all available reports from childhood on, trying to discover what hidden fears and frustrations forced these acts of violence and the tortured message written in lipstick on the wall of his last victim's apartment, "For heaven's sake catch me before I kill more, I cannot control myself." The book is repetitive and exhausting in its detail, but throws much needed light into the dark corners haunted by juvenile delinquents. Crown, $3.50

Waterfront Priest, by Allen Raymond. Introduction by Budd Schulberg.

This is the story of Father John Corridan, Jesuit priest and dynamic personality, and of his now famous fight against corruption on the waterfront. The reader must be prepared to read through many pages of facts and statistics about the waterfront, some of great interest, some less so. But when the author finally does write about Father Corridan, interest is continuous. Holt, $3.50

BY A happy chance, April and May are blessed with the blossoming into print of a rich number of literary essays by distinguished authors. We have:

The Twenties: American Writing in the Postwar Decade, by Frederick J. Hoffman.

Under such headings as "The Temper of the Twenties," "Forms of Traditionalism," "Critiques of the Middle Class," "Science and 'The Precious Object,'" Mr. Hoffman, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin and author of *Freudianism and the Literary Mind,* puts in his own, sometimes controversial, but always interesting perspective the works of the men and women whose writings were important in the postwar decade. Twenty-eight pages of short biographies in the back. Viking, $6

Carl Van Vechten and the Twenties, by Edward Lueders.

A young English professor at the University of New Mexico, addicted to jazz in his off hours, writes this monograph on the life and works (with photographs and drawings) of one of the most representative figures of the twenties, now in his seventy-fifth year.

University of New Mexico, $4.50

Predilections, by Marianne Moore.

A poet's collected essays on other poets—Auden, Cummings, Eliot, and other contemporaries—on the great days of the *Dial* magazine, on Henry James and Pavlova. Miss Moore's prose and her perception are poetry-sharp. Viking, $3

The Contemporary French Novel, by Henri Peyre.

Stimulating discussions of Existentialism, war novels, the present French literary temper, and the works of Proust, Mauriac, Simone de Beauvoir, Sartre, Camus, Malraux, Giono, Saint-Exupéry, by the Sterling Professor of French, head of the French department at Yale.

Oxford, $5

Party of One: The Selected Writings of Clifton Fadiman.

Here are 473 pages of the work of one of the best known and best liked literary figures of our time. Shall we call him critic? essayist? MC? Affectionately we call him all three, and recommend his delightful essays. World, $5

The Republic of Letters, Essays on Various Writers, by Louis Kronenberger.

For Mr. Kronenberger, author of *Company Manners,* "various" includes critical and biographical essays on writers from the eighteenth century to the present—Pope and Fielding, Johnson and Boswell, Byron, Chekhov, Beerbohm, Virginia Woolf, and Thomas Wolfe—to name a few at random. Stimulating, sometimes controversial, and always a great deal of fun. Knopf, $3.75

The Lion and the Honeycomb: Essays in Solicitude and Critique, by R. P. Blackmur.

Commentaries on the contemporary state of letters and writers, here and abroad, and discussions of individual authors and their works by one of today's outstanding critical minds. "The Artist as Hero: A Disconsolate Chimera," "The Economy of the American Writer," "Humanism and Symbolic Imagination" (on Irving Babbitt), "Notes on Four Categories in Criticism" are only four of his challenging subjects. Mr. Blackmur is a professor of English at Princeton. Harcourt, Brace, $5

FORECAST

July Novels

The new crop of summer novels is going to make it hard for those who plan to catch up on back reading. The Literary Guild, for instance, has chosen for its July selection *Excelsior!* by Paul Hyde Bonner (author of *S.P.Q.R.* and *Talleyrand*) and Scribner will publish it on June 20. . . . Doubleday lists for July 14 a new Frank Slaughter historical novel, *Flight from Natchez;* and on July 18 Simon and Schuster are launching an important first novel by Sloan Wilson (whose short stories have appeared in *Harper's*), *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.*

Elizabeth I and Fall Biographies

At Knopf, the interest is in Good Queen Bess's glorious days. In June they will publish *Elizabeth I* by Donald Barr Chidsey (in the "Great Lives in Brief" series) and in July *Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth* by Conyers Read. . . . And the fall harvest of memoirs and biography promises to be mellow and plentiful. Viking plans the war memoirs of General Charles de Gaulle, *The Call to Honor,* and a biography by Peter Quennell, *Hogarth's Progress.* . . . Indiana University Press has scheduled "a biography of the czar of fashion in Paris during France's Second Empire," *The Age of Worth,* by Edith Saunders. . . . The chief surgeon during the seige of Dienbienphu, Major Paul Grauwin, has written his memoirs of those fateful days and John Day will publish them in the autumn. . . . And in September Houghton Mifflin has scheduled a biography of Churchill by Alan Moorehead.

Unallocated

In a mysterious section titled "unallocated" Houghton Mifflin lists some very teasing titles such as *The Age of Enlightment,* by Isaiah Berlin, *The Age of Reason,* by Stuart Hampshire, and *The Autobiography of Lord John Kilbracken.* No promises, but they will be coming.

the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

AMPLIFIERS AND PREAMPLIFIERS

THE amplifier, as the ads have long and truthfully said, is the "heart of your music system." These devices—and their sub-species, the preamplifiers—do not literally amplify anything. They control and modify, imposing on a strong current the exact pattern (or as close to exact as ingenuity can manage) of the weak current emitted by your phonograph pick-up, radio, or tape recorder.

To an electronics man, there is no amplifier in existence that cannot be reduced to this simple function. But in practice, and for the average listener, the amplifier is inextricably mixed up with other things.

The preamplifier, separate or built in along with the main amplifier, is basically a "booster" stage, to cope with the extremely feeble output. But in practice it includes a lot more, including *equalization*.

The sound on a normal record is deliberately warped, for mechanical reasons. The high tones are extra-strong (to get away from surface noise) and the bass is weakened (to allow for more closely packed grooves). The preamplifier warps the sound oppositely—weakened highs, extra bass—to feed a balanced "flat" sound into the main amplifier.

For long there was, unfortunately, no agreement among record makers as to *how much* of this sound-doctoring was advisable. Therefore amplifier makers offer variable controls to make adjustments from record to record—and these have blossomed into a major area of gadgetizing with, in some cases, literally thousands of push-button possibilities available.

Now, with near-agreement among the record-makers, the need for this gadgetry is sharply reduced. The present crop of separate hi-fi amplifiers and control units still caters to the gadgeteer, but luckily most of the good-looking new boxes are designed, like automobiles, with reasonably foolproof controls: the normal and easiest positions are likely to be perfectly good all-around average settings, for those who prefer no gadgetry at all.

I'm speaking here of amplifiers as separate units, part of the hi-fi phonograph "system." I still do not know of a one-piece retail phonograph that can match the performance of its cash equivalent in separate-unit equipment-record-player, radio tuner, amplifier, loudspeaker, bought as individual entities. In many cases, "hi-fi" or not, the discrepancy is tremendous. A good separate amplifier, even the cheapest ($35 or so), lays the foundation for a home system that easily outperforms ready-made phonographs costing a great deal more. There are several varieties:

The *complete amplifier*, one-piece, is the immediate answer to those who don't want to get into deep waters. It comes in all sorts of prices, from about $35 to well over $200. Stay as low as you can, unless you are both a perfectionist and a meticulous gadgeteer; superquality, the last tenth-of-a-percent of perfection, costs out of all proportion unless your ear is tuned to razor distinctions—which few are. The optimum cost range, where good quality and price meet as equals, is around one hundred dollars for these complete units.

A useful new type of complete amplifier in this range is the "compact" amplifier, flat and booklike (say a largish dictionary), with all tubes and protuberances enclosed, ready to mount in a variety of furniture. (But the compactness adds to the cost. Cheaper but bulkier units may perform as well.) I'd suggest a rough division of these complete amplifiers into four subgroups.

(1) $35–$45. Economy units that dealers play down but which offer improved and quite remarkable minimum performance.

(2) $50–$60. The standard low-priced amplifiers that used to sell for less; but the new crop are more versatile and better adapted to easy home use. Bogen, Bell, Allied, Lafayette, Grommes *et al.*

(3) $75-$120. The fastest-selling group of fancy amplifiers; most of the compact models are found here. The Mercury-Pontiac-Dodge category.

(4) $150-plus. Above $150 the amplifier becomes effectively a price-no-object article. The attraction to be had varies; some of it is in top-quality components, long life and unwavering dependability. But some of it, too, goes into more complexities for the professional or the amateur fanatic.

IN ANOTHER category, you will perhaps find the *basic amplifier* attractive because of its ability to hide out of sight and let you hitch to it a choice of *control units*. But you should also note that the basic amplifier, minus all controls (including fads, half-baked ideas, badly arranged and ambiguous markings) is essentially characterless and therefore extremely hard to make obsolete. You may buy your controls by the year, to suit whims and annual improvements or changes, and your basic amplifier goes right on doing its one, simple job. A real money saver for the man who always wants the latest.

Values in basic amplifiers are best thought of in terms of a whole outfit and they aren't cheap. The amplifier by itself is useless. The cheapest one I know of is around $40, which indicates that, with an equivalent modest control-unit to match, the total price might lie around $80. Thus this two-section combination is not practical below group 3

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Two ballet suites, the first based on Pergolesi's music, the second on Tchaikowsky's, both superb examples of inspired "arranging" (in the present-day popular sense), well played and beautifully recorded.

Ravel: L'Enfant et les Sortilèges. Soloists, Motet Choir of Geneva, Orch. Suisse Rom., Ansermet. London LL 1180, boxed.

This delightful child-fantasy, late Ravel, doesn't do well in translation—too French. A fine recording with Swiss-French cast, but less dramatic than the earlier all-French version on Columbia.

Bizet: Symphony #1; Overture, "Patrie." Orch, Suisse Rom., Ansermet. London LL 1186.

A beautifully recorded and limpid playing of the now-popular little symphony, unknown a few years back. *Patrie* is noisy patriotic bombast, fine for hi-fi ears.

Charpentier: Impressions d'Italie. Aubert: La Habanera. Orch. du Th. Nat. de l'Opéra, Fourestier. Angel 35120.

The composer of "Louise" in some disappointingly dated sentiment. The Habanera of Aubert is Scriabinesque, not very exciting.

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($75 to $120) in the complete amplifiers, and is more likely to add up to the group 4 (more than $150) level. Why so costly?

The reason is simple. The separate basic amplifier is designed for one single function and can be built with that in mind, for best possible performance. So, too, with the separate control-unit-preamplifier, which has its own case and does not have to be built into the cracks and crannies in the crowded interior of the complete amplifier. Specialization—and with it the logical necessity for better parts, more accurate design, to take advantage of the better conditions—accounts for added cost. Therefore you will find that the optimum value in these separate units also lies at about a hundred dollars—for each section. Two hundred dollars for the combination, twice the cost of the optimum complete one-piece amplifier.

A final word about the *combination units* that include radio tuner for AM and FM as well as all phonograph controls and so on. They represent one facet of the present trend toward combining various sections of the separate-unit system into more houseworthy and convenient form, and they are good. The cheaper units, however, inevitably carry the combining a bit too far, making use of common elements for the AM and FM radio which would be better independent. However even the cheaper AM-FM tuner-control units are likely to outperform the majority of commercial AM-FM complete radios. The better ones, complete and independent AM-FM tuners and control-preamplifiers built onto one chassis, perform to top professional standards and can make home radio listening a new pleasure. But don't forget to buy a basic amplifier too, and to count it in the cost.

Records: England Between Wars

Warlock: Capriol Suite; Serenade for Frederick Delius. Ireland: Minuet. Boyd Neel String Orch. London LD 9170.

The English had a tough time breaking free from Romanticism, back in the between-wars period when the rest of the West was joyfully tearing it to shreds, to the blasts of jazz and the roars of machinery. England moved toward this iconoclasm with strong reluctance, unable quite to relinquish the saccharine elegance of the Elgar era.

Peter Warlock, a strange and introverted creature, wrote a few short, tortured works that somehow typify this inability to make a clean emotional break—for he was highly gifted. His finest music, we can hear at once, was in the mood of Delius but far more twisted and involved, cutting deeper on a tiny scale. The haunting "Corpus Christi" for voices is one landmark of this sort; the *Pieds-en-l'air* (a slow movement) from the present Capriol Suite is another. The rest of the suite is ineffectual nostalgia, enlivened near the end by suddenly bitter dissonance; the general style is early Holst and Vaughan-Williams. But again, the *hommage* to Delius is a splendid offering, once more sweet and cloying but with an intensity (and a frustration) rarely achieved by Delius himself. A very genuine and touching little piece, well worth having in this understanding performance.

The short Ireland Minuet is of the same gentle persuasion—lyric, milder than Warlock, a pleasure to hear if wholly passive in outlook.

Walton: Façade. Dame Edith Sitwell, Peter Pears, narr.; Engl. Opera Group Ensemble, Collins. London LI 1133.

The young Walton, in association with the irrepressible Sitwells, had no trouble at all to begin with—his time of trial came much later, when he reverted to a monumental Romanticism. This work remains unique to this day, and its freshness is undying though the technique of setting spoken words to rhythm *against*—quite literally—an instrumental ensemble has since been replaced by radio-style narration, then unforeseen.

Dame Edith has done earlier readings of these, her own words (back in the early thirties and again recently for Columbia); but this is by far the most successful solution of the technical problem involved in the flip but unremitting contest between text and music. In this version Peter Pears takes over the extremely rapid items with more-than-Savoyard brilliance of diction, for a nice contrast with Sitwell and generally better intelligibility. Moreover, the microphoning is superb, placing the speaking voices close-to but giving great clarity, perfectly balanced against the orchestra (which is placed off in a warm perspective background) so that the two can be followed at once to maximum advantage. Best of all, a complete printed text allows the lightning-quick eye to keep up with the words where the ear alone would flounder.

Surely the instigators of this music-speech experiment could never have hoped for such intelligibility, back in 1922, as they achieve here with electronics! The original problem was solved with the aid of a megaphone, for voice volume, and a screen to hide the speaker. I have yet to figure out what the text is all about but its rich rhythms and wonderful play of vowel and consonant effects is a delight to hear-see, and the jazzy music is as bumptiously fresh as ever. A fine record.



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